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More Society  
Recollections



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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
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**JOHN BALL**



MDLLE. B. D'ANTIGNY  
MDLLE. IRMA GALLI MARIÉ

MDLLE. LATOUR

MDLLE. LOUISE FIOCRE

MDLLE. SESSI

FIVE THEATRICAL CELEBRITIES

[Frontispiece



# More Society Recollections

By  
An English Officer

AUTHOR OF  
"SOCIETY RECOLLECTIONS IN PARIS AND VIENNA, 1879-1904"

WITH FORTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS



LONDON  
**JOHN LONG**  
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MCMVIII

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## CHAPTER I

HOMBURG — THE PRINCESS LIEGNITZ — GAMBLING  
LOSSES AND GAINS—THE KUR KAPELLE—DANCES  
AT THE KURSALON—THE KING AND THE CRO-  
QUET PAVILION

**M**Y recollections of Homburg date from my early childhood, for I can remember living with my parents in a house called Sauer's Haus, in the Unter Promenade, the first floor of which was let to the Princess Liegnitz, who resided there with eighteen servants and her pretty daughter, the Princess Brandenburg. The old Emperor William, then King of Prussia, used always to visit the Princess, who was his brother's widow (the marriage was a morganatic one), and would very often on meeting me with my nurse kiss and give me bonbons, while the Princess once presented me with a beautiful box of toys filled with all kinds of animals, which had been sent expressly from Berlin. In return my father

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made me present the lady with a lovely bouquet of roses, for which she gave me a kiss—such are some of the privileges of childhood.

The villa we lived in faced some charming grounds and had a large garden at the back, while the rooms were comfortable, without being luxurious. The Princess occupied the whole first floor, which had a balcony attached to it, while we had the ground floor and also rooms on the second floor.

My parents rarely dined at home, taking their dinner of an evening at the Kursaal, while the rest of the family had their meals in the house with the nurse and ladies' maid. My mother had many friends at Homburg, including the Countess Desart (lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria), who kept a staff of English servants at her villa, as well as a French *chef*, and my parents would frequently dine with the Countess at the Kursaal, where the dinner was provided by Mme. Chevet, of the Palais Royal, from Paris, who came for the season and took the restaurant at the Kursaal, the food being excellent, but very dear indeed. A fine orchestra, called the Kur Kapelle, played out in the gardens, and was provided by the town, but really paid for by M. Blanc, the owner of the gambling rooms.



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At that time gambling at *trente et quarante* and roulette took place in the magnificent rooms, and there was one apartment, which still retains its old name of the gold room, the walls of which were ornamented with gold arabesque designs, where one was only allowed to play with gold or notes.

Once a fortnight a splendid band, consisting of eighty performers, from an Austrian infantry regiment, played in the Kursaal grounds, the men wearing a showy uniform of white, with pink facings, and blue trousers, while the conductor was the celebrated Jeschko, a good-looking man with a fair moustache.

A Prussian military band also played once a week, but it was very inferior, and the conductor was a stout man, who wore a blue uniform with gold epaulettes, the fringe of which shook when he waved his bâton.

The Kur Kapelle always played of an evening in the fine gardens of the Kursaal, when all the English and other visitors sat out on the terrace drinking their coffee, and on Sunday the lawns were crowded after church service; while on some evenings, not unfrequently Sunday, there were very fine fireworks.

I might mention here that the Austrian military band

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was far and away in front of those of any other nation, and among the pieces they performed were the Radetzky March and "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," then favourite airs.

My brother and I at that time were dressed in white embroidered frocks, with a pink sash tied round the waist and hanging loosely behind, while our hair was worn long, my dark brown locks being curled like a girl's.

Speaking of the gambling, I may here remark that one evening my mother thought she would try her luck at the tables, and, after staking several 5 fr. pieces, which she lost, happened to put one on zero, and then commenced to talk to the Marquis of Headfort, who was standing by her side. Engrossed in conversation, she did not notice that zero had turned up till the Marquis suddenly exclaimed, "I think you have won!" But before my mother could claim the money the wheel went round again with thirty-five 5 fr. pieces on zero, which she had won. My mother was rather annoyed, and not a little excited; but the wheel went slowly round, and, to everybody's amazement, zero came up again, so my parent won thirty-five times thirty-five 5 fr. pieces—that is to say, 6125 fr.—by a pure stroke of luck.

One day Goldschmidt, a Jew banker, gave my father



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16,000 fr. in paper money to change for him at the tables into gold, as the inhabitants of Homburg were not allowed to enter the gambling room. The banker stood at the door and watched my father changing the notes, but what was his horror to see my paternal parent, after he had received the money, suddenly put it all down on red and impair at the roulette table. The wheel whirled round, and the ball fell, luckily for my father, into red, while impair came up as well, so that the lucky player won with the banker's money 16,000 fr., returning the other 16,000 fr. to Goldschmidt. Such days of good luck, however, were few and far between, and my father lost tremendously on the whole, so much so that he made several vows he would never play again, which resolutions he kept till the next time, which in his case was generally the day after.

One year my parents, instead of staying at Homburg, went to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and visited the former place every day. We stayed at the Hôtel de Russie, where the King of Prussia (afterwards Emperor William of Germany) used also to reside ; but the post office has now been erected on the old site. The rooms were fine, and our salon was very large, the walls being decorated with pictures of ancient Greek history. There was one

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representing the capture of Troy, with the Greek soldiers coming out of the large wooden horse, and the town in flames ; another of the Cyclops, each with his eye in the middle of his forehead, and another of Venus and Cupid.

A Captain Berkeley (afterwards the Earl of Berkeley) and his wife were also staying at this time at the hotel, and he lost all his money at the Homburg tables, so begged a banker friend to lend him 2000 florins, which the latter refused to do, but gave him a ticket for a Frankfort lottery, which B. took, not wishing to offend. When the draw took place B. won, to his great surprise, 72,000 florins, and in commemoration thereof gave a supper party to all the members of the English colony, which piece of hospitality cost him 2000 florins, the remainder being lost within the next six months at Homburg.

There used to be a turnpike-gate between Frankfort and Homburg, and a man or woman would put out a long wooden spoon through a hole in a window, which spoon extended to the carriage in the road, so that travellers could drop the toll money into the receptacle, and, if necessary, receive their change by the same means, the turnpike people in this way being saved the



SIR FREDERICK SLADE (Centre)  
VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS (Right)



MR. AND MRS. RONALDS  
(Right)

NOTABILITIES OF THE SIXTIES



CAPT. LENNOX BERKELEY  
(afterwards EARL OF BERKELEY) standing;  
the author's father on the right

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inconvenience of getting out of bed in the middle of the night.

Captain Fred Dorrien, of the Life Guards, was also staying at the Hôtel de Russie, but he was generally at Homburg, and I remember a curious incident regarding a friend of his who played a good deal, and lost, as a matter of course. One day D. went with him to a banker's, when the conversation, which dealt with money matters, was carried on in German, the party afterwards sitting down to dinner at the Kursaal. D. told his friend that, as he spoke German so well, he might order dinner; but, to his surprise, his friend replied that he could only talk about money matters in German, and that he had never learnt anything else in that language. D. had lost nearly £30,000 at Homburg, and was endeavouring to retrieve his losses, but he did not make much progress, and, indeed, the generality of players ended by losing, except, perhaps, some millionaires, who had sufficient capital to break the bank occasionally. Some very rich men, indeed, were even offered money to keep away from the gambling tables in those days by the bank.

For instance, there was a Russian who played for a bank in St. Petersburg, and who often broke the one at Homburg; he was offered large sums if he would desist,

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while Captain Berkeley also broke the bank, but finally lost more than he had won.

The drives about Homburg in the woods are very pretty, and there is a favourite one to some ruins, where people can adjourn to a café, picturesquely situated among the trees, and from which a delightful view can be obtained. The walks are also charming, and the present-day evening fêtes exceedingly fine, while a German military band plays out of doors in the Kurgarten, though it does not perform as well as the Austrian band mentioned above.

A few years ago I went to Homburg, and found all the hotels were full, as the present Emperor William of Germany was expected the following day; but I stayed in a villa in the Kaiserin Friedrich Augusta Promenade, and dined on the terrace at the Kursaal, the dinner being fairly good, but very expensive. I was accompanied by a young Austrian girl and an English lady, and the former was very much amused with the German spoken, while the stiffness of the English and German visitors was not at all to her taste; indeed, she exclaimed, "If all Germans and English people are like those I see about me, I am sure both countries must be dreadful to live in, for they never smile or laugh."



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Every evening we went to the Kursalon, and sat out on the terrace in the cool of the evening listening to the band, while many of the visitors would promenade or sit about on the terrace in very smart evening dress.

Of a Thursday evening there was always a *réunion* at half-past eight in the evening, to which I usually went, everybody having to wear evening dress. The dancing took place in the above-mentioned gold room, which was all in gold and white, with pillars of porphyry, the company mostly consisting of Americans and English with a sprinkling of Germans. My little Viennese friend was not impressed with the dancing, remarking that only the Americans knew how to waltz well, but some English ladies noticed how beautifully she herself waltzed, the step she danced, a Viennese six-step waltz, being quite unknown at Homburg.

Sometimes of an evening when there was no dancing I went into other rooms, where the *petits chevaux* was played, and here my two friends won a very pretty writing-case in russia leather. At other times I would go to watch the lawn tennis, which was generally interesting, and when the international tournament was in progress I went every day. Miss T. Lowther excited the curiosity of everybody by the way she played, beat-

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ing all the ladies and most of the men opposed to her, while Mr. Ritchie won the principal prize for gentlemen. A young Belgian told me that he played for Germany, but that the Germans were very inferior lawn tennis players, and were always beaten by the English.

The Crown Prince of Germany played one day on the ground, but, of course, did not take any part in the tournament, while several other members of that family were also present on various occasions.

I accompanied my two companions one day to the croquet ground, but we were told it was private, the secretary, however, on my approaching him, very kindly allowing us to remain. He showed us a good many kindnesses, and took us over the pavilion which had been built expressly for King Edward VII when he should come to Homburg and wish to see the croquet.

The Colonel took a fancy to my little Austrian friend, asking her and the English lady if they would like to play, when the former answered that she would rather learn lawn tennis; whereupon the secretary said that she should be taught every day by a man who gave lessons, and in the end she played fairly well.

One day I spoke to the owner of the restaurant at the Kursaal, asking him whether he remembered Hom-

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burg in the gambling days. He replied that he had lived at the place all his life. Whereupon I asked him whether the English who came there now were any different from the former visitors. In reply he remarked that in those days very wealthy English dined at the Kursaal, and did not mind what amount of money they spent on a good meal, while there were besides a number of the young nobility of both sexes, whereas now all the wealthy and aristocratic people were mostly old, and there were more English men than ladies. Again, the English who visited Homburg to-day were there principally for the cure, and not for pleasure only, as was the case formerly.

I found the heat very great during the summer months, as there is no shade in the streets, and one has to walk some distance to reach the woods, where afternoon coffee is partaken of in the open air, for, apart from croquet and lawn tennis, there is no afternoon amusement going on. I thought Homburg more like an English country town in its general appearance, and the shopkeepers all speak English, while my experience is that German people avoid the place on account of the expense, or, if they go, stay a very short time indeed.

In the evening there are certainly some very pretty



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English and American girls to be seen on the Kursaal terrace, and as a rule they are beautifully dressed. In my opinion an English girl looks her best when she is in evening dress, with Louis XV shoes and stockings *à jour* peeping out under a jupon embroidered with Valenciennes lace, and with short sleeves showing her arms, which are usually beautifully shaped; but the too often passionless, inanimate expression detracted at Homburg from the general effect.

On one occasion, when there were illuminations and fireworks, the ballet came from the theatre at Mannheim to dance on the lawn in front of the Kursalon. The fireworks were very fine, and the illuminations beautiful, the gaslights being artistically varied by means of red, green, and white globes. One could almost fancy one was in fairyland, for besides the gas jets there were hundreds of different-coloured waxlights placed upon the grass. My two lady friends and I went on the terrace to witness the ballet (for which a platform had been constructed); at the back an immense fountain was to be seen playing. While the water descended it seemed as if a perfect shower of diamonds was pouring down glittering and sparkling, and on the limelight being reflected on this beautiful design the water was con-

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verted into a shower of rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, the effect being absolutely marvellous. The pretty *danseuses*, dressed in their stiff white muslin ballet skirts, dancing on their points, looked like elves suddenly appearing at midnight as if by enchantment upon the scene ; then when they had disappeared a fine display of fireworks was let off, covering the whole space with the most brilliant colours imaginable.

## CHAPTER II

THE RHINE—BONN—BERTHOLD AUERBACH—A RIVAL  
OF BISMARCK — UNCLES AND NIECES — THE  
ENGLISH COLONY — THE MASKED BALL —  
STUDENTS' KNEIPE—THE CARNIVAL AT COLOGNE  
—BARON NATHANIEL ROTHSCHILD

**I** FIRST went to Bonn in the summer months, some time after I had left Eton, and I stayed at the Hôtel Rheineck, which is situated on the Rhine. The large veranda of the hotel in which the people usually took their breakfast and afternoon coffee was near the place where the steamboats stopped, and it was very amusing to watch the passengers landing.

From this veranda one had a charming view on the Rhine, and of the seven mountains, the Drachenfels among the number. It was delightful to sit of an afternoon on this veranda taking one's coffee, and to look at the mountains on the opposite bank of the river covered with verdure, and also to watch the coming and going of the steamboats filled with passengers. The Rhine appeared to me to be of a greenish-blue colour, and the



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current to be very strong indeed ; few small boats are to be seen, which is unlike our Thames in this respect, and this, I imagine, is due to the very rapid current.

There are exceedingly pretty villas covered with virginia creepers and vine leaves ; the gardens just outside Bonn on the Coblentzer Strasse lead down to the Rhine. The villas are inhabited chiefly by wealthy people, as a German's ideal in life is to have a "Landhaus am Rhein," which happens to be the title of Berthold Auerbach's famous novel, a book that is still read a good deal in Germany, and was written by the author in a house in Bonn at which I lived afterwards. For any one reading German I can highly recommend this novel. Though it is an old one, it gives you about the best description of German life on the Rhine of any book I know.

As I had the intention of attending the lectures at the Bonn University I was introduced by Professor Binz, who had married an English lady (the sister of General Salis Schwabe), to Professor Dr. Andrä of the University, at whose house I afterwards lived. It was here that the famous Auerbach wrote the novel. The house was situated in the Maarflachweg. The Professor was an old man ; he had a young daughter and a son.

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Excellenz von Dechen, formerly minister of the Rhenish provinces, told me that Andrä might have been in Bismarck's position, but he was far too honourable a man to give up his views, and therefore he remained on as a professor at the University. Andrä knew Bismarck personally, and said that before the war of 1870 he never thought much of him. Since then he had been sure that Bismarck was a man of very great capacity. Bismarck disliked Andrä for his views on politics, which were very liberal, and the latter had some difficulty even in remaining on as professor of the Bonn University.

Andrä's daughter was a pretty girl of seventeen, whose Christian name was Margarethe, and she was called Gretchen. She was blonde and had blue eyes, but her teeth rather spoilt her appearance, though she had magnificent hair. This young lady had a girl friend, Fräulein Irma von Neufville, who was also fair, and considered among the Germans to be the "belle" of Bonn. Sometimes I walked in the town with the latter, though it was not thought the correct thing to do in Germany, where they are very strict indeed in this respect. I met her occasionally quite by accident, and we walked out in the country.

Fräulein Marie Weber, another girl friend of Fräulein

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Andrä's, was engaged to be married to her uncle. I tried at times to make her forget him, but she always wore an engagement ring, which was a wedding ring, on her right hand, to be transferred to her left when she was married. It is a very common thing in Germany for an uncle to marry his niece.

In the winter at Bonn several balls were given, to which the English colony, as well as the Germans, went, and the officers of the King's Hussars stationed at Bonn also were well represented. I knew the English residents as well as the Germans, and was asked to get up a bachelors' ball at the Hôtel Rheineck, where I had formerly stopped. The ball took place and turned out a great success. The officers of the King's Hussars came in great force, and dancing was kept up till five o'clock in the morning.

The custom in Germany is that when you are invited to a ball you have to pay for your own supper, but no entrance fee; the other expenses are paid by those giving the ball. The "belle" at this particular ball was an English girl, the daughter of a former captain in the army, and afterwards she married a baron, a lieutenant in the Prussian King's Hussars, stationed at Bonn.



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There was a good deal of jealousy between the English and German beauties at Bonn, but the former were to my mind the prettier of the two. The prettiest German girl was the one I have already alluded to, Fräulein Irma von Neufville, the daughter of a baron ; she was certainly very pretty, and yet she could not compare with the English "belle," who had far finer eyes, and a much more striking appearance.

I went to a masked ball during carnival at Bonn, at which I wore a white domino. I had not been in the room long before a young girl dressed in a fancy costume and masked came up to me, and mistaking me for some one else made violent love to me. It made me feel very happy for a time, but when I called to mind that she was mistaking me for some one else, my pleasure vanished. I was very curious to see her unmask, but she kept telling me that I knew her so well it was quite unnecessary. Later in the night an American friend of mine came to the ball, also in a white fancy costume, and then I discovered that it was my friend whom she mistook me for. This young American informed me that the girl was quite the prettiest girl at Bonn, but not in the leading society, though she belonged to a very respectable tradesman's family. The brother of this American,

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who was studying at the University, fought so many duels, knocking about the students to such an extent, that he was at last told to leave the country by the Prussian Government. At this masked ball, the elder American got into a dispute with some German students, and they ended by throwing plates at one another till everybody left the room.

The regiment at Bonn, the King's Hussars, was commanded by Prince Reuss XXVII, and all the officers were of the highest aristocracy, there being no less than seven princes serving under the Colonel. Count Bernstorff told me that if an officer of the Foot Guards were to come into a restaurant where he was dining, he, as an officer of the King's Hussars, would at once leave the room, as he did not consider that an officer of the Prussian Foot Guards was on a par with an officer of the King's Hussars. Count Bernstorff was then *Porte épée Fähnrich* in the King's Hussars, which was below the rank of lieutenant, but he was expecting to be promoted. One day he was seen in Cologne going into an inn, and not being in uniform he was placed for a week under arrest.

The elder American used to go to a corps students' "Kneipe" of an evening, and once he made a bet that

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he would drink twenty-eight glasses of beer at one sitting, which he actually did, thus winning his bet.

The carnival at Cologne is quite celebrated. I went one day, and the room of the "Gürzenich" was filled with over four thousand masked people; the students wore blouses, like working men; they were masked and wore white kid gloves. The procession in the daytime was very fine; the troops in Cologne, especially the different bands of the regiments, took part, and were disguised in some fancy dress. The cavalry, which was represented, was in costume of red and white pierrots, all being mounted. A great deal of confetti is thrown on this occasion. The carnival lasts three days, both at Cologne and Bonn, but it is very much finer at Cologne, where everybody who goes out in the streets on those days is masked. I consider that the carnival at Cologne is quite one of the finest in Europe, and I have seen nearly all the carnivals that are worth seeing. I have been many a time to Cologne in recent years. I usually stay at the Hôtel du Nord, which is the favourite hotel of a German baroness I know very well, who stays there often for the whole winter *en pension*. The baroness, in her younger days, had the good fortune to be painted by Makart, and also by Franz von Lenbach, two of the



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greatest artists of modern times. She was a very great friend of the well-known Lady Holland, of Holland House, and often would read Lady Holland's letters to me ; they were very charming and all written in French.

The Dom at Cologne is the highest cathedral in the world, the towers being five hundred and twelve feet in height. A lawyer from Taunton told me that he was walking about admiring the various windows this year inside the Dom when a beadle came up to him with a staff in his hand, and said, " ' Dies ' is no service ' mit ' walk." Shortly afterwards an old man, who was dressed like a high dignitary of the Church, came up to him, and after looking him up and down, began to lecture him in French ; not a word, however, did he understand, although he knew from the tone of the voice that it was a reprimand of some sort.

I always purchase eau-de-Cologne when at Cologne, from force of habit, and I believe there are several excellent kinds, but I always remain faithful to the house of Jean Maria Farina, which is said to be the oldest (gegenüber dem Jülichs Platz). Several ladies who cannot endure scent of any kind—and I have known a great many such—like, strange to say, a present of eau-de-Cologne, especially a box containing several

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bottles, which I invariably buy there. I would as soon think of going without my dinner at Cologne as leaving the place without purchasing eau-de-Cologne.

I was never much taken with the town of Cologne, but it is very cheap, and the dinners for the money are remarkable compared with the prices in England. Some very good Russian cigarettes are imported from Russia, and a well-known German Princess, Fürstin Salm Salm, always orders them at a shop not far from the Hôtel du Nord.

The hotels at Bonn in the summer are filled with tourists visiting the Rhine, but the residents prefer the winter, when all the balls take place. Bonn is very cheap in winter, but cold and rather dreary-looking, as in reality it is a place more suited for a summer's residence than for the winter months. The river makes it slightly foggy of a morning in the autumn and winter.

I have ascended the Drachenfels on foot; the mountain railway was not then in existence. The castle of Drachenfels was constructed at the beginning of the twelfth century, but was destroyed by the Duke Ferdinand of Bavaria in fighting against the Swedes. The view over the country is very fine from the summit;

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even Cologne is visible, and Bonn of course, and the neighbouring villages.

With Professor Andrä I often took long walks to the different small places on the Rhine during the spring and winter months. One afternoon we walked to a village, and at a very ordinary inn some peasants were dancing to the music of a violin. Prince Reuss XXVII, Colonel of the King's Hussars, came along with his wife and other ladies and gentlemen, and the Prince danced with the Princess. The other gentlemen in uniform followed the example set by their chief, and some of them invited the peasant girls to dance, which the latter seemed only too glad to do ; they preferred these smart young officers to their former awkward partners.

I often went on a Sunday to Godesberg with Professor Andrä. We took our coffee at a restaurant which had a very fine veranda, the glass part of it being entirely covered with grapes. We enjoyed the delightful view on the river, returning by train to Bonn in the evening. There are some delightful excursions by train or steamer to be made from Bonn to villages on the Rhine, enabling one to return in time for supper. Rolandseck is a charming village, near which is the island of Nonnenwerth ; this is certainly one of the most picturesque spots, and

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easy of access from Bonn. The view from Rolandseck is one of the finest and most delightful on the Rhine, and I frequently went there of an afternoon. Sometimes I went by steamboat with some German students and their sisters. We mounted the heights among the vineyards, and enjoyed ourselves visiting the various old ruined castles. The young girls would sing the famous song of the "Lorelei" and other songs in connection with the Rhine. We would return to Bonn in the evening.

Some years afterwards I went by steamer to Coblenz, where I bathed in the river by the bridge of boats. I stayed at the Riese Hôtel, and dining at table d'hôte at one o'clock on one occasion I saw a very pretty, fair young girl rush into the room laughing aloud, and suddenly disappear. I was sitting next to a German, and I told him I thought this young girl was an American. He replied that he was sure she was a German, whereupon we had a bet of a good bottle of Rhine wine, Liebfrauenmilch, on the subject.

It was not till late in the evening that I saw this pretty girl again. She entered a room which I thought was a public reading-room. I found, however, it was a private drawing-room. Two ladies





FRÄULEIN FRANZI HUSZAR,  
LATE OF THE VIENNA OPERA BALLET,  
NOW BARONESS HUNDRY



GIRLS DRESSED IN THE COLOURS OF THE  
HOCH AND DEUTSCHMEISTER REGIMENT  
TO RECITE MEMORIAL POEMS



FRÄULEIN MIZZI HEROLD,  
CARL THEATRE

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were seated in it, and after my introducing myself they all had a good laugh about what I confessed to them was the cause of my intrusion. The young girl was much amused, and I sat talking to her in German till long after midnight. I had lost my bet—and my heart too. I paid my bet the next day, but I regret to say I never saw this very pretty girl again. She had left with her relations in the early morning, as she had told me she was going to do.

I was staying at the "Riese" not so very long ago, dining on the balcony with a very fair Austrian lady whose brother is Forstrath to Prince Thurn and Taxis. She was considered a beauty in Vienna. While I was dining with her I fancied I could hear the merry laughter of the pretty young German girl whom I had met in years gone by still ringing in my ears. I walked in the beautiful Rhein Anlagen extending along the river with this fair Austrian lady, and we enjoyed the charming views. Her early childhood had been spent at Coblenz, as her father was a German from the Rhine. The bridge of boats, four hundred yards in length, connects Coblenz with Ehrenbreitstein on the right bank of the river. The fortress of Ehrenbreitstein rises three hundred and eighty-five feet above the Rhine on a steep rock. The

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view from there is most exquisitely lovely, as one can see the greenish-blue Rhine and the Moselle, which latter appears of a much deeper shade of blue.

I visited Ems on one occasion from Coblenz. The town of Ems is prettily situated on the river Lahn in a narrow valley surrounded by woody heights. There are four bridges at Ems. The Kurhaus and Kurgarten are usually crowded of an afternoon while the band plays. The Kursaal is rather a fine one, and contains several rooms, with a restaurant and café, which are much frequented. The band plays also in the evening. Ems is certainly a delightfully pretty spot, but it appeared to me to be intensely hot and very relaxing in summer. The only strange thing I saw at Ems was a young and pretty American girl, who was followed on the promenade by a beautiful Persian cat. Suddenly the latter perceived a dog in the distance and climbed up a tree, so that the young American girl had to wait until it pleased the cat to come down again.

The Rhine from Coblenz to Mayence is most interesting. I have seen it both by steamboat and by train many times, I may say. The castle of Stolzenfels at once attracts one's attention. It is three hundred feet above the Rhine, and was built by Arnold von Issenburg,



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Archbishop of Treves, in 1245. The castle was destroyed by the French in 1689. In 1823 the ruin was presented by the town of Coblenz to Frederick William IV, who had it restored. The castle now belongs to the Emperor William II. From the tower a magnificent view can be obtained even beyond Coblenz.

At Oberlahnstein, behind the village, is the picturesque castle of Lahneck constructed in 1224. It was also destroyed by the French in 1689, and has recently been restored by the present owners. On seeing this ruin in 1774 Goethe composed his famous "Geistes Gruss."

About one mile from the village of Capellen is the Königsstuhl, which is partly concealed by trees and cannot be seen from the steamboat. This structure resembles a pulpit, and in it many emperors were elected and treaties concluded.

The slopes of Rüdeshimer Berg yield an excellent wine of that name. A friend of mine, Jean Baptiste Sturm, owns a great part of this property. He resides at Rüdeshim in a house where there is an old ruined tower joining his residence close to the river banks. Opposite Ehrenfels in the middle of the Rhine is situated the Mouse Tower. According to an old German legend, Archbishop Hatto of Mayence, after having burnt a

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number of poor people in a barn during a famine, was attacked by mice. He then went on this island and was followed by the mice, where they devoured him alive.

Rüdesheim is a town with four thousand inhabitants, and lies in a bright situation at the bottom of the Niederwald. The celebrated wine of the place can boast the longest pedigree on the Rhine; J. Baptiste Sturm sent me some years ago several bottles of Rüdesheimer Berg as a present; it was truly an excellent wine, though somewhat stronger than Moselle.

The Oberburg or Boosenburg, an old tower which for three hundred years belonged to the Grafen Boos, is now the property of J. Baptiste Sturm.

Schloss Johannisberg is picturesquely situated three hundred and forty feet above the Rhine, and was built in 1757. The celebrated vineyards that yield an income of seven thousand pounds a year belong to Prince Metternich. A story is told of the lately deceased Baron Nathaniel Rothschild visiting the late Prince Richard Metternich. The former gave the latter an order for some dozen of Schloss Johannisberg Cabinet. Some time afterwards Prince Metternich stayed with Baron Rothschild in Vienna, when the latter told the Prince he had put up half a dozen

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bottles of wine for him on the journey. The wine that Baron Rothschild made Prince Metternich a present of was Schloss Johannisberg Cabinet and had been sent to Baron Rothschild by Prince Metternich. The former was careful enough to deduct the cost in his payment to Prince Metternich in the account sent in to him afterwards.

## CHAPTER III

WIESBADEN—ETON SCHOOLFELLOWS—THE WIDOW  
OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA—THE SEASON—  
ENGLISHWOMEN AND THEIR LOOKS—A FAMOUS  
ACTRESS, FRAU DEVRIENT REINHOLD—THE  
HOTELS—THE SHOPKEEPERS

**M**Y first visit to Wiesbaden was shortly after I had left Eton, and I can remember staying at the Blocksche Haus, which was opposite the Kursaal grounds. It was in the summer, and Wiesbaden was exceptionally hot. I was very pleased to meet two Eton boys there, one of whom, whose Christian name was Charles, was at my tutor's with me; the other I did not know quite so well, though his mother, before she was married, knew my mother. She was the daughter of a baronet, and had married a very wealthy man, who was named the Emperor of China (because he dealt in porcelain), and not to make matters too difficult for me in writing this story without giving names, when I allude to her I shall call her simply the widow of the Emperor of China. I hope the Empress of China won't mind!



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Charlie at once invited me to dine with him and his family at the Kursaal, which invitation I accepted. His family consisted, besides himself, of his father and three sisters, the eldest being a good-looking girl of eighteen with dark blonde hair, and the two others being very much younger, about ten and twelve years old, and both excessively pretty. The elder of the two afterwards married Lord de — and was quite remarkable for her great beauty, but she died very young, in the south of France, from a lung complaint. The widow of the Emperor of China had, besides her son who was exceedingly plain, two daughters, one of whom was still plainer than the son, but the other daughter was a beautiful fair girl of fourteen with almost perfect features and golden hair ; she wore her hair hanging loose down her back, and it shone like gold in the sun ; and she had eyes of a deep blue which equalled in their lovely shade the intense blue sky in summer-time. Her Christian name was Lilian, and Charlie seemed much smitten with her, and made love to her on every occasion ; whenever he had the chance of kissing her he did so, and she seemed rather to like it, for she in no way opposed him whenever chance favoured his enterprises. Lilian, however, always gave out that she would only marry

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a prince, and nothing beneath that rank, as she had an income of two thousand pounds a year of her own.

In later years she became engaged to a Prince Reuss, but she ended by marrying a rich English earl, who was old enough to be her grandfather. Lilian was not only a lovely girl, she was very accomplished, and a charming companion, and it was not surprising that Charles lost his heart to her. I used to spend my time visiting the two families, meeting them generally at the Kursaal, and then dining either with the one family or the other. Charles was a very good-looking boy, and at Eton he was considered to be one of the prettiest boys there.

The widow of the Emperor of China lived at Wiesbaden in a charming villa which had a nice garden facing the Kursaal; she kept many English servants, and gave very good dinners in her villa, but she dined constantly at the Kursaal with the other family, where I joined them. I stayed only three weeks at Wiesbaden during my first visit and then left for Baden Baden. The widow of the Emperor of China was an extremely pleasant lady. In after years she said to my mother in Paris, "You don't remember me, of course, because I had dark hair

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when I knew you first, while now my hair is golden." This lady had an income of about thirty thousand pounds a year, and lived in great style in Paris, as she did at Wiesbaden.

Wiesbaden is a larger town than Homburg, and the houses strike one as being very white, particularly in the summer months, and people often complain that the glare affects their eyes, but in the winter it is not so observable, as the sun does not, of course, shine so brilliantly. The Kursaal is a fine building with Doric columns in white, and inside the rooms are very beautiful, especially the concert and the ball rooms, but they are rather dark and sombre, and not as at Homburg, where the rooms are bright, lofty, and very much finer.

The old Wiesbaden Kursaal \* was a gloomy building inside, and especially so in the winter months. English people go to Wiesbaden only in the summer, as a rule, but this is a great mistake, for the winter is the time of the year at which the Germans go there. Many years after my first visit to Wiesbaden I was recommended to go there by Professor Erb, who is considered the first

\* A new kursaal has been constructed, and was opened in the presence of the Emperor William II. in 1907.

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authority in the world for nervous complaints. I wanted then to go to the south of France or Italy, but Professor Erb persuaded me to go to Wiesbaden, as he said the climate was better in the winter for all nervous disorders, and I took his advice. I lived at an hotel near the Rose Hotel, and the rooms were comfortable. I asked a German gentleman who took them for me if they were facing south, whereupon he replied that it did not matter as the stove would be my sun in the winter at Wiesbaden. I found the climate colder, for instance, than Torquay in winter, but drier, and the hot springs made one feel the cold there less than one would do otherwise.

The snow melted rather quickly, particularly in the streets near the hot springs, but on the grounds of the Kursaal the snow used to remain for some time. The Kur Kapelle is exceedingly good, and considered to be the very best in Germany. The concerts take place of an afternoon during the summer and winter months, and listening to the band is a pleasant way of passing the afternoon, though no refreshments of any sort are served in the room during the concert. An entrance fee of one mark has to be paid each time, but by subscription it is cheaper. The reading-rooms are very good,



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every possible paper is to be found there in the summer and winter months. Dances are given in the winter in the ball and concert rooms, and are usually uncommonly well attended; these dances take place about once a fortnight. The dinners at the Kursaal are rather expensive *à la carte*, and not particularly good for the money, but the wines are excellent.

Wiesbaden is considered to have the mildest climate in Germany, and is frequented in winter by a great many invalids from Germany and Russia. Some Americans too pass the winter there, but I never met any English, excepting once an English officer of the Royal Engineers, who rather liked the place, as he amused himself by attending the dances given at the Kursaal, and privately so he told me. This officer was living at the hotel, the "Dahlheim," at which I have stayed in recent years; it is situated well in the town.

During my second visit to Wiesbaden in the winter, I dined at one o'clock at the table d'hôte at my hotel, which was always crowded. I made the acquaintance of Herr von Scheve, who was a major in the Prussian army and had lived some time in China in the service of the Emperor of China, still remaining on in the German army. The Major was decorated by His Chinese Majesty

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and was allowed by the Emperor of Germany to wear the order in uniform. The Major was a renowned chess player, and played for Germany in the European contest, in which he always managed to do very well. He gave me a book on chess, an exceedingly good work by Minckwitz. Wiesbaden is a great place for chess, and once in a café a German gentleman asked me to play a game with him, which I did. He was a fine player, one of the best in Wiesbaden, and easily defeated me. Chess is almost the favourite game at Wiesbaden, and in late years I played generally every day with a Hanoverian gentleman either at the Kursaal or in a café, and we played pretty even.

One day we went to Bibrich and saw the fine castle of the late Duke of Nassau. It is built in the Renaissance style and is very picturesquely situated on the Rhine. We walked in the grounds and were pleased with a splendid avenue of chestnut trees; afterwards we had our game of chess in a café while some friends who came with us looked on at the game, and subsequently we all took the steam tramway back to Wiesbaden. Bibrich is about one hour's drive from Wiesbaden, and one can go by a steam tramway there and back.

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The Hanoverian was an exceedingly nice man, and I always took my supper at the Hôtel Dahlheim with him and a young English lady, who was very like a picture by Burne-Jones, and still more like a picture called "Ivy," of a blind girl, but I have forgotten the name of the English artist who painted it. This young lady had beautiful dark brown, wavy hair, and her eyes were perfectly lovely and quite the admiration of everybody; they were of a greyish blue with a shade of violet in them, which reminded one of certain colours in the sea at Nice, when the sun is pouring down golden rays upon it. At times her eyes had a very slight squint, but this was nearly imperceptible, and only tended to embellish them with a violet reflection. She had a good complexion, as most English girls have, and she had a charming smile, and always looked pleasant, which most English girls and women decidedly do not; as a rule they look as if it were a crime to smile or laugh.

I often think that if English girls, like the *danseuses* at La Scala, at Milan, were taught to smile while they are dancing, it would be of great advantage to them. I used to attend Madame Beretta's private lessons to her pupils at La Scala. Madame Beretta held a cane in her hand, and she struck the girls' legs with it, sometimes

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making them cry, when they did not smile. It is a pity that we have not a similar institution in England for girls of every class, but more particularly for the middle classes. The girls of the aristocracy in England and of the lower classes might be exempted from this course of instruction, that is to say, those who know how to look pleasant.

But I am getting away from Wiesbaden. At supper the Hanoverian was fond of a bottle of good wine, and would order Johannisberg Cabinet, a wine from the château of the Prince of Metternich, about twenty marks a bottle, and a delicious wine too. At other times he ordered champagne Veuve Clicquot, which wine he drank very little of himself and insisted on our helping him.

