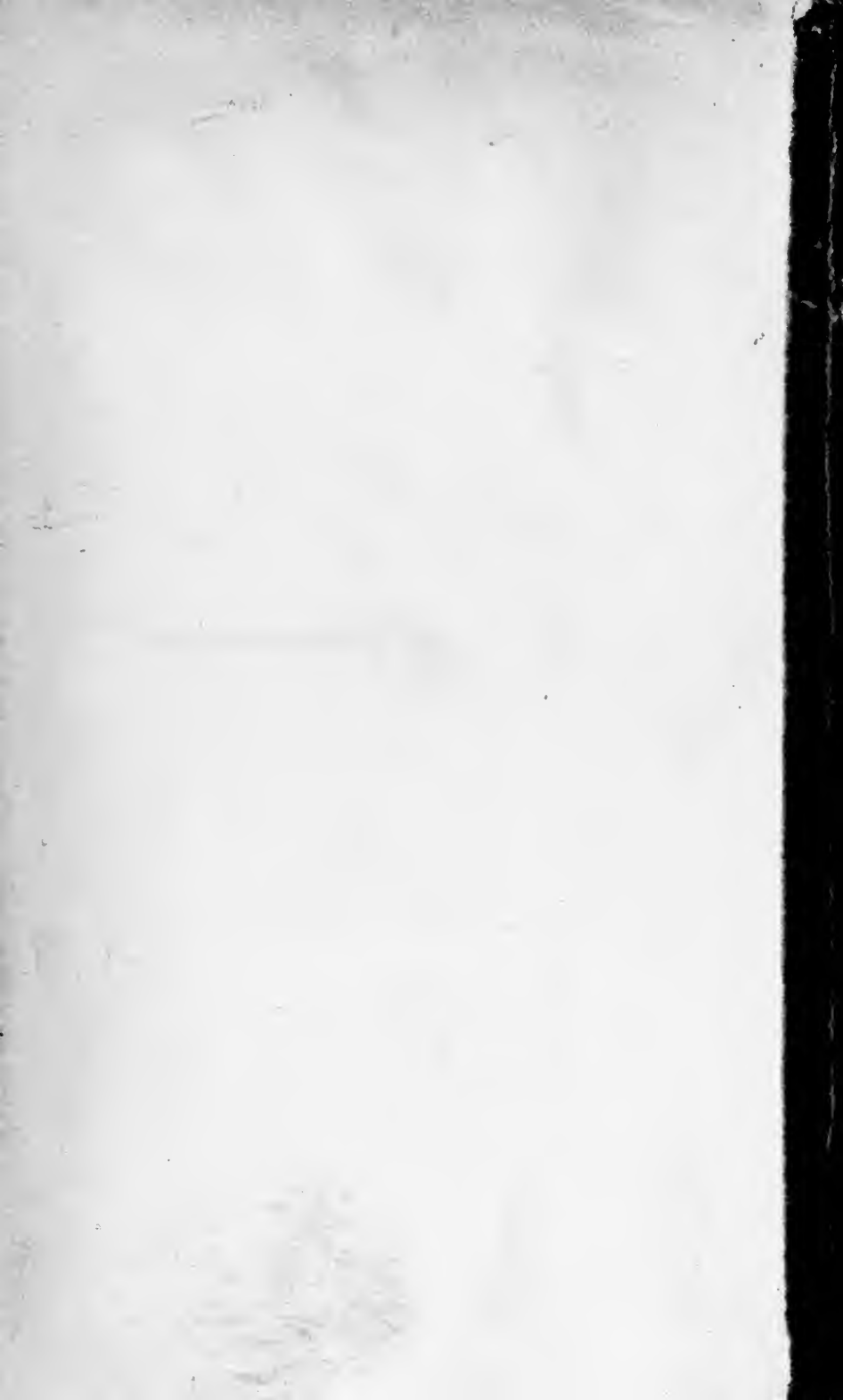






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# A WANDERER'S NOTES

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# A WANDERER'S NOTES

BY

W. BEATTY-KINGSTON

COMMANDER OF THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF THE MEDJIDIEH AND OF THE ROYAL ORDERS  
OF THE REDEEMER, STAR OF ROUMANIA, CROWN OF ROUMANIA AND TAKOVA  
OF SERBIA : KNIGHT OF THE IMPERIAL ORDER OF FRANCIS JOSEPH  
AND OF THE I.R. AUSTRIAN ORDER OF MERIT OF THE  
FIRST CLASS WITH THE CROWN, ETC., ETC.

AUTHOR OF "WILLIAM I., GERMAN EMPEROR," "THE BATTLE OF BERLIN,"  
"MUSIC AND MANNERS," "MONARCHS I HAVE MET," ETC., ETC.

*IN TWO VOLUMES*

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A WANDERER'S NOTES





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## CHAPTER I.

A JEWISH APPEAL—PERSECUTION OF THE ISRAELITES IN ROUMANIA—  
A MISSION OF INQUIRY—ROUMANIA IN 1875—A DECADE OF PRO-  
GRESS—SUMMER LIFE IN BUCHAREST—MINSTRELSY IN THE SMALL  
HOURS—THE GOVERNMENT AND THE JEWS—TURKEY AND ROU-  
MANIA—A HISTORICAL RETROSPECT—THE “CAPITULATIONS.”

EARLY in the month of June, 1874, one Samuel Bergmann and five other “representatives of the Jewish community” of Bakau, an important provincial town in Moldavia, addressed a letter to Sir Francis A. Goldsmid, setting forth the heavy losses caused to their co-religionaries by the oppressive effect of the so-called “Liquor Law,” passed by the Roumanian Chambers during the previous winter, and enforced with extreme rigour by Prince Charles’s Government, then presided over by M. Lascar Catargi. This letter, accusing the Roumanian authorities of sanctioning a systematic and cruel persecution of his Highness’s Israelitish subjects, was transmitted by its recipient to the Editor of *The Daily Telegraph*, and obtained publicity in the columns of that journal. The question of Jewish persecution, in connection with the Danubian Principalities, was one to

which the attention of the British public had been repeatedly called by the leading organs of the metropolitan press, but it had theretofore never been submitted to the personal investigation of any fully accredited and qualified journalist, acting as the special and recognized envoy of a great London newspaper. The proprietors of *The Daily Telegraph*, being of opinion that such an investigation was eminently desirable, paid me the high compliment of selecting me from among the members of their staff to carry it out. They were aware that I was well acquainted with the Principalities, tolerably familiar with the Roumanian tongue, and personally known to the statesmen then in power at Bucharest. These considerations induced them to remove me for some months from Berlin, where I was then residing as their representative, and to grant me a roving commission, having for its purpose the institution of a careful and minute inquiry into the alleged grievances of the Moldavian Jews.

I was instructed to travel to the capital of Roumania ; to place myself in personal communication with the President of the Cabinet, and with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Boeresco ; to solicit from them such official introductions to the chief provincial functionaries of the State as would enable me to obtain every procurable facility for the discharge of my mission ; and, thus accredited, to visit in succession every Moldavian town and district largely populated by Jews. My employers furthermore directed me to seek interviews with the most respectable and trustworthy members of the Israelitish communities inhabiting such towns and dis-

tricts ; to receive and, if possible, test the value of their statements respecting the oppressive acts of which they were believed to be the victims ; to take similar steps with regard to the local Government officials and leading Boyars ; and, finally, to report fully to *The Daily Telegraph* upon the information thus collected, frankly expressing my own views thereanent, according to the best of my judgment.

In obedience to the foregoing instructions I left Berlin on July 1st, 1874, by the Nether Silesian line of railway, bound for Bucharest, and fully resolved to perform my appointed journey of 1700 miles *tout d'un trait*, without break or delay. In railway trips, however, man proposes and accident disposes, as I found to my cost ; for less than twenty miles from Berlin my progress was disagreeably arrested by a highly complicated collision, in which three trains—one of them that in which I was too confidently slumbering—took part. This mishap caused me to miss all the “correspondences” of the different railway systems concerned in my “through” journey, which suffered vexatious solutions of continuity at Myslowitz, Oszwiecim, and Suczava, three of the dismallest little townships in Europe. Near the last-named repository of dirt and headquarters of squalor, however, I at length crossed the Roumanian frontier, and soon had reason to admire the transformation wrought in the aspect of men and things Dacian during the ten years of Hohenzollern rule that had elapsed since my last previous visit to Moldavia. Every object that met my sight, except the face of the country itself, had suffered a manifest change for the better. Mud

and thatch had been replaced by brick and tile; the peasants were decently clothed instead of being picturesquely draped in sordid rags; even the gipsies—the grown-up ones, at least—were considerably less naked than they had been in the “good old days” *sub Consule Cusá*. My seventeen hours’ run from the Bukovina boundary to Bucharest teemed with surprises, for the most part of a highly gratifying character.

That States, as well as men, live faster nowadays, and crowd their lives with more actual achievements and adventures than they did in the “good old times,” is so patent a fact that to state it is to lay one’s self open to the charge of platitudinarianism; but we take progress so much as a matter of course, that we scarcely realize the magnitude of the wonders that have come to pass around us in these latter days. Let any man who had made acquaintance in the year 1865 with the debatable Dacian lands that lie on the very frontier of modern civilization, and who had lost sight of them during a decade, have returned thither ten years later, as I did; and, supposing that he had retained a tolerably accurate recollection of his former experiences in the Principalities, I will engage to say that, however *blasé* and impervious to unexpected impressions he might be, the changes that had taken place during his absence could not fail to inspire him with feelings of very hearty astonishment and admiration.