The Hanoverian was most interesting in his conversation, and one evening told a story about the famous actress at the Burg Theater in Vienna, Frau Devrient Reinhold. Fräulein Reinhold, as she then was, lived at Hamburg, and made the acquaintance of a millionaire there, who was struck with her great beauty. He was an old man and Fräulein Reinhold was about sixteen and in all the glory of her radiant beauty; for, *en parenthesis*, I have often seen her in Vienna at the Burg





FRAU DEVRIENT REINHOLD

TWO FAMOUS GERMAN AND FRENCH ACTRESSES



MIDDLE, ALICE REGNAULT

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Theater in "Die Jüdin von Toledo," by Grillparzer, and in other rôles, and was always struck both by her beauty and her remarkable power of acting in tragedy. The millionaire made her a present of an entire island near Hamburg, and had the water around it illuminated one evening for her, which had only been done once before for the Emperor of Germany, when His Majesty visited this island. The illumination for the evening cost the millionaire five thousand pounds, and all the water around the island had the appearance as if it were on fire. The millionaire has died since, and Fräulein Reinhold married Herr Devrient, of the famous family of Hamburg actors mentioned by the great Lessing in his "Hamburgische Dramaturgie," but the island, I am told, still belongs to this actress.

The Hanoverian used always to say that he only admired the northern nations, and that the Austrians were like "Oberschaum" or the bubbles on the top of a glass of champagne, only froth with no substance in them. He thought the same of all southern countries; his only admiration was for nations like Norway and Sweden, North Germany, and Denmark. England he knew nothing about and could not speak one word of English, so we always conversed in German. He ad-

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mired this young English lady very much, indeed, his affection for her was something like adoration. The day she left Wiesbaden he sent her the most beautiful bouquet of Russian violets imaginable, but told her before that he could not wish her good-bye as he was too much distressed to do so. He was highly romantic in his nature, and excessively wealthy, but had married unfortunately. He was a tall, slender, fair, very active, military-looking man, with a long moustache, and was about fifty. I found him most pleasant indeed, besides which he was extremely sincere. We went all three together to a box in the new theatre at Wiesbaden, to see a very good actor, called Bonn, in a play of Raimund's "Der Bauer als Millionär," with which we were highly delighted.

The new theatre at Wiesbaden is charming; it is bright inside with deep rose-colour satin seats and curtains to the boxes, while the beautiful decorations around the house are in white and gold with arabesque designs. The theatre is indeed a delightful addition to Wiesbaden, and operas by Wagner and other composers are now given, besides plays by well-known authors.

Hanoverian German sounds rather pretty, the "st" and



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“sp” being pronounced as we should pronounce them in English, but other Germans consider it to be somewhat affected. There was a Prussian Jew at this hotel, who was pleasant and a great invalid; he told me he could not bear the Austrians, and that in Vienna he once gave a Dienstmann a ten-florin note in order to purchase a ticket for the opera, and the Dienstmann in giving him the ticket swore that he had only received a five-florin note and retained the rest of the money. This Prussian gentleman said they were all like this Dienstmann in Vienna, they thought it their duty to take in foreigners. It was apropos of a Vienna dentist that the Prussian made this remark. The dentist had charged an English lady one thousand florins for bridge-work for her teeth, and when an expert was consulted as to the charge he said that he would have charged her two thousand florins. It is needless to say that the dentist was a Jew and the expert belonged to the same race. This Prussian said that such a thing could not possibly happen in Germany. He related the following story. An Englishman had his hair cut at a well-known hairdresser’s in one of the principal streets in Berlin, and was charged fifty marks. He refused to pay, and went to the police, whereupon the shop was closed within twenty-four hours by orders

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of the police, and the hairdresser was practically ruined for his imposition on an Englishman.

In Vienna before a *Bezirksgericht*, where the magistrate is invariably a Jew, a foreigner may nearly always say he has lost his case before it has been heard. But this is not so with the higher courts in Vienna, where they are usually very just in their verdicts.

The walks about Wiesbaden are very pretty in the *Kursaal* grounds in the early spring, and there is a lake on which people skate in winter. In the warmer weather the *Kur Kapelle* plays out in the kiosk near the lake, where there are three large fountains, and at times a Prussian military band performs. The public in the winter in the *Kursaal* grounds is different from that of the summer ; there are in the latter period more foreigners, chiefly Americans and English, there.

A lady friend of mine wrote to me from Italy telling me to call on a Prussian count and his wife, the former being an old man and an excellency. I did so, and was invited to their charming villa near the *Kursaal*, which reminded me very much of the one which the widow of the Emperor of China had. I met a number of Prussian noble families here, and all were very polite and stiff, reminding me somewhat of a certain class of society in

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England. The serious, pedantic conversation quite overpowered me, and the duty of having to give all these various people their proper titles in speaking to them, in addition to the close atmosphere of the room, almost turned my head. Towards the end of this "*jour*," when tea was served round, I suffered so from headache that I found myself addressing a Frau Gräfin as Frau Oberlandesgerichtsräthin and vice versâ, much to the respective ladies' surprise and the former lady's horror; however, I tried to remedy matters by calling them both "excellenz," when they were at once delighted with me. I thought really they were going to kiss me at one time. If it had depended on these two ladies no title or honours would have been high enough for me to receive in Prussia.

During my second visit to Wiesbaden an American publisher, very well known in England, was staying at my hotel, and he used often to frequent the dances at the Kursaal. I noticed he was constantly with a young English girl and her mother, who lived in a pension. One day he left the hotel for Rome, where his wife was staying, so he informed me. I was walking with a French lady some days after, when this English lady came up to us and asked the French lady if she

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knew whether the American gentleman were married, as she had heard that he was. After the French lady had said that she thought this was the case, the mother got very excited, saying he had made love to her daughter, giving her flowers, and that the wife, who was at Rome, ought to be informed of it. I joined in the conversation and said, "Possibly his wife does just the same at Rome, so it is quite needless to inform her." The lady went away looking rather disappointed.

At the hotel there was a well-known German composer, who had been formerly an organist, and he kept his rooms so intensely hot in the winter that some one said, "Herr Langer, it is not healthy to have your rooms so heated." To which he replied, "As long as it suits me, and I feel quite well, it does not matter surely." He was asked by the same rather officious person why he never went to church, when he replied, "I was organist in Berlin for sixteen years, and was then compelled to go to church every Sunday twice a day for all those years, and I think that is quite enough for my life-time!"

There are certain very good places in Wiesbaden to take one's tea of an afternoon (for instance, Lehmann's, Christ Brenner, or Blum's), but some people prefer



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taking it in the hotel where they have their full pension.

Wiesbaden is very cheap in the winter, and the food in some hotels is decidedly good for Germany; the Rhine salmon is much better, I consider, than the English, and the former is often provided, and salmon trout as well. I very much prefer the Austrian way of cooking, but the German is not so extremely bad if you take it on the whole; besides, one gets used to it.

I was told by Professor Erb to drink the Moselle and not the Rhine wines, as the former are much lighter and somewhat acid, which is good for the digestion and for rheumatism and gout (which I suffered from then).

English people who are at a loss where to go could do far worse than spend a winter at Wiesbaden, and one thing is certain, they will not be ruined by hotel charges, nor will they be half starved, as the portions at table d'hôte are rather too large if anything.

The shops are good, and the shopkeepers and their assistants about as polite as they are in English country towns, which might sometimes, in both cases, be improved upon. One finds a great difference in this rough-and-ready manner when one comes from

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Austria, where shopkeepers and assistants are politeness itself.

The young girls that serve in shops in England and Germany are not to be mentioned in the same breath with those of Austria—it is almost like comparing a pure white brilliant with a *caillou du Rhin*.

## CHAPTER IV

BADEN BADEN — ADVENTURERS — THE HUNGARIAN  
COUNTESS — A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL — THE  
EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA — THE FÊTES

**B**EFORE I went to Baden Baden my father told me particularly to beware of adventurers. I had only recently left Eton, and he thought I should be likely to be taken in by them. My father told me a story about himself.

On his first visit to Baden Baden he made the acquaintance of an Englishman who asked him to come to his rooms. My father went, and the man asked him to play cards for a couple of hundred pounds a game, and proceeded to lock the door. My father told him that he was not accustomed to be locked in a room and desired him to unlock the door. After he had done so my father walked out of the room and carefully avoided the individual while he remained at Baden Baden.

A gentleman, who came from Paris and was a Pole, made my acquaintance in the train going to Baden Baden. He appeared very agreeable, but remembering

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the advice that was given to me, I was rather distrustful of him, for he had a coronet on his things, even to the buttons of his coat, and it made me very suspicious. He asked me what hotel I was going to, and offered to find me a room in his hotel, but I told him that I had decided on which one to go to and had secured a room. He wanted me to alter my plans, which made me all the more suspicious, and I had great difficulty in getting rid of him at the Baden Baden station.

It was in the month of August and Baden Baden was full of visitors ; the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, was there, and a number of most distinguished people.

At my hotel I sat next at table d'hôte to a very pretty lady and her mother ; both spoke English very badly, dropping their "h's" right and left. I spoke to the daughter, who did not appear desirous of making my acquaintance, evidently, as I was English ; and the next day they had their places changed at the table d'hôte on purpose to avoid speaking to me. I inquired of the proprietor of the hotel who they were. He said that the young lady was a Hungarian countess. I told him I thought he was mistaken, for they were English. He seemed rather angry and answered somewhat rudely



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that he ought to know better than I did, for her husband was a well-known Hungarian count, mentioning his name.

Coming from England, Baden Baden struck me as being by far the prettiest place I had ever seen, for the town was situated in a valley with a tiny river, the Oos, running through it, while all around were fir trees and lime trees, that throw out a most delicious perfume. The tiny river rustled and sparkled in the sun, and the birds sang on the trees, while on the promenade, in front of the Kursaal, elegant ladies from St. Petersburg and Paris seemed to endeavour to eclipse one another in the beauty of their toilettes.

In the evening the promenade was almost like fairyland, for the ladies were in evening dress as if for a ball, and there was a great display of jewellery. The sparkling of the brilliants, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires round their necks almost equalled in splendour the illuminations of the promenade. To add to this, a delightful orchestra, under the celebrated Johann Strauss, the composer of "An der Schönen blauen Donau," the most lovely Austrian waltz that has ever been composed, poured forth its strains. I felt dazzled at all this splendour. Wherever I turned my eyes I saw youth,

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beauty, and the most gorgeous toilettes, while the delightful music enchanted my ears such as they had never been enchanted before. I longed to have some one with me, but I was alone, and I knew no one.

Suddenly I saw the most beautiful young girl that I had ever seen. She was dressed magnificently in white as if for a ball ; she had white satin shoes, and wore her dress *décolleté*, showing the most lovely shoulders and arms partly bare. Her golden hair was hanging loosely down her back, her eyes were as blue as the sky is at Seville—the brightest shade of blue, almost golden blue in colour ; while her cheeks had the beautiful rose-colour of the plumage of the sacred ibis. Her features were Grecian in regularity ; her nostrils were like the nostrils of a Greek statue, and her small mouth had voluptuous lips, showing her tiny, even teeth as white as pearls. She was a small girl of about fourteen or fifteen and wore short dresses, showing her stockings, which were white and *à jour*, and her tiny feet were encased in white satin shoes having Louis XV heels. She was carrying a large bouquet of “La France” roses, which contrasted charmingly with her face.

I saw her go up to a well-known Russian Princess, who was accompanied by her husband, and give the

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magnificent bouquet to the Princess, who kissed her afterwards on both cheeks, upon which she curtsied, and the Prince shook hands with her. Then I lost sight of her ; she had disappeared as she had come, as if by enchantment.

While walking up and down the promenade afterwards, whom should I meet but the Pole who had made my acquaintance in the train. He was accompanied by two ladies, one of whom was the Princess Metschersky and the other his mother. He bowed to me, but as I had refused to go to his hotel he did not welcome me as he otherwise would have done.

I saw also the *soi-disant* Hungarian countess with her mother. They avoided me as before, and did so every time I chanced to meet them anywhere in Baden Baden.

The Kursaal at Baden Baden is rather a low building compared with that of Homburg. The rooms are somewhat sombre ; they are fitted up in the Renaissance style of Louis XIV, but they are very fine all the same. The concert-room is a magnificent room, gorgeously fitted up from French designs, and the reading-rooms are large and look out on to the promenade.

The kiosk where the band plays is most artistic in its

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form, and is the loveliest kiosk I have ever seen. It is a marvel of beauty in bronze worked in the most exquisite way, and looks as though the designs were of very fine lace at the sides of the kiosk, somewhat resembling the fountains one sees at Nüremberg.

The shops under the arcades are all exceedingly good, and some of the shopkeepers come from Vienna for the summer season. These shops are in the Kursaal grounds, and are the admiration of every one there, but generally speaking the articles sold are very dear.

Later in the evening I saw two rather pretty young girls on the promenade, whose acquaintance I made. They told me that they were Russian and pointed out to me all the celebrities at Baden Baden. I was much amused with them, as they were bright and lively in their conversation, and talked to me in French as if they had known me for years, laughing and making jokes all the time. I saw them the following day with an elderly lady, who was a *grande dame*, and in the best Russian society at Baden Baden; but they pretended not to see me. However, later in the evening I met them again, and they were as friendly as before. They informed me that they were cousins, and that the mother of one of them, whom I saw with them, was a Russian



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countess, the daughter of a prince, and that she was very strict indeed with them, and until I had been presented to her I must not notice or take off my hat to them if I saw them with her. These young girls were divinely dressed, and wore satin shoes of an evening at the promenade during the concert.

The Hôtel d'Angleterre was the principal hotel. All the very smart people dined at it, or at the Kursaal, where the dinners of an evening were equally good and expensive—the Kursaal, perhaps, was somewhat the dearer of the two.

I met an Englishman one day on the promenade who was very desirous that I should play cards with him at his rooms, but I thought of my father's adventure and carefully avoided him.

One day I saw the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, on the promenade. It was in the evening and Johann Strauss was leading the orchestra ; H.R.H. had been in the Kursaal and came out of one of the rooms. A few moments later I saw the lovely little fair girl whom I had seen once before ; she appeared to me to be by herself in the Kursaal, but there were many other people there. I walked up to her and asked her a question, but she took not the slightest notice of me or my question,

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simply ignoring both. I felt confused, and I did not know what to do. I advanced again towards where she was standing, but she deliberately walked away from me. I felt dreadfully mortified, and rushed out of the Kursaal on to the promenade, where no one in the least interested me. I only thought that I should have liked to know this little girl, and she had dashed my hopes to the ground. I went to the café of the Kursaal and drank some *petits verres* of cognac to drown my grief. I felt as disheartened as if the only person I loved in the world had cruelly forsaken me, for I loved this girl without knowing her, and would have made any sacrifice to have obtained her acquaintance, but I saw that it was perfectly useless my attempting to do so. As the band was still playing I remained in the grounds of the Kursaal, and it distracted my thoughts for the time being.

As the doors of the Kursaal were closing, I had a glimpse of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales leaving the grounds with some gentlemen, and I sauntered homewards slowly, feeling very dejected and depressed.

While walking across the grounds I felt an arm being placed gradually and very softly through mine, and when I looked round I could hardly believe my eyes. I thought at first it was a dream, but I tightened my arm,

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and then I saw the same golden-blue eyes, the same rosy cheeks, the same Grecian features with the nostrils of a Greek statue, the same red voluptuous lips, the same golden hair of the beautiful young girl, for it was she who had taken my arm. I asked her what made her rejoin me in that way. She replied that she knew I should be pleased from the way I looked at her in the Kursaal, but that she could not speak to me there as she was with her relations.

I walked with her towards her house, which was uphill. Upon our arrival she gave me a kiss as if her soul flew through her lips on to mine. I paid her a visit in a beautifully furnished room in which the furniture was in pink satin, Louis XV style, with lace curtains. She spoke Wienerisch to me, and it was not long before she employed the "Du" instead of the formal "Sie." She had all the charms of extreme youth, and was very affectionate, and as different from an English girl as possible. She told me that she was engaged to be married to a colonel in the Prussian Army, and upon hearing some noise in the passage she was greatly alarmed, and said that her fiancé was coming. I replied that I had a loaded derringer with me. She told me excitedly and almost breathlessly to turn to the right

## More Society Recollections

through a passage leading to the front door. I did as she requested and thus escaped in the nick of time, for I heard some one, a man it was, running after me. I arrived safely at my hotel, but I regret to say that I never saw her again, though I have often thought of her since. I heard that she married shortly afterwards this colonel. It appears that she was the daughter of a Prussian general, and that her mother was a widow, half Austrian, from Vienna, and half English.

The next time I went to Baden Baden was a good many years afterwards. The place had completely changed, and for the worse, I think. The shopkeepers grumbled and said Baden Baden had seen its best days.

I was recommended by Professor Erb, of Heidelberg, to go there in the spring for the nerves, but told not to remain during the summer, as it was too relaxing. The autumn is very fine at Baden Baden, but intensely dull, as it is also in the winter, but in September the races take place, and it is hard to get rooms anywhere. All the *beau-monde* flock there.

During my second visit the Empress of Austria was there, occupying a villa called Villa Messmer, very pleasantly situated, but rather high up, not far from the Kursaal.

I lived in a villa inhabited by Dr. Dahlberg, the





THE LATE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA



THE EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA AT HOME

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masseur of the Empress of Austria, who had nothing but Swedish servants. This gentleman visited the Empress every day to "masser" her. Her Majesty was displeased with Dr. Metzger, of Amsterdam, at that time. The Swedish doctor, Herr Dahlberg, informed me what a lovely figure the Empress had, and how very agreeable she was. Her Majesty presented him with a beautiful scarf pin which had the Imperial crown in brilliants, rubies, and emeralds, and her monogram on it.

I was walking in some gardens near the Hôtel Stephanie one day when I perceived Her Majesty with her daughter, the Archduchess Valérie. Generally the Empress would put up her fan so as not to be seen, but on this occasion she did not do so. I was reading "Die neue freie Presse," and when the Empress passed me I held my hat in my hand. She gave me a most gracious bow, and I thought how good-looking she was.

I had not seen her since the day she landed at Dover on her way to the Isle of Wight, when she was dressed in her favourite colour, a dress of violet velvet with a toque in black velvet. I can remember how very beautiful she then was. I stood close to her as she stepped off the steamer.

The Empress delighted in Baden Baden, and usually

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spent the months of February and March there. She took long walks and drives with her daughter, the Archduchess Valérie.

During my second visit to Baden Baden I made the acquaintance, in the conditorei, "Schababerle," of the sister of General Prince Louis Melikoff, who was extremely pleasant. There were very many distinguished Russians staying there then. Prince Metschersky, who drove a fine Russian turnout with beautiful black, long-tailed, Russian trotters, always passed the winter at Baden Baden. Princess Gargarine was staying at the Villa Gargarine; Prince and Princess Gortschakow also resided in a villa during the summer and early autumn.

Professor Erb always spent his holidays at Lichtenthal, a very charming suburb of Baden Baden, a quarter of an hour's walk from the town. The Professor resided at the Bär Hotel at Lichtenthal, where I often used to visit him. Professor Erb took only one meal a day, at one o'clock; never any breakfast or supper when at Lichtenthal. Eminent doctors have told me in England that the Professor is the very best doctor in the world for nervous disorders, but seeing so many nervous patients makes him irritable at times.



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Once I went to see him at Heidelberg. His waiting-room was full, and as he looked in there for a moment every one stood up. A very smart lady, with a footman in attendance on her, wanted to enter his consulting-room, but he asked her, "Why do you come before your turn?" She replied, "Because I have been waiting for three hours." Professor Erb came up to me, and addressing the lady said, "You have been waiting three hours, but this gentleman has been waiting three days," and he led me into his consulting-room. In doing so the Professor murmured "Cursed Jews!" which the lady overheard, and went away in consequence.

I found Baden Baden very slow during my second visit. The animation had entirely gone; the fêtes were the same, but the people were not, which made all the difference.

Herr Könnemann, formerly an Austrian military conductor, led the Kur Kapelle very well indeed, and he played some ballet music of mine, a *pas de deux*, and all my friends at Baden Baden were delighted with the way the orchestra played it.

A friend of mine was at Baden Baden a year or two ago, and said that during the race fortnight in September the most fashionable people from Vienna and

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Berlin were there, and that Baden Baden was most enjoyable.

During my second visit the Duke of Hamilton was at Baden Baden with his sister, the Countess Festetics, and the latter used to smoke one thousand cigarettes a month. The Duke of Hamilton was the son of the Princess of Baden, sister of the Grand Duke of Baden.

Baden Baden is now really only fashionable in the spring, and very much so in the early autumn. In the summer months it is crowded at times, but with the sort of people one would meet at a certain town in Somerset — very strait-laced, prudish, and most uninteresting. Baden Baden has decidedly had its day, and so has this town in Somerset, though there are a few interesting people in each of these places. *Mais il s'agit de les trouver.*

## CHAPTER V

CARLSBAD, MARIENBAD, AND FRANZENSBAD —  
BARONESS JAMES EDOUARD DE ROTHSCHILD—  
DR. RITTER VON HOCHBERG—PRUSSIAN CAVALRY  
AND LINE — THE BIG DRUM — MILITARY AND  
STRING BANDS—THE RACES—KING ALEXANDER  
OF SERVIA — KING EDWARD AT MARIENBAD —  
PRINCESS CASAPESENA — BEAUTIFUL MIZZI —  
ROYALTIES AT HOLZER'S

THE first time I went to Carlsbad was many years ago, when on leave from my regiment, which was stationed at Rawal Pindi, in India. I had been recommended to take the waters at Carlsbad, and went first of all to Paris.

On leaving Paris I found myself in the same railway carriage with an elderly English lady and her daughter, whose acquaintance I made. They were travelling to Marienbad, as the mother was very stout indeed, and desired to reduce her weight, as she said life was a torture to her, being so excessively fat.

At Nüremberg a rather nice-looking lady entered the

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same carriage, who had a very smart footman in livery in attendance, and who carried an immense bouquet of flowers, which he put in the carriage near the lady. Almost immediately the train had started this lady, who was the Baroness James Edouard de Rothschild, entered into conversation with the other people in the carriage, and she was very pleasant, speaking English quite perfectly, having, as she informed us, spent half her life in England, but then was residing in Paris with her family. She had been ordered to take the waters at Marienbad, and had sent on fourteen servants from Paris to get everything ready to receive her at Marienbad.

I got out at Carlsbad, where I took an "Einspänner" and drove to the Hôtel Goldenes Schild, which was the principal hotel there. This hotel, which has been considerably enlarged since then, is now better known as the Hôtel zu den drei Monarchen, in consequence of the Emperors of Austria, Germany, and Russia having resided there, and their meeting together on one occasion at this hotel.

The morning after my arrival at Carlsbad I consulted Dr. Ritter von Hochberg, the doctor of the Emperor of Germany, who was a very nice old man, who told me to



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drink the Schlossbrunn waters before breakfast, two glasses full, and then walk before having my breakfast for about half an hour in the country.

I followed the instructions of the doctor, walking out in the country, a delightful walk shaded with trees, with a tiny river flowing rapidly some ten feet below the path I was walking on. After walking for about twenty minutes I came to Posthof, where at a very good restaurant, out of doors, I had my breakfast, which consisted of coffee, such as I had never tasted so excellent before, and a boiled egg and some Austrian "Kaiser Semmel," very small loaves of bread, for which Austria is quite famous. My breakfast was served by a pretty young Austrian girl, who was tastefully dressed, and her hair was arranged after the latest fashion, which was so different from the slipshod English servant girl at a place of the sort in England. I enjoyed the walk back to the hotel immensely along the river, with beautiful trees all the way, in this most delightfully picturesque valley.

Dining one day at the Hôtel König von Hannover I made the acquaintance of an elderly American lady, who lived in an apartment in the English quarter of Carlsbad. She invited me to come and see her at

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her rooms, which were very comfortable, and where she offered me a cup of English tea. This lady was very fond of taking drives in the country, and always used to invite me to come with her, which I did occasionally.

One day she introduced me to a Hanoverian baron, the son of the "Obersthofmeister" of the late King of Hanover. The baron was a young man, who was in an Austrian cavalry regiment, and who disliked the Prussians immensely. One day I asked him if he would care to know a man I knew in Carlsbad, who was a Prussian line officer. The baron then said, "It is all very well for you to know him, for you are not a German, but I could not possibly be seen with him. First of all, he is a Prussian, and then he is in a line regiment, and I could not go about with him, as I am in a cavalry regiment, you know."

I usually met the American lady and the baron at one o'clock on most days at the Hôtel König von Hannover, where we dined together at a small table on the veranda of the hotel, going afterwards to Sans Souci or Posthof of an afternoon to hear the military concert, which was very fine indeed.

The band consisted of fifty men, and played the very

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difficult music of Wagner in the most brilliant fashion, besides playing lighter music, too, in a marvellous manner. This band was that of the Thirty-fifth Regiment König von Hannover, an Austrian band which had won the first prize and gold medal at the Exhibition at Brussels in the competition of military bands of all nations. This band put all French, German, and English military bands quite in the shade.

A principal feature I noticed in the band was that there were two men who played cymbals, and the big drum was quite an insignificant item in the band, the side drum being much more used. The effect produced by this alteration in the composition of a military band is quite astounding, and I should recommend it to English bandmasters of military bands, as the big drum is far too important an instrument in England, and it is very distressing at times to one's ears. The way the cymbals are played by an Austrian band has something very enlivening, especially when the regiment is marching out.

Speaking of the big drum reminds me that when the troops disembarked at Portsmouth from the troopship on which I came home from India, an infantry regiment was ordered to march off with its band playing ; but the

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big drum happened to be filled with cigars, so it could hardly sound at all, which produced perfect consternation among the men of the regiment, as they were practically deprived of their leading instrument, which would have passed unperceived with an Austrian infantry regiment, as the cymbals are heard above all other instruments. In Austria the big drum is generally carried on a small cart led by a small pony when the regiment marches out.

The military concert was always very well attended at Carlsbad. Sometimes the band would play at Pupp's Café near the town of an afternoon, while the people were drinking their coffee sitting at little tables under large trees. An entrance fee of fifty kreutzers, or about tenpence, was paid, and very great difficulty there always was to obtain seats.

Since those days Pupp's Café has been made much larger, and a fine hotel has been constructed on to it, called Pupp's Hotel, which is a very favourite dining place, where for two florins fifty kreutzers a very good dinner is provided, and the look-out on the trees where the military band plays is very agreeable in the hot summer weather. At Pupp's Café they keep almost every newspaper in all possible languages, which one is



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allowed to take out and read under the trees while the band plays of an afternoon.

One day in recent years I was sitting out at Pupp's Café when this very same military band, but under a different conductor, while I was reading the *Times*, suddenly struck up a march of my own composition, which I did not expect to hear, as the march that is played at the commencement of the concert is never on the programme. After the concert I saw the bandmaster, who introduced me to the owner of Pupp's Café and Hotel, who kindly complimented me on my march, and told me that he had imagined all English people were somewhat like the Chinese as far as music was concerned, so he rather looked upon me as an anomaly.

This same military band plays twice a week at Marienbad, where I have often heard it play, and occasionally at Franzensbad, where in recent years I was introduced to the colonel and officers of the regiment after my march had been played there, when the colonel told the bandmaster to play it on parade at Pilsen. I have never been to Carlsbad without hearing my march performed by the military band, and I have heard it under two different bandmasters with the same regiment.

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On some days of the week the Kur Kapelle, or string band, plays at Carlsbad at Pupp's Café ; this is one of the finest orchestras in Austria, and then it performed under the famous conductor August Labitzky, composer of a good many mazurkas and waltzes. These concerts, however, were never so well frequented as the military concerts, probably because one had not to pay to hear them.

Every Friday afternoon in quite recent years August Labitzky organized a classical concert at Posthof, for which an entrance fee had to be paid of fifty kreutzers, when there were always a great many fashionable people attending. One day was devoted to Wagner's compositions only, another day to Mozart, and another day to Beethoven, and at times mixed classical music by various composers. Once a month Labitzky arranged a ladies' day, on which certain ladies were allowed to make up the programme of music from composers they preferred, which always amused Labitzky, so he told me, as they chose such extraordinary pieces at times.

Labitzky once told an English lady in my presence that he was a great admirer of English ladies, and that when he was the conductor of Queen Victoria of England's

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private band at Buckingham Palace (which he was for five years) he never saw such lovely women with such perfect shoulders as he did at Queen Victoria's State balls. Labitzky said he had been to Warsaw, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna, but he admired the ladies of the English aristocracy more than those of any other nation.

In recent years Labitzky always played, when I asked him to do so, a *suite de ballet* of mine called "Un songe aux ailes d'Or," which he constantly put on the programme, and which was first of all played at the Crystal Palace by the orchestra under Sir August Manns, but has never been published, though it has always been much applauded, both in England and Austria. A very celebrated pianist, Brandt Buys, in Vienna, wanted to arrange this *suite de ballet* of mine with variations for the piano, when I was last there.

The places where afternoon coffee is taken are all in the country at Carlsbad, and every one sits at small tables under trees, generally listening to music.

Poor Labitzky! When I was at Reichenhall, in Bavaria, not so very long ago, a young Austrian girl of fifteen, whose Christian name was Laudi, and who was fair and sweetly pretty, and engaged to be married to

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one of the Princes Issenburg Birstein, told me of the arrival of Labitzky and his family at Reichenhall. A few days afterwards this same young girl told me Labitzky had died quite suddenly of influenza.

Labitzky was to be buried at Carlsbad, and a grand procession was organized at Carlsbad the day the coffin arrived there; but by some mistake the coffin of an old woman was sent to Carlsbad instead, and was conducted all over the town with great ceremony, and the following day Labitzky's remains were sent to Carlsbad, after the mistake had been discovered.

At the Café Pupp the girls who waited on the people had their Christian name, such as Mizzi, Fanni, Resi, pinned with silver brooches on to their dresses, and had their hair dressed by a coiffeur. These girls were for the most part very pretty, and were all so amiable.

One gentleman, in recent years, having finished his "cure," received about twenty bouquets of beautiful flowers, all put on his breakfast table at Pupp's by the girls serving. People said it must have cost him at least one hundred florins in the way of tips.

On my first visit to Carlsbad one day, on going to see my doctor, I made the acquaintance there of a Hungarian cavalry officer who wore only one spur in uniform, as he



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said he had lost the other ; but he did not trouble himself about the loss much, for each time I met him there he always appeared with only one spur.

On my asking my doctor what I was in his debt, he told me he left it entirely to me to give him what I liked. So I put fifty florins in an envelope, which the doctor refused to open in my presence, saying he knew that it was all right. After a "cure" of three weeks I left Carlsbad for Franzensbad for an after-cure, which my doctor had advised my taking.

One day on my first visit to Carlsbad I dined at one o'clock at a small restaurant near my doctor's, on the way to the station, and a German I did not know sat at my table. When the waiter brought him a beefsteak he asked what it was, and said it was only enough for a bird. The waiter told him it was "Kurgemäss." Then the German became furious, and said he had not come to Carlsbad to be starved, but to enjoy himself, and that he was not ill at all. The waiter then told him he had better go somewhere else, as the menu was arranged for invalids, and not for healthy people.

From the Hôtel Goldenes Schild one can see by means of a field-glass a bronze stag high up on a rock in the woods. I was told this is called the "Hirschsprung,"

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as a stag once leapt down from that height below in the road.

The town of Carlsbad is gloriously situated in a lovely valley, with a tiny little river flowing through the town. The shops are quite magnificent there, and all in one long street, easy of access even to a lazy person like myself. The toilettes at Carlsbad are of late years something astounding, and especially at Pupp's Hotel, where very wealthy English and Americans dine.

During the last few years the Carlsbad races have been a great attraction there. I went to them with an English lady, and on one occasion an English major I knew told the lady he was certain that the horse he had chosen and backed heavily would win the hurdle race. However, the major judged the horse by its looks and the way it cantered, for when the race began the major suddenly exclaimed, "Good heavens! My horse cannot jump at all!" And indeed it proved so, for the horse had no idea of jumping, and came in an easy last!

Once I went to the races from Franzensbad, and lunched at a tiny restaurant at Carlsbad, where the waiter told me he would mark all the winners on my card. I let him do so. On my arrival at the races I



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showed a jockey I knew my card marked by the waiter. The jockey laughed and said the horse marked for the first race could not win, and advised my backing another horse. However, the waiter had marked the winner. The second race I took the jockey's advice again, but the horse marked on my card won. The third race the jockey said was quite impossible for the animal marked to win. However, it did, paying two hundred and fifty florins for five at the totalisateur—and I had not backed it! The waiter had only marked one other horse, which was for a steeplechase, and the jockey said, "I know the horse; it is the worst in the race." However, the favourite fell and the horse marked, which, of course, I had not backed, won.

The next day I was unable to go to the races, as Labitzky was playing my *suite de ballet*, "Un songe aux ailes d'Or," and I wanted to hear it with some ladies I was with, particularly, too, as the last time I had heard it played, on account of the damp weather, the "Glockenspiel" could not be used in this piece of music, and the harps had been slightly altered by Labitzky for me. However, a celebrated English jockey had marked my card, so I went to the restaurant and found the waiter, and paid his expenses of going to the races, telling him

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to back all the horses marked on the card, giving him a considerable sum of money to do so for me.

When the concert was over I returned to the Hôtel zu den drei Monarchen, where I was staying for the time of the races, and I soon met the English jockey, who told me he had marked every winner on my card—eight winners. I anxiously awaited the waiter, who finally came towards me holding up his hands, and exclaiming, “*Alles verloren!*” “What?” I shouted. “I gave you a card marked with all the winners; it is quite impossible what you say.” Then he showed me a lot of tickets of the totalisateur, which he said he had taken for me, which were for quite different horses from those marked on my card. He explained to me that he fancied other horses, consequently had backed them instead of backing the horses I told him to do.

I went at once to the police station and explained everything in German to the chief officer there, who had the man arrested, and he was cross-questioned before me. But the scoundrel produced those tickets, which he had evidently picked up on the racecourse after each race was over, as the chief officer said to me; but it would have involved me in a lawsuit to recover the money I had given him to bet with, and, as in Austria lawyers are

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not quite so unscrupulous as in some countries (but they can charge very much at times, and not as in Germany, where there is a fixed tariff arranged by Government), and, besides, this waiter had no money of his own, so there was really nothing for me to do. But, as the chief officer said very wisely, "It was very imprudent of you trusting in a waiter you knew nothing about; he is a scoundrel, but it would only cost you more money to try to recover what he says he has not got."

During my first visit to Carlsbad I made the acquaintance of a very wealthy old Englishman, who had a courier and several servants with him; and the valet, having nothing to do, amused himself by taking the Sprudel waters, which are very strong, and come out of the earth boiling hot. This valet, who before then was in perfect health, gave himself a very serious internal complaint, and had to be sent home to England in consequence of this.

A young Hungarian girl at whose mother's house I stayed for some time in Vienna, in the Reissnerstrasse, told me she was at Carlsbad when King Alexander of Servia was there, and one day she was at Posthof early in the morning, about eight o'clock, and she heard that the King was expected there to take his breakfast. So

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she waited till he came, as she was anxious to see a king have his breakfast. She told me, however, she was greatly disappointed, for instead of ordering a breakfast "fit for a king," he merely had some coffee and one egg, which he ate so slowly and seemingly with no appetite whatever, and he merely crumbled up the bread, putting one or two mouthfuls in his mouth, and then he paid the girl who waited on him, though there was a gentleman in attendance on His Majesty there at the time.

I have seen King Milan, the father of King Alexander, two or three times at Posthof during a classical concert of Labitzky, but very little notice was ever taken of him ; he sat at a table and ordered coffee, like the rest of the people there.

The roses and carnations are perfectly lovely at Carlsbad, and so very cheap, too, where everything else is comparatively expensive. There are always a great number of good-looking cavalry officers at Carlsbad in their smart light blue and gold uniforms of the hussars, and dark blue and gold, and the dragoons in light blue with various coloured facings. I mention this as I have spoken so much about the ladies and nothing about the men at Carlsbad. Most of the officers come from stations near Vienna, and are chiefly of the nobility.



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Carlsbad has a very good theatre, which has been built quite recently, where a good company performs operettas and comedies ; the actors and actresses come from Vienna for the summer season. There is a music-hall, to which I once went recently, and saw the Alexis family, who were wonderful as acrobats on the trapeze ; they are paid about three hundred and fifty pounds a week, I am told, and come from Paris.

Carlsbad is really a far more fashionable place than Marienbad, and more distinguished Austrians go there, because Marienbad is supposed to be only a place for stout people, whilst Carlsbad now, in recent years, is a place not only for people suffering from internal complaints but also a place for pleasure as well.

There are several factories of Bohemian glass at Carlsbad that produce most lovely glasses of every description and colour. The road to the station is all uphill, and filled with children with bare legs and feet, who are almost to be envied in the very hot weather.

On my first visit to Carlsbad the American lady would often ask me to go with her to make certain purchases of lace and articles of luxury, and ask my advice, when the shopkeepers would try to kiss her hand, which she did not like, so they would kiss the hem of her garment. How-

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ever, since those days the shopkeepers are less polite, and many of them come now from Vienna, and the shops are very much better.

On leaving Carlsbad for the first time I went to Franzensbad for my after-cure, where on my arrival I looked for rooms, and secured a room in a house called Flora. The proprietress informed me, after I had agreed upon the price to pay by the week, that had she known I was an Englishman she would have asked me very much more. She never forgave me for not having told her so, not even in later years, when I returned there again. I thought Franzensbad extremely pretty with its villas with gardens attached to them, but the walks were not nearly so beautiful as those round Carlsbad. I was so tired after taking the waters at Carlsbad that I rested the whole time I was at Franzensbad, merely taking steel baths, which I found perfectly delightful. It was like bathing in champagne, as the water sparkled all the time, and gave a tickling kind of sensation.

There were chiefly ladies at Franzensbad, and such pretty ones from Austria and Hungary, and a great many Russian ladies. I made the acquaintance of a young Bavarian count at the music in the Kurpark who was very musical, and played the violin beautifully. I

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used to meet him every day, always sitting at the same table with him in the afternoon, where we took our coffee listening to the band playing in the Kurpark.

In the evening the Kur Kapelle used to play sometimes at different hotels during supper-time, when I often went to these concerts. The bandmaster, Tomaschek, was a very good conductor, and was a great favourite of some of the ladies, who admired him very much, sending him various presents oftentimes, and bouquets of roses, which grew very plentifully round Franzensbad. The villa in which I lived was very comfortable, and had a lovely garden at the back of the house in which nearly every kind of rose grew.

During my first sojourn at Franzensbad, which was a very short one—only a fortnight—I visited Marienbad one day, which is only three-quarters of an hour by rail from Franzensbad, so in leaving Franzensbad at half-past eight in the morning one can return there by the train leaving Marienbad at half-past nine in the evening, thus having plenty of time to see everything worth seeing in Marienbad.

Almost the first person I met on the promenade at Marienbad during my first visit there was the daughter of the very stout English lady, who seemed very pleased

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to see me. She told me that she was bored to death at Marienbad, that at first the lovely walks in the woods pleased her, but that she knew them all by heart then, and that seeing so many fat, uninteresting people made her long to get away from the place. I met the mother afterwards, who seemed very happy at the result of the "cure," and who said she felt she was much thinner—but I did not perceive it, though. The Baroness, the mother informed me, had been most kind to her, but she rarely came out of her own garden, excepting to take the waters early in the morning.

I thought Marienbad more lovely even than Carlsbad, surrounded as it was by the most charming woods and hills. The walks around Marienbad are really quite exquisite ; nothing could be more agreeable than to take a walk in the woods during a summer day, and have some coffee at one of the cafés, listening to an admirable military band at the time.

In the early morning the Kur Kapelle plays in the woods under trees till twelve o'clock. The band used to be very good when led by Zimmermann, a famous conductor, but now in late years is not nearly so good as the orchestra at Carlsbad, and much smaller in number, though perhaps it is a shade better than the band at



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Franzensbad. The Kapelle plays again of an evening, from half-past five to seven o'clock, on the principal promenade, where one cannot take coffee—only sit or walk about at the time, looking at the very stout people, who are curious to see, and make one feel one is happy to be thin. If you tell an Austrian you are going to Marienbad, and you happen to be thin, he will laugh at you, for it is considered to be a place only for stout people. There is a very good restaurant in the wood near where the orchestra plays in the morning, and where you can dine for two florins fifty kreutzers, or five kronen, and really well for the money ; I have often dined there.

Marienbad is more expensive than Franzensbad, and about the same as Carlsbad, though since our King of England goes to Marienbad there are numerous English who like to breathe the same air as His Majesty does, and consequently English people have to pay more for their rooms than Austrians do, as the residents very soon detect the English accent. I have been to Marienbad since His Majesty has been there, and in certain houses I know of they charge their old customers very much the same as they did before ; but certainly they are not English, but Austrian friends of mine.

An English peer, a brother officer of mine, constantly

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goes to Marienbad, and always takes a villa there, but as he is very rich he does not mind what he pays for the time he is there. The buildings at Marienbad are very fine indeed, the new bath-house especially. There is a café called Belle Vue, half an hour's walk from the town, a charming walk, where the 35th Regiment used to play. Now on Tuesdays and Fridays in the afternoon the military band plays at a café near the promenade, where I have also heard it play. For English people who do not like music Marienbad must be tedious indeed, after they have seen all the beautiful walks.

The toilettes at Marienbad cannot compare with those of Carlsbad in any way, although there are some rather striking ones there at times to be seen on the promenade during the evening concerts. The theatre at Marienbad is good, but I have never been inside it. The Duke of Orleans, whom I know personally, is often at Marienbad, though he resides at Königswart, a station between Marienbad and Franzensbad, and sometimes he comes to Franzensbad.

The lady from whom I rented my apartment in Vienna, in the Schwindgasse, used often to tell me that while she was sitting down one day taking the waters at Marienbad she noticed a gentleman sitting near her also drinking

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the waters, when he said to her, "Es schmeckt nicht gut, nicht wahr, gnädige Frau?" "Nä, gewiss nicht," she replied, with a slight laugh. When some time after some one said to her, "Do you know who spoke to you?" "No," she replied, quite innocently. "It was the King of England." "Goodness!" exclaimed she, "if I had only known it!" Many and many a time did this fair lady relate this to me, expressing her regret at not having known that it was the King of England who had spoken to her at the time. This lady was very fair, and considered a beauty in Vienna; her husband's brother held an appointment under the Emperor of Austria.

I have read of some people overeating at Marienbad. I am sure I do not know how they managed to do so, as everybody complains of the portions being too small at the dinners there, unless they do as I saw a man once do at the Granville Hotel, at Ramsgate, in England, who ordered cutlets for four and ate them all himself.

The Austrian wines, though not so good as the French, are not at all bad, such as Vöslauer Goldeck and Adelsberger Cabinet. Red wines are usually recommended to delicate people, but the white are very good, especially in hot weather, mixed with Giesshübler, which is somewhat like the Eau de St. Galmier or Apollinaris water. Tokay

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is often recommended to drink as a dessert wine, especially for delicate girls and ladies, and is very invigorating. An Austrian general, Baron Baselli, chamberlain to the Emperor, told me once that the only place to get the real Tokay was at the K. K. Hof Apotheke in Vienna, where I have had several bottles from the cellars of the Archduke Albrecht of Austria in years gone by, for which I paid six florins a bottle ; but the wine was delicious.

The second time I went to Franzensbad I was sent there by Professor Bamberger, in Vienna, for a nervous complaint, and advised to take the mud baths and steel baths as well, and drink the iron waters.

There were more princesses there than anywhere else in Europe. One day I sat at the music at a table with a young girl and elderly lady whose acquaintance I made, and I discovered she was an Italian princess and her lady companion. The princess (Princess Casapesena) was about seventeen, and was very clever and amusing, and introduced me afterwards to some relations of hers at Franzensbad, who held very high appointments in Italy.

Acquaintances of the best sort were easily made in those days at Franzensbad. The toilettes were lovely there then, and there was a celebrated young princess



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who used to drink the waters at eight in the morning, when she would wear a lovely dress and earrings worth six thousand pounds.

Everybody used to be amused when I told them I was sent to Franzensbad, as it was considered only a place for ladies. Quite recently I met an American at Franzensbad, who told me that the best American doctors were now sending their men patients to Franzensbad for heart complaints, and that he could see no reason why the place should not be good for men as well as for women—"What is good for the goose is good for the gander." I have no doubt if the water does not cure the men's hearts that the ladies there, who are some of them very lovely, will do their best to assist the "cure."

I always preferred Franzensbad to Marienbad, for it is quieter, not such a bustle. There always are a great many Russian ladies at Franzensbad; it is almost a Russian colony, and the shops have things written sometimes in Russian letters over their door. A good many Russian princesses still go to Franzensbad, but it is not quite *à la hauteur* that it was, though more people of a different kind go there than formerly, and acquaintances are not so easily made now, except, perhaps, some indifferent ones. However, in recent years

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I made the acquaintance of an English countess and her daughters in the most casual way there. A well-known English marchioness created rather a sensation with her toilettes and her great beauty a few years ago at Franzensbad.

Once I was recommended to go to Franzensbad by Professor Baron Krafft Ebing, in Vienna, on account of the air there and to take the steel baths, but not to drink the waters. I used to take my meals at the Kursaal of an evening under the trees, listening to the band playing, with a Croatian lady of the nobility from Vienna and an English lady. A great many Russian ladies asked me who that lovely fair Croatian lady was, whom they all admired so. I introduced the Greek Consul at St. Petersburg to her at Franzensbad, and he always conversed with her in Russian, as it is very similar to the Croatian language. Lately at Franzensbad the Mayor of Franzensbad, Herr Wiedemann, has got up some "Blumen feste" of an evening, when there is generally, besides the throwing of rose leaves at one another (which is highly amusing at times), a beauty prize given.

A young girl of thirteen from Vienna, whose Christian name was Mizzi, and who was very fair, with lovely features, expected to gain the prize. When she had



"BEAUTIFUL MIZZI"

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secured a very great number of tickets somebody threw some roses at her and caused her nose to bleed so severely that she fainted away and had to be attended by a doctor, and she was laid up for some days, scarcely being able to walk. This young girl was always called " Beautiful Mizzi " in Vienna.

I have read so many books about old men and old women in England, whose adventures and lives have interested me, but I have often felt if they were a bit younger I should feel more interest in them, especially the ladies. Not that I do not admire old ladies, but it is a different kind of admiration.

Latterly I have always stopped at a house called Sevilla, which is in the principal street and kept by some young and pretty nieces of Labitzky, which is very comfortable. My doctor at Franzensbad is Dr. Steinschneider, who was recommended to me by Professor Bamberger in the first place, and who speaks English like an Englishman, and seven other languages, Russian included.

I was at Franzensbad when M. de Giers met Bismarck there, and saw them both at the time. I dined once at Holzer's Hotel on the veranda near the Grand Duke Serge of Russia and the Grand Duchess, and was struck

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with her beauty and very fine features and great resemblance to some members of the English Royal Family. I have also dined at Holzer's at a table near the lovely Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, who is an English Royal Princess too. The King of Saxony, the Queen of Sweden, Stephanie Crown Princess of Austria, Christina Queen of Spain have been there at the same time as I have.

I can say that I am as well known at Franzensbad as *le loup blanc* ; I know everybody there, and every one knows me, and the more you see of the Austrians the more one likes them. I only wish I could say the same of every other nation !

At Franzensbad I made the acquaintance of a Russian lady who told me that she thought they made boots so beautifully there that she took back several pairs to Russia ; she was so surprised at their cheapness. This lady was highly elegant, and bought all her clothes in Paris, even her soaps and perfumes.

I generally stop at Nüremberg when I go from Franzensbad to Germany, and once I wanted to show the "Unschuld Brunnen," or Fountain of Innocence, to some ladies, when I saw a very pretty fair Bavarian girl, to whom I addressed myself, asking her where the Unschuld Brunnen was. She blushed crimson and

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replied, "You are standing close to it." She evidently thought I had asked her wishing to make her acquaintance. This fountain is one of the most beautiful in Nüremberg, with figures of six young girls in bronze, from whose bosoms the water pours forth, sparkling like diamonds in the sun.

## CHAPTER VI

THE SALZKAMMERGUT—THE SEMMERING—AUSSEE—  
THE SCENERY—THE AUSTRIAN NOBILITY—ISCHL:  
THE HOTELS—DOCTORS' PRESCRIPTIONS—FÊTES  
DES ENFANTS—GMUNDEN—THE GAME OF TOM-  
BOLA—AUGUST VON PULSZKY—THE PROCESSION  
OF BOATS — THE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH —  
SALZBURG

**I**F a patient requires bracing air, a Viennese doctor will usually tell him either to go to the Semmering, or to the Salzkammergut. The former is nearer Vienna, and it has many drawbacks, such as being exceedingly dull, and the hotel accommodation is limited. There are only two hotels at the Semmering, one of which is a first-rate hotel and the other less comfortable, while for amusements, if any there be, they take place in the hotel.

I was recommended a short while ago to go to the Semmering for a cold on my lungs. The advice was given to me by the celebrated professor, Doctor Chwo-steck, the youngest and most renowned professor at the University in Vienna for chest and nerve troubles.



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The Semmering is very lovely; the walks are all more or less mountainous, and in the spring and at Easter the hotels are usually full of people from Vienna. The air, which is very cold and exceedingly bracing for the nerves, is good for lung complaints, when a bracing air is needed.

The Salzkammergut, on the contrary, offers in the summer months not only a very bracing air but plenty of amusement, and there are good hotels and rooms to be had to suit all tastes. The most bracing place in the Salzkammergut is undoubtedly Aussee, which lies higher than all the others. It is one of the quietest places. The Kurhaus is really little else than one in name. The one room in the Kurhaus contains at the utmost, on an average, about a dozen people a day, reading the few daily papers.

Most of the people staying at Aussee in the summer months content themselves with reading the papers in their hotels. I met a writer whom I knew in Vienna, who had taken the café at the Kurhaus at Aussee for the summer months, and he told me that he had lost money by the enterprise. The following year he no longer took the café, but tried his luck somewhere else, where there were more guests.

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The Kur Kapelle, which plays of an afternoon in the grounds of the Kurhaus at Aussee, is not at all bad—Austrian bands are never bad, but this one was very small, and the audience was not numerous. The beauty of Aussee lies in its vegetation, which is most luxuriant ; the tiny river, which has an exceedingly strong current, is extremely pleasing to the eye ; along the banks there are numerous small trees, and wherever one looks one sees nothing but verdure.

In the distance there are very fine mountains of the Austrian Alps covered with snow even in the hot summer months, the highest being the Dachstein, 9850 feet. The views from Aussee are really quite lovely, and the walks perfectly delightful. The hotels, of which Hôtel Hackinger is the principal one, and houses where you can engage rooms for the summer months are very good indeed, and the people one meets are mostly distinguished Austrians.

Of late years Aussee has become quite a fashionable summer resort among the Austrian nobility, who often take houses there for the entire summer. The hotels at Aussee are filled with noble families, and of recent years more so than ever. Unless one knows Austrian families at Aussee, one is thrown entirely on the acquaintances

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you happen to make in the hotel you are staying at. Alt Aussee is even quieter than Aussee, but very lovely; there is a water-mill which is excessively picturesque, and every one drives or walks from Aussee to Alt Aussee, which is about two or three miles off, in order to see the charming view of the mountains and this water-mill. Very few people live at Alt Aussee excepting in villas for the entire summer. Alt Aussee is much cheaper than Aussee, which latter is more expensive than most places in the Salzkammergut.

Notwithstanding Dr. Yorke Davies' advice to the contrary, I should strongly advise any one desirous of a very invigorating climate, such as probably he could not find in England, to try Aussee, but he must expect to be bored, if he be bent on finding amusement apart from walking or driving, that is to say, if he remain there all the summer.

I knew a young Polish girl, who told me she had spent all the summer months at Aussee, and she was by no means easily pleased. She loved gaiety, and was very fond of dancing, but she said that the people were so nice in the hotel where she stopped that she was quite charmed with her sojourn there. Other people have told me the same thing, as the Austrians are very sociable.

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On my way to Ischl once I made the acquaintance of an elderly lady in the train ; she gave me her card and asked me to come and see her if I chanced to go near Gmunden. This lady was the Countess de Bombelles, lady-in-waiting (Palast Dame) to the Empress of Austria.

In the Salzkammergut there is always a great deal of rain in summer, which makes some doctors in Vienna advise their patients to go for good air to Franzensbad, but the air there is not so invigorating as in the Salzkammergut, yet in the former place there is not nearly so much rain. The nights at Aussee in summer are often cold, and in August towards the end of the month the autumn sets in ; the leaves begin to fall, and at night it is quite cold enough to endure a fire.

Ischl lies lower than Aussee, and the climate is warmer ; in the summer months the heat of the sun is sometimes very great, but there is plenty of shade. Ischl is a lovely place with trees growing everywhere about the town, and the views on all sides are wonderfully beautiful. The Kurhaus is a pretty building, rose-coloured outside, and from the terrace one has quite one of the finest views imaginable. The mountains that one can see from the terrace, the Schafberg (6000 feet) among them, are some of them covered with verdure, while the



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summits in summer are sometimes sprinkled with snow, which makes them appear more lovely to the eye.

The Kur Kapelle, though better than at Aussee, is not very good, but still it is pleasant to listen to it while one takes one's coffee of an afternoon on the fine terrace. There are generally some exceedingly smart toilettes to be seen, and also a good many pretty Austrian girls and women.

Of late years Ischl has become a favourite resort of the Jews, who are there in great number ; consequently the aristocracy does not go to Ischl quite so much as it did formerly. It is true that the Emperor has his villa there, and goes in the summer months, but His Majesty keeps very much to himself and to the ladies and gentlemen of his suite, and is never, I may say, to be seen by the general public. I have been there constantly while the Emperor was at Ischl, but I have never seen him there. I stayed once at the Hôtel Goldenes Kreuz, which overlooks the grounds of the Imperial villa, but I never had even a glimpse of His Majesty. The Empress when she resided there was, if possible, still less to be seen. There is a golden cross on a small island in the river, from which the hotel derives its name.

The promenade at Ischl is very lovely. It is near

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the charming little river Traun, which has an exceedingly strong current, and no boats are able to go on it owing to the rapidity with which it flows. The promenade is lined with large lime trees all along the tiny river's banks, and there is a café under the trees on the promenade where people take coffee of an afternoon, and sometimes the band plays in a kiosk of wooden construction near the café. When this happens, which is generally twice a week, some very smart toilettes are to be seen.

I lived once at the Hôtel Austria facing the promenade, and had the room in which the Emperor of Austria's father slept and died; the hotel was formerly the Erzherzog Karl's private house. It was delightful to hear the river rustling, and the birds singing to the refrain of the river in the very early morning.

The "Kaiserin Elizabeth" is considered the first hotel; I have often dined there. It is situated at the entrance to the promenade near a bridge over the river. The Emperor William I of Germany stayed there for a week, paying three hundred pounds a day during his short stay. The hotel is not very expensive to dine at, though a little more so than the others, but it is decidedly better as regards the living.

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When I stayed at the Hôtel Austria Prince Alexander of Bulgaria was stopping there, and he was once serenaded by the Kur Kapelle in the morning. They are fond of serenading people at Ischl, for the Kur Kapelle serenaded me too, at the hotel, shortly afterwards. There are very lovely drives around Ischl, one to the Schafberg, and others, and I used at one time to be invited by an old Russian lady, the sister of Princess Baratow, and her son with a French lady, to drive out far in the country, sometimes across very narrow roads with precipices quite near, too near, indeed, to be pleasant, giving at times a shock to one's nerves. The walk along the promenade is very lovely also, and extends for a long way till one gets to a small wood, where there are seats, while the river rustles at one's feet.

On the promenade there are a few smart shops, one of these being that of Krzwaneck, the photographer of the Imperial Court, whose photographs are truly excellent. The shops at Ischl are good, but not to be compared with those at Carlsbad or even Franzensbad. The principal and only chemist (there is no Hof apotheke) makes up Austrian and German prescriptions well, but woe betide any one asking for an English prescription to be made up! I suffered from rheumatism and sent

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a prescription by Sir Alfred Garrod to be dispensed. Thinking it was not the right colour I went myself and asked the chemist if it was all right, to which he replied yes. I then begged him to give me a glass. He inquired what for, and when I said that it was to drink the medicine in, the man stared at me with amazement, exclaiming, "You want to kill yourself!" He had mistaken something in the prescription for opium, and thought that the mixture was for external use. The best of it was that he wanted me to pay for this medicine that would have killed me. Of course I refused to do any such thing. The theatre at which they give operettas is good. I went once to see a rehearsal of a ballet given for the Emperor of Germany, the *corps de ballet* being that of the Imperial opera from Vienna. All the dancers came from Vienna for the occasion.

The apartments are very cheap, but must be taken for six months, no less time being agreed to, and generally you have to provide your own servants. English people (*en parenthèse* I have never seen any at Ischl) should not be put on "pension" in Austria, excepting at Meran and Abbazia, but nowhere else, as it is not usual. An Austrian *never* takes the "pension," but always pays for what he has *at once*, which comes much



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cheaper, as I have found. Formerly I was just as foolish as most English people, asking to be placed on board, but I very soon discovered my error. I have lived too many years in Austria not to know what is really the best thing to do, for in Vienna I am always considered a "Wiener."

The saline baths are decidedly good at Ischl, in certain cases, and contain more salt than sea-water. A German I know, who had had typhoid fever, quite recovered from his illness after some baths at Ischl. I have taken the "Fichten nadel" (pine-wood) baths, which are thought good for rheumatism and are much recommended. The fine keen air is enough to cure a great many complaints, however, without the baths, and there is a deliciously fresh perfume of fir trees almost everywhere.

Some great doctors say that there is more ozone near rushing water than anywhere else. At Ischl there is a waterfall near the Kaiserin Elizabeth Hotel, and the river itself, after rain, is a perfect torrent. It often overflows its banks. There is good trout to be had and crawfish at times, and the living there is decidedly good.

The former owner of the Goldenes Kreuz Hotel told me that he had permission to shoot the "Auerhahn" in

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the woods belonging to the Emperor, but he had to get up sometimes at three in the morning in order to shoot these birds, as they are very wily and it is difficult to approach near enough to kill them. The "Auerhahn" is delicious to eat with "Preisselbeeren" (cranberries). There is a good deal of "Reh" (venison) to be had at Ischl, and it is uncommonly nice and not at all dear.

A *fête d'enfants* is given once a year, during summer, in the Kursaal. It is rather amusing to witness it, since the children dance in various costumes.

I knew a Viennese lady at Ischl who was quite a beauty in her youth, but she was then near sixty, yet dressed like a girl of seventeen; naturally she was very much made up. She used often to talk to me about London, where she had lived with her husband. She preferred London to Vienna, but said she was quite ashamed of being seen with some English girls in London, for they were so much painted; evidently she had learnt the art there herself. This lady had a great dislike for young girls of any country, and much preferred young men's society, as is often the case with elderly ladies.

A young Viennese lady at Ischl was introduced to an old Roumanian Jew by a young English lady, both of whom I knew. The Roumanian took a great fancy to

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this young Viennese lady, saying she had such magnificent black eyes ; in fact, he asserted that he had never seen such eyes before, and such very long jet-black hair. The young Viennese lady being told of it exclaimed, " He's a Jew, and he wouldn't give you as much as a dinner, even if you were starving, though he says he is immensely rich."

I saw this Roumanian constantly afterwards at Ischl, and I soon discovered from his conversation that the Viennese lady was quite right. Though so rich, he only considered himself and his family ; other people did not exist for him, so to say.

Gmunden is delightfully situated on the lake of Gmunden, and from the Hôtel Bellevue, where I always stopped, there is the most exquisite view conceivable. The blue lake seen at midday, with the sun pouring down its dazzling rays upon it, appears of a golden sapphire-blue, and the small ships with their white sails moving through the water give a silvery appearance to the lake. The tiny boats with men and girls rowing are very picturesque ; as they dip their oars, the sun shining brightly upon them, the water from the oars sparkles like so many diamonds.

Then the houses in a semicircle round the lake are

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white, almost like marble, and the trees on the parade, lit up by the sun, look with their dark green foliage like immense emeralds; one can only see the tops of the trees from the upper windows of the "Bellevue."

Of an evening the lake, if there is moonlight, appears as though it were of crystal, and the numerous lights around it have a reddish appearance like so many rubies. The mountains opposite the hotel, the "Traunstein," 5500 feet, being the highest, give an enchantment to the view, which must be really seen to be appreciated. Sometimes the boats on the lake are illuminated with red, white, blue, green, and yellow lights, which give one the impression of some fantastic lake seen in one's dreams. The silence adds to this illusion, as no sounds of voices are heard at all.

The Kurhaus at Gmunden is a white building with fine large rooms, but not at all luxuriously fitted up. The dining-room, where I have constantly dined and taken supper, is immense, and the dinners are very good. It is a more favourite place in which to take supper though, because the band of the Kurhaus plays all the time, and on Saturdays there is dancing after the supper, people not having to dress for it.

The dinners and suppers are either *à la carte* or *prix*



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*fixe*, and if there be two people, they are much cheaper *à la carte*. One portion is enough for two people usually throughout Austria, excepting at Meran and Abbazia, where Italian customs prevail. I mean the table d'hôte system. Every one sits at separate tables at Gmunden, Ischl, and Aussee, as indeed is generally the fashion throughout Austria.

Tombola was all the rage at Gmunden some years ago. On the promenade or in the Kurhaus you were given a card with various numbers on it, and if you succeeded in having four numbers in a row, which are called out "Quattro" by some one in a loud voice, you won a prize. If you succeeded in having all the numbers on your card called out, then you won the tombola. Great was always the excitement when the prizes were fetched. I won a rather pretty vase, and a lady I knew won several articles of toilette and an album. The entrance fee was only about thirty kreutzers, or sixpence, and each card was purchased. A great number of ladies and gentlemen of the nobility took part in the contest.

I made some very charming acquaintances at this tombola. One was that of a young, pretty, fair Austrian girl, who was a Comtesse Saalburg (the daughter of a graf is a comtesse in Austria). Her uncle was Statthalter

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of Gmunden, and he was often with the Duke of Cumberland, who has his magnificent palais at Gmunden.

The band plays of an afternoon on the promenade under some fine trees near the lake, where there is an excellent café; but the Kur Kapelle is something like the one at Ischl, very small in number. Still, it is an agreeable place in which to sip one's coffee while looking at the lake and watching the people, who are mostly of the upper classes, with a sprinkling of the nobility among them. The toilettes are not so fine as at Ischl, but the people are far more *distingué* as a rule.

During my first visit I made the acquaintance at the Hôtel Bellevue of Prince Alfred Wrede and his wife, who had been in England and spoke English very well. At the hotel were also Princess Gonzaga with her mother, whom I knew at Vienna, and the Duke of Mignano with his daughter, Marquise Nunziante, a fair, good-looking girl of sixteen, friends of the Princess Gonzaga. I discovered, too, a cousin of mine, who was fortunate enough to travel with two lovely wards of his, one of whom was Miss Moncrieff, who afterwards married the Marquis of Bath.

In recent years I made the acquaintance of the celebrated August von Pulszky, who was at the "Bellevue"



PRINCE AND PRINCESS WINDISCHGRÄTZ



ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH (PRINCESS WINDISCHGRÄTZ)  
IN PROCESSION OF BOATS

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with his family. He told me that he had lived for years in London during the Kossuth rebellion, and was a member of the Athenæum Club. Pulszky liked England and the English very much indeed, and talked English almost perfectly. He died quite suddenly at his palais in Budapest a month after I saw him, and was given a grand funeral. He was one of the greatest of Hungarian orators and politicians of recent times, and belonged to the Liberal party.

Once while I was at Gmunden there was a procession of boats decorated with flowers, every noble house being represented. The Archduchess Elizabeth, grand-daughter of the Emperor (now the wife of Prince Windischgrätz), took part in the procession in a boat with other ladies. They were dressed in white, and wore white sailor hats; the boat was decorated with water-lilies, and looked most charming. The Duke of Cumberland had a large boat gorgeously decorated with flags and poppies. The Countess Salburg had her boat adorned with red roses, which was quite a dream of beauty. The theatre was represented by an enormous boat with the actors and actresses dressed in costumes used in Wagner's opera "Lohengrin." A white swan was attached to the boat. Some young Austrian girls I knew had their boat decor-

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ated with yellow flowers, they themselves being dressed in yellow. Another boat was entirely covered with white roses, the lady in it being dressed in a white costume trimmed with white roses, and her sailor-hat was adorned in the same manner. The last-mentioned boat gained the first prize. There were one hundred or more boats of various kinds and descriptions. In the evening there were fireworks near the lake, some of these being very fine indeed. The different colours of the limelight gave to the lake a marvellous appearance, as this light was let off on boats in the centre of the lake, which assumed the different colours of a kaleidoscope. Above the lake the stars glittered and shone as if they wished to excel the lights on the waters in their brightness and beauty.

There is a very charming walk at Gmunden. You have to pass through the town and to walk over a large wooden bridge near a waterfall on to a narrow path by the side of very steep hills covered with large trees. On your right hand is the river Traun, flowing very rapidly, and on the opposite bank are fine woods, which reminded me of Cliveden Woods, the prettiest portion of the Thames, where the Duke of Sutherland formerly resided.

But at Gmunden the beauty of the *tout ensemble* is on

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a far lovelier scale, though it is smaller, and the river is narrower and too rapid for boats to venture on it. One can walk on this path along the river for miles, across bridges at times. There is one large bridge of iron construction, very high up, which leads to a delightful restaurant in the woods on the right bank of the river, but any one suffering from giddiness would scarcely venture there. I generally kept on the left bank ; the walk is more picturesque, and on mounting a path one can have a delightful view of the town of Gmunden in the distance, and return home by a road for carriages.

Often during my last stay at Gmunden I used to take this walk with a young English lady and a lieutenant of the 15th Hungarian Hussars, and sometimes with the young Austrian lady with the very black, fascinating eyes, whom the Roumanian admired so much at Ischl.

During my last sojourn I often went on the lake with this young English lady and the Hungarian lieutenant. We used to get out at one of the lovely places where the steamboat stops, generally at one of the nearest villages on the opposite side of the river from Gmunden, and take our coffee in a garden. At the back was a swing on which some young Austrian girls would be swinging, and filling the air with their melodiously ringing voices.

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Afterwards, to walk home along the lake was a tolerably long walk, but a delightful one.

There is a very picturesquely situated hotel at Gmunden which nearly faces the Hôtel Bellevue, but you have to take a ferryboat to get there from the promenade. I dined at this hotel once with the young Austrian girl with the black, fascinating eyes, and dined extremely well too.

It is much the fashion to take the steamer after lunch at two o'clock and go to the end of the lake. I did this sometimes with the young English lady who had fine blue eyes, but of not quite so deep a blue as the lake. We returned about eight or nine o'clock in the evening by the steamboat.

We often stopped on the same side of the lake as the Hôtel Bellevue, at various charming places such as Traunstein. Some of these small places reminded me, to a certain extent, of Ventnor, on the road to Bonchurch, in their exquisite beauty. Everything was so green, and there was hardly a spot which was without luxuriant vegetation of some kind or other. The steamers were generally filled with acquaintances of ours from the Hôtel Bellevue, or with mutual friends from Vienna, consequently it was always pleasant on the lake. The



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journey takes about one hour, including the various stoppings *en route*, but with friends one is never bored for an instant, and there is always the magnificent scenery. I have at times seen English tourists with guide-books in their hands. I often wonder whether they are thinking that they can improve upon them by writing something better.

Sometimes I walked with the fair English lady on the heights of Gmunden, and was lucky enough one day to find a four-leaved clover, which brought me good luck for the year. I must go to Gmunden again with the same fair lady, and perhaps I may succeed in finding another four-leaved clover.

The theatre at Gmunden is perhaps not quite so good as at Ischl, but some interesting comedies are given, while at Ischl operettas are performed. There is a *conditorei* at Gmunden near the promenade, where very swell people go for afternoon tea. The band plays on the promenade from eleven till one o'clock, and all the *monde élégant* is to be seen there, more even than of an afternoon, walking or sitting at small tables, taking what the Austrians call a second breakfast, usually taken at eleven o'clock.

The late ex-Queen of Hanover used formerly to live

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at Gmunden, and her son, the Duke of Cumberland, now resides in his fine palace during the greater part of the year. I can remember the younger son of the Duke of Cumberland, a boy of fourteen, dying from swallowing a cherry stone. The funeral took place from the Hôtel Bellevue, and all the guests were in full uniform, the funeral being a very grand one. Some of the archdukes of Austria attended also in uniform, and the hotel was crowded with officers from all parts of Germany and Austria.

Gmunden was recommended to me as being a much drier place than Ischl, and better for nervous complaints and rheumatism in the summer months. The air is very invigorating and bracing. There is a pleasant walk towards Traunstein on the level road, to which I often went with this English lady; its pretty lanes reminded me of the scenery in Devonshire and Somerset, though the lake and the high mountains naturally made this walk very much prettier.

I prefer the Salzkammergut to Switzerland, though the latter is on a far larger scale. It is like comparing a large public garden similar to the one at Versailles with the private garden of some nobleman, which may be quite as fine in its small way, though not so grand,

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and contains roses which are far sweeter in their perfume than the ones at Versailles.

Salzburg, though not in the Salzkammergut, is one of the five loveliest towns in Europe. I always stay at the Hôtel Oesterreichischer Hof, which used to have a charming veranda looking out on the river, but now it has not, unfortunately for every one there.

Mozart's summer-house, at the top of a very high hill near the Capuzinerberg, is worthy to be seen, and close to the station is a fine statue in marble of the late Empress of Austria. I always go to listen to the very beautifully toned Glockenspiel that plays most delightful airs. They are changed every week and only play at a certain hour in the morning in a tower on the palace of the Grand Duke of Toskana.

The shops are good at Salzburg. The town is extremely white and clean-looking, and has a beautiful aspect, being situated on the river Salzach. The public gardens are good, and I have heard a fine Austrian military band play there during supper-time. The Gardens of Mirabelle are also very pleasant. One can dine at a restaurant and the dinners are uncommonly good, as is the case everywhere in the Salzkammergut.

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“Apfel Strudel” and “Salzburger Knocheln” are well-known Salzburg dishes.

There are delightful drives around Salzburg, but it is not a place to stay at for any time, as there are no furnished apartments to be had, merely hotels and good cafés, one being near the “Oesterreichischer Hof,” where almost all the foreign and Austrian papers are taken. Salzburg is cheaper than the Salzkammergut, but the people in the hotels are mostly tourists and uninteresting.



## CHAPTER VII

THE DANUBE — WÜRTEMBERG CATHEDRAL — THE  
MARRIAGE OF ALBERT OF BAVARIA—LEGENDS—  
OTTO VON WITTELSBACH—A MEDIÆVAL MIRACLE  
—THE PASSAU CHARM — THE DEVIL AND THE  
TAILOR—FRAU BERNHARDT—ROBBER CHIEFS—A  
POLISH BEAUTY

**I**N this chapter and the following one I purpose to depart in some degree from my general practice, and to intersperse, among my recollections, descriptions of some of the curious old castles and towns on the Danube, and the quaint legends associated with them, that have come down from the Dark Ages.

The Danube is the largest river in Europe next to the Volga. It is about two thousand miles in length, traverses part of South Germany, Austria, Hungary, Servia, Bulgaria and Roumania, and flows into the Black Sea. The basin of the Danube comprises a territory of nearly three hundred thousand square miles.

The Black Forest and the Carpathian Mountains are

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on the north, and the Alps and the range of the Balkans on the south. The Danube is formed by the union at Donaueschingen of the Brigach and the Brege, two mountain streams from the Black Forest. After passing north-east through Würtemberg and a part of Bavaria to Regensburg, the Danube turns to the south-east, and maintains that direction till it approaches Linz in Austria. At Ulm, at a height of fourteen hundred feet above the sea, it is navigable for boats of one hundred tons.

From Donauwörth to Passau the Danube crosses the Bavarian country. At Passau the river is eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and at Vienna four hundred and fifty feet. In 1830 the first steamboat between Vienna and Pesth was organized by Count Széchenyi. From Pressburg the Danube flows south-east; afterwards it runs east to Waitzen.

At Waitzen the river turns south and flows through the greater plain of Hungary. Passing Orsova, Kalafat, and Sistova, it takes a northerly direction to Rassova, then turns to Galatz, and finally extends eastwards to the Black Sea.

Donaueschingen is in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and the most interesting object there is the Schloss, which

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is a fine building. The gardens attached to it, called "die Alleen," contain many exotic plants. The view of Donaueschingen, where the Danube makes its first appearance, in the court of the Schloss, is highly picturesque; and Sigmaringen occupies a delightful position. The bridge is a fine structure, consisting of six elliptic arches. The Schloss is the property of the family of Prinz Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Only along the right bank of the Danube is the soil fertile and the scenery at all picturesque.

Then we come to Tuttlingen, on the right bank, which is also in a very fine position, and a grand view can be obtained from the heights of Engen. The Alps covered with snow, the frontier mountains of Tyrol, the lake of Constance, and the ruined castles of Hohentrocil and Hohenkraken can be seen in the distance. Tuttlingen is in Württemberg, and on the road to Schaffhausen, through the Black Forest.

The old castle of Homberg at Tuttlingen, which forms an interesting feature in the general view, is a relic of the feudal ages. In the Thirty Years' War its towers were dismantled, and it is still a ruin.