When I first visited Roumania, just a year before the base betrayal of John Alexander Cusa by men who owed him everything, travelling in the Principalities was an enterprise of infinite difficulty and of no little danger.

Whether you entered them by land or water, so soon as you passed the Austrian frontier, or landed from the Austrian boat, you experienced the sensation of having quitted the modern world, and of being under some strange spell that had turned the hand of Time's clock several centuries backwards, and transported you, with your nineteenth-century clothes, luggage, requirements, and tastes, into a land of the Middle Ages, with every characteristic of which you were at once painfully and ludicrously out of keeping. I shall never forget the utter hopelessness that took possession of me as soon as I had become thoroughly penetrated by the conviction of my utter unsuitability to a country the manners, costumes, and customs of which, classed chronologically, ranged between about 200 B.C. and the fourteenth century of our era. I contemplated as in a dream peasants whose absolute counterparts I had frequently gazed on in the Piazza Colonna, where Trajan's Column stands an imperishable record of Roman victories. I beheld agricultural implements in use which would have been deemed old-fashioned by P. V. Maro, the elegant agricultural essayist who would have been so extremely astounded at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, could he have dropped in upon the "Annexe" in which Ransome, Sims, and Head's straw-burner, thrasher, and reversible ploughs were exposed to view. I looked in vain for roads; there were none, or next to none. In a country as large as the Prussia of Frederick William the Fourth there were actually only thirty miles of metalled way. Were you compelled to travel from one town to another, you hired the strongest trap you could discover,

from four to eight post-horses, and took the country as it came, water-jumps and all. Luckily there were no hedges; but, *en revanche*, the face of the land was seamed by so-called fords, the traversing of which, during the wet and winter seasons, was an achievement that you could never in the least reckon upon until it was over and done with. I have seen twenty powerful bullocks hitched on to a light carriage—in the nature of a Victoria—vainly struggling under the most truculent punishment to drag it out of a “stodge” at such a ford; and whole convoys of springless transport carts and peasants’ waggons altogether abandoned by their owners in the middle of what purported on the map to be a river—it being impossible, *faute de fond*, to dig them out even when unloaded. Except in three or four of the very largest towns, there was no accommodation for the foreign traveller at all; and in those the few inns were of a quite indescribable sort. If you stopped in them, it was not to eat, but to be eaten. The native Boyards, when on a journey *dans le pays*, stayed at one another’s houses—the peasantry slept in or under its waggons, according to the time of year. As for the *krisme*, or dram-shops of the villages, which resembled and excelled the very worst *posadas* of Spanish hamlets, it was hopeless to look for sleeping-room in them. They were all kept by Jews; and the Jews would not take you in—at least not in that way. Your only chance was to “draw” the Starost, or headman of the village, who would generally allot you a shelf let into the clay wall of his family’s common bedroom, dining-room, kitchen, stable, and private chapel; where you slept,

or did not sleep, with the Starost and his relatives of both sexes, house and farm-servants, ditto ditto poultry, pigs, and domestic insects, besides half-a-dozen or so of rampagious dogs thirsting for your foreign blood, and dead sure to have it, too, if you were unlucky enough to roll off your shelf in the throes of one of the "alarums and excursions" performed by jumpers and crawlers upon your hapless carcase all throughout the night. Morning ablutions were transacted with exquisite simplicity, the whole apparatus proffered for your accommodation being a tumbler-ful of water. There was not a yard of municipal paving in either Principality.

Bucharest, an enormous straggling town, although then owning about 90,000 inhabitants, and covering as much ground as Paris, was as free from pavement as a Russian steppe or a South Sea island. Its streets were Saharas in summer, Sloughs of Despond in spring (and, indeed, whenever it rained), and only practicable for the shod pedestrian in the long severe winters, when they were frozen to a Siberian hardness. The Podo Mogoschoi, Bucharest's principal street, was at that time scarcely wider than Chancery-lane; but I have frequently been compelled to take a cab in order to cross it. To sum up the condition of Roumania when I first made its acquaintance in a few words, the people were all but savages (savages, I admit, of the mildest and most biddable description, but as essentially primitive as people could be who wore clothes); governed how they knew not nor cared; living on the wretchedest of fare in the most miserable of manners; owned and traded upon by a caste of idle, uneducated, and dissolute

squires, for the most part seemingly devoid of patriotism, enterprise, and even common honesty. Foreign capital was kept out of the country by reason of the experience made by a few sanguine English, French, and German men of business, who had endeavoured to "develop" the great natural resources of the land, and had been horribly fleeced in the process. At the time that Prince Cusa abdicated, under circumstances over which he had no control, and which were quite as disgraceful to those who took part in them as had been the administration of the realm during his reign, the Moldo-Wallachians of United Roumania had attained a depth of physical degeneration and moral degradation from which it was difficult to believe that they would ever extricate themselves. Over-taxed, under-waged, with scarcely any interior means of transport for the alimentary products with which their soil was teeming; *exploités* by the Boyards, squeezed hard by the priests, and wrung out completely dry by the Jews, who were absolute masters of the Roumanian peasantry, body and soul, nothing more melancholy or hopeless could be conceived than the lot and prospects of the people inhabiting the Danubian Principalities. It seemed as if it would be a mercy—perhaps their only means of salvation from gradual and rapid extinction—that they should be annexed by Austria (it being out of the question that any amelioration of their condition should result to them from their connection with Turkey), and should be vouchsafed the opportunity of sacrificing their visions of independence and national development—of receiving from foreign wealth and intelligence those "means to



the end" which they had neither the capacity nor energy to create for themselves. They wanted well-nigh everything. There were a few large fortunes amongst the Boyards—but very little education, and less probity. Official corruption was a prevalent malady in Roumania. Social immorality had attained its apogee, not only amongst the higher classes, but throughout all strata of the "formation." Divorce was as common as the open disregard of the marriage tie. Nine-tenths of the population did not know how to read and write. The army was officered in a manner which defies description, and is much better forgotten than recalled. Like the Ireland of fifty years ago, Roumania suffered from the curse of absenteeism. The money wrung from the soil by the peasant's labour was chiefly spent out of the country. Paris, Vienna, Milan, Rome, and all the European hells, during the gambling season, were the favourite residences and resorts of the Roumanian Boyards, whose agents squeezed the tiller of the soil to within an inch of his life, enriching themselves by that process as well as supplying his Domnul or Lord with the means of living *en grand seigneur* abroad. Such, considerably understated, however, was the state of Roumania when I first visited and sojourned in that country.

There was about as much resemblance between the Roumania of 1864 and the Roumania of 1874 as there is between a sedan-chair and a locomotive. In the latter year the whole country had already been opened up to trade and enterprise by good roads, communal, vicinal, and highway. Of the last class nearly two thousand

miles were completed and open to public traffic, against *thirty* in 1864. Excellent railways traversed the most productive districts, and connected the provincial centres of commerce. Much had been talked and written about the Roumanian railways which may have prejudiced many people against them. They were, as far as my experience of them went, excellently laid; the trains travelled somewhat slowly, but very smoothly and pleasantly; the first-class carriages were infinitely superior, as regards sleeping accommodation, to those of either Austria or Germany. The most laudable punctuality was observed. During a journey of eighteen hours, the train in which I travelled was never more than two minutes out, either in arriving or quitting a station, too soon or too late.

In Bucharest itself, the innovations and improvements fell scarcely short of the marvellous. I do not know how long the Podo Mogoschoi is, for I never could get to the end of it, but it was then paved for many miles with well-laid granite blocks, over which the *birjas* rolled with the most delightful ease and swiftness. Several other important streets, one of which was a brand-new boulevard, adorned by a colossal new Grand Hôtel quite on a Parisian or a Viennese scale, were paved in this agreeable manner. There was another excellent hostelry (also called the Grand Hôtel, and kept by the former manager of the Archduke Charles in Vienna, a *hôtelier* of worldwide renown) at which I stayed—one possessing a capital chef, civil and intelligent waiters of the polyglottian variety, and the most charming dining-room imaginable—a cool, bright, picturesque pavilion in a gay green

garden. Living at these new hotels was very dear, but not more so than it used to be at Hugues' or the Concordia, where they used to charge you twelve francs a day for a room ten feet by six, containing a bed of 5ft. 10in. by 1ft. 8in., and sixteen shillings a bottle for champagne. In those hostelries, *tempore* Cusa, everything was bad and dear; in these of Prince Carl's time, everything was good and dear—that was all the difference.

What a startling novelty, moreover, it was to an old habitué of the Principalities, to find established in Bucharest, solidly and enduringly, a Government three years old—a Government that seemed to enjoy the esteem of all classes and the respect of even its political adversaries—to be animated by Liberal principles, and to concern itself in earnest with the interests of the country. The Catargi-Boerescu Ministry was one to which the settlement of various difficult questions could be hopefully entrusted. It was composed of men of good character, a circumstance supremely important in a country where looseness of morality was rather the rule than the exception. Two or three of its members were, moreover, persons of unusual ability, who would have made a mark anywhere. The Cabinet in question was essentially “national”—by which I would be understood to mean that it favoured the popular aspirations towards the achievement of Roumanian independence, as, indeed, did the Prince himself, although neither Prince nor Ministry was prepared to commit the least imprudence or to violate the least engagement in order to further the realization of the people's wish. With

regard to the Prince, I cannot reproduce the sentiments generally entertained towards him in the land of his adoption in apter words than those pronounced to me on the 7th July, 1874, by a leading member of the Government, M. Lascar Catargi. "The Prince," said his Excellency, "is a better Roumanian than most of us. He has dismissed from his mind all other sympathies, all other associations. He lives only to serve his adopted country, and has given himself to us without the least reservation. We none of us know as much about the country, its qualities, properties, resources, susceptibilities, and capabilities, as he does. He examines into everything himself; he works harder than any of his subjects. What he has done for the army is beyond all praise. He brought us order, calmness, the possibility of putting constitutional principles of government into practice. Even those whose pretensions to the Hospodariat have been shelved for an indefinite period of time by his steady mastery over the obstacles thrust in his way, have, for the most part, been won over by his amiability, or fairly cowed by his straightforward honesty."

That was the official view of the Prince, who was really a very amiable and well-meaning young gentleman, and had made a considerable impression on the shifty, impulsive, Oriental-minded Boyars, by his strict Prussian uprightness, quiet, unemotional bearing, and steady adherence to the principles of order and discipline. Such a Hospodar must have, at first, aroused the passion of astonishment in the Boyar breast to no ordinary height; and I can well imagine that it may have been precisely the negatively good qualities of his

Highness, rather than those of a more positive nature, that may have irritated "society" against him, as seeming to cast a reflection upon the very different characteristics for which that society had long been notorious. However, all hostility rapidly subsided, and a few years after his election to the Hospodariat he enjoyed a substantial, comfortable popularity, presenting all the symptoms of durability.

My mission of inquiry into the grievances of Prince Carol's Jewish subjects had taken me to Bucharest at high summertime—a season of the year during which the Roumanian capital is sedulously avoided by foreigners, as well as by the wealthier members of the Dacian aristocracy. The "City of Pleasure" is surrounded by vast marshy plains, veritable repositories of fever-germs, and is no less dangerous a place of sojourn, from May to September, than Rome itself. In spite, however, of the excessive heat and of the miasmatic vapours extracted from Wallachian swamps by the blazing sun, I contrived to pass several weeks, very agreeably and in perfect health, on the banks of Dumbovitsa during one of the hottest summers on record—that of 1874. Throughout July and August the temperature was absolutely tropical; but strict adherence to the daily and nightly programme of existence prescribed to me by my Roumanian friends guarded me against the perils of sunstroke and fever, and enabled me to get through my time pleasantly enough. We lived the most upside-down sort of life, according to English notions, that could possibly be imagined. Night was our day, and *vice versa*. Not that we stood on staircases, and

squeezed ourselves into garishly-lighted rooms, under the hollow pretence of social pleasure, as all respectable English people did about that time of the year in what I will take leave to describe, in parliamentary phraseology, as "another place." No; but we shut up our double windows, let down our green jalousies, and reduced our clothing to *le stricte nécessaire* immediately after breakfast—say, about one p.m.—kept perfectly still, in a recumbent position, till seven; tubbed, dressed, dined at eight upon stuffed egg-plant, pilaf, cucumber salad, and melon, and took our park exercise between ten p.m. and three a.m., when we supped in a green arbour to the plaintive strains of the bull-frog, and drove back to town in the ambrosial morning air.

There was a strange melancholy about these *nuits blanches* that one passed in the wild plains round Bucharest, under such a sky full of stars as I have never seen spread out over dear, green old England. You were no sooner clear of the town, and had exchanged brilliant gas for dim petroleum, than the civilized prose into which the Roumans were so earnestly engaged in converting the barbaric poetry of their national life vanished with almost startling suddenness. A seemingly endless plain, its level unbroken, save by a few darksome thickets, stretched away to the horizon on every side. The tramp of your horses and the rumbling of your carriage-wheels were all but inaudible, for you had left the *chaussée*, and were rolling rapidly over the deep soft dust that constitutes the summer surface of the Wallachian steppes. Faint, sad sounds of minor music seemed to be floating in the air—long-drawn fiddle

tones, and plaintive guitar tinklings, with every now and then a hollow, mysterious note breathed through a disembowelled reed. You stopped your Lipovan and listened—the sounds were all around you, mingled inextricably in sweet discordance. Standing up in your carriage, and gazing round you with an odd sort of feeling that your name was Publius C. Lentulus, Pro-Consul, and a nervous expectation of fauns and wood-nymphs ready to emerge, phantom-like, out of that azure darkness and to flash past you with a rustle of leaf-garlands and unbound tresses, you espied, afar off, the twinkle of some yellow, flickering lights. Pointing with your stick towards them, you ejaculated the shibboleth “Heidé”; and with a crack of his whip like a pistol-shot, and a long, high cry that seemed to drive the horses wild, Petracchi dashed off, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, towards “the distant Aidenn.” As you rushed along, a huge, undulating cloud of dust rose in your tracks and rolled slowly after you, seemingly suspended in the still air, and faintly luminous.

Presently, skirting a long, straggling hedge, you were pulled up sharp at a wooden, petroleum-lighted arch, flanked by clumps of *lauriers-roses*, and the tender tinklings became rhythmical to your ear. Alighting, you entered one of the many gardens to which the wealthier class of Bucharest society repairs, during the hot summer nights, to flirt, smoke countless cigarettes, drink iced water flavoured by *dulchatz*, listen to the *laotari*, or gipsy minstrels, and be bitten by the mosquitoes that rise in myriads from the neighbouring marshes. These gardens, when I knew them, were purposely left in almost

complete darkness, which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins; but, if you required it, you could be promptly illuminated in any corner, however recondite, by a candle in a glass case, which was set before you in your bower, or under your tree, or on your mossy bank, as the case might be. Let us sit down in that bosquet overlooking the arid plain, and call for “*dulchatz cu apa rece*.” It is a mild refreshment—cherry jam and cold water—but somehow or other eminently suitable to the place and its surroundings. But whose are these dark visages with rolling eyes and flashing teeth that glower ominously upon us through the leaves, and gradually close round us mysteriously? Are we about to be the victims of some enterprising descendants of Gianul, the heroic brigand who robbed the Boyars to give to the poor, and whose memory is a good deal more affectionately cherished in the country than that of Michael Bravul? If these be not bandits of a particularly truculent description, Nature hath surely done them a grave injustice. We feel the situation to be *très-tendue*. All of a sudden off goes a fiddle with a comical flourish; tink-a-tank twangles the double-necked guitar; an active tooting emanates from the Pandean pipes; and the first tenor—a romantic-looking young gipsy, with a broad, low forehead, *crépu* black hair, dark olive complexion, and delicate hands and feet—steps forward, makes his bow with the ease of an accomplished dancing-master, and sings in the most sympathetic of chants the old roundel “*Am’ un leu s’am se la bé!*” the words of which are not, alas! calculated to inspire the foreigner with blind confidence in the



integrity of the native Roumanian. They may be freely translated thus, keeping the metre and rhythm of the original words :

I've a piastre—'tis not mine—

Tra-de-ra, de-ra de-ra !

Let us, however, spend it in wine !

Tra-de-ra, &c.

When I have spent it, my conscience may tell

Me whether I shall have done ill or well.

Tra-de-ra, de-ra-de-lu-de-la-de-ra—Hoop !

lu ! de-ra de-ra !

The postponement of all moral considerations until it shall be too late for them to produce any practical effect never fails to tickle the Roumanian sense of humour in the most agreeable manner. “Am' un leu” invariably raises a sympathetic smile on the Boyar's countenance ; it contains a joke which he is perfectly capable of appreciating.

All the performers on the above-named and other heterogeneous instruments played in excellent time, threw in the most dashing harmonies every now and then, and put their very souls into their playing ; so that it was, to a musician, one of the richest imaginable treats to listen to them, hour after hour. Their repertoire seemed inexhaustible, and, of course, was all got off by heart. Such were the *laotari* sure of a rich reward wherever they appeared in public, so deeply rooted in the Roumanian character is love of the national music. Of yore, these minstrels frequently became rich men before they attained middle age ; for to their voices and instruments were entrusted all the love declarations and complimentary greetings of the Boyars, always the most

recklessly free-handed of *grands seigneurs*. When the *laotari* sang at a Boyar's table, the leader's fez used to be passed round, and the Roumanian gentry vied with one another in their generosity ; it was deemed a derogation to their dignity to return him his crimson cap until it was well filled with silvern yakussars, besprinkled with bright golden ducats. Even now, although the *laotari* have foolishly foregone their gay costumes, and the extravagance of centuries has brought Boyardian finances down to a dismally low ebb, a "brotherhood of minstrels, when engaged to play at a private house, can safely reckon upon earning from five to ten pounds, according to the means and generosity of their patron for the time being, for two or three hours' performances.

But it is getting late, or rather early—day breaks at high summertime in the Principalities with startling suddenness. Those diamond stars are paling ; an amber hue, that deepens every moment, has pervaded the eastern sky. But for the *laotari* and the birds, the profoundest silence would prevail, for the frogs have thought better of it, and no longer compete. Let us return to Bucharest and bed. As we rise and stretch ourselves before starting, the *laotari* form in column, two deep ; and, at a respectful distance, follow us to the garden portal, where they take up ground to the right and left, and fairly play us into our carriage. "Noapte bună, Domni," "Petracchi ! Heidé la casa !" And, at a hard canter that raises several tons of Roumania sky-high in no time, we turn our backs upon the Gradina Herestreû and the *Laotari Romani*.