Rauhenstein is picturesquely situated on the heights in the old Schloss, which formerly was inhabited by a

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robber chief, who had a thousand men under his command. The Schloss has been partly repaired in more modern times.

Ulm, in Würtemberg, is celebrated chiefly for its cathedral, which is one of the finest in Germany. The cathedral was finished in 1890, the first architect being Mattäus Ensinger, who displayed wonderful skill in constructing this imposing structure. The view from the tower commands the course of the Danube, the Würtemberg Alps, and the battlefield of Blenheim, the scene of Marlborough's victory. The height of the tower is over five hundred feet, and it is said to be the loftiest stone tower in the world. The width of the cathedral is greater than that of any other in Germany. The stained-glass windows are magnificent, and when the sun shines through them the effect produced upon one by the various colours, the choir of boys in their white robes, and the fine singing of Mozart's "Agnus Dei" by a woman in the organ loft, is very beautiful; the swinging of gold vessels containing frankincense by the boys in their white robes tends to complete the picture.

The Danube has a breadth of two hundred feet at Ulm, and its depth is sufficient for all requirements of



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navigation. The bridge is a fine structure, and comprises four arches. The current of the river is so strong and rapid that boats can only ascend the stream by means of steam. Donauwörth occupies the left bank of the river and is close to Blenheim, but the place is of little interest.

On leaving Blenheim we come to Neuburg, which is admirably situated. The chief ornament of the place is the Schloss of the ancient Dukes of Bavaria, a structure of the feudal age. The gardens, or "Hofgärten," are well laid out in modern style. The Schloss contains a large hall, which is one of the finest in Germany. The best view is that from the battlements of the castle; the towers command the country around. About four miles from Neuburg is a castle, a remnant of the feudal ages, crowning an isolated rock, and commanding a fine view of the surrounding district. It is a complete ruin, and is called the Schloss Hüting.

Ingolstadt was the seat of a university, and is still remarkable for the beauty of its buildings and streets. The Kreuz Thor, surmounted by pointed turrets, is exceedingly picturesque in its appearance. The university of Ingolstadt flourished in the last century, and is now transferred to Munich. The castle of Vohenburg is a

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striking feature in the landscape. The marriage of Agnes Bernauer to Albert, son of the Duke Ernst of Bavaria, was solemnized in this castle. The secret, however, was soon let out. The Duke issued a proclamation that a tournament was to be held within his castle on a certain day, and invited knights to break a spear on the occasion in honour of their lady loves. On the morning of the fête only one was denied admittance, and this was Albert, on account of his marriage with the daughter of a citizen. Exasperated at this, Albert proclaimed his marriage to every one. The Duke became so enraged that he sent Albert to the frontier. Agnes was seized and dragged before a tribunal, accused of witchcraft, and condemned to death. She was taken to the bridge of Straubing and thrown into the Danube. She was carried along the stream till she reached a bank where some willows were growing. She had broken the cords which bound her wrists, and would have escaped had not a man twisted a spear into her locks, forced her back into the river, and accomplished the murder. Albert, on hearing of the death of Agnes, joined the army of Louis Barbatus, the enemy of the Duke of Bavaria. Albert fought against his father's army for some time, but died at an early age.

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About six miles from Neuburg is another ruined castle, which occupies a precipice and is called the castle of Walheim. Neustadt, a small town, well situated on the Danube, offers some fine scenery. One of the most extraordinary works of art which the Romans have left behind is the Devil's Wall, or Pfahlgraben, a ditch and wall planted with watch towers, from which the town of Hohenheim on the Rhine can be seen. The Benedictine monastery of Weltenberg next comes to view. This part of the river is so hemmed in by precipices, which rise from the water's edge to about five or six hundred feet, that at several points they appear as if they would meet, and give the Danube the look of a canal.

On an open space between the river and the precipices stand the ruins of the abbey. This ruin has a singularly melancholy appearance, with the perpetual rushing of the waters, being quite isolated from other buildings of any sort. The abbey of Weltenberg was converted into a "Bier halle." The Altmühlthal resembles some parts of the Rhine. The remains of castles occupy most of the surrounding heights, and produce a striking effect. The castles of Braun and Raudeck are the principal ones.

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The Danube unites here with the Main by means of a canal from Würzburg. Kelheim, a small town on the right bank, leads by a large road to Regensburg. Abach was the court residence of the old Dukes of Bavaria. Henry the Second was born within its walls.

The next place of importance is Oberndorf, where Otto von Wittelsbach attempted to hide after he assassinated the Emperor. He was discovered, however, dragged from his hiding-place, and killed on the spot. Heinrich von Kalatin inflicted the punishment with his own hand. The head of Wittelsbach was afterwards cut from his body and cast into the Danube, and it is said that it refused to move. It continued to gnash its teeth and to fix its eyes on the spectators with a threatening look. The friar of Ebrach alone could withstand it. He held a black cross in his hand, a cross which had been brought by an eagle from Mount Calvary, and while every one else was in absolute consternation he mounted the river's banks and addressed the floating head in these words: "Dus. milabundus, Dom. infernis, presto diabolorum," whereupon the head whirled round, shook its locks, and sank to the bottom of the Danube. The people fell on their knees at this miracle. It is said



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that the following day and night blue flames were observed issuing from the pool where the head had last appeared. The friar fixed the cross on a bank near the pool for seven days, when the flames entirely vanished. The people after this crowded to Mass, loading the altar with their gifts. The rock upon which Otto von Wittelsbach's bones lay is still called the Murder Stone.

The approach to Regensburg is very striking and the scenery exceedingly picturesque. Regensburg owes its name to the river Regen, which unites with the Danube at Regensburg. In 1196 Richard Cœur de Lion was sent prisoner to the Emperor Henry VI, by whom he was given up to his sworn enemy and captor, Leopold Duke of Austria. The buildings are lofty massive structures at Regensburg. The Courts of Justice contain a torture chamber, which was used when the Vehm Gericht was in full vigour. There is a low dungeon in which there is no daylight, and the only air that enters proceeds from a dark passage through a small grating in the door. There is also a well about ten feet deep with no other entrance but a trap-door, and it is like a tomb. The torture chamber lies under the Hall of Diet.

The Town Hall, or Rathhaus, has a Gothic portal,

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rather finely executed. The cathedral is of the thirteenth century, and contains very gorgeous windows of stained glass given by a king of Bavaria. On one of the towers is the statue of a man in the act of throwing himself from the summit. It is said to represent the architect, who, having lost a bet with a builder as to when the cathedral would be finished, committed suicide in a fit of despair. In one of the side chapels is an effigy of St. John von Nepomuc, confessor of the Queen of Bohemia, who, refusing to divulge the secrets of the confessional to her husband (Wenceslaus), was thrown into prison, tortured, and cast from the bridge of Prague into the Moldau, where he perished.

The Abbey of St. Emmeran is now the residence of the reigning Prince of Thurn and Taxis. This abbey was founded by Theodo the Fourth, and enlarged by Charlemagne. It possessed at one time an altar of solid gold, and in the "sacristie" were the silver shrines of St. Emmeran and St. Wolfgang.

There is a monastery of St. James at Regensburg, where young Scotchmen are educated for the priesthood, and they were at one time attached to the interests of the Stuarts. The way in which they speak English is very strange, and difficult to understand.



MDLLE. PIERSON



MDLLE. MASSIN



MDLLE. BIANCA



MDLLE. PASCA

FOUR FAVOURITES FROM THE THÉÂTRE GYMNASÉ

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The old bridge at Regensburg dates from the thirteenth century. It was of such a heavy appearance and lasted so long that people said the architect who constructed it must have been the devil. During his work the devil was much annoyed by two cocks and a dog, the images of which were on the balustrade. The bridge had fifteen arches, and was one thousand and ninety-one feet in length. Of the three principal old bridges of Austria and Germany, it was said that the bridge of Dresden was the most elegant, that of Prague the longest, and the bridge of Regensburg the strongest, as it was made by the devil. Formerly it was customary at a peasant's wedding for the best man to box the bridegroom's ears after the ceremony to remind him to be constant to his wife.

The architect of the old bridge had a bet with the architect of the cathedral that the former construction would be finished long before the latter, but seeing that he was likely to lose his bet, he wished that the devil would take the bridge. A poor friar appeared and offered to carry out the work. The architect, however, saw by his cloven hoof that he was the devil, whereupon he made a bargain with him that the first three souls that crossed the bridge should belong to him. When

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the bridge was constructed the architect let a wolf dog, a cock, and a hen cross it first of all, thus cheating the devil ; and the architect caused the figures of a dog, cock, and hen to be carved on the bridge on account of this event.

A certain bishop, Albrecht of Regensburg, was fond of fleecing his flock and robbing those who approached his castle of Donaustauff. The Bishop heard that the daughter of Duke Albert of Saxony would pass that way. The Bishop seized the Princess and forty of her attendants, and made them prisoners. King Conrad caused the Bishop to deliver them up, but the latter endeavoured afterwards to murder the King. The Bishop's vassal, Hohenfels, entered the Abbey of St. Emmeran, where the King lived, penetrated into the royal chamber, and stabbed the sleeper in the heart. Then the Bishop proclaimed that the King was dead. But a devoted servant of the King, who had exchanged clothes with his Majesty, suspecting some evil intention of the Bishop, had been killed instead. When the truth was known the Bishop fled, but the abbot of St. Emmeran was flung into chains, and the abbey was plundered by the King's soldiers. The Pope sided with the Bishop and excommunicated King Conrad ;

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the murderer Hohenfels was killed by a thunderbolt later on.

I went to Regensburg some years ago with the sister of the Oberforstrath of the reigning Prince of Thurn and Taxis. She was a young lady resembling Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain in her fair beauty, with small, regular features, blue eyes, and golden hair. This lady lived on a property of the Prinz zu Thurn und Taxis, near Pardubitz in Bohemia, which her uncle, a retired Austrian major, managed for the Prince, who is the wealthiest of German princes.

The appointment of Forstrath in Germany is a state appointment, and is paid at the rate of six hundred to one thousand pounds a year, and is usually held by retired officers. It is a pity that our Government does not act so liberally towards retired officers. The young lady's father held the same appointment to the reigning Prince as that which her brother now holds at Regensburg. She spoke the Czech language perfectly, which is a very rare thing with a German, on account of its difficulty of pronunciation. The Princess of Thurn and Taxis was an elder sister of the Empress of Austria.

On leaving Regensburg the next important place is

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Donaustauf, with its ancient castle and the temple of Walhalla. The town is of little interest except for its beauty of situation. The old castle was the residence of the Prince-Bishops of Regensburg. The gardens are kept in perfect order by the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, who has his beautiful summer residence here. The Walhalla is built on a series of terraces, and on the highest, facing the river, stand the Doric columns of the temple. The interior corresponds with the grandeur of the exterior. In the centre is a statue of the King of Bavaria who founded it, and round the walls are niches for busts of celebrated men. There is a chamber called "Halle der Erwartung," where busts of living celebrities are admitted. The roof of this temple is of wrought iron, lined with brass plates, painted after the ancient Etruscan fashion, and richly gilded

Schloss Wörth, the occasional residence of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, which was formerly a bishop's palace, is the next object that arrests attention. Like most of the palaces and castles, it has been bought and sold, pledged and redeemed, many times. Nearly opposite Wörth, on the right bank of the Danube, is a small town, Pfütter. Wörth is very pretty with its white summer-houses, vineyards, gardens, and orchards, and



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is a pleasant place during the hot weather. There is an image of the Virgin Mary in a church here which is said to have been brought there on the wings of angels from a neighbouring chapel.

Straubing has an interesting town hall which has a tower two hundred feet high surmounted by a tin spire with four smaller pinnacles at the corners. Its erection was in 1208. In the churchyard is a small chapel having a red marble tablet with an inscription to the memory of Agnes Bernauer, who is the subject of a popular ballad :—

Es reiten drei Reiter zu München heraus,  
Sie reiten wohl von der Bernauer ihr Haus,  
Bernauerin, bist du drinnen?  
Ja drinnen?

Next we come to the Benedictine monastery of Ober Altaich, which is close upon the river. The round castle of Bogenberg is on the left bank. The last robber chief who inhabited this castle was converted through a statue of the Virgin, and it is said that he abandoned his wicked life, discharged his bandits, and gave his money to the Church. The church, owing to this statue, was a favourite place of pilgrimage, and even crowned heads offered gifts to the Virgin of Bogen.

Metten, on the same side of the river, belonged to the

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Benedictine monks, and dates from the reign of Charlemagne. The monarch is said to have met a hermit in the neighbourhood, who erected a small oratory there in honour of the Archangel Michael. When surprised by the King while he was cutting wood, the hermit suspended his hatchet on a sunbeam. The King asked the holy man to name a request, whereupon the latter suggested that a monastery would look well there; and the King laid the first stone of Kloster Metten.

The town of Deggendorf is situated in a rich and lovely valley, through the centre of which the river rushes. Pilgrims flock to Deggendorf on St. Michael's eve, when absolution is granted to all comers, in memory of a miracle that happened in 1337. The host was insulted by some Jews, who brought the wafer and scratched it with thorns till it bled. The image of a child appeared, and they tried to cram it down their throats, but were prevented by the vision of the Child; then they flung it into a well, which was surrounded by a radiant glory. Pope Innocent VIII, in 1489, issued his Bull for the general absolution.

Not far from Deggendorf the river Iser joins the Danube. The nunnery at Osterhofen, Winzer Castle,

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and Hofkirchen now attract one's attention. Hofkirchen was a stronghold of robber chiefs, who plundered the vessels that came their way. After Vilshofen, which is picturesquely situated, the scenery becomes more and more interesting. The river becomes gradually narrower, till the rocks on either side rise almost perpendicularly from the water, which now has the appearance of a rapid torrent filled with foam while it rolls onwards in its course.

When the Crusaders were descending the river, on their way to rescue the Holy Land from its oppressors, the devil was so enraged that he plucked up rocks from the cliffs and threw them into the river, trying to prevent the Crusaders' progress. But every man made the sign of the cross, and the devil crept away. So immense was the first stone he threw that for ages it caused the river to swell in this part. Austrian and Bavarian engineers were able finally to mitigate this to a certain extent.

Passau is the frontier town of Austria between Bavaria and Lower Austria. This town is remarkable for the beauty of its scenery. From the castle of the Oberhaus, commanding the whole town, the bridges, the Dom, the view is very imposing. Passau in point of situation has

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often been compared with Coblenz, but the former town is more picturesquely situated.

There was a famous spell called the "Passau charm" during the Thirty Years' War, by which warriors secured themselves by swallowing a piece of paper on which was written the sentence: "Teufel hilf mir; Liebe und Seele geb ich dir" (Devil help me; body and soul I give thee). The spell did not operate, however, till the following day; and he who swallowed it, and died before the expiration of that period, was supposed to go to the devil.

Almost the entire way from Vilshofen the exterior of the houses along the Danube reminds one of the houses round Salzburg. The cathedral is on the promenade, and in front of it is a statue of King Max of Bavaria. There used to be a convent for English girls at Passau, but I know not whether it is still in existence.

Hals Castle is near Passau, on the Ilz, and there is a legend attached to the castle. Rudolph of Habsburg and Luitprundt went to fight the Turk in the Holy Land and were both killed. When the lady of the castle of Hals heard this news she drooped like a flower, and died the following day. The view of the Inn joining the Danube is exceedingly beautiful at Passau. Between



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the two rivers lies Passau, like an island ; the rivers are about two thousand feet in width at this point. When I arrive at Passau from Germany it is always with a feeling of delight, but when I pass it on my way out of Austria it is almost always with a feeling of sadness and regret.

From Passau the Danube continues for a mile through a narrow level country, and then the mountains on both sides approach nearer together. On the right bank one notices Kræmpenstein with its ruined castle, situated on high rocks, and a quarter of a mile beyond the village of Pirschwang. The river becomes deeper and more rapid. Then comes the Jochenstein, a rock projecting from the Danube. This rock bears an obelisk with the arms of Austria and Bavaria. The river now approaches Engelhardzell. The banks continue high, and are mountainous and rocky, with trees, while the precipices form high walls.

At Aschbach the steep granite mountains and rocky precipices gradually draw back, and the river enters the level valley of Feldkirchen. There is quite a number of islands, sands, and shallow places in this part. Below Aschbach the river is three hundred and forty fathoms wide and two fathoms deep ; but from Schudern to the

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Geisau it has a width of one thousand fathoms and a depth of eleven feet ; and near Kattenstein it is one hundred fathoms broad.

The Danube is divided, then, into many arms, with a multitude of small islands covered with quite a profusion of willows. Near Ottensheim the river measures at some points six thousand feet in width, at others ten thousand. One of the most striking objects from Passau to Linz is the Schloss Kræmpenstein. It stands on a rocky precipice with a forest in the background. The scenery is highly picturesque. The castle was formerly a residence of the Prince-Bishops of Passau. This castle is called Schneiderschössel in the district, from its connection with a tailor, who in attempting to throw a dead goat over a precipice lost his balance and fell from the rocks. His body was carried down the current in the presence of his patron, for whom he had been making a suit of clothes. Afterwards it was found that the goat was none other than the devil. He had assumed the appearance of a dead goat to entrap the poor tailor, who did not throw the animal into the river, but was himself thrown from the battlements. The goat was seen within a few minutes after the catastrophe, half running, half flying up the steep rocks. The incident

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was told to the Bishop, who shook his head three times, and, making a sign of the cross, ordered holy water to be sprinkled over the precipice, and the goat was no longer seen. But early in the morning, when the clothes were measured for the bishop, it was discovered that the crafty "Schneider" (tailor) had stolen at least a third of the material. Every one was amazed, but now all was explained satisfactorily: the devil had carried off the tailor in the midst of his villainy. Tailors have become strictly honest in Austria since those days.

The Jochenstein is an isolated rock in the middle of the Danube, and has the arms of Bavaria and Austria engraved on it. This rock formerly marked the boundary line between Austria and Bavaria. There is a small building upon it something like a chapel. Engelhardzell, which has become the hunting seat of Prince Wrede, was celebrated for its convent. I have often had the pleasure of meeting the Prince in Austria, though he is a Bavarian prince. The convent used to be called "Cella Angelorum," or Church of the Angels. Nearly opposite to this is the ancient tower of Ried, a former boundary line between Austria and Bavaria.

Rana Riedl, on the left bank of the river, is one of

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the few castles inhabited now; it has a turreted roof, and improves the landscape. At the summit of a promontory, at the base of which the Danube roars like a cataract, are the ruins of Kirschbaum. Opposite this promontory is the mill of Schlägen, leading to Aschbach, which is nearer by road than by river.

The Danube is now half its previous width, and is shut in by wooded mountains like precipices, from five hundred to one thousand feet in height. The river turns and twists in every direction for the next fifteen miles. The current is fearfully rapid, forming whirlpools. This part of the Danube is beautiful beyond description, what with the stupendous precipices towering above one and the rushing of the waters, which are of a lovely greenish blue mixed with the pearly white of the foam.

The next object of interest is the Castle or Palace Neuhaus belonging to the family of Schaumburg. It is an imposing building, and all the land about belongs to the castle. Aschach on the opposite bank, with its Schloss and lofty tower, improves the landscape considerably. In the background among pine forests are the towers of Schaumburg. The domains of the Counts of Schaumburg extended beyond Linz, in fact, nearly



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over the whole valley of the Danube between this and Passau. This magnificent ruin now belongs to Prince Stahrenberg, who is in the Arciren Guard regiment of Austria, similar to the English Life Guards. The Danube has numerous woody islands here, which improve the scenery. The convent of Wilhering, formerly a Benedictine convent, is on the right bank, at the foot of the Kirnberg. The whole of the district as far as Linz is richly wooded, and in several points highly romantic.

The Danube now skirts the Zauberthal, a valley of immense beauty, and on the right bank, as one approaches near Linz, there are cottages, gardens, summer-houses, fitted up in the most luxurious and elegant style. In holiday times the inhabitants of Linz go there in great numbers to enjoy the country and to pass the time away from their business.

The most striking point is the Kalvarienberg, or Mount Calvary, the rocky pinnacle of which is surmounted by an enormous crucifix. At the base are small chapels and villas, picturesquely situated.

Soon after passing this romantic part of the river, one comes to Linz, where the fairy-like bridge makes one fancy that the broad expanse of the Danube is

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chained by gossamer, and that the people coming there are but spiders on their way, or perhaps flies attracted by the spider's web.

Linz was a fortified town in 1098, and in 1106 a bridge was erected. Richard Cœur de Lion was entertained at the castle at Linz on his return from Dürrenstein. There is a great number of fortified towers, which command the heights to the extent of nearly a league. The fortifications are of comparatively recent date, accomplished under Prince Max of Este, who had bastions and isolated forts erected, somewhat similar to those of Coblenz on the Rhine. There are thirty towers around Linz, and communication between them by covered ways. Every tower is of itself a fortress.

The public buildings of Linz are not very important, the most noticeable being the Landhaus, formerly a monastery, which now is the house of justice. The great market-place is one of the finest squares in Austria. The church of St. Matthias is the most important one. The Trinity column in the centre of the market-place is another object of interest, and was erected as a votive monument out of gratitude for deliverance from the plague and the Turks. Die heilige Dreieinigkeit consists of the statues of Jupiter, Neptune,

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and the Christian God. The bridge which crossed the Danube and formed so beautiful a feature in the landscape was built about the end of the fifteenth century. The new bridge of iron construction, which was built in 1872, is seven hundred feet in length and commands a very beautiful view. A far finer view can be had, however, across the river, near the tower, from which the country around can be seen. Close to the bridge there are two railroads, one to Budweis and the other to Wels. There is another line leading to Ischl and Gmunden of more recent date.

Linz has been celebrated for the beauty of its women for a long time. I happened to know a Linzerin in Vienna, who a celebrated Hofschaurspieler at the Burg Theatre, Herr von Ernst, said was the most lovely woman he had ever seen in his life. He had been in London with the company of the Burg Theatre, but still admired this Linzerin more than any beauties he had seen in London. This particular lady, "Frau Bernhardt," was tall with a very fine figure, and had blue eyes with dark brown hair, and a somewhat *retroussé* nose with a glorious complexion and a pretty mouth and lovely teeth. When she smiled it had almost the same effect upon one as the sun's rays have when they

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suddenly appear on a hopelessly wet day. She always reminded me of Bertha Linda, the famous *danseuse* of the Vienna opera, who married the well-known painter, Makart, and after his death became a countess by her marriage.

On the right of Linz the landscape assumes a new aspect, the green meadows and pasture lands extend as far as one can see. On the opposite bank the scenery is more like the Alps. There are mountains, woods, and small towns and villages. Numerous islands richly wooded divide the stream into separate channels, and add much to the beauty of the landscape.

I always stop at the Hôtel Erzherzog Karl, the principal hotel at Linz, which is quite close to the landing-place of the steamers, and commands a delightful view on the Danube from the rooms above. The last time I was at Linz a Russian circus attracted much attention there; I went to it, but it was no different from any other.

I stayed several days at Linz on this occasion, going to Ischl by train one day and returning to Linz in the evening. I took the steamer down the Danube to Vienna, starting in the morning at eight o'clock. It is due to arrive at the latter place about seven in the

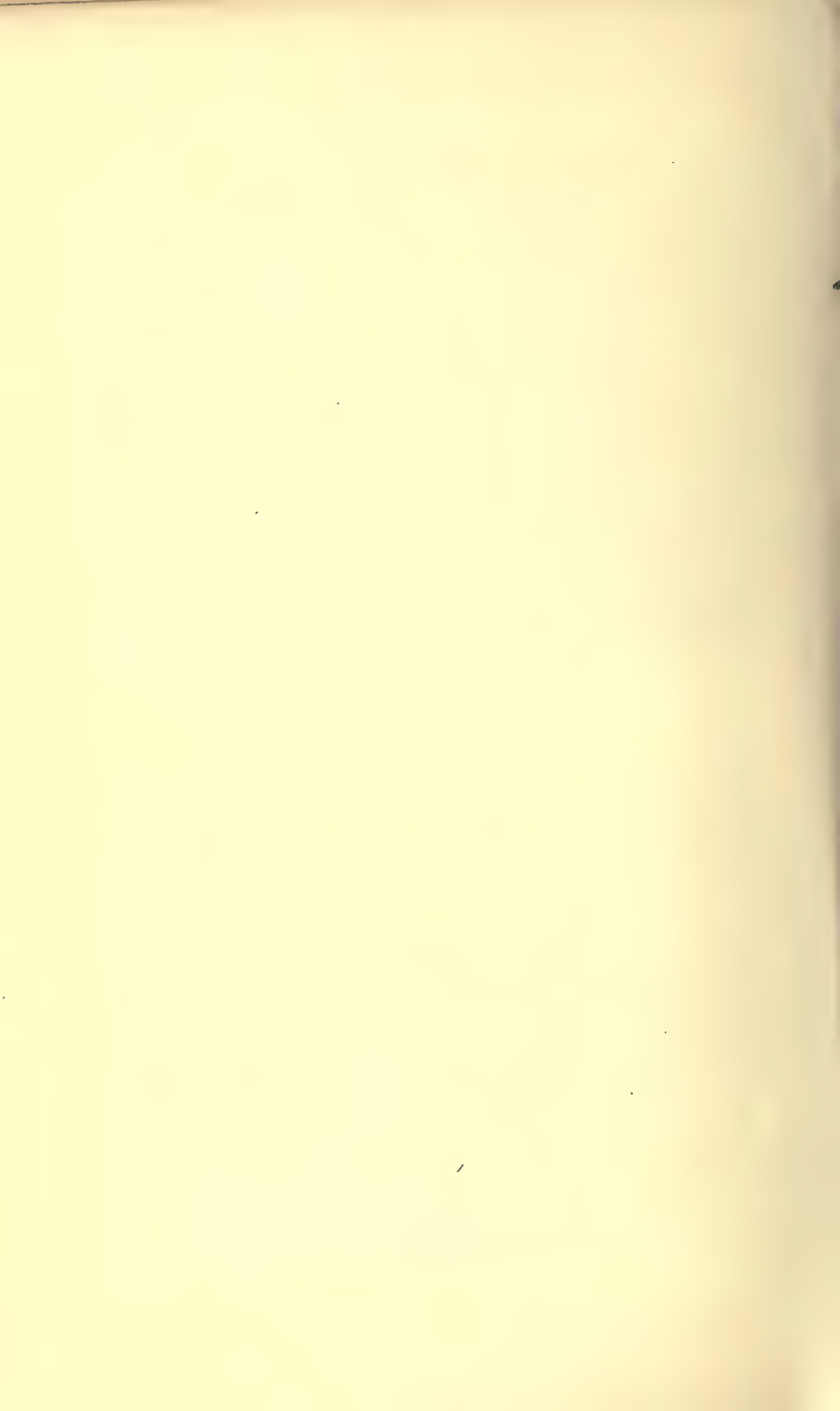




AN ENGLISH LADY



"XENIA"



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evening, though constantly the steamer is late, as it was on this occasion.

We arrived at about ten o'clock. The delay was due to the tide, as one has to change steamboats on entering the small river Wien, near Vienna. The large steamers cannot enter the harbour of Vienna owing to the shallowness of the water. However, we made acquaintances of some Austrian cavalry officers on board the large steamboat, so the time passed very pleasantly. I was accompanied by an English lady and a little girl of eight years old, who speaking only English and French wondered what gibberish, as she called it, we were talking.

The first town on the right of note is Traun, where a tributary, the Traun, pours its waters into the Danube. On the left we pass the castle of Steyereck, a massive building. Villages close to the water's edge, and churches up on high, or some castle, are the chief objects which appear, as we descend towards Enns.

The old town of Enns, with its lofty tower and spires, is on the right bank. It is a Roman construction, and dates from Marcellinus' time. The walls of Enns were said to be built by Leopold out of the ransom paid for Richard Cœur de Lion. Nearly op-

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posite Enns stands the ancient castle of Spielberg, now a ruin. The river at this point increases to a rapid, and requires much skill and precaution for small boats. Before Spielberg comes the castle of Tillysberg and monastery of St. Florian, both being of interest. The former named after Marshal Tilly, to whom the Emperor presented it. Marshal Tilly boasted before the battle of Leipzig of three things, that he had never been in love, never been drunk, and had never lost a battle.

St. Florian, the fire-extinguishing saint, was thrown into the river with a stone tied round his neck. The monastery stands on a commanding eminence; it has a splendid organ. Nieder Waldsee, on the right, with its Schloss and lofty tower, is a modern structure nicely situated.

Greinberg, covering a rocky eminence, was built by Heinrich von Chreime and dates from the twelfth century. Below Grein commences the rapid called "Greiner schwall," where the river, walled in by precipices, is terribly agitated, making a deafening noise. This defile leads to the Strudel and Wirbel, the most dangerous and the loveliest part of the whole river. The scenery is really quite sublime in its intense beauty. The Strudel was very dangerous in former days, but



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now large steamers pass it without difficulty. The colour of the water is changed ; it is filled with foam and agitated like boiling water. In the centre of the river there stands an immense rock with a tower, on the summit of which is an enormous cross ; in olden times boatmen offered up a prayer there ; but now the danger has been removed, and the cross on the Wörther Island is passed without any recognition. The grandeur of the scene is very great at this particular spot. There are wonderful echoes from the rocks, which reverberate with the almost deafening noise of the waters. Castles, rocks, and precipices descend to the edge of the Danube, and enchant the eye of the observer.

The Wörther Island is about two thousand feet in length, and a thousand feet broad. It is surrounded by white sand, which looks very pretty against the dark rocks on the shore. The old castle of Werfenstein, which surmounts the rocky height, is now a ruin. Castle Struden, nearly opposite, is also a ruin, but presents a striking picture of olden times. The precipice on which it stands projects near the river. These castles were built in the eleventh century, and were inhabited by robbers. The castle of Struden has a massive square

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tower, and was fortified. There is a perilous rock called Wildriss near the middle of the stream. The whirlpool of the Wirbel, which is about three thousand feet from the latter, was most dangerous in olden times, but at present, though it may appear so, as it certainly does, there is no risk in passing down it in the large steamer.

In the centre of the Danube is an island called Hausstein, about one hundred and fifty yards long and fifty broad, which divides the river that descends with terrific force, and forms the Wirbel, and is really the main cause of it. The sombre and mysterious aspect of this part of the river, and its wild scenery, alarmed people in former days, and at night sounds, issuing from every ruin, were heard above the roar of the Danube. The tower in which these noises were heard was called "The Devil's Tower." When the devil was dislodged later on he pronounced his malediction on the intruders.

Ottensheim overlooks the river, with Efferding on the opposite shore. When the river was infested by robbers the Countess Walchun founded a hospital of St. Nicholas for the reception of travellers, and left all her property to the poor. St. Nicholas is a small

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town picturesquely situated. The ancient town of Sarblingstein was one of the strongest in the country in ancient times.

Now we arrive at the Schloss Persenberg, one of the most picturesque on the Danube. This lovely castle stands high up on a rock. The castle is one of the oldest in Austria. It belonged to the Margrave Enzelschalk, who was found guilty of high treason and had his eyes put out and his estates confiscated.

Henry III passed the Strudel and Wirbel, and his suite were terrified to see the apparition of the devil, who, addressing the Bishop, told him that his career was drawing to an end. But the Bishop crossed himself and sent the devil to the rightabout. Shortly after the royal barge stopped at Persenberg, and the lady of the castle conducted Henry III to his apartments. Countess Richlinde said she was going to give the castle to a member of her own family. Scarcely had she spoken when the floor of the dining-room gave way and the occupants were precipitated into the room below. The Emperor escaped with bruises, but the Countess Richlinde, the abbot of Ebersberg, and Bishop Bruno were so severely injured that they died within a few hours of the catastrophe.

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The gallery contains several pictures of value. The Emperor Franz of Austria spent many summers at this castle. In the inner court is a basin of fine sparkling water. The view from the towers, whence one can see the snow-clad Alps, the Schneeberg towards Salzburg, is particularly grand. Behind the castle is the Imperial garden, tastefully laid out. The flower garden is one of the most beautiful that can be conceived.

The next objects are Saussensteim, a former monastery, the village of Murbach, and the church, Maria Taferl, the lofty twin towers of which crown the mountain on the left. About one hundred thousand pilgrims visited this shrine at one time in the year.

Maria Taferl receives its name from an oak tree on which was an image of the Virgin. When the tree died a peasant wanted to cut down the trunk, but the axe hit his foot. Then he saw the image, and being penitent, through the image interposing for him, he was cured of the wound.

Castle Weiteneek, which now appears on the left bank of the river, is a relic of feudal magnificence. There are two villages, Gross Pöchlarn on the right bank, and Klein Pöchlarn on the left, with the town of Ardstädten on the heights. Of the Bechlaren Burg only



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an old gateway and some towers remain to attest its former grandeur.

Round this point of land the royal fleet came. On the prow of the foremost stood the valiant Markgraf Rudiger of Pöchlarn bending eagerly forward to distinguish amongst the beauties at the open windows of the castle the fair forms of his beloved wife and daughter. Beneath the rich canopy that shades the deck of yonder bark, with gilded oars, sits the peerless bride of the mighty Etzel, but she does not hear the shout of welcome that rises on the shore. Her brow is clouded, her ruby lip quivers, tears like liquid diamonds tremble on her long, dark, silken eyelashes; the form of the noble Siegfried is ever before her; she hears but the voice of her murdered champion calling for vengeance; she sees but the ghastly wound which treachery inflicted, bleeding afresh at the approach of the dark Huguen. She seems beautiful even in sorrow, and warrants the description of Novalis in "Heinrich von Ofterdingen":—

The rosy red bloomed sweetly upon her lovely cheek,  
Even as the moon outshineth every twinkling star;  
So before her maidens stood that lady bright,  
And higher swell'd the spirit of every gazing knight.

By her side stands a priest, the Bishop of Passau, uncle

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to the Queen, and related to the noble Rudiger. The pale youth near him is his clerk, Conrad, who assisted him to write the adventures of the Nibelungen. On the other side stands Duke Eckewart escorting his liege lady to Hungary; the remainder of the fleet bears the five hundred chosen knights of Burgundy, who follow his standard. Such was Pöchlarn in former days!

Mölk has the most splendid edifice on the Danube, a monastery of fine Grecian architecture similar to a magnificent temple of antiquity. The sculptures are modern, the gilding bright, and the fresco tints as vivid as if they were new. Christ Church College at Oxford and Trinity College at Cambridge pale in comparison; neither of the latter can compare with Mölk's cupola-crowned church and the range of chambers which run parallel with the town. The heights of the opposite bank of the Danube crown the view of this glorious edifice in a manner which cannot be excelled.

The front of the building is of a pure Italian style. The library, in the style of architecture and materials employed, is one of the finest rooms in the world. The wainscot and shelves are of walnut of different shades, inlaid, surmounted by gilt ornaments. The columns are Corinthian and gilt. Everything is in harmony.

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The library is one hundred feet in length, and in width forty feet, and it was filled formerly with books of the fifteenth century. The church is the very perfection of Roman architecture, and is in the shape of a cross. At the end of each transept is a rich altar. The pews, arranged in English fashion but more tastefully, are on each side of the nave on entering, with enough space between them. The pulpit from top to bottom is completely covered with gold. The whole is in the most perfect taste. In fact, the church is in a blaze of gold, and the mere gilding cost eight thousand pounds.

Schönbuckel with its ruins is interesting. The castle occupies the summit of a granite rock, projecting towards the river, and has three towers which impend over a terrific precipice. The convent has a tower in the centre and lawns in the background. There is a small island in the river, which is pleasing to the eye. A tower which is square, terminating in a pointed cupola, is remarkable, and for a crime committed by a former owner, is the nightly haunt of a spirit, which is often heard even now. The fair Cunigonda was killed by her husband with an axe, when a voice shouted through the hall, "She is guiltless of any crime."

Aggstein Castle is one of the most picturesque build-

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ings on the Danube. It is very ancient. Among its chiefs was Schreckenwald, the most expert robber of his time and the terror of the neighbourhood. He ordered his prisoners to be precipitated into his "rose garden," as he called it. This garden was a ravine from which no one could escape. One man, however, is said to have escaped. This was the owner of a neighbouring castle, who afterwards attacked Schreckenwald in the night. The latter thought it was an evil spirit. Schreckenwald exclaimed, "Though you are the devil himself, I shall be lord of Aggstein!" Nevertheless, Schreckenwald was killed and suspended from a beam of his own entrance hall. People still talk of the young knight's escape from the rose garden. Another robber, who was the terror even of the Duke of Austria, lived there since. A baron approached the castle, and the robber thinking that it was a merchant asked what merchandise he had. The baron replied, "Silk brocade and wine," and when asked to deliver them up, he threw back the canvas, whereupon thirty lances were levelled at the robber's breast, and the robber chief, Hadmar von Aggstein, was taken prisoner.