During my stay at Bucharest in the blazing summer of 1874, I took great pains to get at the views of the

Catargi-Boeresco Government with respect to the two questions, then agitating Roumanian minds, which possessed peculiar interest for the Guaranteeing Powers generally, and for Great Britain in particular. Although it was, of course, extremely difficult to ascertain the intentions, or even genuine thoughts, of men who were not, politically speaking, their own masters, and who were fully aware that any admission they might be induced to make would probably be turned into a weapon against them by the enemies surrounding them on all sides, yet I believe that I was enabled to arrive at something approaching a correct estimate of their views regarding Roumanian independence and Jewish emancipation. I do not believe that, with regard to the latter important question, they had even conceived, far less arranged, a programme of action—or that their political opponents were better prepared in that respect than themselves. But the views of such enlightened statesmen as Catargi and Boeresco, which they personally imparted to me in the course of several animated conversations upon the subject of my mission to Roumania in the year above alluded to, were of sufficient interest to justify their reproduction in this place and at the present date.

With regard to Jewish emancipation, the Roumanian Government admitted the force of the arguments advanced in favour of its accomplishment, and recognized the evils, injustice, and illogical positions incident to and attendant upon the condition of the native-born Jew in the Roumanian Principalities. But it most uncompromisingly ascribed many of those evils to the Jews

themselves, and more particularly to the ignorance and superstition of their Rabbin, as well as to the injudiciousness of their co-religionists abroad and foreign supporters. The Government also found itself painfully compelled to admit that no Ministry could hope to retain office for twenty-four hours that should at that time undertake to bestow upon the Jews social and political rights equal to those enjoyed by their Christian compatriots. Such, in Moldavia at least, was the irritation of the Roumanian peasantry against the foreign Israelite, who had invaded that province from its Austrian and Russian frontier territories in such numbers as to have produced the gravest effects upon the well-being of the native population, that the repeal of the Jewish disabilities would have inevitably given the signal for a massacre on a great scale of the Jews in Moldavia, and for a general rising throughout the land—which, the Government did not conceal from itself, would probably have led to the overthrow of Prince Charles's sovereignty, and to his hasty retirement from the country.

The situation was not by any means a satisfactory one, from the patriotic Roumanian point of view. The Catargi-Boeresco Ministry kept in as best it might, using all the machinery at its disposition to secure a prolonged tenure of office, but dared not be logical and consistent to its own alleged principles, for fear of rendering itself impossible by running counter to the prejudices of the '*oi polloi*'. The Opposition felt itself strong enough to oust its adversaries, but only by one means, and that one incompatible with love of country and the achievement of Roumanian independence. So far as I could discover, both

parties were well disposed to the Jews, truly, not for the Jew's sake, but because they understood that, upon their treatment of their own subjects, and proof of capacity to deal with issues of grave moment, would depend the attitude of the Great Powers towards their endeavours to achieve independence. The two issues, as I ventured to urge upon their Excellencies, were inextricably bound up together. A Government confessedly not powerful enough to protect one class of its subjects against another, nor sufficiently advanced to comprehend that it virtually annulled its own claims to recognition as the instrument of an independent Power by refusing civil liberty and political rights to the most intelligent portion of its country's population, could not hope to inspire lasting confidence, at home or abroad.

That there had never existed any real persecution of the Jews *on religious grounds*, I was positively assured from all quarters, including that of the Israelites themselves. The Rouman of 1874 was, as he had been for many ages, essentially tolerant: he was moreover extremely irreligious, and quite indifferent to all sorts of dogmas. The persecutions had been sometimes of political origin, the result of party intrigues—sometimes brought about by social phenomena such as, with relation to the Jewish race, exist in no countries save Russia (whence thousands of Jews were even then being driven into Galicia and Moldavia), Austrian Poland, the Bukovina, and Roumania. "If," said the Ministers, "the Jews could be induced by their advisers and backers abroad to assimilate themselves in appearance and habits to their fellow-subjects (as they do in England, France,

Italy, Germany); to cut off their side-locks, shorten their skirts, and renounce their peculiar head-gear; to conform to our laws of registration and civil records; to educate their children, teaching them the language and history of their native land, and imbuing them with feelings of patriotism—more than half of our difficulties in gradually absorbing them into the totality of the Rouman nation would be overcome. But this their Rabbin will not permit them to do. These Rabbin are ignorant, superstitious, and venal to a degree of which Western Jews can form no conception. The greatest benefit that could possibly be conferred upon our Jews, as well as upon an honest Roumanian Government, would be their salvation from the greedy and too often cruel clutches of these, their real tyrants and oppressors, who suck their very life-blood dry, and keep them in a wretched state of physical and moral subjection. The next greatest benefit would be the substitution for the present Rabbin of enlightened men from England, France, and Germany, who would soon wipe the Jewish question of Roumania out of the annals of contemporary history. We do not assert that the Jews are entirely to blame for the ills of their position here; but, by their obstinate isolation of themselves amongst us, persistent evasion of the laws, unremitting practice of *métiers* that lead to the deterioration, body and soul, of our peasants; and, above all, by the overwhelming nature of their invasion of our country within the last ten or twelve years, they have rendered themselves so objectionable, and produced such a violent irritation against them in the minds of our ignorant, weak, ill-guided peasantry, that any pres-

sure exercised on their behalf upon us from abroad, or even any spontaneous endeavour of our own to augment the number of their rights could but culminate in one result—their indiscriminate massacre, at least in Moldavia, and our arraignment before the tribunal of humanity as a tribe of bloodthirsty savages. So terrible a consummation must be averted at any cost; and if the Jews will only be wise in time they may easily, although very gradually, work out their own full emancipation. Let them become Roumanian citizens to all outward intents and purposes; let them get rid of their intriguing, dishonest predatory priests; let them prove to their Christian countrymen that, saving in the matter of religion—about which no one in this country cares a maize-stalk—their feelings, objects, and aspirations are *Roumanian*; and we shall be able boldly to propose measures which, mooted now, would lead to their destruction, our overthrow, and the annihilation of the country's hopes. Above all, let the wealthy Western Jews and friends of Jews exert themselves to relieve us of at least some portion of the foreign Jewish population that has swamped Moldavia within the last decade. Let them rid us of the Polish and Russian Jews, the dregs of humanity, if they really wish well to the Roumanian Jew, who is our brother, and must one day come to his heritage!"

The Coalition Ministry holding office in Roumania thirteen years ago was honestly desirous to right Jewish wrongs to the utmost of its power, and, as a matter of fact, gave solid proofs of its sincerity in that respect some few months after the conclusion of my special

mission to the Principalities in connection with the alleged persecution of Prince Carol's Israelite subjects. But the Administration of which Lascar Catargi was Premier and Boeresco was Foreign Secretary was chiefly identified in popular opinion with the achievement of Roumanian Independence, ultimately effected by its political adversaries. On that "platform" it had obtained a Parliamentary majority, and had acceded to power. The desire of the country at that time, as I gathered from several confidential communications made to me by political party and faction leaders on both sides of the Chamber, was mainly to exchange the nominal suzerainty of the Porte for the real guarantee of the five Powers, and to occupy that position on the Eastern frontier of Europe which Belgium is so fortunate as to hold on the North-Western coast of the Continent. What seemed chiefly to be objected to by the Roumanian people, whose feeling with regard to purely national questions appeared to be represented by their Government, was that the United Principalities should be marked out upon the map of Europe as forming an integral part of the Turkish Empire. Roumanians of all party *nuances* were unanimous in protesting against this assumption, and in asserting that their native land was not, and, moreover, never had been, a Turkish province. They based this assertion upon the so-called "capitulations," or treaties, entered into at different periods between Roumanian Hospodars, or Elective Princes, and Turkish Sultans; and, if the documentary evidence they advanced in support of their views was to be relied upon, their case was certainly a strong one.



The ancient relations existing between Roumania and the Ottoman Empire were obviously based upon considerations of mutual interest and convenience. The Roumans were a warlike nation ; their position on the left bank of the Danube rendered their alliance highly important to the Turks, inasmuch as it kept open for these latter the main highway that enabled them to effect their encroachments and onslaughts upon Hungary. The Moldavian and Wallachian Hospodars, originally rulers over a much larger extent of country—still inhabited by Roumans—than that constituting King Charles's realm, found themselves constantly attacked by their Christian neighbours, who coveted the rich lands that proved so irresistible a temptation to the Roman legions of old ; and were well content, at a small expense in money and by assuming certain military obligations that were congenial to the martial temper and habits of their subjects, to secure the protection of the warlike and adventurous Turk against their enemies. The first of the treaties concluded upon these terms, by which the Turco-Roumanian relations were formally regulated, was ratified at Nicopolis in the year 1393 by Bajazet I., on the one hand, and Mircea I., Prince of Wallachia, on the other. In it the Sultan recognized the Prince's right to make war and peace, and to govern his country according to its own laws, with several other important concessions, in exchange for which the Prince engaged himself to pay an annual tribute of five hundred silver Turkish piastres. Three-quarters of a century later a second treaty was concluded at Adrianople between Mohammed II. and Vlad V., Prince of Wallachia, whereby

the former bound himself and his successors to defend Wallachia against all its enemies, declared that the Sublime Porte could exercise no interference with the interior administration of the Principality, that no Turk should be permitted to enter Wallachia without an ostensible motive, confirmed all rights thitherto enjoyed by the Principality, and added to them several new and highly-important ones. In 1513 Selim I. and Bogdan, Prince of Moldavia, contracted an alliance on the following terms : “ Art. 1. The Porte recognizes Moldavia as a free, unconquered country. 2. The Christian religion, professed in Moldavia, shall never be oppressed or troubled, and the nation shall, as heretofore, have free enjoyment of its churches. 3. The Porte undertakes to defend Moldavia against every eventual aggression, and to maintain it in the state it has hitherto occupied, without suffering that the least injustice be done to it, or the least infringement of its territory. 4. Moldavia shall be ruled and governed by its own laws, without any interference whatsoever from the Porte. 5. Its Princes shall be elected for life by the nation, and confirmed in their office by the Sublime Porte. 6. The Prince's rule shall extend over the whole Moldavian territory ; he may maintain in his pay an armed force up to the strength of 20,000 men, natives or foreigners. 7. The Moldavians may purchase and keep up a house at Constantinople for the residence of their agent. They may also have a church in that city. 8. Turks may not own nor purchase landed property in Moldavia ; they may not build mosques there, nor establish themselves in any manner. 9. As a mark of submission, the Prince, con-

jointly with the nation, will take care to send every year to the Porte, by two Moldavian Boyars, 4000 Turkish ducats or 11,000 piastres, forty falcons and forty mares in foal, the whole to be considered as a present. 10. In case of warlike armament, the Prince of Moldavia will furnish to the Imperial army the contingent that shall be required of him." This important treaty was confirmed in 1529 by another agreement, concluded between Soliman the Magnificent and Pierre Rarés, Prince of Moldavia, which added some remarkable recognitions on the part of the Porte to those already obtaining; as, for instance, by Art. 2, "The laws, usages, customs, rights, and prerogatives of the Moldavian nation shall be for ever inviolable." By Art. 6, "The exercise of the Mussulman religious rites is prohibited throughout the whole Moldavian territory." By Art. 7, "No Mussulman may possess, as owner thereof, any land, house, or shop in Moldavia, nor may he sojourn in that country, upon matters of business, except he be authorized to do so by the Prince." By Art. 9, "The title of 'independent country' shall be preserved to Moldavia; it shall be reproduced in all the writings addressed by the Ottoman Porte to the Prince."

These "capitulations" constituted the legal foundations upon which the Roumanians took their stand as far as concerned their rights to be considered entirely independent of the Porte. They interpreted the article in the Treaty of Paris which decrees that "the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia shall continue to enjoy, under the suzerainty of the Porte and under the guarantee of the contracting Powers, the privileges and

immunities of which they are in possession," as confirmatory of the right secured to them by the capitulations. At the same time they asserted that the description (under the word "suzerainty") therein contained of their relations with Turkey was an erroneous one, and that in virtue of it they were placed in a false position, from which the guaranteeing Powers were under a moral obligation to extricate them. They complained that they were the victims of a misapprehension. That they had been for many centuries, and even still were, allies, under peculiar conditions (the natural results of their geographical position), of the Turks, they did not for a moment deny; but they would by no means admit that they had ever been vassals of the Porte.

One or two quaint incidents in their history go far to prove that their Hospodars, at a time when the Turkish military power was one much feared throughout Eastern Europe, resisted with the utmost vehemence any attempt on the part of the Sultans to interfere with Roumanian independence, or to infringe any of the agreements theretofore made between the Porte and the Principalities. For instance, two years after the conclusion by Vlad V. of the above-cited treaty with Mahomed II., the latter, encouraged by his great military successes, and relying upon the warlike *prestige* attached to his name throughout Europe and Asia, conceived the project of upsetting Vlad (pleasantly named the "Ferocious") and of putting his brother Dracul (The Devil) in his place on the throne of Wallachia. Vlad, I should mention, had already distinguished himself by many acts of reckless valour, and had plainly indicated

the line of conduct he intended to observe towards the Turks, in case they took any liberties with him, by his treatment of an Ottoman embassy whose arrival in his territory he had not authorized. The gentlemen composing it imprudently demanded an audience of Vlad, into whose presence they were ushered wearing their turbans as their religion required them to do. They had scarcely made their first obeisance when Vlad, regarding them with a stern glance, exclaimed, "So you will not pay me the respect of uncovering in my presence ! Take them out and nail their turbans to their heads !" There is every reason for believing that this order was promptly put into execution ; and I fancy that Prince Vlad derived his grisly sobriquet from this particular incident. However, when Mahommed II. had decided upon interfering in Wallachian affairs he dispatched two emissaries—one his private secretary, Catabolino, and the other a renowned Levantine diplomatist—to Vlad's court with instructions to invite his Highness to Stamboul, on a visit to the Sultan, who proposed to have him strangled immediately upon his arrival. No sooner were these emissaries fairly within the boundaries of Hospodar Vlad's Principality than he caused them to be arrested, and their hands and feet to be cut off ; after which they were impaled in front of his palace. Having performed this highly characteristic feat, he assembled all the armed forces at his disposition, crossed the Danube, and ravaged the Turkish provinces on its right bank with fire and sword, burning all the towns and villages, and putting man, woman, and child to death. The Turkish officers, soldiers, and officials whom he captured, he had

carefully impaled and set up, planted on the long poles transfixing their bodies, along the banks of the Danube, *pour encourager les autres*. The Sultan, in his turn, invaded Wallachia with an enormous army and drove Vlad into the hills, where the latter offered a long and desperate resistance to the Turkish forces; and it was during this war that he exercised his rights as an independent sovereign by appealing to the Hungarians for aid against the invader, and offering them his alliance against the Turk. This proceeding on the part of Vlad served as a precedent to his successors. Michael the Brave concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with Rudolph II., Emperor of Germany; Constantine Serban, in 1655, allied himself to George Racocsy, Prince of Transylvania; Prince Cantemir, of Moldavia, effected an alliance with no less a potentate than Czar Peter the Great.

All these Hospodorial acts were claimed by the Roumanians to be convincing proofs of the uninterrupted independence of their country. Doubtless, the Turks looked upon them in a very different light. What appeared to the Roumanian patriot to be the noble vindication of his national rights, very likely struck the Turk as closely resembling unprincipled, unjustifiable rebellion. I was told that the Porte was inclined even to cast a doubt upon the authenticity of the "capitulations," which Roumania was unfortunately not in a position to produce, and which, if they existed at all, were most probably in the archives of the Ottoman Government. It was moreover unquestionable that, almost within the memory of man, the Porte had exer-

cised domination over the Principalities such as was altogether incompatible with anything in the least akin to Roumanian independence. Admitting this, Roumanians shrugged their shoulders and said, "The Turks took advantage of our weakness, and Might is not Right." But these differences of opinion, various interpretations of facts and documents, and quibbles in general, were not essentially pertinent to the question, which the Dacian people desired to put to Europe—Is Roumania an independent country, or is she not?

If one might be permitted to accept the evidence of his senses respecting a moot point of such gravity, Roumania, thirteen years ago, was every bit as independent a State as Holland or Switzerland. She made and administered her own laws. She coined her own money. She had a regular army, a national flag and cockade, and a numerous militia. She had a considerable national debt. She had diplomatic agents at four, if not five, of the leading European Courts, who were received by the respective Ministries of the countries to which they were accredited with all the consideration due to the representatives of a foreign Power. Not the least attempt was made by the Roumanian Government at home, or by its representatives abroad, to beat about the bush with respect to the line adopted towards Turkey—that of utterly ignoring any authority or control that Power might assume to exercise over the United Principalities. Roumania, so to speak, wrote up over her front door in the largest of letters, "No connection whatever with the House of Abdul Aziz;" and the Porte did nothing to restrain her presumption, if

presumption it was ; or, if the Porte did make any effort in that direction, nobody took the least notice of it. I saw on every side in a country which, under Cusa's reign, had appeared to me to be rapidly going to the bad, countless signs and tokens of vitality, of an earnest desire for progress, of civilized tendencies, of material prosperity, and of good, lasting work done and appreciated. I found a Government that had been established three years ; that, to all outward seeming, appeared to enjoy the confidence of the country ; and that, in many respects, had the courage of its opinions, and was extremely desirous of effacing the stains that then defaced the Constitution of a would-be free people. Such was the unfortunate state of popular feeling, however, that any Government bold enough to attempt the emancipation of the Jews would have risked its tenure of power.



## CHAPTER II.

THROUGH MOLDAVIA IN QUEST OF PERSECUTION—ISMAIL AND TULTCHA—  
THE JEWS OF BAKAU—ISRAELITISH WRONGS AT ROMAN—JASSY, THE  
MODERN ZION—GALATZ IMPROVEMENTS—THE ROUMANIAN PEASANT  
—EMANCIPATION, INDEPENDENCE AND PROGRESS—UP DANUBE AGAIN  
—A THRILLING FAMILY DRAMA.

ON July 29th, 1874, I landed at Ismail, in Roumanian Bessarabia, the out-of-the-way Russo-Moldavian city immortalized by Byron in *Don Juan*, and which had been the scene, two years previously, of the Anti-Semitic riots that aroused such vehement indignation throughout the more civilized countries of Europe. These riots, the original cause of which was a robbery of ecclesiastical plate, and an alleged desecration of consecrated ground said to have been committed by an Israelite in the cathedral of Ismail (built by the Russians before the cession of Bessarabia to Moldavia), were ascribed at the time by the Roumanians to Russian influence, and by the Jews to a deeply-laid and extensively ramified plan organized throughout Moldavia by its Christian inhabitants, and having for its object the expulsion of the Israelites from the country, or, should they fail to take the pregnant hint imparted to them by persecution of the most violent and brutal description, their general massacre.