Dürrenstein is a massive construction with towers, and was the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion. This



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fortress is at the summit of a rugged group of rocks. It was occupied by Hadmar, Lord of Aggstein, already mentioned. Richard Cœur de Lion, on his return from the Holy Land, was captured in the village of Erdberg, near Vienna, for hauling down and trampling upon the standard of Austria. He was placed under Hadmar von Kneuring, who carried him to the fortress of Dürrenstein, where he remained several months. Then he was confined in the castle of Trifels, when on agreeing to the payment of a ransom he was liberated. Some writers affirm, however, that the ransom was never paid.

Stein has a rather important Rathhaus of noble design. A little further down on the same side is Krems, with its monastery on an eminence. Its tower is like a mosque. The church is considered one of the best specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe.

The monastery of Gottweih, crowning the summit of a hill, is built on a large scale with lofty towers. The view from the towers is magnificent. The interior of the monastery is very fine, but not to be compared with Mülk or even St. Florian. It is not so rich as that of Krems. Napoleon took possession of this monastery. He slept here, and was satisfied with his reception, but the abbot was glad when he left. Below Krems the

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scenery is not so fine, and is interspersed with numerous wooded islands.

The castle of Hollenburg and the chapel of Wetterkreuz are striking objects now in view. The castle is a complete ruin. It belonged formerly to two robber chiefs named Wettan and Frohenauer. The castle was set on fire by the populace when belonging to these robbers.

Greiffenstein is also a ruined castle. The view from the tower commands a grand panorama of mountains, forests, towns, and villages, and is one of the finest in Austria. The castle belongs now to Prince Lichtenstein, who with his predecessors has done much to embellish the grounds and partially to restore the place. Its name is derived from a griffin which haunted the castle.

Another story is that the owner, returning from the Crusades, found his wife with her hair beautifully dressed, and being jealous, as he was not expected home, asked her for whom she had dressed her hair. As she did not answer satisfactorily, he had her hair cut off and herself thrown into the dungeons. He swore she should not be released till the stones at the front door were so worn down that he could put her locks in the hollow place. Then all the servants exclaimed to every one, "Greif

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an den Stein!" The owner, in consequence, fell down the steps and broke his neck, but his ghost continues to wander about!

Bisamberg next comes to view—"Am Bisamberg floss in allen Zeiten die Donau vorbei, daher sei der Name Bis am berge"—and Klosterneuburg on the right bank of the river. Bisamberg is celebrated for its vineyards. A castle and church are noticeable. Korneuburg is a town the square towers of the church in which attract one at once. Klosterneuburg is at the base of the Kahlenberg, overlooking the river, and contains a monastery of the Augustine order. The church has an important altar covered with metal plates on which are etched several subjects of Scripture, executed by Werner. He practised the art called "niello," and is said to have been the inventor of it. In front of the church is a richly carved Gothic pillar called the "Everlasting Light," on account of the votive lamp which has been kept burning before it for ages. It commemorated the plague which devastated the Danube in the fourteenth century. Leopold IV and his wife Agnes were talking on religious topics, and the King said he would raise a sumptuous altar, but could not decide where it should be. He asked his wife, when a gust of wind suddenly

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carried off her veil. The veil was searched for everywhere, but for three months could not be found.

One day Leopold was out boar hunting. He approached the river, but his horse refused to move. Finally Leopold fell to the ground, and he suddenly saw before him the lost veil of his wife. It was determined that the tree on which angels had placed the veil should be enclosed in a magnificent temple. Accordingly the monastery of Klosterneuburg was built, and became the admiration of architects. The alder tree which had preserved the veil was cased in gold, and branches of that sacred tree were carried in processions and suspended over the altar. Agnes founded a convent not far from the monastery, when the inhabitants of both became acquainted "under the veil."

The Klosterneuburg grape is renowned for producing an excellent white wine. The ducal bonnet of St. Leopold in bronze ornaments adorns one of the gilded domes of the monastery, recalling to memory his good deeds. In the cellars is a cask that in shape and size rivals the great tun of Heidelberg.

I drove from Vienna to Klosterneuburg and back in a *fiacre* with a young lady and a secretary of the French Embassy not very long ago. It is certainly a most





FRÄULEIN MINNA

THE VIENNA OPERA BALLET: THE OLD AND THE NEW



FRÄULEIN STEYER



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delightful drive through most picturesque woods nearly the whole way, with some charming views at times of the river. Klosterneuburg is quite a village, but there is a little café there where one can take coffee or tea, or even have some Klosterneuburg wine, which is not at all bad.

Leopoldsborg is the next object on the steamer, and is an environ of Vienna, and commands a full view of that lovely city. The cathedral, St. Stephen, with its spire four hundred and eighty feet high, attracts one's notice above all things. The great beauty of this view has inspired many distinguished poets and painters.

Nussdorf is a well-known town, and has a very good café. The town is the subject of an extremely popular song, a great deal sung in Vienna even at the present time—"Nach Nussdorf bin i g' fahrn." It is in the Viennese dialect.

The English lady with the little girl, who accompanied me on the steamer, was much struck with the smart appearance of the Austrian cavalry officers, and she admired a cavalry lieutenant on board, who fell in love with her too, but they could not converse together; he was of Polish nationality. During my first voyage from Linz to Vienna I suddenly perceived on the steamer a

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young girl who had been staying with her parents at the Hôtel Erzherzog Karl at Linz. I did not understand the language she was talking, but succeeded in making her acquaintance on board. She was one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen, having beautiful violet-blue eyes, long eyelashes, and hair, which she wore hanging down her back, of a perfect golden colour tinged with red. Her features were quite Grecian in their regularity. I found that she was a Pole, and her Christian name was Sosia. She told me several interesting things about Polish life. For instance, young girls had scarcely any liberty, and they married chiefly to gain their freedom, and rarely married the man they liked. I dined next to her and her family on board the steamer, and talked to her all the way from Linz to Vienna. She belonged to the Polish nobility, and had been spending the summer months at Aussee, and the winter before that at Nice with the Countess Zamoyska. Meeting the daughter of the Statthalter of Galicia a year later, I heard that Sosia was the belle that year at Warsaw. I visited her family when I was in Vienna, though they soon went to Austrian Poland. Afterwards I received very charming letters from Sosia in French.

Of the Danube my recollection was that there were



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numerous castles of which I constructed some in my imagination, and that the river was of a beautiful violet-blue, the colour of Sosia's eyes. Of this I was convinced. It was not till years later that I discovered the Danube is not as the song to which Johann Strauss has composed his delightful waltz says: "An der schönen blauen Donau"—of a blue colour; it is more of a greenish hue, with a faint tint of blue in it when the sun shines upon the waters.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE DANUBE (CONTINUED)—THE ENVIRONS OF VIENNA  
—ARISTOCRATIC AMATEURS AT SCHÖNBRUNN—  
BADEN—THE VIENNESE—THE ABBOT OF ISEN-  
BERG—BUDA-PESTH—HUNGARIAN MUSIC—  
YOUNG GIRLS IN SERVIA—BELGRADE

AS I have already described Vienna in my first volume, "Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna," I will merely say that from the Kahlenberg, which one can get to by steam tramway from Vienna, ascending the very steep mountain in the most marvelously quick manner, one can obtain a grand view of the town of Vienna and the surrounding country.

There is a very good restaurant at the Kahlenberg, where a military band usually plays of an evening during one's dinner. In summer all kinds of entertainment are to be had. On some days a beauty prize is competed for by the village beauties. Occasionally Vienna girls go in for it, and it is very diverting to a stranger.

The Gardens of Schönbrunn, the palace at which the

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present Emperor Franz Josef usually resides when in Vienna (and not at the Hof Burg), are open to the public. The gardens are laid out very much in imitation of Versailles; in one part there are several wild beasts in cages. The private theatre at Schönbrunn, joining the palace, is for the Emperor's guests, whom he himself invites. Every year there is a performance given by the nobility called the "Aristokraten Vorstellung," which is generally exceedingly good and well worth seeing. Friends of mine performed there when I was last in Vienna, and they told me how very liberal His Majesty was in supplying sumptuous champagne suppers every night during the month of the rehearsal for those performing. Not only that, but court carriages were placed at their disposal to drive them to and from Schönbrunn.

There are very fine gardens around Vienna, some of which are private. For instance, at Hetzendorf, at Hietzing, and the Laxenburg Gardens, which latter belong to the palace of that name. The palace was inhabited by the Crown Princess Stephanie before her marriage with Count Lonyay. There is a private garden at Penzing remarkable for its collection of roses, and the camellia is seen there in all its greatest beauty.

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Strangers are always admitted on presenting their cards or saying who they are.

There are some very delightful drives along the river from Vienna, for instance, to Rodaun, passing through Hietzing and Linz on the way. The road is ornamented with a succession of country villas, vineyards, and delightful gardens. The drive to the Wiener Wald is equally charming, and it can also be reached by train. On the Südbahn to the Hinterbrühl is a most exquisite excursion. The country round Hinterbrühl is equal in its beauty to parts of Switzerland, with its woods and mountainous country; besides, the vegetation is so prolific.

Hinterbrühl is a favourite sojourn in the summer months for Austrians from Vienna. A French cavalry officer, Comte de Saint Juste, told me that he had never seen anything in France to compare with the exquisite beauty of Hinterbrühl, and I can say the same with regard to England. I often went there on a Sunday, returning to Vienna in the evening; or sometimes I would dine out of doors with a lady at one of the restaurants in the woods.

Baden is a very favourite resort in summer. It is one hour by rail from Vienna, and is famous for its warm



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springs loaded with sulphur, which are very good in cases of rheumatism. Baden is extremely pretty with its very fine avenue of acacia trees on the chief promenade, where the band plays, and these throw out in the evening a most delightful perfume.

The band plays during the summer months at Baden from five till half-past seven, and it is now led by the celebrated composer Komczak. Of course, the *monde élégant* and beauty of Baden walk up and down or sit under trees listening to the strains of this good orchestra. I have seen some very pretty girls at Baden, but they have generally told me that they came from Vienna, and were there only for the summer months.

The Kursaal is somewhat like the one at Ischl, without the lovely view the latter has, but it is very pleasant to take one's dinner on the terrace in the fresh air in the evening, especially in very hot weather. Baden is always intensely warm, as it is shut in by the surrounding mountains. Of late years it is much frequented by Jews; and many Christian families do not care to go there without being obliged to do so for rheumatism and other ailments. One can get to Vöslau from Baden by the electric train in half an hour. The former place is also a favourite summer resort, being situated higher

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than Baden, but apart from the beauty of its position, it really offers very little or no amusement. I went there by an electric train. It was the first time in my life that I had been in one, and it was the year that Volodyovski won the Derby. I can remember that incident because I fancied this horse and ought to have backed it, but hesitated unfortunately.

There is a band which plays at Vöslau, but it is scarcely worth listening to, being so feeble in numbers, and it plays out of doors before a very limited public. The environs of Vienna are more charming and beautiful than those of any other capital in Europe, especially during the summer months. An English author says : " The Viennese are undoubtedly the most musical people in the world. To the lovers of music, waltzing, and good eating Vienna is a terrestrial paradise, where all waltz *à merveille*, every one plays the piano well and are unanimous in their respect *pour la cuisine*, which, although open to epicurean criticism, is understood extremely well here. The waltzers whirl round with wonderful rapidity, like their own 'Wirbel,' the whirlpool. Nothing can exceed the decorum and manners observed by all, from the *dame de la cour* to the *blanchisseuse*."

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From Vienna to Pesth, along the Danube, the castle of Theben stands on a precipice, and is interesting since the castle is of Roman origin. The castle belongs to Prince Pálffy, and was demolished by the French in 1809. On the right bank stands the Schlosshof, once a favourite villa of Prince Eugène. One of the finest objects is the castle of Haimburg, which crowns a neighbouring hill and commands a view over the whole country. Peter the Cruel lived here, concealing himself; and it was also inhabited by Margaret Princess of Babenberg.

In an excursion into Kärnthen a lord of Theben fell in love with a lady of Kärnthen. Preparations were made for the marriage, but one evening the count was told that the lovely Bertha had been carried off by an abbot to the convent of Issenberg. The count dashed off with some men towards the forest. The lady was rescued, and the wedding took place the next day. Just as the Benediction had been pronounced the sound of arms was heard, and a messenger announced that the enemy was within the walls. The bridegroom hastened with the bride to the so-called "Nun's Tower." There they were surprised by the bride's uncle, the abbot of Issenberg. The bride asked her uncle to spare her husband. "Never!" replied the abbot, and opened

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the gate. At this moment she rushed into her husband's arms and stood at the verge of the precipice. "Come back!" said the abbot. "Never, till you have given your pledge." "Pledge!" exclaimed the abbot, and rushed towards the count, but he only grasped the empty air. The beautiful forms had vanished from his sight, and when he looked over the precipice it was to behold the waves as they closed over his victims.

Pressburg has its ruined palace upon a height above the town which stands out sharply, and is seen at once. The palace, inhabited now by the Archduchess Isabella and the Archduke Frederick of Austria, is a fine building, as well as the castle belonging to Graf Esterházy. The women are picturesque with their gay-coloured cotton handkerchiefs pinned round their heads, and the men in their white loose trousers reaching to the knee only, with high Hungarian boots, similar to those worn by the Blue Hungarian band in London.

The cathedral of Pressburg is a Gothic structure of great antiquity where the kings of Hungary were crowned with much solemnity. The new king was conducted on horseback to a mound on the left bank of the Danube. He ascended the eminence, and, drawing the sword of St. Stephan, he made the sign of the cross



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east, west, north, south, pledging himself to defend his subjects, at whatever point danger might threaten.

Komorn is a large town with five Roman Catholic churches and one Lutheran. Komorn is strongly fortified. There is a saying that when summoned to capitulate the usual answer is "Komm morgen." A female figure exists in one street with the inscription "Kommorn," a *jeu de mot*. There is a great number of water and wind mills to be seen on this part of the Danube, and the country is for the most part flat and uninteresting. Nesmély is celebrated for its wine, the vineyards belonging chiefly to the Counts Zichy and Esterházy.

Gran, the seat of an archbishop, primate of Hungary, with a large population, now comes to view. It contains several churches. Archbishop Alesander von Rudnay resolved to erect a cathedral at his own cost that should rival even that of St. Peter's at Rome. He lived to see his resolution carried into effect, devoting his princely income of one hundred thousand pounds per annum to this work of piety, and the cathedral is unequalled by anything attempted in Europe during the last two centuries.

Wissegrad is a ruined castle formerly a residence of the old Magyar kings. It stands on a lofty hill over-

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looking the Danube. King Salomon was kept a prisoner here by his "affectionate cousin" Ladislaus. It was destroyed by the Turks under Sultan Solyman.

Waitzen, or Vátz, is an important town with a bishop's see, having a cathedral in the Italian style remarkable for its dome and portico. The environs are picturesque, being surrounded by vineyards and high hills.

The town of St. Andrä is the next object of interest, and is noticeable by its seven towers. It also contains some mineral springs.

Buda, or Ofen, is where the Emperor resides when in Hungary. In the chapel attached to the palace are preserved the crown, ball and sceptre, and sword of St. Stephan. The approach to the palace is very steep. The road is planted with chestnut trees. An old Turkish round tower remains still at the entrance. The arch is of modern construction. The palace is of immense size, and in the Italian style. The view from the windows is very lovely. The gardens of the palace, with their flower beds and fine magnolias, are delightful. Buda was held by the Turks for nearly a century and a half, therefore it has many signs left of the Mohammedans.

Pesth is of modern date, and joins Buda by a lovely suspension bridge constructed by an English engineer.

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Pesth has wonderfully altered within the last ten years. The streets have been improved and large buildings erected, so that it has the pretension of being as lovely as Vienna. The shops are very good, some better than in Vienna ; for instance, Kugler is quite famous for bon-bons, which are supplied to the courts of Russia and Austria, and are as good as French bon-bons. The new opera house is a fine building. Though smaller than the Vienna one, it is almost equally sumptuous inside, and more luxurious from the outside. Several new streets have been built within the last few years, which nearly put some of the important streets of Vienna in the shade, if they do not quite do so.

Hungarians tell me they consider Buda-Pesth a far finer town than Vienna ; and even some Austrians tell me the same thing. I always stop at the Hôtel Königin von England Angol Kyralyhóz, with which I was most pleased, as I found it very comfortable and moderate in price, cheaper than the first-class hotels in Vienna, and it is well situated. I have dined at the "Hungaria," which is also excellent and a more modern hotel—what we should call more up-to-date.

The Blocksberg is crowned by a fortress with an observatory. The view from the Blocksberg, which is

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at Ofen, is very striking indeed. One can see Pesth, the islands in the distance, the suspension bridge, and the steamers on the Danube. Attila is said to have hurled his brother, who offended him, from this rock into the Danube. In the neighbourhood of the Blocksberg husbands are told never to consult the stars on St. Gerard's Eve, or their wives may become witches. The suspension bridge is twelve hundred and twenty-seven feet in length and thirty-nine feet in width, and was constructed by Mr. Tierney Clerk.

The peasants usually wear a sheepskin cloak and a round felt hat ; some of them have a very dark skin indeed. What strikes a stranger most in Pesth coming from Vienna is that the shops are kept open there much later, and that Pesth resembles London or Paris in its night life. The theatres are not over until late, and when Vienna appears as if every one had gone to bed, Pesth, on the contrary, seems only to have begun to enjoy life.

I remember once going to the Nepsinház Theatre, where I saw an operetta. After the theatre I went to a dancing-place, but as it was about eleven o'clock the place was empty. I had to wait for half an hour, and then I saw the Csárdás danced as I had never seen it



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danced before, with such spirit and animation. I have often seen the Csárdás danced since at the Vienna Hofoper by the ballet, but I missed that strange fiery animation which the Hungarians, men and women, put into it at this small dancing-place in Pesth. Some singers came from the opera later on and sat at my table. To my surprise they drank tea with rum instead of milk, as the Americans do.

Among them was a pretty young girl of fourteen, a dark blonde, who had a lovely contralto voice, and was afterwards quite celebrated as an operatic singer. Her name was Tournay Wilma, and I can recall to memory her marvellously sweet voice, which had such rich notes in it. She sang some Hungarian songs with a great amount of sentiment and pathos.

At the hotel at which I was staying I do not think any one ever dreamt of going to bed, for I remember a famous Hungarian band called Rácz Ban (the name of the leader) playing every night till daybreak. The way this gipsy band played Hungarian airs, the chief violinist especially, brought tears from some of the audience; the piece selected was a Hungarian Csárdás. The slow movement, in which the notes on the violin floated tremulously through the air, seemed to hold a

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tremendous drama. One felt the approach of suffering, and at times the violin seemed to utter cries of absolute despair. The room was silent, and everybody listened to what the notes were relating. Suddenly the music ceased, when the applause became deafening. An English lady put a ten-pound note into the plate handed round by the violinist, while a Hungarian millionaire, who was with her, put in twice that amount. This particular band had received immense offers of money to go away from Pesth, but the owner of the band, the chief violinist, would never do so. I have never heard a Hungarian band to equal this one.

The little opera singer told me that she had been in love with a doctor-in-law, who had abandoned her, and she was very indignant at his falseness. I tried to console her, but if I had then known how false lawyers of all countries generally are I should have told her. She was quite a companion to me while I was at Pesth, coming to my hotel with me to dine every evening; in fact, she wanted me to take her with me to England when I left the place. I was obliged to go away alone, being merely on leave from my regiment. Such a bright, lively nature, with the fiery temperament of a Hungarian girl, I have very rarely, if ever, met with since. Her



FRÄULEIN HANSY JUSL OF THE VIENNA OPERA BALLET

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voice had all that exquisite richness which Scalchi's possessed. One night at the Hôtel Königin von England she sang Hungarian songs to me till it was nearly day-break, which my neighbours must have enjoyed, for *they* did not complain the next day that their rest was disturbed.

Mohacs has wide streets, and at the windows of most houses are plenty of flowers. Erdödy, Vukovár are on the right bank of the river. The former has a Greek church and a Catholic one, with the ruins of an old castle in which the Counts Pálffy resided during the feudal ages. Vukovár stands at the confluence of the Vuka with the Danube. It has several churches, Greek and Roman Catholic. Opposite to this is the small town of Bács, where the river of that name falls into the Danube. Illok is a place containing Roman works of art. It has a Roman Catholic and a Greek church. The chief object is the beautiful palace of Prince Odescalchi. The Princess is an American lady and is often in Vienna.

Peterwardein is two hundred feet above the river, and is a large town. It resembles Ehrenbreitstein, the Prussian fortress opposite Coblenz, and is strongly fortified. Carlowitz is a picturesque town; an arch-

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bishop of the old Greek Church lives there. Carlowitz contains a cathedral, an episcopal palace, and several large buildings. The vineyards around the place produce the wine of that name. Semlin is the frontier town between Hungary and Servia. On the top of a mountain are the ruins of a castle of Huniades. He fought against the Turk heroically, so that they sur-named him the Devil. Opposite Semlin is the town of Belgrade, between the right bank of the Danube and the Save. To the heroic conduct of Huniades Voivode of Transylvania the arms of the cross are indebted for many victories which drove back the Turks within their boundaries, and rescued Servia from their iron grasp.

Belgrade is a rather fine town with its splendid mosques, tall minarets, domes, gardens, and cypress trees. It stands in a grand position, where the waters of the Danube and the Save join. These two blend their waters at this point, and the point where the Save joins the Danube is clearly perceptible from the brighter colour of the latter. The citadel is a commanding object, standing on a steep hill one hundred feet high, and overlooking the Danube. Belgrade contains thirteen mosques and one Christian church of importance.

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The King's palace, the ruins of Prince Eugène's palace, and some other important edifices are the principal buildings.

The young girls in Servia, particularly in Belgrade, are very picturesquely dressed in a black bolero ornamented with gold embroidery. They wear a short skirt, also trimmed with red or gold lace, and high boots, and a round cap edged with gold embroidery, with a tassel in the centre. Their hair, which is mostly of a very dark shade of black, is worn in two long plaits hanging down the back. At the theatre at Belgrade the ladies get themselves up in a most wonderful manner, wearing all the jewellery they possess, and they are painted up to the eyes. A Servian young lady told me that there was scarcely a girl in Belgrade who did not paint her cheeks even from a very early age. The reason of this is probably because they mostly have a sallow complexion, but even if they have not they resort to this mode. Count Bourtouline, a Russian, once said to me, "I don't care what a girl or woman does to herself as long as she looks pretty." I am rather inclined to agree with him in a certain respect.

Belgrade is very badly plastered, and it is not a very clean town, and the Servians are not easy to get to

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know well. The ladies are infinitely preferable to the men ; the latter are very deceitful, I found, even in the highest circles. The girls and some of the women are perfectly lovely ; they possess tiny, regular features with beautiful black eyes and long lashes. They are very clever at flattery, and one cannot make sure whether they are sincere or not. Such is my experience of them. Pancsova is a town lower down on the Danube. The scenery is uninteresting and monotonous ; the river becomes a little broader now.

The next object of interest is Babakai, which rises abruptly from the centre of the river, near the islands, and has a rather grand appearance. The origin of the name is from the following story. A Turk having returned home suddenly discovered that the fairest of his seven wives had disappeared with a Hungarian. This latter retired with Zuleika to a Christian fort, or kiosk. He was attacked and killed by the Turk, and his head slung to the neck of Zuleika's horse. She was sent to perish on a rock in the Danube with these words sounding in her ear, " Babakai " (" Repent of your sin "). The head of the count gratified the Turk's eye by day, and at night the thought that Zuleika was perishing on a dreary rock. But the head turned out



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to be that of an aide-de-camp of the count. Zuleika was eventually rescued by the count, and the Turk slain in battle. Zuleika afterwards married the count, the Turk having been brought mortally wounded to the count's tent a day before.

At Babakai the scenery gets more romantic, with rocks and old forests. The castle of Kohmbacz is one of the most striking on this part of the Danube. Seven towers now remain, and the celebrated Helena of ancient Greek history was imprisoned here. In one of the caverns St. George killed the dragon, and its body sends forth those myriads of small flies which are so tormenting to men and animals. Children have often been killed by them.

Vast forests, high mountains come to view now, till we arrive at Drenkova, which has wild and magnificent scenery. The most striking point is Greben, a promontory, which is picturesque; then comes Swinicza. The width of the river is five thousand feet. The most remarkable object is the ancient castle of Dreykula, which is of Roman origin. It commands a fine view of the river. Now we approach the Defile of Kazan. The entrance is very good. Its banks rise in masses from the edge of the river to a great height, and seem to unite

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with the sky. There are numberless gardens here with lovely flowers.

The next object of interest is the Rock of Kazan, near the centre of the stream, where there is a whirlpool of great violence. On leaving Trajan's Tafel the river widens, and we arrive at Orsova, where there is a Greek church worthy of notice. The Iron Gate is a series of rapids extending through a narrow valley. The name is derived from the extreme difficulty of the passage, and from the iron colour of the rocks which occupy the bed of the Danube for three miles. The roar of the waters as they hasten through the Iron Gate is heard for miles around. The entire length of these rapids is seventeen hundred yards.

Gludova now comes to view ; the country is for some time mountainous, and then sinks into a plain. As the stream widens the mountains seem to retire on the left in a snowy line. Bounding the horizon are seen the Carpathian Mountains ; all between appears one enormous plain, covered with sand, with verdure here and there. Herds of cattle enliven the monotonous scenery ; the herdsmen wear blanket-like coats. At times one sees flights of cranes and figures going along the plains. On the right bank of the river, on a high

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rock, are the remains of an old castle called Florentin. On the shore opposite is Kalafat in Roumania, where the Danube is broader, but with numerous islands in the river. At Widdin the scenery rather improves, as it is more hilly.

Nicopolis, which is striking and extends along the Danube, is surmounted by a citadel, towers, and walls, and is approached on the water. There is really no scenery on this part of the Danube. Cranes are seen among the reeds, or flying in the air. Sistova has an ancient castle and numerous mosques and other large buildings. The castle crowns a hill, but is in ruins.

Rustchuk, in Bulgaria, is a fortified town and has a striking appearance seen from a distance. Silistria, also in Bulgaria, now appears, and near it the Roman wall which once extended from the Danube to the Black Sea. Numerous flights of cranes pass over one's head in this part of the Danube, and enliven the scenery, which is far from pleasing to the eye.

Galeacz, in Roumania, is the next important place, full of life, but otherwise not very noticeable. From Galeacz to the Black Sea the scenery is most monotonous and dreary. The Danube is divided into numberless streams, when, after having received in its course

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the tribute of one hundred and twenty rivers, thirty of which are navigable, the Danube empties itself by means of seven mouths into the Black Sea. Three of these only are navigable, the Kilia, Sulina, and St. George.



## CHAPTER IX

SPAIN—QUEEN CHRISTINA—SPAIN AND IRELAND—  
A SPANISH GIRL—LIFE AT MADRID—THE CATHE-  
DRAL AT SEVILLE—THE DANCING—THE FAIR—  
THE BULL-FIGHTING — SPANISH BEAUTIES —  
TOLEDO—CADIZ—GRANADA—SPANISH TROOPS

WHEN on leave from my regiment, which was stationed at Murree, in India, I spent most of the time in Spain. I travelled to Madrid via Paris, where I stopped at the Hôtel de Paris on my arrival at Madrid. Having a letter of introduction to a Spanish Marquis, I paid him a visit, when I was invited to dinner at his palace every evening I remained in Madrid. The first evening I dined there two daughters of Queen Christina were at dinner, as well as the Marquise, her daughter, two sons, and several other *grandees* of Spain. What struck my notice very much was that the gentlemen began smoking Havannah cigars nearly as soon as the soup was served, smoking between the dishes. Every one spoke French, now and again saying a few words in Spanish.

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I called two days afterwards, when I was asked why I had not come to dinner on the evening before, and that I must be sure to come every evening, as my place would be always laid there for me. I met with more hospitality in Madrid than I have met with anywhere else, perhaps excepting in Ireland, and I think that the Spanish have a good deal in common with the Irish. I have heard it asserted in Ireland that most of the Irish families in the south of Ireland have Spanish blood in their veins, which is due to the period when several Spanish vessels came to grief off the Irish coast at the time when the Spanish Armada was defeated by the English fleet.

One day, on visiting the Picture Gallery at Madrid, where I admired the beautiful Murillos, I remarked a very pretty girl who was copying a study by an Italian master. On my making some observation to her, she answered me in French, telling me she was Spanish and belonged to the nobility. She informed me that I might serenade her by night under her window, telling me where she lived. This young lady, though a Spanish girl, had perfectly blue eyes and fair hair, and was seventeen years old. Her grandmother was an English lady, which probably accounted for her being so fair; yet I

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have seen equally fair Spanish girls having no English relations whatever. This young girl could not speak a word of English, but spoke French beautifully, and, of course, Spanish.

Speaking about her to the family of the Marquis afterwards, I was informed that the young lady belonged to one of the well-known families in Madrid, and that it was quite the correct thing to do, to serenade her by night under her window. I am sorry, though, now to have to confess that I did not serenade her. Whether it was shyness or English prudery, I cannot say, but I have often regretted not having done so in after years. This young girl was dressed at the gallery in dark colours, wearing the black mantilla instead of a hat. During the afternoon, driving in her mother's carriage, she would wear a hat which, she informed me, she always obtained from London, as English hats, she considered, were far better than Paris ones. Her dresses she got all from Paris.

The carnival was then going on in Madrid, and every carriage in the Prado had people who were masked inside it. I noticed that everybody seemed to drive of an afternoon, and if they cannot afford horses to their carriage they employ mules, and if not mules, donkeys.

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I found the climate of Madrid very treacherous in winter, the winds being so cold, and generally they blew from the east. The inhabitants are all very lively, even on Ash Wednesday they continue their carnival festivities. The drinks are very pleasant in Madrid, and not intoxicating ; no alcohol in them at all. The chocolate is quite different from that obtained in France, being very much sweeter.

I visited the opera, where they sang in the Italian language ; the singers were good, but the orchestra very mediocre. As for the theatres in which they give " Zarzuelas," one must be conversant with the language, or else it is rather tame to a foreigner.

I enjoyed the life at Madrid very much ; it was quite a novelty for me ; everything seemed so different from what I had ever seen before, and the people appeared to live more for pleasure than for anything else. The ladies, with their mantillas in white lace during the carnival and in black lace at other times, had a peculiar fascination for me. I was not so much struck with their beauty as with their picturesque attire, though some of the ladies of society entirely discarded the Spanish dress for the most modern French costumes, which I thought was a very great pity indeed.



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I noticed that in Madrid they have many saints' days, on which all the picture galleries and public buildings are closed, which rather annoyed me, as my stay in Madrid was to be a very short one. The Spanish have a peculiar way of always putting everything off, and invariably say "Mañana!" (to-morrow), a habit, I regret to say, I have taken entirely from them, so much so that I have suffered considerably from it; but it has become quite second nature with me, as with the Spanish. Perhaps there may be some good in it after all. It is very similar to the Russian "Nitshevo!" which means "It does not matter," and is invariably said by Russians at all times.

On leaving Madrid I proceeded by rail to Cordoba, which is altogether a Moorish town, with its celebrated mosque, in which there are numberless pillars of porphyry. The town itself appeared very sombre to me, having very narrow streets, the houses nearly touching each other in most of them, so that the people could shake hands from one house to the other across the street. The number of beggars there was quite amazing—mostly children in a semi-nude state, and they were remarkable for their very small hands and feet, which is attributed to their being of a mixed race, partly Moorish in their descent.

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The café I visited in Cordoba was mostly filled with men taking chocolate or coffee or some light drink which Spain is noted for, and listening to a performer on the *bandhurria*, a kind of guitar, which sometimes is played to perfection. Life at Cordoba appeared to be a life of idleness, the well-to-do classes basking in the sun in the middle of the day, and spending the rest of it in some small café houses. A great number of orange trees grows about the town, spreading a most delicious perfume when the trees are in blossom, which counteracts to a great extent the nasty fumes from the houses of olive oil, with which the people habitually cook all their dishes, instead of employing butter or lard, which are very difficult to obtain in that part of Spain ; whilst the butter comes from Holland, which is used in wealthy houses, and the milk is the Swiss Nestlé tinned milk.

From Cordoba I took the train for Seville, which was a very tiring journey in the night, as the railway carriages are not very comfortable, and travelling is so very slow in Spain.

On arrival at Seville I stopped at the Hôtel de las Cuatro Naciones, where there were several English people staying for a time. As my intention was to remain in Seville some months, I looked out for a Casa

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de Huespedes boarding-house, which I found on the Plaza Nueva, the finest square in Seville, filled with orange trees, which throw out at night and of a morning the most delightful and fragrant scent that one can possibly dream of. My rooms looked out on the Plaza Nueva, and sometimes the perfume of the orange blossom, which the Spanish call "azahár," was so overpowering that it had almost the same effect upon one as if one had indulged in a very strong drink.

This Casa de Huespedes was kept by three young ladies, who, when I first went there, said they would undertake to teach me Spanish. The youngest, Manuela by name, a very pretty brunette of sixteen, with lovely teeth and long hair of a jet-black colour, having those peculiarly black eyes which are rarely to be seen excepting in southern countries, was unable to speak one word of any other language but Spanish; but her sisters spoke French and English fairly well. Manuela began by teaching me the names of the parts of the face, and taught me to say all kinds of compliments, till I found I knew nothing else.

Life at this Casa de Huespedes was very agreeable indeed, apart from the food, which was detestable according to English ideas, for all dishes were prepared

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with olive oil, even to poached eggs, which had always a taste of the oil. I lived principally upon oranges; everything else tasted very nasty to me. The butter was imported from Holland, and the milk was condensed milk, while the bread was very inferior in quality. We sat down generally twenty or more to dinner at one o'clock, as there were a good many officers of the artillery from the garrison who dined at this Casa de Huespedes. The officers were all young. One, a lieutenant, but brevet-colonel, of twenty-five, who used to *conter fleurette* to Manuela, and she seemed at one time very devoted to him.

There was an English surgeon-major spending his leave at Seville at this time, with whom I visited the Alcázar, with which we were both delighted, wandering about the rooms admiring the beautiful designs with which the walls were covered. We went to see the Giralda and the lovely gardens of the palace of the Duc de Montpensier, and often went to the cathedral, which is one of the largest in the world.

One day I was at the cathedral with a Bavarian baron during service, when, feeling tired of standing, as there are never any chairs to sit on there, I knelt down, when the baron said to me, "For goodness' sake



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stand up, or you will be struck with a dagger !” The Spanish are very bigoted in their religion, and if any one does anything which is not customary at Mass they will stab one with a dagger as soon as look at one.

At the Casa de Huespedes there was an old Englishman, who had come to Seville purposely to learn to read “Don Quixote” in the original Spanish, but Manuela used to tease him by trying to make him speak Spanish, which he protested that he was unable to do, as he was far too old, being over seventy, to speak the modern Spanish, and could only with great difficulty make out “Don Quixote” in the original old Spanish.

During the cold weather the patio, or courtyard, of every house is not made use of ; but during the warm weather the people all sit out there, more so than they do in the house.

When many people come together they invariably dance with castanet accompaniments ; sometimes they dance the “Seguidillas,” the “Sevillana,” or the “Fandango,” which is a very pretty sight to witness, as both men and women dance with so much élan. Even in aristocratic houses this is very much the custom, the lookers-on applauding when they dance well, saying, “Ollé, graciosa, muy bien, ollé, ollé !” to encourage the

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girl who is dancing when she attempts any unusual feat, which she often does.

Some of the people staying at the Casa de Huespedes went one evening to witness a performance at a room in the town in which Spanish dancers gave an entertainment. There were, first of all, some gipsy girls, who danced the Moorish dance, which is generally danced on a table, and the dance consists of turning and twisting the body in all kinds of movements from the hips, and these gyrations seem to please the Spanish audience; but the dance has very little gracefulness in it.

Afterwards a little girl of ten or eleven, excessively pretty, though looking much older than her age, with her black hair done up like a woman's, with a number of curls round the face, danced with a man dancer "El torero y la Malagueña," in which dance she displayed all the marvellous art of an Italian *première danseuse*, dancing on her points, and making the most difficult *entrechats*, *battements*, *pas de chats*, which would have done credit to a dancer of twice her age. Then suddenly she rushed across the room, and, as the audience was seated in a circle around her, she had to choose some one out of the spectators to whom she could throw



"LOLA"



AN ENGLISH GIRL, IN AN ESPADA'S COSTUME,

AT SEVILLE





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her handkerchief, which she held in her hand. She made a rush towards me, and before I had time to realize what had happened I felt two little hands resting on my knees and saw a pocket-handkerchief in my lap. Then the little girl darted off again as fast as she had come towards me. Turning to some one sitting near me, I asked what I was to do, when I was told to put some money in the handkerchief, when she would come and fetch it. Wrapping up some pesetas in the handkerchief, I waited till she had occasion to come to me again. After the performance was over I went up to the little girl and complimented her on her dancing, when she gave me her photograph.