I was so fortunate as to accompany Mr. (now Lord) Vivian, H.M. Diplomatic Agent in the Roumanian Principalities, and Mr. St. John, H.M. Consul at Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, in a tour of inspection made by the former gentleman through part of the country to which he was accredited; and the principal portion of our journey, commenced in an absolutely tropical heat, was most agreeably performed on board the gunboat *Cockatrice*, Captain St. Clare. One Monday morning we became the *Cockatrice's* guests, and steamed away down the Danube in her from Galatz, where she was stationed when she received us. It was magnificent weather, and the dark blue hills of the Lesser Balkan stood out clear and sharp-edged against the lighter blue of the glorious summer sky, looking as if they were within easy reach of the Bulgarian shore, an hour or so's walk for a stout pedestrian. These richly-coloured and fantastically-shaped hills lend picturesqueness to the Lower Danube scenery for some fifteen or twenty miles down river from Galatz. The Turkish bank of the great stream, even within a hundred miles of its vast mouths, is characterized by considerable natural beauty, whereas the Roumanian *rivage* is uniformly and monotonously tame. From Galatz to Sulina, following what is called the Sulina Branch (thus named to distinguish it from the Kilia and St. George arms of Father Danube), there is not a hill twenty feet high to be seen on the left bank of the river. Enormous, perfectly level plains, clothed in the green of maize, of rank pasture, or of waving reeds, stretch away from the waterside till they are lost in the horizon. Except, at rare intervals, a herd of the little

gray bullocks, without which no Roumanian landscape is complete, the only living things to be espied in these verdant wastes, half steppe, half marsh, are huge, angry-looking brown vultures, flapping their heavy wings on the riverposts of the Danube Commission; or flying slowly over their hunting grounds in search of prey—sleek herons, audacious gray crows, and, as you near the Black Sea, gulls of various colours and sizes, cormorants, pelicans, and—but very rarely—flamingoes. I almost forgot—though certainly they gave me good cause for remembering them—the mosquitoes. There is no difficulty whatsoever in seeing these sanguinary *volatiles* in any part of the Lower Danube; and if you should happen to be blind, or otherwise physically incapacitated from perceiving them with your ocular sense, they take care to impress the fact of their existence upon you in an unmistakable manner. One of the *Cockatrice's* quartermasters, speaking of a particular tribe that confers distinction upon the Turkish town of Tultcha, in which we passed a night, by inhabiting its lower grounds, described them, as I thought after I had made their acquaintance, very happily. “Them there muskeeters at Tultcha, sir, is as large as quails and as bloodthirsty as tigers!” Indeed, it was pitiful to see the state of the men’s feet, legs, and arms, from the venomous bites of these enemies of the human race. When I state that they penetrate the hides of the Turkish pigs, lean, bristly fellows, whose tough sides look as if they were bullet-proof, and frequently drive their victims mad, so that they drown themselves in the river, my readers will be able to form some idea of the sufferings they inflict upon

human beings. They pierce your boots, your triple defences of coat, waistcoat, and shirt, and your gloves; they laugh defiantly at tobacco-smoke; like the British soldier, they will not be denied, and will die upon the spot they have taken possession of rather than leave it.

As soon as we quitted what is called the "Great Danube," and entered the Sulina Branch, the land on both sides of us was Turkish, as far as the eye could reach, and continued to be so down to the Black Sea. Indeed, all three "branches" were then really in the hands of Turkey, which kept up a goodly staff of gun-boats to look after the Danube mouths; and the Roumanians, though the left bank of the Kilia branch was theirs down to the sea, would have been obliged to make a canal from the spot where their water jurisdiction ceased—just above where the huge river is split up into three great streams—to a place of theirs on the Euxine shore, called Gibriana, had they been bent, thirteen years ago, upon possessing a genuine Roumanian seaport, free from Turkish supervision, meddling, and muddling. As for the Sulina Branch, the only one of the three navigable for large vessels, it is a monument of British intelligence and perseverance. To Sir Charles Hartley, the engineer of the Danube Commission, is due a work of inestimable value to European commerce—a work carried out, in its every detail, with an almost incredible completeness. The swift, though heavily mud-laden, river is compelled to clear out its own bed and keep it clear by a variety of arrangements that seem exquisitely simple when they are explained to you, but which are the outcome of many years' unwearied study

of the Danubian Delta, and of an unusual degree of ingenuity on the part of their contriver.

Sulina itself, with its two splendid piers, lighthouses, and harbour, is the creation of the Danube Commission, *mutato nomine* of Sir Charles Hartley. It is a desperately ugly little place, and appallingly dull. Its population may be backed for heterogeneousness against that of any other town of its size in Europe, being composed of Little Russians, Lipovans, Turks, Greeks, Germans, Italians, Dalmatians, Bulgarians, Roumans, English, and Jews. It possessed in 1874 a British church, but no chaplain; a handsome Commission House; a Konak eminently characteristic of Turkey-in-Europe, being only half built, and that half not paid for, although left with the very scaffolding standing still round it; Greek and Catholic churches; a mosque; innumerable ship-chandlers and work-shops; and no place of amusement whatever. The whole interest of the place for the visitor was concentrated in the Commission Works; and the inhabitants lived on shipping, grain, coal, and fisheries. Sulina impressed me as being at the end of the world—a little further Eastward, and surely we should tumble over the edge into space. It had a forlorn, fragmentary, chaotic aspect. True, plenty of shipping lined the river banks; but the smart screw steamers and handsome clippers looked strangely out of keeping with the wretched sheds and miserable shanties in which the Sulinese lived and transacted their business. In a word, it was one of the last places on earth in which one would choose to live; and I took leave of it filled with compassion for our worthy and gallant Vice-Consul and the hospitable

officials of the Commission, who did all that was in their power to make our sojourn at the Eastern Gate agreeable to us.

Up river again we went, through the fat marshes that shall, perhaps, one day be drained, and produce food for millions of human beings. At eight p.m. we reached Tultcha, our station for the night, then a Turkish garrison town of some 20,000 inhabitants, chiefly inhabited by Greeks, Russians, and Jews, picturesquely situate on the slopes of some leafy hills, and extremely pretty to look at—from a distance. It is a fruit and vegetable-growing place; grinds corn in a number of highly-conspicuous windmills that crown a brown bluff overhanging the eastern part of the town; and when I visited it was, like most Turkish townships, infested by an army of blatant, slinking, treacherous curs, that rendered night hideous with their yelping, and “went” for the legs of pedestrians with a cunning worthy of their first cousins, the mosquitoes. If you were a local notable or a distinguished foreigner, and chose to perambulate the streets of Tultcha by night, you were preceded and followed by *kavasses*, bearing a lantern in one hand and a thick stick in the other, wherewith to light up the holes in the streets, which were of grievous frequency and depth, and to defend your nether limbs against the abominable dogs, given to lurking in the deep shadows of the houses, whence they cautiously emerged to bite you, and bark afterwards. If you were an ordinary person you had to carry your lantern and stick for yourself, and fight your way as best you might. Without a lantern you ran the risk of breaking your neck,

being eaten up by the dogs, and being arrested by the *zapties*, or Turkish police. After a thrilling excursion through the streets, I returned on board pretty late in a procession, but not to sleep. The mosquitoes took care of that.

We arrived at Bakau on the morning of July 31, 1874, about seven, having travelled all night through waving fields of standing Indian corn. The local authorities placed themselves, as usual, at the disposition of Mr. Vivian, and rendered us every facility in the inquiries we desired to make with respect to the condition of the Jews and other matters connected with the interests of the district. Bakau was a clean, fairly-built, and extremely well-macadamized town of several thousand inhabitants, about one half of whom were Jews. At its chief hotel the Deputy-Prefect—M. Demetri Ghika being absent "*dans ses terres*"—was waiting to receive the British Diplomatic Agent, with whose request to be placed *en rapport* with the most intelligent and respectable Jews of the place he promptly complied. It was highly creditable to the Roumanian authorities that they should have displayed entire frankness with regard to a question that must have been so extremely vexatious to them as that of the Jewish grievances, and so obliging a readiness to open up every source of information respecting its peculiarities, as they invariably manifested towards us throughout our tour. Whithersoever we travelled within their jurisdiction they met us half-way in the realization of our wishes, and imposed no restrictions of any kind upon our researches. In Bakau, a couple of hours after our arrival at the

hotel, they put us into communication with three of the leading Jews of Bakau, of two of whom I may say that I had rarely encountered more intelligent, reasonable, and straightforward men. One, in particular, a young merchant, of highly prepossessing exterior, speaking fluently French and German, and extremely well-mannered, made a most favourable impression upon us, as well by the shrewdness with which he discussed the question of the Jewish Disabilities, as by the fairness that characterized his utterances respecting his Christian fellow-countrymen. He was, indeed, the chief spokesman of the deputation, though at times a grave, sententious money-lender, one of the wealthiest citizens of Bakau, ran him hard, by sheer long-windedness. The third man was a short, impulsive, somewhat incoherent tradesman, who every now and then made a gallant effort to deliver himself of a statement, but was each time unhesitatingly sate upon by one or other of his companions. I will endeavour to reproduce, in as condensed a form as possible, the views and declarations of these persons, all three born Roumanians of the Jewish persuasion.