I often went to see the little *danseuse* dance of an evening, when she would invariably throw me her handkerchief, which I filled with pesetas, and sometimes with bon-bons as well. At times Lola would throw her handkerchief at other gentlemen, but she never by any chance would throw it at a lady; though so young as she was, she evidently did not think much of her own sex. One day I met an officer in my regiment, who was on leave from Gibraltar, and who had come to Seville for the *feria*, which was shortly taking place after the horse show.

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During the *feria* and the Holy Week Seville was crowded with visitors. The prices were increased in the hotels and *casas de huéspedes*, and several distinguished visitors came to ours. Among them were a celebrated German general and a Spanish marquis and his daughter. The latter could only speak Spanish, and at dinner I was placed near the young girl, so I was obliged to talk Spanish to her all the time. The fair was a very pretty sight, all the important families in Seville taking part in it, and having private tents to take their meals in, and also to sell various objects—somewhat like our charity bazaars. In some of the tents there were girls in society dressed in most gorgeous costumes in red and yellow satin with white lace, and wearing a white lace mantilla, who sold different things, and where you were, on knowing them, invited to take champagne, chocolate, and coffee, and the girls danced, playing the castanets. At most of these private tents one had to be privately invited before one could go into them.

The horse show was at a different part of the ground, where there were only men. This entertainment in the tents was generally kept up till a late hour in the night, dancing and singing taking place all the while, when the

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different families visited each other in their tents who were acquainted together.

The religious festival was during the Holy Week after the fair, when in the morning some wonderful processions took place, which lasted nearly all the afternoon. There were several images of the Virgin Mary, which were carried in the procession, the trains of the mantles being borne by girls ; these mantles were several yards in length, and were said to have cost thousands of pounds ; some were in blue, others in violet velvet ornamented with the most exquisite embroidery in gold and silver lace, with precious stones here and there. The procession was a very imposing one, and really quite worthy of being seen. The remainder of the festival took place at the cathedral, where it was very difficult to obtain even standing room.

While the *feria* was going on at Seville the bull-fight formed a chief attraction, the ladies all going to it in their white mantillas, wearing all their jewellery on this occasion. The evening before the bull-fight the bulls could be seen at grass, and people could approach them quite near. I went up to one, which almost allowed me to touch it, so tame did it appear. The bull-fight takes place in a very large open arena, the places

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in the shade, called "sombra," being much more expensive than those in the sun.

At the opening of the bull-fight two heralds on horseback ride into the arena and salute the mayor, demanding the key of the town in order to let the performance take place. On receiving the key on a red velvet cushion they ride out of the arena, when several picadores and toreros enter the arena, the bull having been introduced beforehand. At first the men on foot torment the bull with banderillas, striking them into the bull whenever they can get the opportunity. Later on the men on horseback, whose horses' eyes are bandaged, spear the bull as soon as they can get near it. The bull charges the horses, which are miserable-looking animals, and usually have their bellies ripped open by the bull at the very commencement. The picadores have their legs well protected, so they rarely come to grief, while the sufferings of the poor horses are never much minded.

I went to the bull-fight with the Bavarian baron and the celebrated German general. The latter had commanded a division against the French in the Franco-Prussian War. Though he had seen a great deal of bloodshed during that war, he told me that his nerves were quite upset by this bull-fight, and that he felt like



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fainting; therefore he excused himself for taking his departure, as he said he could not really see any more of the performance. When the bull is thoroughly fatigued the picadores and the men on foot with banderillas disappear, and the espada, or matador, enters then upon the scene, dressed in a bolero of red, blue, or green velvet, all embroidered with gold or silver lace, with knee breeches of the same coloured velvet, white stockings, and black shoes with silver buckles.

On this occasion the celebrated Frascuelo was the espada, who brandished a red mantle in front of the bull, which the latter very much resented at first, but then gradually seemed to get used to, when Frascuelo, waiting his chance, plunged his sword at the back of the bull's neck till it penetrated through its body; then the bull staggered and fell. The applause at this moment was quite deafening with exclamations of joy, especially from the ladies in the boxes, who constantly threw their rings off their fingers and bracelets to Frascuelo. But this throwing of jewellery occurred principally after Frascuelo had managed to kill several bulls in the same fashion with more or less trouble. Some of the bulls were indeed rather troublesome to kill, and in one case Frascuelo tried to stand on a chair to put an end to the

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bull, when the latter overturned the chair, and nearly succeeded in piercing the espada with its horns, but, agile as Frascuelo was, he only just managed to get away, when he renewed the attempt again. At times the public would exclaim, "Bravo, toro!"—applauding the bull when the espada showed any awkwardness in the matter. But Frascuelo was generally pretty sure of his affair, and ended by doing what he attempted at first by means of the chair, when the ladies in the boxes showed their affection for him in the manner already described.

Some of these espadas make an enormous fortune in a very short time. They are generally a Spanish girl's and woman's ideal of what a man should be like. No tenor at an opera is so fêted as an espada is in Seville after he has succeeded in dispatching several bulls. The number of letters he receives from ladies of high rank and girls is something quite astounding, so that the wife of an espada has every need to be jealous of him. The espadas are usually very religious, and always kneel down to prayer before a crucifix at the commencement of every performance.

An English officer of a Highland regiment, a friend of mine, had some success as an espada in Spain, giving all the money he derived from it to the poor there.

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After I had seen eight bulls killed, and the performance was at an end, I went home.

On my meeting Manuela she inquired if it had not pleased me immensely, when I said it had interested me very much. She was very enthusiastic about the bull-fight, saying it was the grandest sight in Spain, and nothing in the world did she enjoy more. I told her I thought it very cruel towards the horses. She replied they were only old screws that were no longer serviceable for anything else. When I said that it did not prevent them from suffering all the same, Manuela then maintained that stag and fox hunting were equally cruel, and that it was merely a matter of prejudice and nothing else. "We are accustomed to see horses suffer at a bull-fight, and don't pay attention to it. You make other animals suffer by hunting them. Besides, racing is cruel, in a way, on the horses, some people say." Manuela said then that she never missed seeing a bull-fight, but now she was in deep mourning, so could not go to one. During the *feria* the ladies dressed in colours; at other times most women and girls are usually in black, wearing generally the mantilla.

There were some very pretty girls in Seville, but the

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beauties are mostly to be found among the common people more than among the upper class, for in Andalusia most of the ordinary people have some blood of the Moors in their veins, which gives them a darker complexion, perhaps, but also smaller features and very tiny hands and feet. Théophile Gautier says there is nothing more charming in appearance than the foot of an "Andaluza," which makes even a Frenchwoman's foot appear large.

There are some magnificent houses in Seville, one in particular, in which the principal staircase is of the most beautiful white marble, being reserved for the ladies; the other staircase is equally beautiful in its way, being of black marble, reserved for the gentlemen. This house belongs to a millionaire in Seville.

The Guadalquivir, which runs through Seville, is not very interesting, as the country it flows along is mostly destitute of trees, and there are few hills, the country being very flat indeed. The gardens which belonged to the Duke of Montpensier are charming to walk in; almost every tropical plant is to be seen living out in the open air, even in winter-time. As these gardens are free to the public many people go to them, spending a good deal of their time there. Manuela



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often went to these gardens of an afternoon. This pretty young girl, with her lovely features, but rather sallow tint, which, however, was made up for by her very beautiful black eyes, with long eyelashes, and her very white teeth, interested me immensely. She was always so lively, so totally different from the nature of a young English girl; even in the greatest adversity she could not understand any one being depressed. She taught me several proverbs in Andalusian Spanish, one being "Obas pan y queso saben á beso," which means that "Fruit, bread, and cheese are worthy of a kiss." Manuela's constitution was so delicate that the English surgeon-major used often to say that she would not be able to live for a winter in our English rigorous climate. Manuela could not understand the English way of keeping Sunday, as she imagined it was a day for enjoyment, going to bull-fights or to a theatre. She used often to say she was very thankful not to be an English girl; she would as soon be shut up in a convent as live in England under such puritanical customs on a Sunday.

One day I went to Jérez for the day with a German, who had a letter of introduction to Señor Don Misa, the great wine merchant there. We were very well

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received by Señor Don Misa, who asked us to taste some of his very best sherries. One mark, Pedro Ximenes, was very good, and he allowed us to taste a sherry of 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo, which was at three sovereigns the bottle; but it never leaves the country, so he informed us. Señor Don Misa supplied my regiment in sherry, and most of the best English regiments. Jérez itself was uninteresting, being exceedingly flat, and no trees there whatever; simply the vine growing very close to the ground, and not as on the Rhine, where it is an object of beauty to the eye, being trained to grow to a certain height always. Another day I went with this German and an Italian to see Malaga, with which town we were fairly well pleased. The German was bent on seeing the cathedral and other churches, closely examining all the magnificent wood-carving in them, which I found rather tedious. The Italian was always looking out for pretty faces all the time, exclaiming at every instant in Spanish, "Que bonita!" There were indeed some lovely girls in Malaga, which we all three admitted; but the Italian was far more enthusiastic about them, losing his heart at every moment, till we almost despaired of bringing him back to Seville.

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I visited Toledo with the German on another occasion, which town, with the exception of the Royal Manufactory of Arms, we found had absolutely nothing to interest us. The Royal Manufactory of Steel Arms, chiefly for swords and daggers, is one of the very best in Europe, and the peculiar way in which they work the upper part of the blade, either with gold or silver inlaid, gives the weapon a very costly as well as pretty appearance. Some of these articles are for sale in the Royal Manufactory, but belong to the Government. We purchased two daggers, which were magnificently inlaid with gold arabesque design. These daggers are of so good a steel that we tried to pierce a silver coin with them, which we accomplished, running the dagger right through it. A celebrated German author says, "Aus alten Hufeisen schmiedet man die besten Toledo klingen, und aus alten Volksanschauungen die besten Geisteswaffen. Das Schmieden ist ein spezifisch deutsches Handwerk; Siegfried war ein Schmied ehe er ein Held wurde." Toledo is the oldest town in Spain, and was the only one in which the Jews were allowed to reside when they were banished from Spain. This accounts for the residents there having more or less a Jewish type of face. The town appeared dirty,

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and the inhabitants were more miserable-looking than in the other towns of Spain mentioned.

One day I went to Cadiz, staying there the night. The approach to Cadiz is often compared with that of Constantinople, which, according to Alexander von Humboldt, is one of the five most beautiful cities in the world. The approach to Cadiz is perfectly lovely; seen from a distance the town seems to be built of the most exquisitely white Carrara marble, with its minarets towering above the houses; while the sea which appears to surround it is of a beautiful sapphire-blue, which rivals in its loveliness the sky above, though the shade of the latter is more like the turquoise, as it was early in the morning; later in the day the colour becomes more intense in its shade of blue; then both the sea and the heavens are nearly of the same exquisite deep blue hue. On entering the town this illusion of its colouring is destroyed by certain houses, which are very far from the beautiful white colour that they appear to assume during the approach to Cadiz. This approach can well compare with that of Constantinople in its beauty, some people even preferring that of the former to that of the latter town.

I took a room at an hotel and then began to explore



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the town. On my return in the evening I went up to what I thought was my room, when the chambermaid told me it could not be my room, as it was let to some one else. She asked me for the key, and then told me that it did not belong to that hotel at all, but my hotel was in quite an opposite part of the town. The streets were all very similar in appearance, which accounted for my error. However, finally I got back to my own hotel safely.

When some days later I went to Granada the red hills and grey rocks struck my fancy, and the elm trees with their very massive foliage increased the beauty of the scenery, which was such a contrast to the barren country I had witnessed hitherto in Spain. I stopped at the Hôtel de los Siete Suelos, which is situated in the midst of very fine trees, and is quite close to the Alhambra. The range of mountains of Sierra Nevada partly covered with snow is visible in the distance; as a background to the vivid green around it forms a lovely spectacle.

On entering the Alhambra I made the acquaintance of a young English lady who was married to a Portuguese nobleman, and lived in some rooms in the Alhambra. She volunteered to show me all over

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the Alhambra, which attention I very gladly took advantage of, as she knew everything that there was worth seeing, and could explain it all so well to me. The Alhambra reminded me a little of the Alcázar at Seville, though it was on a far larger scale, but in the same style of Moorish architecture. The Court of Lions and the adjacent rooms are really quite exquisite in the way they are constructed, and the walls are certainly a study in the manner they are decorated, with the marvellous blending of colours and intricate designs, which impart a magnificence to the *tout ensemble* almost impossible to describe. I almost fancied myself in one of those fantastical palaces of the "Arabian Nights," especially with such a fair guide as I had, who even offered me a room in the Alhambra for a week, if I liked, as her guest ; but I was obliged to return to Seville the next day. Of an evening I went again to the Alhambra and dined with this lady and her mother. Afterwards she took me a delightful walk, where I heard the nightingales sing as I have never heard before or since then in my life. Altogether, I took a most pleasant souvenir away with me of the Alhambra and of Granada.

On my return journey to Seville the engine of the train broke down a long way from a station, when every-



MDLLE. AIMÉE DESCLÉE



FRÄULEIN ADRIENNE RUDNICK



BARONESS ADELSDORFER



FRAU LYDIA HAYNE-PATSCH

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body was more alarmed on account of brigands, with which that part of Spain is infested, than because of the accident. Some strong men, however, of the party managed to get the engine off the line, and another engine was procured some hours later, when the train started off again for Seville.

The train left Granada at four in the morning, therefore we witnessed the most glorious sunrise imaginable, which would require the pen of a Jean Paul to describe in all its glory. The colours which the sun imparted to the clouds were of all the various shades of an opal, making some of the tiny clouds appear like roses in the heavens. But more glorious still, if possible, was the sunset at Granada, viewed from a window in the Alhambra, when at times the heavens and all around appeared as if on fire; then gradually the colours became more subdued, and every shade melted away from the deepest red to the most delicate violet, leaving here and there a bunch of roses like those of the "Souvenir de la Malmaison," or "Blanche Laffitt" in their pale pink nuance, which was the effect of the afterglow.

I was glad to return to Seville again; it was like home almost to me. I was delighted to see Manuela again, and to relate to her what I had seen, when she

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told me I had seen more of Spain than she had ; but she delighted in Seville, and had no desire to leave it even for a time. Her elder sisters had been educated in Paris and Brighton, and the eldest was engaged to marry a chargé d'affaires of the Spanish Embassy in Paris, a marquis.

The Spanish troops are fine-looking men, but their officers seem deficient in that amount of knowledge which a German officer acquires. The Spanish officers can mostly only speak Spanish, and but very few of them have anything but a very superficial knowledge of French, not enough to converse properly in that language, and they seem more disposed to try to learn German than English. Promotion in the Spanish Army seems a great deal due to influence and to social position. The Spanish military bands are good, but they invariably play Spanish airs, which are rather wearisome after a time.

A peculiarity which struck me very much in Spain is that it is customary when people are out walking and you happen to see a pretty girl or woman whom you do not know to exclaim aloud, " Bonita, graciosa ! " so that she may overhear you. It does not in the least matter whether she be accompanied by her

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father, brother, or husband at the time, nor whether he overhears you too or not ; on the contrary, he is rather flattered than otherwise at the compliment addressed to his relation.

I was extremely sorry to bid adieu to Seville and to Manuela, with whom I associated the place. On entering the train some men wanted to enter my compartment, which I did not succeed in preventing. They then tried to converse with me in every possible language till I told them I was a Russian, when they left me in peace. On my arrival at Madrid I chanced to fall across one of them, who inquired where I was staying, and when I replied "Hôtel de Paris," the man said that there were some of my countrymen staying at that hotel. I then said, "No, I think you are mistaken ; there is not one there." "Oh," replied he, "I know there are some Russians staying at the Hôtel de Paris." "Oh, of course, I remember," said I, reminding then of what nationality I was supposed to be. For the moment I had quite forgotten.

On travelling from Seville to Granada the train went so slowly that a young Spaniard used very often to get out of the train at a station, and then wait till after the train had left some seconds and run to catch the train

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up, which he constantly succeeded in doing. The Spanish in travelling are very fond of offering a stranger some wine to drink or anything to eat they may have with them, which they look upon as a great insult to them if it be refused. The Spaniard is always very proud, no matter to what class he may belong ; even the peasants are proud in Spain. A Spanish gentleman to whom I took a letter of introduction at Seville from a nobleman in Madrid called upon me, and told me that during my stay in Seville he placed his house, his horses and carriages entirely at my disposal. I remained only a day or two in Madrid, and then left for Paris, *en route* to England, to rejoin a battalion of my regiment.



## CHAPTER X

NICE — THE QUACK — DR. BROWN-SÉGUARD — LADY MILDRED BERESFORD-HOPE — THE INDIAN GENERAL — CHAMPAGNE AS HAIR-WASH — ROULETTE — MILITARY AMENITIES — THE MEDITERRANEAN CLUB — LA FÊTE DES FLEURS — AMERICAN GIRLS — THE MARQUIS OF AILESBURY — MONTE CARLO — THE CASINO — THE ROSE

TRAVELLING to Nice, via Paris, I stopped at Lyons at the Grand Hôtel de Lyon. On my arrival I felt rather unwell, so I entered a chemist's shop. The man at the desk asked me to go into a room at the back, which I did, and I found a fat, elderly man sitting reading a book. He asked me what was the matter with me, to which I replied that I felt excited and very nervous. He felt my pulse and shook his head, saying, "You are very ill indeed ; you must remain at Lyons some weeks, I am afraid. Go to your hotel and keep to your room. I will send you some medicine, and come to see you there." I was rather alarmed, but something told me that I had to do with a quack, so

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I made an excuse for leaving him, saying I had friends outside waiting for me, but I would be sure to come back again, a promise which I did not keep.

In Paris I had visited my doctor, Professor Doctor Brown-Séguard, of the Collège de France, before leaving for Nice. He told me that he thought at first I was suffering from the same complaint as Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope, and that he had seen her the day before, previous to her departure for Nice. She had been ordered to Nice by one of the greatest and most famous of English doctors for an attack of rheumatism, but that he (Dr. Brown-Séguard) had discovered that she had another much more serious ailment, and that the climate of Nice could only accelerate her death, but as she had sent on her servants, horses, and carriages, he felt it would be almost impossible for her to arrange to go elsewhere, and thus he did not dissuade her from going there. The doctor recommended my seeing the same medical man at Nice whom he had advised Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope to consult when she arrived at her destination.

I left Lyons the day after I saw the man at the chemist's, notwithstanding the advice he had given me to the contrary. I stayed at Marseilles at the Grand

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Hôtel de Noailles to pass the night, leaving the following morning by the early train for Nice. On my arrival at Nice I went to an hotel, which Dr. Brown-Séguard had recommended to me, situated not far from the Hôtel Splendide, though not looking out on the sea.

My first impression of Nice was that it was a very clean, white-looking town, the houses being either white or rosy pink ; the palm trees on the Avenue des Anglais and elsewhere gave the place a somewhat Oriental appearance, but I was disappointed in the climate. I had expected to find it much warmer, whereas it was not very much more so than Torquay in winter. It is true that the sky was of an intense deep blue, and the sea rivalled the sky in its beautiful shade of golden blue, mingled with shades of silvery violet and pale green, as in some of Böcklin's pictures. At times the sea appeared young, fresh, silvery white, silvery sapphire, blue, deep purple, gold emerald, and light green, sparkling everywhere like diamonds in the midday sun. The mountains had a rosy golden reflection, the houses appeared to be dipped in gold and rose colours, and everywhere was quiet. The sea danced with lovely colours changing in hue as in a kaleidoscope, but more quickly, for they seldom remained longer than one

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instant the same colour. The beauty of nature around me made me look at everything through rose-coloured glasses.

I went to see the doctor to whom I had been recommended by Dr. Brown-Séguard and on asking after Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope I was told that she had died the day before my arrival from the complaint that Dr. Brown-Séguard had told me she was suffering from. Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope was only twenty-eight years old when she died. It made one think that those whom the gods love die young, for she had everything that is necessary to enjoy life—beauty, wealth, and no cares, save this illness which carried her off almost without warning.

At the hotel at which I was staying there were some curious people. Among them was an English, or rather Indian, general and his wife. The general had retired from the service with a pension of one thousand pounds a year, but he had a grievance. What Englishman has not one? I know of no one who has not a grievance, and it is generally, as the Irish say, "agin the Government." I have a grievance against the War Office, which is quite equal to that of Major Dreyfus, but the cruelty shown was more refined, and in no way less



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painful for me. But it would take too long for me to describe it in this book. The general ought to have been a peer according to his rights, but to prove it would have cost him some ten thousand pounds, which he had not got to throw away in law. This was the general's grievance, and it annoyed his wife more than it did him, for she was a good deal younger than the general, and would have delighted in a title, particularly in that of countess, which, had her husband proved his rights, she would have been.

The general's wife had golden hair, and said she improved its colouring by washing it once a week in champagne. I don't for a moment doubt her statement, but not having golden hair I have never tried the effect of washing my hair in champagne. Any lady with blonde locks who should chance to read this might safely try the experiment, and if she should find that it has not the desired effect, well, there is no harm done, and she can drink the rest of the champagne, if she be economical.

The general's wife found the evenings rather slow at the hotel, therefore she purchased a roulette table, and kept the bank with her husband, which was not only very amusing but highly lucrative.

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One evening the proprietress of the hotel, who was an Englishwoman, happened to come in and see us playing roulette, whereupon she made a scene and stopped the amusement altogether, much to the disgust of the general's wife, and of those who had lost and had now no chance of retrieving their fortunes; and they were rather afraid of the Casino at Monte Carlo. Besides, it is a tiresome journey there and back, in one day, for people who are at all indolent.

The general's wife bought her own tea and constantly gave tea-parties at five o'clock to her friends, merely asking for hot water, milk, and cups from the proprietress. One day she asked ten people to tea, and was supplied with the cups, etc., as usual. At the end of the week, however, ten francs were marked down on her bill for hot water and the use of ten cups. She protested against this charge, but all to no avail; she was obliged to pay it. Afterwards, however, she bought her own cups and made her own tea, which was wiser. There was a concierge at this hotel, who wore a showy uniform of blue and gold, and whose duty was not only to attend to the guests' requirements, but also to see that no wines, spirits, or liqueurs were smuggled into the hotel. At times he would ask the ladies what they

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carried in their hands, and confiscate the things if necessary. Most ladies smuggled in wines and brandy in their muffs, which the concierge did not often examine, though he did so with those who did not tip him enough.

The living at this hotel was the same as in most hotels at Nice—not good. There were a great number of dishes at dinner, but the quality of the meat was rather inferior, and the same menu was often repeated. At one time *fricandean de veau* was served so often that some one, (I am not sure it was not myself) wrote on the menu “*toujours fricandean de veau.*” The proprietress took no notice of this remark, but when all the guests complained to her about the “eternal veal” she calmly said, “If any one complains again I shall at once give you all notice to leave my hotel.” We looked elsewhere for rooms, but, alas! the hotels were quite full and there was no chance of their becoming empty, so we were forced to put up with *fricandean de veau*, and it was served to us now even on Sundays as a punishment. When any guest was late at dinner a fine of fifty centimes was imposed by the proprietress, and this sum was marked on the bill at the end of the week. I wonder the proprietress did not have us flogged for

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the benefit of our souls, just as some Methodist did to certain girls and women of his chapel, so I read lately in the papers.

Outside the hotel life was pleasant enough at Nice, and some of the people at the hotel were agreeable and amusing. A German colonel and his wife, whom I made the acquaintance of, were very entertaining. The colonel served in the Prussian Army, and was pleasant but rather formal to people he did not know well. I introduced him to the general, who, however, could not converse with him, as they knew no language in common. Every time the colonel came in the salon he bowed very formally to the general and his wife, and did the same on leaving, till the general said to me, "How long is this bowing and scraping going to last? I must confess I am heartily tired of it. The colonel bows every time he comes in the room and when he leaves it, and I have to do the same thing, and some days he enters the room a dozen times."

An English colonel I knew was living at the Hôtel Royal, where my father stayed for a time. I asked him how he found the living there, to which he replied that it was the same as everywhere else at Nice—not good. I told him that my father had said it was not at all bad,



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whereupon he laughed, saying, "Your father pays for the whole pension, but never dines here. He always dines at the Hôtel de Paris at Monte Carlo, which, of course, is excellent." The colonel tried the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, and the Hôtel des Isles Britannique, but they did not please him any better. A friend of my father's, Hamilton-Scrope, who was staying at the Hôtel Royal, told me that he had been to winter resorts all over the world, and that though Nice had its disadvantages, he thought that, taking it on the whole, it was decidedly better than any other place concerning climate, living, and in every way.

I belonged to the Méditerranée Club, which is the swell club at Nice, and on a certain evening of the week dances were held there in the ball-room. Once I met a colonel belonging to my regiment at one of these dances, and offered to introduce him to a lady I knew. He asked me to show him where she was sitting, which I did, and when he saw the lady in question talking to a young girl he at once asked me to introduce him. The lady I took the colonel to was the widow of a very wealthy baronet, who had fifty thousand pounds a year of her own, and the young lady was her daughter. The mother was still a youngish woman, and was very envious

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of her daughter. Moreover, she wanted to find a husband for herself, so that instead of leaving the colonel with her daughter she kept him attached to herself, not leaving him for a minute with her daughter during the entire evening. The colonel said to me afterwards, "I could not get rid of the old lady, for she clung to me like a leech. I wanted to dance with the daughter, who is young and not bad-looking. I did not want to be bothered with the mother." I told him how wealthy she was, but this enraged him all the more, for he clearly saw then that she wanted to capture him. This lady was staying at the Hôtel Westminster at Nice. She had her own private salon and dining-room facing the sea, with a delightful view on the Promenade des Anglais also.

The Méditerranée Club is a fine building on the Promenade des Anglais, and its members are mostly of the French aristocracy; the club rooms are very fine, and the dinners there are excellent, but rather dear. Most of the members play cards for very high stakes, and they don't care much for members like myself who never gamble at cards; in fact, it is almost essential for a member to play baccarat there. Of course I knew several members. The grandson of the Prince de

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Rivoli Duc de Masséna was one, who told me that a friend of his had lost forty thousand pounds one evening at cards at the club. Monsieur de l'Esquier d'Attainville was a man of thirty, more English in his appearance than French. He said to me once, "You are a man who does not require much sleep." I asked him how he knew that. He replied, "Because you are of such a sensitive nervous nature ; people like you never require much sleep."

I remained several months at Nice. I was there for the *Fête des fleurs* and the carnival, which I saw from the Méditerranée Club, with my father and some ladies whom I invited there. The *Fête des fleurs* was very fine, some carriages being covered with red and white roses, even to the wheels, while others were decorated with roses mixed with other flowers, such as marguerites, lilies, and carnations. There were some beautiful turnouts with magnificent horses in the Corso during the *Fête des fleurs*.

A lady I knew very well in Vienna, a Roumanian from Bucharest, called Mitsa Michelaexo, who was a remarkable beauty and called "La belle Mitsa," had a wonderful turnout at the *Fête des fleurs* at Nice a year or two ago with the Prince of Coburg, and took the first

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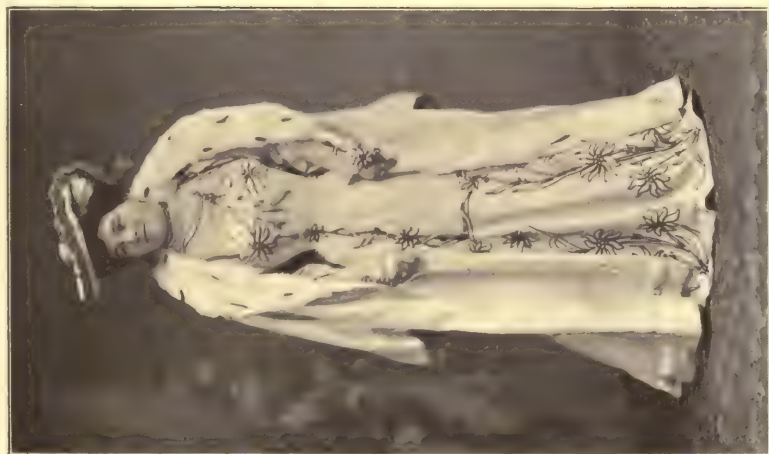
prize. This lady, who was about eight-and-twenty, had a marvellous figure, a very pretty face, and light brown hair with shades of gold in it, and beautiful teeth. She spoke French very well, but not a word of German. Her dresses were all made in Vienna. Her brother was in the Guards at Bucharest, and a Royal Prince of Roumania was at one time greatly attached to her.

The throwing of confetti is a great nuisance at carnival time, for it really is not safe to go out without a mask. Some people pelted me with confetti as I left the Mediterranean Club, and if I had not slipped a mask on I should have been blinded.

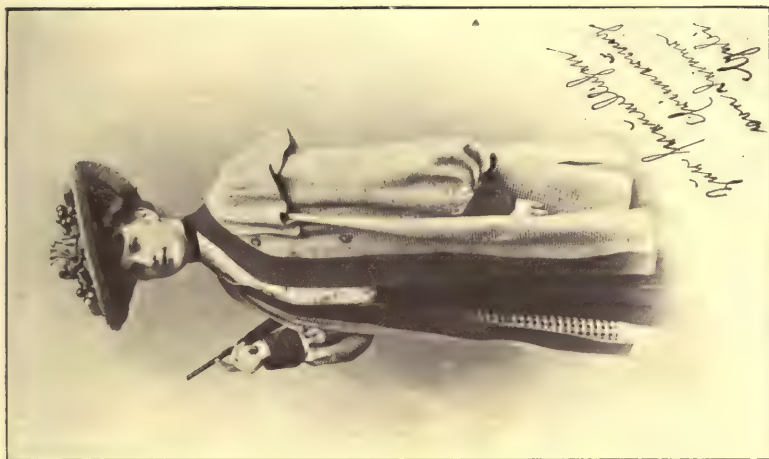
At times the *scirocco* wind blows, and it is quite dangerous to walk out. One day I could scarcely get back from the Mediterranean Club to my hotel. I was nearly blown away. I had to seize hold of a lamp-post to keep on my feet ; how I got home I don't know.

What one feels so much at Nice is the sudden change in the temperature after sunset, when the thermometer falls some ten or fifteen degrees. Invalids and people not strong must be indoors before sunset. The nights are extremely cold, and fires have to be indulged in all through the winter evenings. In the hotels wood fires are burnt, and not coal. I never liked going out by





FRÄULEIN MITSA MICHELAÉXO  
"LA BELLE MITSA"



FRÄULEIN GABRIELLE KLOBETZ



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night unless I was obliged to do so, and then generally I drove out.

One week at the hotel the proprietress told me I had not paid my bill. I replied that I had, and to convince her that I was right I showed her the bill receipted, when she said she had forgotten to enter it in her book!

What I noticed at Nice particularly was that there were very few, if any, quite young girls, which is very much the same thing as being in a fine garden without any roses. I missed the delicious perfume of the "La France" rose, the "Souvenir de la Malmaison," the "Blanche Laffitte"; even the "Niphetos" and the "Baronne de Rothschild" were not there; only once and again some "Maréchal Niel" roses and the rose for which Nice is famous in the winter months. As Héléne Jammerich, a lovely young *danseuse* of the Vienna Opera, once said to Baron Marburg, an Austrian lieutenant of dragoons: "Der Herr schwärmt nur für die Jugend!" She said this apropos of a young *danseuse* at the Vienna Opera whom I greatly admired, who had the most glorious complexion I think I ever saw in my life, besides having very lovely features and blonde hair.

There is a tea-place at Nice called "Rumpelmayer,"

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where very fashionable people take their tea or coffee of an afternoon, and if there are any pretty girls or women one is sure to see them there. I must confess, however, I never saw any remarkable beauties at "Rumpelmayer's," and I went there nearly every afternoon for my tea.

I remember a lovely girl of sixteen, Sophie de Kieszowska, a Polish girl, whom I made the acquaintance of on a steamer on the Danube in after years. She was exquisitely blonde, with hair of a divine colouring of a reddish-golden tinge, that reminded me of some of Correggio's paintings of women in the Lichtenstein Gallery in Vienna. Her face had the delicate pink-and-white colouring of the Rose Marie apple, which is only to be obtained in Austria, and is served generally for dessert. Her features were most regular; she had a tiny mouth and the nostrils of a Greek statue; her eyes were of a sapphire-blue, almost putting the intense blue sky to shame; while her eyelashes were black and long, shading her lovely sapphire eyes, which had a silvery reflection, and sometimes deigned to glance amiably at me when I was talking to her.

This young girl stayed at Nice with the Comtesse Zamoyska, who belonged to one of the best-known



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families there. Not that I met this lovely girl ever at Nice, or anywhere near there, or any one nearly so beautiful, but when there are no roses to be had one must be content with carnations. I corresponded with her for some time. She was the belle of Warsaw, and afterwards she married a Polish count. When I look at her photograph I think to myself how few girls there are of such exquisite beauty as hers.

There were two American girls from Boston at our hotel; the elder was not very young, and had a heart not of ice but of stone, and of a very hard stone too—a flint, I should think, for she always used to say that her young sister was sure to die within six months of consumption, so it was of no use buying her any dresses, or anything. I wonder she allowed her even to eat her meals, for the elder sister complained that she was put to much expense by her young sister. I sat at dinner next to the younger girl, who was fair and pretty, and what in Vienna is called “mollett,” and what in English we should call “plump.”

This girl reminded me of a Malmaison carnation, and I always felt a shiver of delight run through me when I sat next to her. I am sure she had a warm heart, for I felt it sometimes beating as I sat on her left at table.

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I could have loved this young girl, but her sister always asserted that she was going to die in six months, so I hesitated. She often spoke to me of Howells' novels, praising them, and lent me one of them to read, which I liked, for it was less heavy and wearisome than some English novels.

There was a French girl at the hotel who had blue eyes like the "bluet," very fine long black hair, and small hands and feet. I thought then, with Bodenstedt, that "ein blaues auge" was "ein treues auge," but since then I have learnt that "ein blaues auge" means at times "ein falsches auge." Heine says a French girl never really loves, which I am inclined to think is quite true.

An English general officer, with his wife and their two young nieces, were among the people staying at our hotel. The girls were pretty, but rather insipid, and had not warm hearts I am positive, for a German officer, who sat near them at table during dinner, used to complain of the cold so much, particularly after talking to them at dinner time.

My father used often to go to lunch with the Marquis of Ailesbury and his wife at a restaurant in the country about an hour's walk from Nice. This restaurant was

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close to the seashore, and had a fine view, being rather high up. A Pole of the name of Konarski knew the Marquis, and appreciated his *déjeuners* very much ; and often Konarski would hang about this restaurant fishing for an invitation to lunch. Sometimes, however, Konarski had his walk for nothing, because the Marquis did not invite him. Konarski called himself a count, and it was said he had once shaved the Tzar of Russia, and thought he had merited the title of count for having done so.

'One day I was walking on the Promenade des Anglais with my father when Konarski came up to my father and asked him where the Marquis was going to take his lunch. My father said : " How do you do, Count ? Glorious day to-day, Count. I am sure, Count, the Marquis will be glad to see you, but I really don't know, Count, where he is lunching to-day." After Konarski had gone I asked my father who he was, and why he had said " Count " every instant. My father replied : " It gives him so much pleasure to be called ' Count,' so I do it on purpose to please him. Nothing can give him more pleasure."

At our hotel some *tableaux vivants* were got up, to pass away the long evenings, and also some dances,

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which were very *fade*, as the Austrians would say, because they were not animated enough.

I went to Monte Carlo with my father several times, and dined at the Hôtel de Paris ; the dinner was excellent. One day I met a major in my regiment, who told me that he had been entirely cleaned out at Monte Carlo at roulette, so that he was compelled to return to England, and he had telegraphed for some money to pay his return journey.

I knew a very pretty young English girl at Monte Carlo, whose mother had a fine villa there ; she married an officer in the Guards afterwards, and the King of England presented her with a lovely diamond bracelet on her marriage.

Monte Carlo is situated higher than Nice, and has a glorious extensive view from the Casino all round this lovely fertile country. This delightful view, which overlooks the silvery sapphire-blue sea, is one of the finest in Europe, and most picturesque. One is perfectly amazed at first at the loveliness and grandeur of the *tout ensemble*. It is so unlike any other place. The very fine palm trees in the beautiful grounds of the Casino give Monte Carlo a most peaceful, quiet appearance, which in reality it is not ; and it makes one think



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that the nations of Europe ought to compel the Prince of Monaco to close this hell upon earth, which has every appearance of a heavenly paradise with its exquisite luxuriant vegetation flourishing in the depth of winter. I heard the orchestra in the splendid rooms of the Casino, but I was greatly disappointed with it. It is over-rated, and instead of trumpets they had cornets, which have a dull sound in comparison with the clear sound of the trumpet. The orchestra of the Crystal Palace, under Sir August Manns, was vastly superior to the one at Monte Carlo, and so is the Carlsbad orchestra, under the late August Labitzky. Of course, I need not name the Philharmonic Orchestra in Vienna, which is, in my opinion, the best in the whole world without exception.

The people one meets at Monte Carlo are mostly dissipated-looking. It is a place where one always expects to be robbed in one way or another. I was always afraid of having my pockets picked. Once I entered the gambling-rooms with my father, when a man pushed me. I seized his hat out of his hand and threw it over the roulette table on to the ground. He looked daggers at me, and went away in search of his hat. I played, but never won in the long run, though once I filled my

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pockets with pieces, but soon lost them all again. The climate of Monte Carlo is better than that of Nice, so Dr. Brown-Séguard told me, but the entourage is so detestable there.

Monaco, which lies at the bottom of the hill, is not nearly so healthy, though many people stop there, as it is cheaper than Monte Carlo or Nice. The rose gardens around Nice are very fine, at Beaulieu for instance, where some people I know make quite a fortune with their roses, which they send to Nice and to England.

Mentone, where many English stay in the winter months, some having villas there, is also close to Monte Carlo; but Dr. Brown-Séguard told me that there were so many consumptive people living at Mentone that the houses and hotels are somewhat dangerous for people to live in on account of the infection spreading, especially for very delicate people. My father stayed there one winter, as it was near Monte Carlo, and he rather enjoyed being at Mentone, as the hotel he stayed at was filled with nothing but healthy people.

The shops at Nice are extremely good, and the shopkeepers are very polite. The apartments are dear, and have to be taken for six months, and paid for in advance.

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The danger of people losing their money at Monte Carlo and not being able to pay their rent afterwards has to be guarded against. Many people have their letters addressed "Poste Restante," which is not very wise. I knew an Englishman at Nice who received a love-letter from a girl, which was not for him at all, but for some other person. However, the man after looking at the letter tore it up, instead of returning it. How disappointed the poor girl must have been not to receive a letter from her lover in reply !

The Indian general at one time used to talk Hindustani at dinner to his wife. One day she said to me, "I must beware of telling secrets in Hindustani to my husband, as I know you understand everything I say." The general had a horror of flies, so always flourished about a large red silk handkerchief to keep them off.

An American lady at Nice had a villa, and some fine horses to her carriage. She told me she was rather bored at Nice after Paris, where she lived. She informed me, too, that she had read through three circulating libraries during the winter at Nice in the evenings. The Masséna is a good club, but not so good as the Méditerranée, and there are a great many Germans who belong to it, be-

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sides Frenchmen. The theatre, which has been constructed in recent years, is an imposing building, where operas are sometimes performed by great artistes, who come from Paris for the season. Some parts of Nice remind one of the streets of Paris—the poorer quarters of Paris I mean, which are quite different from the fashionable *quartier*. There is no amusement in the way of really good music of an afternoon at Nice, in which it resembles Torquay and other English winter resorts. The sun gets very hot during April, but I have seen a slight fall of snow in March, and even April is sometimes cold at Nice.

A lovely blonde little girl in Vienna, whose Christian name was Mizzi, often used to recite the following prose poem, on Nice, to me :—

### THE ROSE

Once I stood by the seashore at Nice and held a crimson rose in my hand. Before me lay the sea, golden blue, silvery violet, sparkling—the quiet sunny sea of the south. The soft rocking pearls, emeralds, and opals of the waves on the coast wetted my feet, monotonously and rhythmically rustling like a harp, over the strings of which fingers glide. It was in the spring. White



## More Society Recollections

seagulls skimmed the water, at one time lightly brushing the surface with their breast, at another time flying high in the heavens, like butterflies flying across meadows. At a distance a ship was going towards the east, dragging a grey line of smoke after her. Slowly she disappeared from one's eyes in the endless desert of the ocean.

I threw the rose into the sea.

The waves drew back, and bore it away.

I saw how it went. At first shining with its crimson hue on the pearly foam, then becoming paler and paler on the emeralds of the sea. But after a while it rolled at my feet with the waves. I only observed that some leaves of the rose had been torn away by the current, and were floating separately. And again the waves drew back, and again they carried the rose away; but after a while the flower had returned with the waves to my feet. Yet now more of the leaves had been torn away by the current, and they came in separately.

For a long time I stood by the sea—the waves came up to me, and withdrew again, and always brought back the rose smaller and smaller to my feet, and always more of the torn-off leaves of the flower.

Finally nothing remained of the rose—only a handful

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of leaves, scattered on the waters. And the sea brought them to me, continually, continually . . . Is it not sometimes so with the heart? Finally it comes to a handful of leaves that are scattered about, which come swimming to one's feet. . . .

## CHAPTER XI

MERAN—THE GRAPE CURE—A LITTLE DANSEUSE  
— ROOMS FACING SOUTH — CONVENTS AND  
CHURCHES — PRINCE AND PRINCESS BARIATYN-  
SKI—A RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE  
—BARON BASELLI'S ANECDOTE—THE PRINCESS'S  
CIGAR—AN AMERICAN VIEW OF ITALY

I WAS advised by Professor von Bamberger, in Vienna, to take the grape cure at Meran for severe indigestion and heart troubles, from which I was suffering. It was in the early part of September and the weather was glorious, as it always is at that time of the year in Vienna. I thought to myself that it would be a pity to leave the most charming capital in the world for a place the very name of which caused me to shudder. I had heard that consumptive people were usually sent there. Moreover, I thought that I could eat the grapes in Vienna. They are to be had very cheaply, namely, three kilos for twenty kreutzers, which in English money is about fivepence for six pounds of grapes. With regard to my heart troubles, which were not very serious, where could

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I relieve them better than in Vienna? Were there not the most adorable girls to be found there?

I can remember a little girl at the Opéra. I fancy I can see her now before me; she wore short dresses, a little lower than her knees, and her hair was of a dark blonde colour, which at certain times she wore loose *à la manière anglaise*, hanging down her back, and at others done up with the "Gretchen friseur." Her face was oval, and she possessed very regular tiny features with grey eyes; her figure was perfect for its size, for she was quite a small girl of about thirteen, and she had the graceful, stately walk of the Viennese *danseuses* at the opera. This little girl used to do what is called "statiren" in grand operas, which means that she took a page's part in operas and danced in the ballet. I met her once on the Graben and spoke to her. She was very amusing in her conversation, and told me various things about the opera and ballet, which latter was always my *faiblesse*, as I had written and composed the music for a ballet. Sometimes I used to meet the little girl in the Volks Garten, when she was accompanied usually by her mother. She was considered to be quite a beauty at the Opéra, which is an imperial theatre, and to which the *danseuses* are all appointed by the





FRÄULEIN LILLY BERGER



FOUR LADIES OF THE BALLET AT VIENNA

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K. K. Hofintendant, who is always a nobleman of high rank chosen by the Emperor, and the *danseuses* have a much higher standing in Vienna than elsewhere. But if I were to enumerate all the attractive girls and ladies in Vienna I am afraid I should never get to Meran.

It was not till the month of December that Professor von Bamberger told me decidedly that I should leave for Meran. I went to Meran, not for the grape cure for indigestion, nor for heart troubles, of which I could have cured myself in Vienna, but for a nervous complaint contracted in the service.

On arrival at Meran I stayed at the "Habsburger Hof," as I knew the proprietor, Herr Braacher, who possessed a delightful hotel, the "Bellevue," at Gmunden, at which I have often stopped for the summer season. I asked for rooms facing south, when I was shown into some on the second floor.

"Are these rooms facing the south?" I inquired of Herr Braacher, who himself showed me up to the rooms. "Yes, of course," answered he. I looked at a compass I happened to have with me; it pointed to the west. I shook it and shook it, but the compass would

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not move at all from the west. "There is something wrong with my compass evidently," I said. "No," replied Herr Braacher, laughing. "I have no rooms facing the south. All my best rooms face the west, but I get so many bothering, fussy people, and I am so used to telling them that the rooms face south, that I say it more mechanically than otherwise." I stayed at this hotel during most of the winter months. The rooms were very comfortable, having double windows and a good stove, and the living was uncommonly good, including the late dinner.

Meran is certainly a pretty place. It is like a village, and is surrounded by high mountains, rather too much so, as the rising or setting sun can hardly be seen no matter how one may try to see it. I never rose early enough to wish to see the sun rise, but I often longed in my heart to see it set, but a bothering mountain always got in my way when I made the attempt to do so. For an active person (I am not speaking about myself, for I am decidedly the reverse), there are very charming walks about Meran, and plenty of mountains to climb, even with snow on them all the year round. I never indulged in climbing them. I leave that pleasure to others. While I was at Meran there was tolerably good skating



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until the month of February, when it commences to be warm in the sun ; in fact, the spring is supposed to begin in February, although it does not always do so.

The Kursaal is not much of a place ; there are a reading and a music room, where the Kur Kapelle plays in the early morning and of an afternoon. The Kur Kapelle is a fair band, and generally has an able conductor. While I was at Meran the Kur Kapelle played very well indeed a waltz of my own composition, and I went in the early morning to hear the band rehearse it. In the room in which the band plays there was always an unpleasant smell of carbolic acid and creosote, used by some of the patients suffering from consumption. Consequently I rarely entered the Kursaal ; but in February the band plays out of doors in the kiosk, opposite the Kursaal, and the concerts are well attended. There are plenty of nice shady walks, with seats everywhere for invalids, for there are no streets as in a town. Some people would call Meran delightful in the month of February, but I always found it *triste à mourir*. The only time I liked it was when I could sit out of doors among the trees on the promenade, listening to the band playing. Young children danced and played about, but

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there were few children at Meran, and these few were troubled with lung complaints.

The dinners at the Kursaal were at one o'clock and very fair indeed. They were much patronized, so that it was hard to secure a seat. Every one is *en pension*; even at the Kursaal there are no dinners *à la carte*; they are all *table d'hôte à prix fixe*. I wrote to my father and asked him to come to Meran, but he answered me that he had looked the place up in a guide-book, and found that there was nothing there but churches and convents; that he did not suppose they would take him in a convent; and as to the churches, it would only puzzle him very much to know which was the one he ought to go to.

At my hotel Prince Bariatynski, a chamberlain of the Tzar, was staying with the Princess and three daughters, and they always sat in the dining-room at a small table apart from the others. The Princess was a lady-in-waiting on the Tzaritsa, and the young Princesses went frequently to the Court at St. Petersburg to attend the Court balls. These young girls, who were fairly good-looking, used to skate beautifully, cutting figures on the ice and skating backwards, as well as waltzing with great facility. They did not associate with any one else

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in the hotel, excepting at times with Count Bourtoutline, who was a cousin of the Prince Bariatynski.

Count Bourtoutline was a very agreeable man indeed, and told me one day that the Prince Bariatynski belonged to an older family than the Tzar did, the family dating before the Rurik, and that the Bariatynskis were one of the first families in Russia. Count Bourtoutline spoke French exceedingly well, but he said that there were some Russians who spoke it much better than the French themselves, as they spoke the pure French of the period of Louis XIV and Louis XV, which was now never to be heard in France. Count Bourtoutline asked me laughingly one day: "Do tell me if it is really a fact that your English judges wear those old-fashioned wigs in court, and that you still employ the Fahrenheit thermometer in England." I informed him that this was the case, but he could hardly realize it. He asked me whether the Bible was universally read in England by young people, and when I told him so, he said that in Russia it was forbidden to young people, and he seemed astonished that this was not so in England. Count Bourtoutline informed me that at Easter in Russia it is usual to kiss the person who happens to be standing nearest to you in church,

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just after the service, and that sometimes he had to kiss some very old women of the people, and at other times a young girl whom he had never seen before.

Baron Baselli, a general, and a chamberlain to the Emperor of Austria, was also staying at the hotel. The Baron told the same story over and over again to me and to others. I know it by heart, so I will relate it as he told it :—

“I was staying at Trieste at an hotel during the cholera, when one day I heard a great noise in the room next door to mine, so I asked of the chambermaid what it could be, for I had never heard such a noise in my life. ‘It is nothing,’ said she. ‘What do you mean by nothing?’ ‘Why, it’s nothing, only a man dropped down dead of the cholera!’ I did not listen to any more; I packed my trunk and left Trieste, and did not eat anything until I got into Germany.”

Count Bourtoutine would often ask the Baron, with a smile, if he had ever had the cholera, when the latter would answer: “Yes, I had it once and nearly died of it, and when I was at Trieste. . . .” Then he would tell this story which I have just related.

A nephew of Baron Baselli, a young cavalry lieutenant



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in Vienna, fell desperately in love with a very pretty English girl named Kittinger, who was living there with some Austrians I knew. She led him on, while she was rather fond of a Prince Taxis. One evening Baron Baselli called on her, but was refused admission as Prince Taxis was there, and the Baron shot himself on her doorstep. Baron Baselli had a grand funeral in Vienna. The whole affair created an immense sensation ; and the young English girl was asked to leave Vienna at once. However, she came back after a time. The parents of the Baron never recovered from the shock this event caused them, for the Baron had ruined himself for this very heartless English girl.

We sat at dinner at one long table, and there were many people at the hotel. One day a man suddenly disappeared. I inquired where he had gone, and was told by some one that he had left, but it turned out that he had died, and as so many people die there they bury them in the evening if possible, in order that the fact may not be remarked by the other guests.

It is quite astonishing how many people die of consumption at Meran ; on the other hand, there are mostly consumptive people staying there. One hears people

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coughing all day long. One poor fellow who sat near me at table—a fine-looking, nice young fellow, a lieutenant of the Prussian Garde Kürassier Regiment from Berlin, a man of six feet—told me he had got his lung trouble on parade, and that he had only six months to live. He seemed pretty well, but coughed fearfully at times, and drank a great quantity of milk.

General von Möllersdorf, a Prussian, who was in command of the Kaiser Alexander von Russland Kürassier Regiment in Berlin, and who was at my hotel, told me that it was a mistake to go to Meran before February, as it was nearly as fine weather in Berlin, but that Meran was a perfectly delightful climate in the early spring, when the vegetation began to flourish and the trees to have foliage.

At my hotel a good many Germans arrived who disapproved of the late dinner, so it was put to the vote whether we should have early or late dinner. The majority voted for an early dinner. I put up with this change for a bit, and then could stand it no longer. The proprietor, Herr Braacher, asked me to remain on, but I left for the Hôtel Graf von Meran.

At the Hôtel Graf von Meran, which was kept by the proprietress of the Hôtel Munsch in Vienna, I could

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dine late *à la carte*. A French lady was there who had also left the "Habsburger Hof." At dinner there were only three or four people. One evening the Princess Ardeck, who was a sister of Prince Hanau, and daughter of the Grand Duke of Nassau, and always dined of an evening at the same time and same table as I did, was dining with her son and a very pretty fair daughter and a gentleman she had invited as her guest. During dinner the Princess asked the French lady and myself in French, as we had not finished our dinner, whether we had any objection to her smoking a cigar. We said that we had none, and she lighted her cigar and began to smoke it.

The Princess was a very agreeable lady, and her daughter was really pretty, but excessively naive and not very *spirituelle*. Her mother wished to marry her to the gentleman who was their guest, and who was very much older than the daughter, but excessively wealthy. But one could see at a glance that the girl did not care for him at all. The son of Princess Ardeck was serving in the Death's Head Hussars, or Schwarze Huzaren, of which the Emperor William usually wears the uniform and is the Colonel-in-Chief; but the young Prince Ardeck died very soon

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after I saw him at Meran of a fever while with his regiment.

With regard to ladies smoking at dinner, I was once dining at the Hôtel Stadt Frankfurt, in Vienna, with a lady when two American ladies entered the room. They sat at a table to order their dinner, but perceiving that two ladies were smoking (one of whom was smoking a cigar), they called the head waiter and desired him to ask these ladies to leave off smoking while they were having dinner. The waiter said: "It is more than my position would allow me to do to ask these ladies to leave off smoking, for one is the Princess Trauttmansdorff and the other is the Princess Esterházy." Whereupon the American ladies said that they must dine in another room; but the waiter told them that there was only the Gastzimmer where the cabmen usually dine, and where they decided to go as it was empty at that hour.

Once, while leaving Bozen for Italy, which place is only a drive of about two hours from Meran, and while I was dining at an hotel there, I made the acquaintance of an American. He asked me where I was going, to which I replied that I was leaving for Florence. He smiled and said: "You are going to Italy, a country



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where everything is very inferior compared with Austria. For in the latter country the living is much better, the wine and food are better, the houses are better to live in, they are much more comfortable, the people are much nicer, more polite, and the women prettier. I don't know anything, the climate included, that is not much better in Austria than it is in Italy; even the music and the drama are better."

I had never been to Italy then, and did not know what to think of his statements; but since that time I have been several times to Italy, and I must confess that the American was a very sensible man, as Americans usually are. They have far more common sense than the English, and find out the best places to go to for comfort and everything else, and always get their money's worth. I have a great admiration for the Americans, and generally get on well with them. This American was quite right. Everything is far better in Austria than it is in Italy. Some people may say that in Italy in the winter the climate is better. It may be at San Remo, but it certainly is not better at Genoa, Florence, Venice, or Milan, for there is a far better climate at Abbazia in the winter months than at the four towns I have named. March is the favourite month

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for Abbazia, and then the hotels are all quite full. Abbazia, on the Adriatic, is warmer in winter than Meran, which has the same climate as Montreux. The American was quite right ; even the climate is better in parts of Austria than in some parts of Italy in winter, for Nice is in France.

## CHAPTER XII

ITALY—GENOA—MILAN—AN ENGLISH MAIDEN LADY  
ON THE BALLET—LA SCALA—PRINCESS GONZAGA  
—VENICE—THE BOLOGNA BALLET—MARIA GIURI  
—FLORENCE—MILAN—NAPLES

I HEARTILY rejoiced when my wish to visit Italy was fulfilled, for everywhere had I heard the country highly spoken of, and when at Seville a German acquaintance was accustomed to compare the two countries, alleging that in his opinion everything was much nicer in Italy, this greatly excited my anticipation, for I was delighted with Spain and charmed with the pleasant winter climate of Seville, as well as with the people, and the other towns I had visited.

On my arrival in Genoa I was much struck with the sea, which looked now silvery blue and then pale greenish ; it was a very bright day in spring, and the sun shone with great power. The houses near the water seemed to be very white indeed, probably owing in a great measure to the clear atmosphere, and the sky was of a sapphire shade of blue, the sun pouring down its golden

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rays over the town and sea. The ships, with their dark-coloured masts and white sails, gave the water a charming appearance, for the waves looked more intense in their shade of blue when contrasted with the white sails of the vessels, some of which were becoming smaller and smaller in the distance, till they disappeared altogether.

I stayed at the Grand Hôtel de Gênes, which had formerly been a palace, and found many of the spacious rooms very comfortable. Genoa impressed me as being a business-like town, for looking out of the window I noticed many men walking quickly at a certain hour as if for their lives. The houses in the interior of the town looked very sombre, but there were some exceedingly fine old palaces, with façades beautifully carved in stone. The theatre or opera house happened to be closed at this visit of mine, but it exhibited a remarkably fine exterior.

At the table d'hôte I made the acquaintance of Colonel Martin, the then Colonel of our King's Dragoon Guards, who had been visiting San Remo, with whose climate and beautiful scenery he was delighted, while he averred the quiet life pleased him better than the gay society at Nice.



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One day I thought I would visit Pegli, a place close to Genoa, and its lovely gardens near the sea afforded me much enjoyment. A quantity of camellias were growing there, and I somehow or other conceived the idea that the white ones were reminiscent of the corpses of young girls clad in white, and the red specimens those of others bleeding to death from some internal wound, while the perfume of the orange and lemon trees only served to confirm my illusion. The day after my return I had a bad sore throat and consulted a chemist, but his remedy, being very severe, only served to inflame the bad place. When at table I could not eat my dinner, though it appeared to be very good ; but later in the evening a young Italian count, who was A.D.C. to General Marquis de Menabrea, very kindly felt my pulse, and told me I had got fever, so had better go to bed and take a good dose of quinine, adding, "I hope you will then be all right in the morning, but if not, send for a doctor."

The next day I was worse and could hardly swallow, so I sent for a doctor, who told me the chemist's remedy had nearly given me a kind of diphtheria. I was ill at Genoa for three weeks, and during that time thought of Pegli and its red and white camellias, feeling myself

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at times also like a corpse. The pension at the Grand Hôtel was eighteen francs a day, which I had to pay, although I could not eat anything, and, what is more, I was compelled to remain there by the doctor's orders.

From Genoa I proceeded to Milan, where I stayed at the Hôtel de France, on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and found more to please me there; indeed, I have often returned to this famous town. With the dome of Milan (which after St. Peter's at Rome and Seville Cathedral is the largest church) I was quite infatuated, for, seen beneath a very blue sky, it appeared almost like a dream of marble, so exquisitely white in colour was it, while the delicate style of architecture appeared like the designs of a piece of elaborate Brussels lace. With the living at Milan I was not, however, so satisfied, for I did not like the Italian cooking, which reminded me somewhat of the Spanish, though it was not, perhaps, quite so oily.

I occupied the same room as Saint-Saëns had done a few weeks before, and found the city a very charming place in the early spring, while I had nothing to complain of in the climate, which, as a matter of fact, was delightful. The pretty public gardens were tastefully laid out, and it was pleasant to sit there when the warm

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weather set in, or to walk under the avenue of trees and watch the carriages of the smart residents drive up and down from five to seven o'clock in the afternoon, before their occupants went to La Scala in the evening. It was sometimes quite crowded with well-dressed people of both sexes, and there is a peculiar Italian custom that when a nobleman walking with ladies of his acquaintance happens to meet a *danseuse* of the famous theatre whom he knows he invariably salutes her by taking off his hat. This has often been commented upon by foreigners, particularly English people, who seem surprised at the habit.

There are several very good cafés in Milan, such, for example, as the Café Biffi and Café Cavour, where the more important Italian and foreign newspapers can be read. I always found vermouth and soda very refreshing in the summer months, as the vermouth comes from Turin, where the best is made, and I think it is preferable to the Italian wines. Asti spumante is a good imitation of champagne, but not to be compared with the latter, as far as excellence of taste is concerned, while chianti and barolo are the wines most favoured in Italy; but they are very inferior to the French Bordeaux or Burgundies. I usually drank barolo at dinner,

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and thought it somewhat better than chianti, but I cannot say that I ever liked it much.

During the summer some not at all bad concerts are given in several of the cafés of an evening, and on one occasion I listened at the Café Cavour to the band playing the "Promessi Sposi" of Ponchielli, some of the music of which was so pathetic that it greatly affected me, though the band was quite mediocre.

The streets are curiously paved with stones, which are rather rugged, and ladies complain sometimes that their heels get caught between them, especially if they happen to be wearing Louis XV heels. The pavement is not raised from the thoroughfare, as is the case in England, but is even with it. This, however, one soon gets accustomed to, though it is dangerous when many carriages are passing too near the footpath, which often happens in Milan. There is a very fine bronze statue of the great Napoleon in the courtyard of the Brera, which is well worth seeing, as also is the interior of the building, where can be seen the celebrated picture "Sposalizio," by Raphael.

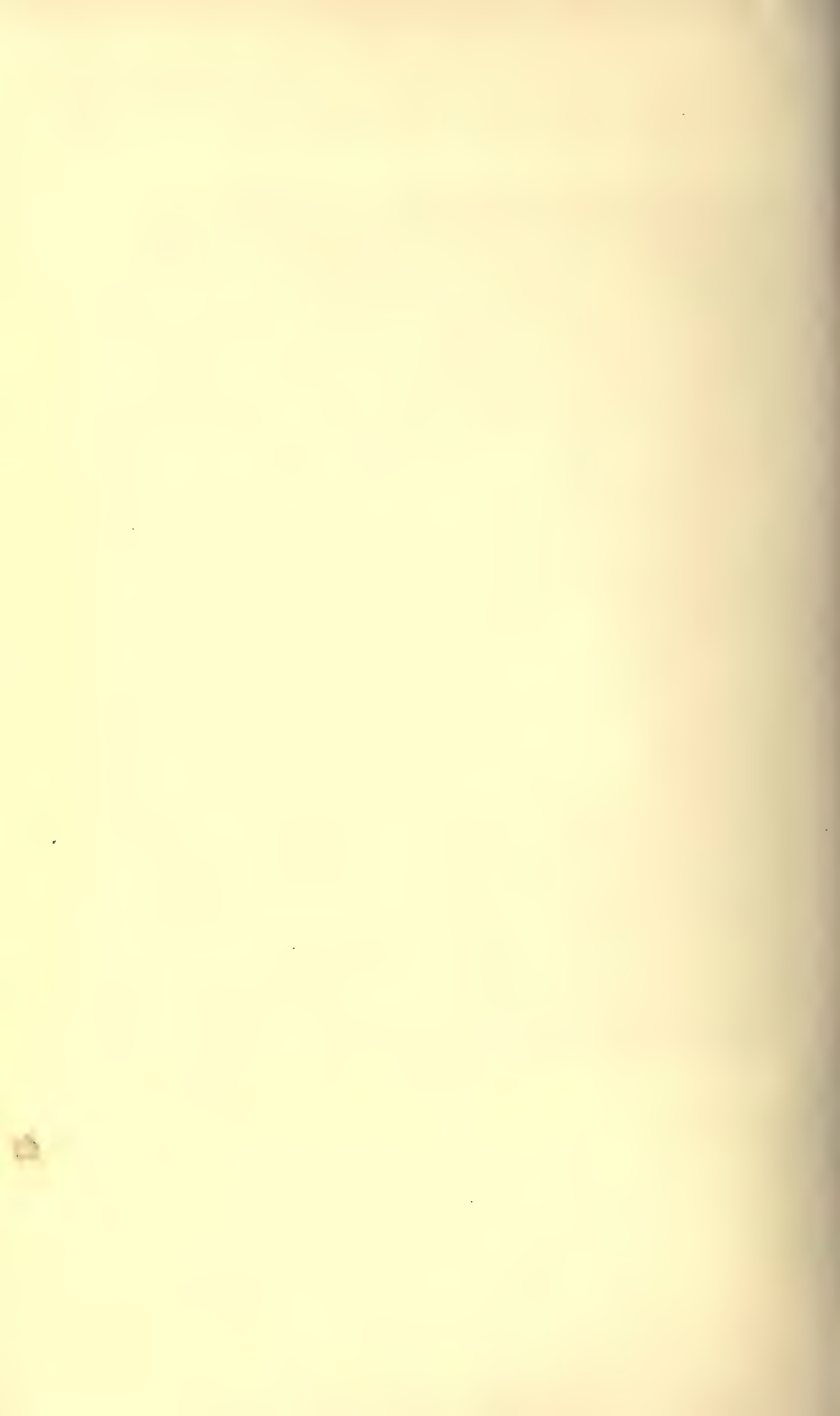
I stayed at an Italian pension once at Milan to see what it was like, but found the food worse than it was in the hotel, though I got plenty of amusement for my





BEHIND THE SCENES

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trouble. The dinner-table was a long one, and there were many German and Servian artists staying there, most of them young and studying for the operatic stage, while there were also some more or less celebrated painters.

There was also an old English maiden lady who created some amusement by saying that she often went to La Scala, but did not approve of ballets. Some one asked her why, when she replied, "I hate to see my sex disgrace itself so in short skirts and tights; but I never look at the girls, only at the men dancers." Thereupon a young Servian girl laughed very heartily and said, "Those you looked at are girls dressed as men." At this remark I thought the old lady would have fainted, and it is said she never went to a ballet again at La Scala. However, notwithstanding her dislike to the costume of the *danseuse*, she was very fond of seeing good dancing, and one evening enlivened the company at the pension by showing them the step of an English barn dance.

I may, perhaps, mention here that some years later I met the above-mentioned young Servian girl with her mother in London, where she had come to continue her studies of singing under the celebrated Signor Vanuccini. They arrived in the season, but did not much care for

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the life, everything being so different from Italy and their own country, though the novelty at first pleased them. Hyde Park and the Row were all they really liked.

Signor Filippi, the father of the well-known actress in London, used constantly to dine at this pension, and was considered the best theatrical critic in Italy, always writing for "La Perseveranza"—his articles on music, the opera, and the drama being quite a pleasure for any one to read. He was much feared by all the great composers, as his opinion was thought to be the true verdict on an opera or ballet at La Scala, and no other man had so much weight with the singers, excepting, perhaps, Hanslick in Vienna, whom even Adelina Patti was afraid of at first. This pension overlooked the beautiful arcades, which are covered over, and possess some very good shops. It is very pleasant to walk there on a wet day, and the visitor is reminded of the Burlington Arcade, but this one is on a much larger scale, being three hundred and twenty yards long, and the roof (ninety-five feet high) is very much loftier; in fact, all the rooms in the pension were overlooked by the glass roof of the arcades, which are the finest in the world.



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La Scala was closed when I went to Milan on my first visit, as it usually is in the late spring and summer months, as also are most of the other theatres. I often walked in the Giardini Pubblici of an evening, and the scene was truly delightful, for the magnificent magnolias in full bloom spread a powerful perfume all round, and the fireflies flying in all directions reminded one of the lovely garden in Kandy called Peradeniya, which is supposed to be the original garden of Paradise.

On one visit to Milan I went afterward to Verona, where I saw the amphitheatre, which is said to be the finest of the Roman buildings that remain in a tolerably good condition. The size was enormous and, of course, open, reminding one a little of the Spanish arena for bull-fights, though the latter is very much smaller inside. Everything else at Verona, however, disappointed me, for the streets appeared dirty, and the cholera was very bad there at the time.

I made the acquaintance in later years of the Princess Gonzaga, who was the wife of the reigning Prince, and they had their palace at Mantua. She was quite young, spoke our language beautifully, and always read English books—novels for preference. The Princess told me when travelling in Italy to always take the train on a

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Friday and choose a first-class carriage, for under those circumstances one was sure to be alone or nearly so, as the Italians are very superstitious indeed, and rather inclined to economy when taking a journey.

I met her in after years at Milan with her mother, the Comtesse Mona Roncadelli, who was as charming as her daughter, and when in Vienna I often dined at their table. The Princess Gonzaga used to be invited to dine with the Empress of Austria, which was a very great honour, for Her Majesty only sat at her table with royalty, as a rule, at a dinner of ceremony at the "Hof Burg," and she was very particular whom she invited.

I was advised one year by Professor von Bamberger, of Vienna, to spend the winter at Florence, and stopped at different places on the Brenner Bahn. I was charmed with the magnificent country through which I passed *en route*, though at times it made one almost shudder to look out of the window of the train and see at what a height we were above the ravine, which was some hundreds of feet below, while sometimes we were on the edge of a precipice, and had to go slowly for fear of an accident; but the views were marvellous and quite worth the journey.

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I stopped one night at Botzen, went on to Verona, and from there travelled to Venice, where I remained at an hotel on the Grand Canal for some days. On the night of my arrival I stood by an open window talking to an English clergyman and his wife, watching the black gondolas gliding by, but I felt the morbid sensation that they were carrying off the dead. It must not, however, be imagined by those who have never been to Venice that one cannot walk at all there, for I went on foot to the square of San Marco, where I was charmed with the cathedral—like every one else. The lions by the arsenal looked very formidable in white marble and gold, and the pink colour of the cathedral was enhanced by the beautiful blue sky, but it would be folly to try to imitate Ruskin or Taine by describing the building. In the square of St. Marco there is an excellent café (the "Florian"), where delicious coffee can be drunk in the afternoon while listening to a good Italian military band. Some very doubtful Russian cigarettes are usually offered one by the waiter, and these a Russian count used to call "dynamite cigarettes" when he asked me to give him one.

I went in a gondola to see the church of St. Giovanni, which is built of brick, but is well worth seeing, and

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I afterwards visited the church of Sta. Maria Gloriosa, also built of brick, but at the same time one of the finest churches in Venice. On the Grand Canal I admired the various palaces, particularly the Pesaro and the Camerlenghi by the Rialto bridge, which I walked over, by the way, in the most prosy way possible. I mention this for some people who have never been to Venice imagine one goes in a gondola everywhere, or possibly flies over such obstacles as bridges.

The celebrated opera house La Fenice was closed at the time, so I could only see it from outside ; but the building appeared very imposing and well situated, with its façade and steps leading down to the water of the canal.

It is very delightful to hear voices singing at a distance on the water at Venice by night, especially by moonlight, when the canal sparkles with light in all directions and the moon throws a bluish-white reflection on the water, giving to it an appearance of crystal, while the lights on the black gondolas have a reddish appearance, as if they were very large rubies sparkling in the moonbeams. These dark craft have always a death-like appearance, notwithstanding the voices one hears in them, and though the visitor after a while becomes used



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to their appearance, one cannot help regretting the times of the Doges of Venice, when the gondolas were gorgeous in bright colours.

From Venice I went to Bologna, where I stayed at the Hôtel Suisse, and in the evening walked about the town, which seemed to me to be mostly built in the style of the cloisters at Eton, giving the place a rather sombre appearance. I was much struck with the leaning tower, and later in the same evening went to the Teatro Nazionale, where the opera "Fra Diavolo" was performed. The singers did not please me, and I thought of leaving before it was over, as midnight was approaching; but an Italian advised me to stop for the ballet, which I did, though it was nearly one o'clock before it began. The ballet given was "Excelsior," by Manzotti, with music by Marengo, and as I had seen the lovely performances given in Vienna at the Opera, which are on a far grander scale than any of those in England, at the Empire or Alhambra, I almost thought it was useless to remain. However, I did, and had one of those agreeable surprises in life which come at times when least expected.

"Excelsior" as danced at Bologna was quite beyond anything I had imagined, for the beauty of the colours

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worn by the different *danseuses*, the quickness of their movements, the marvellous precision and way they all, without any exception, danced on their points (not, as in England, on the half-point), and the number of performers (for two hundred and fifty were constantly on the stage at once), gave a splendour to the *tout ensemble* I could hardly have realized if I had not seen it. Then the *prima ballerina assoluta*, Maria Giuri, a fair young girl of seventeen, from Trieste, appeared in the midst of the *corps de ballet*, dressed in white gauze, with the short skirts worn in Italy, and danced a "variation" alone. At times her feet seemed hardly to touch the ground, for she danced on her extreme points, and appeared to fly through the air like a feather, performing the most fantastical and difficult steps, while her pirouettes and *ronds de jambe* excited the utmost enthusiasm, as she constantly made from thirty to thirty-five without resting on the other foot. I had never seen such beautiful dancing before, and could not take my eyes off her, for she seemed to be some fantastical apparition from another world, and made me forget everything but her marvellous dancing. I met Maria Giuri a year afterwards at Mme. Beretta's school for pupils of La Scala, when she told me that she was going to create "L'Amour,"



MDLLE. MARIA GIURI OF "LA SCALA"

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the new ballet of Manzotti and Marengo, at La Scala in Milan.

Mme. Beretta, who was an old lady, told me afterwards that she herself had danced in London at Her Majesty's with Taglioni, Cerito, and Fanny Elssler; but that none of them could dance like Giuri, who performed certain steps which Taglioni never dreamt of, while she was quite as graceful, if not more so. Giuri was decorated by the Emperors of Austria, Germany, and Russia on the same day for dancing before them at a special performance in Poland, and she showed me the decorations, which were all in brilliants and very beautiful.

Some years ago I wrote a criticism in the "Saturday Review" on Adèle Sozo's dancing at the Empire, whose style was very fine indeed, but not equal to Giuri's. There are very few *amateurs de la danse* in England now, I am afraid, which is the reason why Taglioni, Cerito, and Fanny Elssler are still considered to be so much superior to our present-day performers; but this is quite an illusion, for there are *danseuses* still living who are far better indeed, only in those days people appreciated the ballet as it ought to be, while now they are more in favour of the English music-hall style.

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From Bologna I proceeded to Florence, where I stayed at the Hôtel de Russie, on the Place Manin, for the winter months, but cannot say that the city came up to my expectations. I was disappointed with the general appearance, for it looked more sombre than I had imagined, while the climate was disappointing, there being very little sunshine on many days during my visit. The river Arno was of a muddy colour, the houses were all grey in appearance from old age, and some of the palaces looked more like prisons with their tiny windows than anything else.