They complained, of course, of the Liquor Law, but on the very reasonable grounds that it ruined people who had been all their lives engaged in the spirit-selling business, and who were unable to start in another trade. Such people, in great numbers, had been compelled to spend the savings of years, and were reduced to utter poverty. They admitted that Jews still carried on the trade through Rouman Christians who lent their names for a consideration, but averred that such Jews were



altogether at the mercy of their orthodox confederates, who were absolute masters of the position as far as the division of profits was concerned. They complained of the disabilities inflicting upon them the great injury of being set aside and isolated from their fellow-countrymen, as though they were foreigners, or incapable of entertaining the feeling of patriotism. They asserted that their sympathies were entirely Roumanian; that they loved their native country, and were wholly indifferent to Palestine; that their language *en famille* was Roumanian, and that they were as ready to contribute their substance as to shed their blood whenever their Fatherland might require either sacrifice of them. A serious cause of complaint was that the Roumanian educational authorities forced them to organize Jewish schools at their own expense—besides paying their share of the expense incurred for national education—because their children who attended the national schools were unfairly treated, kept back, and snubbed; however hard they worked or intelligent they might be, they never got a prize, and the discouragement resulting from this unjust system led to idleness on the part of the children, thus kept ignorant in spite of themselves. They entertained the conviction that the Catargi Government meant well to them, and seemed to think that if it just then did nothing for them, confining itself to private assurances and half promises, it was because any decided Ministerial action in favour of the Jews would strengthen the hands of the opposition so importantly as to imperil the stability of the actual *régime*. They positively assured us that persecution, in the sense of *religious*

persecution, did not and had never existed in Roumania. The attacks made upon them, and the disabilities under which they laboured, had their origin, they said, in circumstances of partly an economic and partly a political nature. The Boyars, whose extravagance, indolence, and incapacity had thrown them into the power of the Jews, would gladly have persecuted them, and excited the peasantry against them, but on purely economical grounds. On the other hand, the Jew had for many years been a convenient and ready handle to be laid hold of by party intrigues. They solemnly asserted that the Roumanian peasant was a perfectly amiable, honourable, and tolerant fellow, of whom they had never had to complain, who was their best friend in the country, and with whom they lived upon terms of mutual regard and esteem. They complained of the administration of the laws rather than of the laws themselves, and asserted that some officials imported their personal passions and prejudices into the discharge of their functions, whilst others were grossly and shamelessly corrupt, and bled them, figuratively speaking, at every vein. One of them cited to us a case of manifest oppression committed at Bakau some six weeks before our visit. A Jew had lent money upon a note of hand to a peasant, whom he sued for payment. Both parties appeared before a high official, who examined the peasant as to the authenticity of his signature, &c. The man acknowledged the debt, and declared his willingness to discharge it, but asked for time. Turning to the creditor, the official observed, "You are a Jew, I believe?" and, tearing the note of hand into pieces,

said to the peasant, "I will show you how to pay your debts to a Jew." Not content with this outrageous behaviour, he condemned the Jew to pay *thirty* napoleons (£24) for vexatiously troubling the Court.

The Bakau Jews told us that they lived upon good terms, on the whole, with their fellow-citizens, although a slight coldness towards them had, they said, made itself apparent within the previous five or six years. They complained of their exclusion from the liberal professions, which, as they very justly and shrewdly remarked, drove them, one and all, to trade as the only possible means of earning a livelihood in their native country, and aggravated the very evil—if it was an evil—of which the adversaries of their liberties complained, namely, that they get into their clutches the whole business of the Roumanian people, and alone profited by the labour and the productions of the Principalities. "Let us," they urged, "have a fair chance of competition for social prizes worth more than mere money, and it will soon be seen that many of us will gladly forsake sheer money-grubbing for higher aims. At present we are tax-payers and soldiers; but we are not citizens, as we fain would be. Still, we are patriots; and those who deny it do us a cruel injustice."

"We know very well," said one of the Bakau representative Israelites, "that no foreign government will come here to free us at the point of the bayonet; and if it did we should be worse off than ever, for then the Rouman Christians would really hate us, which they do not at present. The nation is a

small one, a young one, an ambitious one—consequently painfully susceptible to foreign intervention. If it is let alone it will do what is right towards us in time. If meddled with, lectured, and bullied from abroad, it will turn upon us as its enemies—the worst sort of enemies, domestic ones—and we shall suffer for its vexations and humiliations. If our kind friends and co-religionnaires in England, France, and Germany would only help us in other ways, how grateful we should be to them! Help us to get rid of the foreign Jews who pour into and infest the Moldavian Principality—ignorant, superstitious, grasping people, who care nothing for the country, get as much as they can out of it, and never spend a para in it. Help us to get clever, instructed clergymen of our faith, who will aid us to extricate ourselves from the state of semi-barbarism in which too many of us still vegetate. Help us to conquer prejudices, to clear away impediments, to render ourselves worthier of claiming rank with the English, French, and German Jews, our brothers, who have enjoyed advantages denied to us. But don't worry our Government into a real persecution by denouncing an imaginary one. Don't damage our cause by too much zeal. We are not like the Jews of Central Europe. We are terribly backward—a long way behindhand—not altogether through our fault, nor altogether through the fault of our Christian rulers and countrymen.” “That is quite true!” broke in another delegate, “and we also fully admit that the stupid prejudices of so many of our people, with regard to the absurd costume that the Rabbin have persuaded them

are necessary to their salvation, are the cause of many of our troubles. As for us, whom you see before you, gentlemen, we promise for ourselves and for others of our congregation here who think as we do, to use our whole influence to induce the foolish Jews at Bakau—only a dozen or two—who still go about in that ridiculous and offensive garb to lay it aside.” (The speaker was dressed a good deal better than most of the young Roumanian “Boyars” to be seen lurching about Bucharest.)

Such were the sentiments of the leading Jews of Bakau. If all the Israelites of the Principalities shared them—which, alas! they did not—Jewish disabilities in Roumania would have had a short life, and by no means a merry one. After the deputation had retired we visited the town *en détail*, the first Roumanian burgh we had therefore inspected, in which lived as many Jews as Christians. In the Jews’ quarter we certainly saw no misery, and very little of what could be called abject poverty, measured by an Oriental standard. Everybody seemed busy and to have plenty to do; the shops were well frequented. The coachmen who drove us, and drove us capitally, were Jews—owners of their own vehicles. The handsomest houses in the business part of the town pointed out to us belonged to Jews. Comparatively little dirt was to be seen in the dwellings—all open to the public gaze with that barbaric unreservedness that so quaintly impresses a Western European in the East. There were Armenians in large numbers in Bakau—several hundred Catholics, three or four thousand Jews, and as many Roumanian

Orthodox Christians. As far as we could judge from what we heard and saw with our own ears and eyes, all these people of different religions and races lived amicably together, and were, on the whole, not badly governed. One thing, assuredly, Bakau could be legitimately proud of: it possessed better roadways than Bucharest, the political capital, or Galatz, the first commercial city of Roumania.

On August 2nd, 1874, I held an interesting interview with the leading Israelites of Roman at the house of a Mr. Jacob, who was evidently the guiding spirit of his co-religionaries there, and a man of considerable wealth, admitted by the principal Boyars of the neighbourhood to be an honest, straightforward, and trustworthy person. I mention this latter fact—which I personally ascertained—because it was conspicuously noticeable to me that the farther we penetrated into the heart of Moldavia, the more bitterly animose to the Jews were the sentiments openly declared to us by the gentry of the country. In Wallachia none of this bad feeling existed, for the whole Jewish population of that Principality barely numbered 60,000, and was not to be distinguished, as a general rule, in dress or customs from the rest of the inhabitants; besides which, most of the Wallachian Jews were Roumanians born (many were of Spanish extraction, physically and intellectually far superior to the Polish or Russian Jews), and, having for generations past forborne all the peculiarities that the foreign Jews in Moldavia stuck to so obstinately, were fairly merged in the Roumanian nationality. In Northern Moldavia,

however, where the proportion of Jewish to Christian inhabitants in the town varied between one-eighth and one-half, and in the villages sometimes rose to seven-eighths, the landowners as well as the Christian tradesmen, were highly exasperated against the Jews, whose talent for business, restless activity, and extraordinary sobriety had enabled them to get the whole of the trade in produce, as well as the retail business, into their hands; whilst they practised usury to an extent that was seriously prejudicial, even in those prosperous times, to all the smaller fortunes of the Principality. They were, moreover, inconceivably dirty in their habits. They lived together, often fifteen or sixteen in one room, and subsisted almost exclusively upon bread, garlic, and raw onions. They were extremely immoral, ignorant, and superstitious. Were any one of the travelling Israelites I encountered in the fields about Roman to make his appearance in a London street, I fear he would have but a bad time of it with the more youthful and mischievous of my country folk. Let my readers picture to themselves a tallish man, naturally of dark brown complexion, but ingrained with dirt, wearing a long, ragged, two-peaked beard that was plentifully colonized, and two long curls that hung from either side his forehead down to his collar-bone. His costume was a high square black cap, shiny with age and grease; a long alpaca gaberdine, so foul that one glance at it might well take away your appetite for hours afterwards; loose, baggy breeches, about which the less said the better, and thick, chomping, never-cleaned boots that came half-way up the leg, outside

the trousers. Truly he was a sorry sight; and could some of the illustrious and enlightened Jewish gentlemen who honour the name of Englishman by bearing it, have seen him, or formed an idea of the ignorance in which he was plunged, they would have been enabled to realize the feelings with which the natives of the soil contemplated and considered him. I am, of course, speaking of the foreign or immigrant Jews, who then constituted nearly three-fourths of the Hebrew population of Moldavia.