I visited the Pitti, whose picture gallery, it is said, is the finest in the world, and admired the paintings of Fra Angelico, Perugino, and especially those of Andrea del Sarto. But the picture which above all others in the Pitti Gallery excited my admiration was Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia." No one who has not seen the original can possibly conceive how beautiful the colouring of the golden auburn hair and how delightful the expression on the very lovely face are. All photographs and engravings of this picture give one but a very feeble idea of Raphael's most beautiful *chef-d'œuvre*. The marvelous statues in bronze of Benvenuto Cellini are also

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exquisite, one of the groups representing Perseus holding the head of Medusa in his hand always attracting my attention when I passed by.

I also visited the Uffizi Gallery, and was charmed with the paintings of Titian and Raphael, while the gigantic statue in marble by Michelangelo of David was also worth seeing; but his marble "Night and Morning" pleased me very much better. The expression on the faces of the man and woman was wonderfully beautiful, and one could look at the work for a long time without being in the least fatigued; indeed, the more the spectator gazes at it the more he is struck by its great beauty of conception and execution.

Of the palaces the most beautiful are the Palazzo, Vecchio, the Strozzi, and the Corsini. The Lung Arno, where the "Corso" of carriages takes place from afternoon till evening, was generally crowded in the winter and spring, when people drive out to the Cascine, which is the favourite promenade. The place is a kind of Bois de Boulogne, but not nearly so nice or half so pretty. I walked out there one day, and on my return was suddenly attacked by a kind of malarial fever, from which I suffered more or less all through the winter;

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but my English doctor thought I had caught it originally while in Venice.

There were several English people staying at the Hôtel de Russie, amongst them a lady who played the zither very well, her performance on it reminding me of the time I was in Austria. Of an afternoon it was the fashion to take one's coffee at the Café Giacosa, which was very elegantly fitted up, and situated in the Via Tornabuoni, the most fashionable street for shops in Florence. The charges were somewhat high, viz. one franc for each cup of coffee; but it was said to come from Mecca direct, and the cakes and pastry there were very good indeed.

I often went of an afternoon to the Boboli Gardens, which were very pleasant in the spring, and, as they are situated on the slope of a hill, the view from the top is exceedingly fine. I constantly witnessed a sunset from the summit, when the whole country around was plunged in the most delicate shades of violet, with a few clouds in the sky here and there, scattered about like roses, of a pale shade of red, the scene making me think of the glorious sunsets I had seen at Granada in Spain.

I once went to the Pergola Theatre, where I



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saw Mlle. Clementine de Vere in "Rigoletto," and was delighted with her fine voice. I saw her afterwards at Milan, where she had sung formerly at La Scala, and she now takes a leading part in the Moody-Manners company, at present touring in this country.

I knew a Russian lady at Florence, a sister of the Princess Baratoff, who, with her son, used to invite me sometimes to their apartment, when the Samovar was placed on the table, as is the Russian custom, and the lady told me she got her tea direct from St. Petersburg at a cost of thirty-five francs a pound; it is needless to say that the beverage, which was Overland China tea, was delicious.

My doctor informed me that Florence was about the same climate as Torquay in winter, if anything rather colder than the latter place, and, indeed, I found it so, especially at night. This may possibly have been owing to the fact that the hotel, which had formerly been an old palace, had stone floors, and the carpet did not prevent one from feeling the cold.

I left Florence for Milan in March, as I was heartily tired of the former place; but while there I had been to Fiesole and admired the drive, the villas, and their gardens. In the early spring the carnations, roses, and

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violets sold in the streets of Florence are beautiful ; and I also saw the carnival, but did not think very much of it. The cathedral is a fine-looking building, both outside and in, while the new façade is imposing and even gorgeous-looking in appearance.

I wanted to go from Florence to Rome ; but my doctor dissuaded me from doing so, as he said I was sure to get the fever there, so, as already remarked, I left for Milan instead, where I stayed at first at the Hôtel de France, then tried a pension in the Via Manzoni, kept by a German lady.

I went to La Scala to see the ballet "Brahma," by Dall' Argine, which I had witnessed many years before in Vienna, when Bertha Linda danced, and the performance at La Scala pleased me very much. The dancers were mostly pretty and young ; they all danced on their points, and there were about three hundred of them altogether. The *première danseuse* was Emma Besone, who performed very well indeed, though nothing like so well as Maria Giuri ; but the *corps de ballet* was even better than the one at Bologna, and there were several well-known dancers in it. This theatre is the second largest in Europe (San Carlo at Naples coming first), and it has, in my opinion,

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the best *corps de ballet* in Europe, certainly better than the one at the Opera in Vienna and at the Marie Theatre in St. Petersburg.

During one of the spring visits I made to Milan I went to Como, and took the "Vaporetto" on the lake, first of all going to Cadenabbia, with which place I was enchanted, the scenery and view from the terrace of the house I stayed at being delightful. The lake reminded me somewhat of Killarney, though the former was on a far grander scale, while the vegetation was more plentiful and pleasing to the eye. The climate also was much better even in the spring, and the sun was very powerful. The sky was of a beautiful golden blue, and the lake almost of the same shade, while the tiny silvery waves caught the eye from time to time as the "Vaporetto" moved onwards through the blue waters. Bellagio, in the distance, appeared like a small town built of the purest white Carrara marble on a tiny island, surrounded by blue water, with the sun shining down upon it.

On returning to Como I shortly afterwards left for Vienna, stopping at Botzen and various other places *en route*.

I studied orchestration of the celebrated Amilcare

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Ponchielli while at Milan, and whenever he came to the Hôtel de France one would have imagined a prince of the Royal Family had arrived by the way he was received. He was always addressed as Maestro, and I do not think that even Verdi was more popular at Milan. One day Ponchielli came and asked me whether I was going to assist at the "catastrophe" of his new opera, "Marion Delorme," which was to be performed for the first time that evening at La Scala. I told him that I would go, of course, and hoped it would be a great success. All the foremost singers in Italy were engaged, and I secured a stall for eighty francs, though it was not in the first row, those seats costing one hundred francs each. The boxes and, indeed, every seat in the house were taken long before the day of the performance, all the celebrated people of the nobility and fashion being present on that occasion. Everybody was in evening dress as if for a gala performance, and the ladies in the boxes were all *décolleté*, wearing magnificent jewellery, the rubies, emeralds, and diamonds on their necks glittering and sparkling, and almost equalling in their splendour the brilliant illuminations of the Opera House. There was loud applause when the composer appeared, and also after the prelude, which was splendidly played



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by the famous orchestra under Faccio, a well-known Italian composer.

Pantaleone took the part of the heroine and sang beautifully, acting her rôle, indeed, very well in this highly dramatic opera, which was taken from Victor Hugo's play. Tamagno, the celebrated tenor, sang the leading man's part as no other tenor could have done ; while Adèle Borghi was given the page's part, and had a charming song to sing. This last-named actress looked very handsome in her dress of light blue velvet braided with silver, and with her black hair arranged in curls, admirably showing off her beautiful face. Notwithstanding all these advantages, however, the opera met with a lukewarm reception, and was pronounced only a half-success. It was perhaps too ponderous, too heavy, too Wagnerian (if one may say so) to please Italy ; but it might suit England, as there are some charming songs in it.

Ponchielli received eighty thousand francs for " Marion Delorme " from Ricordi, the famous publisher in Milan ; but whether it was owing to this " catastrophe " or not I do not know, but Ponchielli, poor man, died very suddenly indeed. A statue has been erected to his memory at his birthplace, Bergamo, in Italy ;

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and Puccini, the composer of "La Bohème" and "Madama Butterfly," owes much to Ponchielli, who encouraged him to go on with his compositions, and first taught him orchestration at Milan.

I saw several operas at La Scala, and a very delightful ballet called "Gretchen," in which the *prima ballerina assoluta* was Adelina Legnani, who danced magnificently. One of the most charmingly original figures was at the end, when all the three hundred *danseuses*, dressed in white ballet skirts covered with violets, suddenly knelt down in the form of an immense cross. Then Adelina Legnani, dressed entirely in white, danced a *pas seul* in between the cross, while the limelight threw a violet reflection on the violets, giving a truly marvellous effect. I never saw anything more effective before or since, though I have seen some very wonderful ballets in Vienna, costing from £10,000 to £12,000 each to mount. I saw the ballet "Excelsior" many years ago at the Dal 'Verme Theatre at Milan during the spring, when Limido, a "star" of the first magnitude, electrified the house by the way she danced. She went afterwards to Vienna, where the critics were enthusiastic in their praises; but she died quite young in Paris at the age of twenty-six.

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One year I visited Gorizia in the winter, and was much pleased with the place—that is to say, with the vegetation and climate, for the town itself is very dull, there being so little amusement, except at the theatre. To English people who want a quiet, cheap place in the winter with a good climate—not, of course, equal to that of Nice or San Remo in its mildness—I can safely, however, recommend Gorizia.

Abbazia is, of course, the favourite place with Austrians, but is more agreeable in February and March, at which time of the year the hotels are crowded, and it is difficult to find rooms. It is a very lovely place, being situated on the Adriatic, but is rather empty during December and January, probably on account of the winds, though doctors in Vienna recommend patients to go there for the winter. It is very lively in the spring, and there is an excellent club (the Adriatic) for ladies and gentlemen, at which one can dine, and it is not difficult to obtain admittance. There are, besides, all kinds of fêtes and amusements, but Abbazia is more expensive than Gorizia, and much more fashionable.

Any one desirous of spending the winter where there are no winds could not do better than go to Sorrento,

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the air being full of perfume, and the mountains are all around. The place is, indeed, so well protected from the winds that the mother of the Tzar Alexander III was recommended to go there as the most sheltered place in the world.

Naples, of course, is much more animated for any one desirous of enjoying pleasure and life, and the opera house San Carlo (already mentioned) possesses some not at all bad singers, even if they are not of the first class, while the ballet is renowned, though in my opinion not nearly so good as at Milan. It is not a place to stay at, however, for any one subject to fever; and in the old part of the town the streets are uncommonly bad and gloomy-looking, though in the newer portion the houses are very fine and high.

The town, which is said to be the most densely populated in Europe, is built at the base and on the slope of a range of volcanic hills, and rises from the shore like an amphitheatre—the town, some people say, being seen at its best from the water. The cathedral is worth seeing, and is one of the most important in Italy, while Naples is the second seaport of the country. The sea is glorious, particularly at sunset, when it glitters in gold, sapphire, and purple colours, while the rock of the



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Island of Capri appears to mount from the water rosy coloured, but veiled by a long shadow ; and the snow shines like silver on the peak of the mountain St. Angelo, attached, as it were, to the violet-blue and rosy-golden peaks of the mountains, which appear almost like waves of the sea. At the time of my visit the sky shone in amethystine-blue tints, and the place was then marvelously quiet, the silence being only interrupted by the volcano, which hurled its glowing lava upwards, to crumble in the air like an enormous firework, and then all became quiet again.

## CHAPTER XIII

BELGIUM—THE THEATRE DE LA MONNAIE—MADAME FRIEDBERG'S DANCING — SHOW PLACES AT BRUSSELS—BARON AND BARONESS TANTEIGNIES — KING LEOPOLD II—SIR RICHARD PULESTON'S COAT OF ARMS—OSTEND AND SPA

AS a child I can remember staying with my parents in Brussels in a rather large house on the Boulevard de Waterloo. We remained during the winter. The Boulevard de Waterloo is the widest boulevard in Brussels ; it is one hundred metres in width, and the house we lived in looked out on to a fine avenue of trees.

One evening my parents took me to the Monnaie Theatre ; we had a box, and as it was a gala performance every one in the boxes and stalls wore evening dress. Carlotta Patti, who was a sister of Adelina Patti, sang that evening, but she met with no success, and the audience showed its displeasure by abstaining from applauding her. A ballet in one act took place after-

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wards in which Friedberg, a Russian, danced almost alone. She made her appearance on the stage dancing on her points and holding a gold mirror in her hand. She wore a black dress of a very thin material covered with flounces of black lace and adorned with glittering gold tinsel, the skirt barely reaching to her knees. Friedberg danced on her points in the most marvellous manner ; her *entrechats*, *battements*, *pirouettes*, *ronds de jambe*, *pas de souris* excited the admiration of every one, and brought the house down.

Friedberg was a blonde, a very pretty Russian *danseuse* with a beautiful slender figure. She afterwards became a viscountess by her marriage with a rich Belgian viscount. According to the lately deceased great critic, Hofrath Hanslick, of the "Neue Freie Presse" in Vienna, Friedberg was one of the greatest dancers the world has ever seen ; she was famous for her graceful "attitudes" and "arabesques." Friedberg entirely saved the evening's performance at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, and it was one at which all the elegant world in Brussels was present. The boxes were full and the ladies were *en grande toilette*, which is quite unusual for Brussels, where the people rarely dress for the opera except on grand occasions.

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The Théâtre de la Monnaie is a small but fine opera house, and the boxes and stalls look nice. The building itself, however, cannot compare with the opera houses in Paris and Vienna. I have been to the Monnaie in recent years and seen "Mignon," by Ambroise Thomas, very well given. It was followed by a ballet by the celebrated modern Belgian composer Blochx, which was fairly well danced. The *corps de ballet* was good but small in number, and the *première danseuse* was by no means first-rate.

Brussels is a charming town, and, as many people have often said to me, it is a small Paris in its general appearance and the life it offers one. I always stop at the Hôtel de Flandre on the Place Royale, which is owned by the same proprietor as the Hôtel Bellevue, and I can speak most highly of the former hotel as regards the comfort of the rooms and the cuisine, which is quite excellent; one could not wish for anything better. The manager is obliging and goes out of his way to show one attention. I happened to be in rather delicate health on one occasion that I was there, so I can speak from personal experience.

Brussels is built on two hills, and is in the form of an amphitheatre. The principal street is the Mon-





THE BALLETS: IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

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tayne de la Cour, and it has very elegant shops. It leads into the Place Royale, a very fine square, having in its centre a beautiful statue of Godefroid de Bouillon on horseback, executed by the Belgian sculptor Simonis. The church of St. Jacques sur Candenberg with its six Doric columns is a fine imposing building in the square. The Place du Musée at an angle with the Place Royale is another smaller square built in the last century, and the statue in its centre is of Charles de Lorraine.

The royal museums of pictures, ancient and modern, situated in the Rue de la Régence and Place du Musée, are only separated from each other by the Royal Library. The ancient museum is situated on the right side of the Rue de la Régence facing the palace of the Comte de Flandre. The museum of ancient pictures is by far the more interesting of the two. The marble Doric columns of the Palais des Beaux Arts in the Rue de la Régence are very attractive. Two bronze groups adorn the wings of the building. Four busts placed over the doors and windows represent Van Eyck, Rubens, Jean de Bologna, and Van Ruysbroeck. The old museum cannot compare with the Paris Louvre, or with the galleries of Madrid, Munich, Dresden, or Vienna, but

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nevertheless it contains some pictures which are well worth seeing. The Flemish school is strongly represented, some of Jordaens' most brilliant pictures are to be seen, and Rubens' war pictures, portraits, and genre pictures, some of which are very fine. Snyders, Teniers are represented by a few of their very best pictures. The glory of the Brussels museum consists in its numerous fine collections of pictures of Gothic Flemish art.

The Royal Library is a large building which is near the Palais des Beaux Arts, and contains a collection of manuscripts of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, which is one of the richest in Europe; there are Prayer Books containing miniatures of Memling and Vanderweyden. The "Rotonde," now the entrance to the modern museum, and the *salon* in which the collection of prints is exhibited, is a portion of the palace built formerly by Charles de Lorraine. The Parc Léopold, near the Place Royale, is one of the finest public gardens one can see, with its large trees and artificial lakes. In the summer months concerts are held of an evening, and are always very well attended. The band plays out of doors and refreshments can be obtained during the performance.



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The orchestra which plays is that of the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

There are several theatres at Brussels besides the Monnaie—the Théâtre Royal du Parc, Théâtre des Galeries St. Hubert, Théâtre Molière, Théâtre de l'Alhambra, Théâtre du Vaudeville, Théâtre Hamand, Théâtre des Nouveautés, Nouveau Théâtre. Some very good companies come from Paris to perform at the Théâtre des Galeries St. Hubert, where opera *bouffe*, comedies, and farces are given. The Théâtre des Nouveautés is more of a music-hall, but it is very well worth going to, as some of the best artists from Paris are often there during the winter.

Le Pole Nord is a skating-place which is exceedingly well frequented; some of the most fashionable people go there to skate of an afternoon. The Pole Nord is covered over, and refreshments can be obtained there, while very comfortable seats are provided for the people looking on at the skating, and the place is heated. In summer the Pole Nord is a music-hall, and arranged as a kind of *jardin d'été*. In the Galeries St. Hubert, near the theatre, there is a brasserie, where an excellent *déjeuner à la fourchette* can be obtained at a very moderate price.

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Of the cafés to dine at, I tried the two best. One is very good and reasonable, the other more luxuriously fitted up, and the dinner served was, perhaps, more *recherché*, but the bill was thirty-five francs for two people and we drank only a bottle of La Rose claret. I asked the waiter to show me the bill of fare, and discovered that we might have had the same dinner with two extra dishes for five francs each; of course, the waiter was careful enough not to tell me beforehand.

During my first stay at Brussels with my parents, we knew several of the Belgian aristocracy, and among these families were two that were quite famous for their remarkable beauty—the family of the Baron de Tanteignies, consisting of the Baroness and her daughters, three young girls, and that of the Baron de Danitau, who had also three young daughters; the families were first cousins. The Baron de Tanteignies had an appointment at Court and was always with the King of the Belgians. His daughters were enthusiastic skaters, and as the winter was a rather severe one, they skated every day on the lake of the Bois de la Cambre, where I first learnt how to skate. One daughter of Baron de Tanteignies married an officer in the “Blues” Royal

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Horse Guards, and is now a famous rider with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, generally staying at Lady Lovelace's fine property in the Exmoor country.

There are some very pretty women and girls in Brussels, and they dress very stylishly. Their way of dressing their hair and the hats they wear are of the latest Paris fashion. I noticed this during a recent visit to Brussels. I came from Vienna, in which city they are much slower to adopt the latest style of Paris *coiffure* and hat.

The English colony at Brussels was a large one, when my parents were residing there, and among our friends were Sir Richard Puleston and his wife and daughters. Sir Richard Puleston constantly dined with the English minister, Lord Howard de Walden. At one of these dinners an Englishman who was present thought that he would take home to his wife a nice wing of a chicken. He carefully put it in his dress-coat tail-pocket when he thought no one was looking at him, but his neighbour at table, seeing the incident, said, "A wing of a chicken is nothing without bread sauce," and poured some bread sauce into the man's pocket, much to his disgust.

Sir Richard on leaving Brussels sold his horses and

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carriages to a Belgian, but on returning to Brussels he was much surprised to see the Belgian driving about in the carriages with Sir Richard's arms ; even the harness bore the arms. Sir Richard called on the Belgian and asked him the reason of this, to which the latter replied, "The fact of the matter is I have taken rather a fancy to your crest and arms!" "Oh, indeed," replied Sir Richard, "in that case you may certainly keep them." Sir Richard Puleston laughed heartily when he told us this story, adding, "The poor fellow seemed so afraid that I should deprive him of my crest and arms."

Brussels is exceedingly hot in the summer. I never suffered so from the heat as I did there once in July, but in the winter the climate is considered to be rather mild, compared with Vienna, and most towns in Germany excepting Wiesbaden and Baden Baden, where the winter is milder.

Ostend is a fashionable seaside resort ; there are very extensive sands. On my first visit the Queen and children of the King of the Belgians (Leopold II) used to drive on the sands in a little carriage with four cream-coloured ponies. I lived then with my parents at the Hôtel de Prusse in an apartment facing the sea, which



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had just been vacated by Prince Orloff, the Russian Ambassador. The Kursaal, in which very good concerts take place, is a fine building on the Digue, and various amusements, such as dances and fêtes, are given there. The Kursaal has been reconstructed in recent years, and is on a far grander scale than it formerly used to be. The pier, which originally was a very poor one, is now one of the finest on the Continent. Ostend is considered one of the healthiest places in the world, but in summer it is intensely hot at times, and there are no trees there. The only protection against the hot sun is on the Digue close to the sands. The Digue is a very fine promenade in which are several large hotels, but I can remember the time when there was only the Kursaal there. The King and Queen of Würtemberg were at Ostend during my first visit.

One day, a Sunday, a number of people were sitting on the Digue under the Kursaal. There were not sufficient chairs for everybody, but an Englishman, seeing two vacant chairs, at once took one of them. A gentleman went up to him saying that the chair was reserved, but the Englishman refused to give it up. Some one, however, speaking English informed him that the chair was reserved for the King of Würtemberg,

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whereupon the Englishman looked, and felt, I imagine, very foolish, and quickly disappeared from the scene.

One year the town of Ostend was to play a cricket match against that of Bruges, and I was asked to play for the former, but on the day of our intended visit to Bruges we received a telegram saying that on account of the cholera the authorities would not allow us to go to Bruges, so the match did not take place.

Ostend is generally much frequented late in the summer by Germans, Austrians, and Poles ; the Belgians and English come there earlier in the season. The races at Ostend used to be very good, but I have not been to them in recent years. Formerly most of the principal races were won by Englishmen with English horses. Ostend is a nice clean town with many good streets, but all the animation and gaiety takes place on the Digue and on the sands. The inhabitants themselves speak mostly Flemish, and a little French ; the latter language they talk with a peculiar accent, and they invariably say "septante" and "nonante." The upper class, of course, speaks French, but even rich tradespeople speak Flemish better than they do French. Flemish is more taught in the schools than French, especially in the schools for the working classes.

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The *Marché aux Herbes* is a rather interesting square in which vegetables and flowers are sold ; and the houses in the *Marché aux Herbes* are very good for a small town. The Belgian aristocracy in former years used to frequent Ostend in the summer, as the King usually went there.

Bruges struck me as being a very gloomy place when I went there many years ago. It is one of the towns which has most retained its appearance of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance. Bruges contains the best collection of paintings by Memling. For a description of its famous cathedral and church of *Nôtre Dame*, and church of *Ste. Catherine* with paintings of Memling, I can strongly recommend Rodenbach's celebrated novel "*Le Carillonneur de Bruges*," which describes Bruges and its churches better than any book I know of.

*Liège* is situated on the river *Meuse*, and the church of *St. Jacques* there is one of the finest churches in Belgium of the "style fleuri," end of fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that is to say, the interior of the church is in this style and it has no superior in Europe in this respect. The church of *St. Paul*, the cathedral, which is also a very fine church, is well worth visiting.

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In other ways the town of Liège did not attract me ; in fact, I got out of the train here through a mistake, and found I had twelve hours to wait for another train to Paris. I heard, too, that the smallpox was raging there, and not being able to pass the time agreeably at Liège by myself, I took the train, starting three hours sooner, for Brussels instead of for Paris. I could not hold out any longer in Liège. I have never been there since.

Spa is certainly a very lovely little place, charmingly situated, with delightful woods all round ; and there are trees in the grounds where the band of the Casino plays of an evening. Spa is situated in a valley with the hills of the Spalommont close by, so that in the hot summer months there is hardly any wind, and thus one feels the heat very much. The principal spring at Spa is the Pouhon ; it is good for anæmia, and is somewhat like the Franzensquelle at Franzensbad, since it contains iron also. Another spring, called Fontaine de la Sauvenière, is said to be effective against sterility, just as the Franzensquelle at Franzensbad is supposed to be.

There are some very pleasant rides through the woods up exceedingly high hills with ravines on



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one side; these would be dangerous were the ponies at Spa not very sure-footed and accustomed to the hilly districts and precipices quite close. I stayed at the Hôtel de Flandre at one time during my last sojourn at Spa, which was a good, nicely-situated hotel with a garden. The apartments at Spa have the disadvantage that one has usually to find one's own servants. Of an evening the grounds of the Casino are very animated. There is a restaurant there where one can dine very well, while listening to the orchestra playing out of doors in the avenue of beautiful large trees.

When last I was at Spa a very pretty girl, who was the admiration of everybody, served at the buffet of the restaurant, and once a Frenchman while I was having my dinner made her acquaintance, talking to her for some time. Afterwards he said to a friend of his as he walked away: "Ah! comme cette fille est une vraie illusion!" I thought to myself on hearing this remark—how many beautiful things in life are an illusion after all, though they may appear perfect for a time.

There is a very good liqueur made at Spa called the Elixir de Spa, which is often served at the hotels and

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restaurants. It is of a lovely green colour. The shops in Spa are fairly nice, and there are several which sell the famous "bois de Spa," in different kinds of boxes, brushes, looking-glasses, etc., all having the wood of which they are made hand painted in very vivid colours on a light-green foundation ; the effect is decidedly pretty.

The Casino rooms, where formerly the gambling took place, are very fine, but they are not to be compared with those of Homburg, Wiesbaden, or Baden Baden in appearance, either from the outside or the inside. I once entered the gambling rooms at Spa during the gambling days, and I had not been there five minutes before I had stolen from me a small gold Russian ten-rouble coin which was hanging from my chain. It was evidently cut with a sharp instrument from the tiny ring by which it was suspended. I discovered my loss only a few minutes after it had gone.

There are several girls' schools at Spa. I happened to know the schoolmistress of a *pensionnat de jeunes demoiselles*, where there were young English ladies chiefly. This schoolmistress had formerly been a governess in an English nobleman's family in London.

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Spa is very healthy, though it is decidedly warmer in summer than the Bohemian watering-places, and does not offer one as many amusements as the latter do, though it is a pleasant place to stay at for the summer months.

## CHAPTER XIV

### LHASA—THE TOWN AND PEOPLE—THE GRAND LAMA: HIS VIEWS ON LIFE AND TIME AND ETERNITY

LHASA, in Tibet, is at a height of 12,700 feet above the sea and is surrounded by hills. Near the town flows the river Kyichu (River of Delight). The many trees and white houses with flat roofs surrounded by turrets, and the temples with golden canopies, crowned by the palace of the Dalai Lama, give Lhasa a fantastic and rather imposing appearance. Lhasa means "God's ground." The city is very nearly circular in form, and the streets are wide and straight as in most Oriental towns. Lhasa is situated at less than three hundred miles from the Indian frontier, but some of the roads are very bad indeed. In summer the vegetation is prolific, but in winter the valley of Isang Po more resembles the hill stations in the Himalaya Mountains, though sometimes it is as cold as it is in North Siberia. The town of Lhasa, like others in Tibet, is built much more in the Chinese than in the Indian style.



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As to the population of Lhasa, it is said to be between 40,000 and 60,000 inhabitants.

When I was stationed at Murree in the Himalayas, I successfully effected with a brother officer an entrance into Kashmir without having a pass, and we had managed to keep secret our expedition, otherwise it might have had disastrous results to us. We determined to spend our next leave in the Tibet country. Having disguised ourselves like some of the inhabitants of the hills around Murree with a red turban and the complete attire of this warlike tribe, the Pathans, we entered Tibet, and arrived after many difficulties at Lhasa. My friend could speak the different dialects of the hill tribes of the Himalayas, so that we easily concealed our nationality. Not only was he a good linguist, but he was a famous sportsman, and had ventured into some parts of the mountains where no Englishman had dared to go before, and he had brought home more ibex horns as trophies than the other officers of the regiment had seen in their lives.

One peculiarity in Tibet we noticed was that the air was so rarefied that there were absolutely no flies in some mountainous parts of the country. At Lhasa we were much struck with the famous Potala, or Golden

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Temple. It is nine hundred feet in length, and its summit is higher than any English cathedral. It is situated on a height towards the northern part of the town, on the side opposite to which the river flows. This temple has the shape somewhat of a pyramid. It is one of the most marvellous buildings in the world, and can almost be said to vie in beauty of construction with that of the palaces at Agra and at Delhi. This palace is built in a series of terraces one above the other, and everywhere one sees written on the doors and stones the well-known prayer, "Om Mani Padme om." The palace, the central part of which is of a bright crimson with a golden roof, is built in nine stories, and in order to mount these, one has to go up staircases some of which are out of doors. They are zigzag and are very curiously arranged. The top part of the building has been employed from time immemorial as an observatory, and twenty astrologers study the stars and draw horoscopes. The Dalai Lama, in whom Buddha is said to be incarnate, lives in the central building on the second story, and it is very difficult to approach him. But on two occasions he presents himself to the public, reclining on a throne of a singular shape covered with cushions, in the large audience room. One, however, is forbidden



THE AUTHOR IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 60<sup>TH</sup> KING'S ROYAL RIFLES



THE AUTHOR AND LADY FRIENDS MENTIONED IN THE BOOK  
On left Princess ZU ISENBURG-BIRSTEIN, bride of Prince Victor Salvator,  
son of Imperial Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria

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to ask him a question, or to make any request to him. I had a great desire to have a special audience of the Dalai, as I had heard that Manning, a friend of Charles Lamb, had been granted one on several occasions. My brother officer, who, as I have already said, was an adept at Eastern languages, and knew that Eastern people are easily got over by bribery in some form or other, managed to obtain this honour for us.

On being conducted before the Grand Lama I was startled to notice that he was a young boy, of ten or twelve years old, of very striking beauty. He reminded me of a boy I had seen in the bazaar at Agra. I was with the Vicomte d'Assailly, a captain in the 10th Chasseurs à Cheval at that time, and he said that he had never seen such a beautiful face, for this particular boy had large black eyes, with long eyelashes, which were blackened with henné, and his cheeks were artistically painted, while his features had the regularity of a Greek statue. What struck me the most in regard to the Grand Lama was the exceptional beauty of his eyes, which had a deep penetrating look, almost something superhuman in them. I was all the more startled when the Dalai Lama addressed me in a language in German, in the dialect of Frank-

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fort-on-the-Main, that I had not heard since I was a child. I imagined that it was a boy friend of mine of my schooldays, Baron Vogelsang, who was before me.

The Grand Lama spoke to me of my past life, more particularly of when I was a boy at school, and then he said that what we call time does not exist, that it is an illusion like the idea of space. "What is a century, a year, a day?" said he. "You imagine that the earth requires one day to turn round on its axis? Take the Equator, divide it into twenty-four equal parts, build a house on each of these points. What will be the result? According to your ideas there will be an hour's difference in the time in each of these houses. Place these houses ten degrees further north now, they will be closer together, but there will be always one hour's difference between them. Now place them so near the Pole as to form a complete circle, the difference in time won't have changed. If it is twelve o'clock in one house, it will be one o'clock in that on the right and eleven in that on the left, and if these houses communicate together by doors you will be able to walk over a century in five minutes. You will also be able to see the centuries that have passed in going the opposite way.

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On the other hand, you will be able to stop the time and prolong it indefinitely in rushing into the next house at the moment when the hour is on the point of being over. It will be always twelve o'clock. At the Pole itself this exercise would be superfluous, for time does not exist there at all. As to what you call mathematics, they are quite as much an illusion as the idea of time. Mathematics are based on a supposition that the number one exists, which it does not really. What is your number one? Is it a stone, a tree, an animal? This stone, tree, or animal are not the same thing for any two people on the earth, because there are not two minds alike. Besides, the stone that you see to-day is not your stone of yesterday, for since yesterday your mind has changed, however little it may be. Mathematics are based therefore on something which has no tangible existence or one to be defined, and if you consider them closer you will find they are full of contradictions, of nonsense and of absurdities. No one is contented with his lot, everybody suffers," said the Dalai Lama, and then apparently guessing my thoughts at that moment, "You do not believe in the eternal, true doctrine of reincarnation—what can there be more evident, nevertheless? You imagine that your power-

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lessness to remember the former states of your existence is a proof of their impossibility? But can you remember the two first years of your actual life? Nevertheless, you lived even before that time. You have a sort of idea that you have always existed and you cannot imagine a single moment in which you won't exist any more. What is called death is only a transition, a part of our state in which we pass into another form of life. Some people hope to meet one day in another world all those whom they love. This forgetfulness of past lives is really a good thing for us. What would become of us if we remembered all these former existences, illusions, vain hopes, follies, crimes? Every one has enough cares, troubles, and delusions in each fresh incarnation not to be envious of his former troubles. The past is a dream, the present only is real, and the future is nearly an illusion. We are always discontented with our present condition, and we always hope for a happy future in an imaginary time to come. It is always to-morrow, in a week, in a year, that we shall be happy, but this happy moment never comes, and the desired object flies from us afar, like the bird of paradise in the legend, flying from tree to tree, enticing us on thus all our life like the tomb. . . . No, immortality doesn't



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exist in the sense of your religion. We shall not awake to find ourselves in some heavenly palace one day. Our future life will be as we have made it ourselves. Reincarnation is not a vain theory, but a solid reality. It is not the first time we were on earth ; if it were thus, death would suppress us at once for ever. What begins with time must end with time. If a certain event only had to happen once in time and space, all possible things would have happened long ago, for it is eternity which lies behind us. The world is not hidden behind a curtain, there is no doubt, no uncertainty. All this is evidence, truth, clearness."

The audience was at an end. My friend asked me what I thought of what I had just heard from the Dalai Lama. I answered: "Mein Lieber wenn wir Gott nicht mehr begreifen und wo die Wissenschaft aufhört da fängt erst der fromme Glaube an."



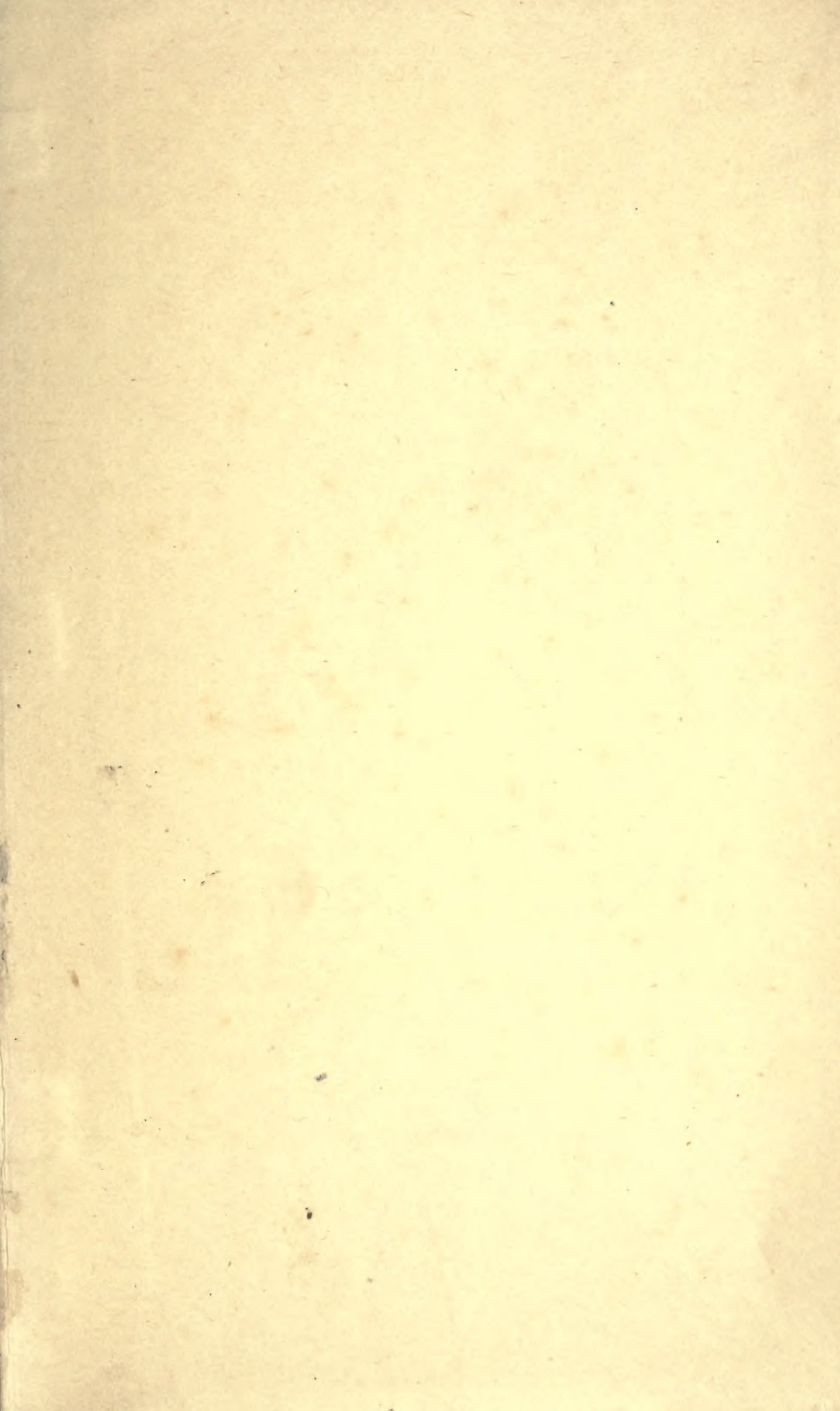
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