But to return to our interview with the civilized and intelligent Jews of Roman. As in Bakau, we were agreeably surprised to find that the members of the Jewish deputation appointed to meet us were well-dressed, well-spoken persons, mostly of the money-lender and tradesman classes, and all speaking German fluently. Mr. Vivian, after having explained to them that he had undertaken his tour of inspection through the Principalities at the instance of the Roumanian Government, which had solicited him to see, hear, and judge for himself with respect to the condition of the Jewish populations, requested the members of the deputation to inform him concerning the grievances alleged to have been and to be still endured by them, with which request they complied at considerable length. The first case communicated to us had reference to the Jewish school-house at Roman. Having petitioned the Government to accord it the right of purchasing a house, for the purpose of conversion into a school, and having received the necessary authorization in due course, the Jewish Committee came to terms with a Christian houseowner,



who sold it a house for 800 ducats (about £380), to be paid in instalments. When 500 ducats had been paid on the total sum, the seller demanded the balance *en bloc*, contrary to the terms of the agreement. The committee stuck to its bargain, and, confident of being in the right, went before the tribunal to which it was summoned by its creditor. The affair was dragged on for a long time, and came before no less than three Presidents, or Chief Justices, who exhibited the customary equitable behaviour towards the Jews. At last, however, it was concluded by the Jewish Committee being cast, losing its money, and being condemned by the Court to pay the owner of the house *fifteen hundred* ducats—the original price of the house being 800 ducats—for deterioration of his property inflicted upon it whilst in their occupancy.

The next case was that of Mr. David Abraham, a licensed victualler. This person sold liquors on his premises, to which there are two entries—one in the front, and one (to his cellars) at the side. He had taken out and paid for his regular licence. For his customers of the better class he kept a separate room, serving the peasants and artisans at his ordinary bar. On the pretence that, as he had two entrances to his house, and two rooms in which he supplied liquor, he had contravened the law by not taking out *two* licences, the police closed his shop, put his whole stock of wines and liquors under seal, and inflicted upon him a fine of 250 ducats (£145), thereby ruining him. The same oppressive and cruel procedure, upon the same pretext, was put in force upon several other Jewish licensed

victuallers, and fell the more heavily upon them because it was inflicted during the season of the great fairs, when they expected to make at least one-third of their whole year's profits over the counter. The third case was one of persecution perpetrated by the Prefect, who, I am bound to say, appeared to be equally unpopular with Boyar and Jew. He was a person of the name of Canta, who called himself Cantacuzene (one of the ancient Hospodarial names of the country), without any private means of his own, and altogether dependent upon his small prefectorial salary and office pickings for the means wherewith to keep up a handsome establishment, carriage, horses, and many other luxuries indispensable to the chief personage of a Roumanian town. The results of these anomalies in his position did not seem to be beneficial to the inhabitants, particularly to the Jewish ones, of his district. The deputation assured us that (to use its own expression) he was always "knocking" for money, and that when he did not get it the Jews were sure to suffer. In a small village near Roman, called Valeni, under Mr. Canta's jurisdiction, lived a retired Roumano-Jewish sergeant of infantry, called Baruch Rinzler. The law of the land declared that any Israelite, having taken the degree of doctor in any of the learned professions, or attained the rank of sergeant in the Roumanian Army, should have the right to share in municipal elections, &c. Accordingly, to the mayor of his village Sergeant Baruch applied for the necessary authorization empowering him to exercise his civic rights, and duly received the same. As soon as Mr.

Canta heard of this he sent for the Mayor of Valeni, rated him soundly for having presumed to accord municipal rights to a Jew, and rescinded his decision, thereby deliberately breaking the law.

A very grave cause of complaint on the part of the Roman Jews was supplied by the conduct of the police towards them on Sundays. It was against the Roumanian law that a Jew should open his shop or place of business on Sunday. Most Roumanian houses, however, have but one door, and when the Roman Jew opened that door on a Sunday for the purpose of going out into the street, the police, steadily on the look-out for him, were down upon him for preparing to open his shop, and fined him one pound sterling. About £240 had been extorted from Roman Jews in this manner. They therefore had the choice on Sundays of stopping shut up in their houses all day, or of paying one pound for the pleasure of going out. This arrangement did great credit to the ingenuity of the police. One of our interlocutors, however, informed us that only a few days previously the chief of the police in person had made him open his shop on Sunday to sell that august personage a pair of gloves, and that he was afterwards fined by the police for doing so. This was a case, I imagine, that could hardly have been beaten in Russia. Another member of the deputation—a licensed victualler—told us that, having a small house and a rapidly-increasing family, he that year found himself unable to spare any room in his dwelling for his retail trade; whereupon he petitioned the Municipality and police for permission to build a little wooden shanty in

his own yard, wherein to dispense his wares. The permission was accorded, but no sooner had he run up his shanty and commenced trading in it than the police swooped down upon him, put their seals on his stock, and fined him 250 ducats, on the ground that he had not taken out a second license for the shanty, which was on the ground belonging to his house, and actually the only building in which he sold wines and spirits.

Few cities in Europe are more picturesquely situated than the ancient capital of Moldavia. It is built on the slopes of two lofty hills, the *avant-postes* of a chain of boldly-outlined mountains. Its white, villa-like houses form irregular terraces on the hillsides, and nestle snugly in acacia thickets and pear orchards. Along the valley, formed by the junction of these two hill-slopes, a small stream, crossed by quaint little wooden bridges, meanders along with all desirable crookedness—in summer time a mere thread of water; in the spring, when the mountain snows dissolve with extraordinary rapidity, a roaring, furious torrent that sweeps everything before it, and, when it gets fairly out of town, floods the fields adjacent to its bed for hundreds of feet on either bank. Jassy was formerly, and not so very many years ago, an aristocratic, feudal sort of city, the entire population of which was composed of Boyars and their retinues and the humble purveyors to their wants and pleasures. In 1874 it was the head-quarters of the foreign Jews who had immigrated into Moldavia, and no more appropriate name could be imagined for it than the New Jerusalem. Out of about 100,000 human beings inhabiting it, nearly 60,000 were Jews, and over

30,000 of these were Austrian subjects. Jews, whose garments were the supreme expression of squalor, filled the streets, the shops, the markets, and public places. They monopolized all the trades, from banker to butcher, from broker to baker. You could not take a stroll through any part of the town without seeing more of them than (if you were an Englishman) you had ever seen together before throughout the whole of your life. Caftaned, gaberdined, booted, bearded, there they were in hundreds, in thousands, wherever you went, as thoroughly masters of the place, and conscious of their masterdom, as though they had been Prussians "occupying" a conquered province. The Christian element was completely submerged. Except at the garden of Madame Alecsandri, where the band of the 2nd Roumanian Hussars played nightly, I did not see a dozen Christians in Jassy, although I drove about the town in every direction, and visited even its remoter suburbs. There were two or three large urban districts, called the Jewish quarters; but, as far as I could judge, the whole city had a perfect claim to that appellation. During my wanderings through Jassy the thought could scarcely fail to occur to me, "If, out of our three and a half millions of Londoners, two millions were foreigners of objectionable habits, who had got the whole trade of the metropolis into their hands, I wonder how the other million and a half would like it?" *Mutatis mutandis*, that was the Moldavian case; and one could not help pitying the subjugated Roumans, although the fact that they were subjugated was clearly their own fault. They had not chosen to compete with the Jew, and he had

beaten them all along the line. They could not work as hard as he—could not live on bread, garlic, and water—could not endure to be huddled up with a dozen fellow-sleepers in a room ten feet by eight—could not do altogether without holidays, amusements, drams, and other expensive luxuries which the Jew never dreams of indulging in; and so they had by degrees been eliminated from every bread-earning *métier*, and had seen their indomitable competitor step into their shoes, which he so dexterously whipped off their feet whilst they were staring open-mouthed at him and marvelling at his activity. The brains and the volition of the Roumanian Principalities were assuredly Jewish a dozen years syne; but from the sentimental point of view it seemed perhaps a little hard that because people were stupid and pliable they should be so very much sate upon as were the Roumanians in Moldavia.

On August 4th, 1874, although the thermometer stood at 119 degrees in the shade, my companions and myself resolved, *coûte que coûte*, to visit the Jewish quarters, extending over both the huge slopes above described, and reaching both hill-tops; indeed, I should find it very difficult to give you a topographical idea of the Christian quarter, for that part of the town pointed out to us as Roumanian only differed from the rest in the respect that it exhibited Christian dwellings in the proportion of one to two Jewish abodes; whereas, in the quarters to which our attention was particularly directed as bearing the Hebrew stamp somewhat conspicuously, there was not a hut seven feet high that was not teeming with the dark-eyed daughters and sons

of Israel. Of the condition of the streets in the Jewish quarters I must renounce the notion of attempting to give my readers any idea. I had not thought there was so much dirt in the world as I saw in the course of a couple of hours' tour through these districts. A London bye-street—say in Camden Town—is the sort of place that is calculated to make an elderly bachelor wonder where all the children come from; but in respect to its resources in the matter of infantile population, it is a Trappist monastery compared to any thoroughfare in the Jewish quarters of Jassy. Children by thousands, from bald babies to unkempt, frizzy-headed, wild-eyed striplings and lasses of eleven and twelve, who seemed to wear their scanty rags, as it were, on sufferance, sprawled, ran, crouched, and jumped all about the roadway, sometimes in apparently inextricable masses of sienna-coloured legs and arms wriggling like a basketful of eels, sometimes in irregular lines or rows, ranged along the dried-up gutters, investigating, with the profoundest interest and most lively emulation of one another, the heterogeneous contents of those repositories. As we were slowly driving down the Calea Cucu, there came out of a house towards us a great handsome girl of about eighteen, five feet eight in height, and as broad-shouldered as a serjeant in the Guards, with nothing on but one garment hanging completely off her shoulder and half way down her arm. As she was passing us she bestowed upon us a fierce stare. Her coarse black hair floated over her bare brown shoulders, and sturdy legs, of which any Highlander might have been proud. No Congo negress

could have displayed a more absolute, barbarous indifference to her semi-nudity than did this comely daughter of Zion, who scowled at us because we were Christians and foreigners, but manifestly did not vouchsafe a thought to the bareness of her superb bosom, or to the fact that, in the bright sunlight, every detail of her statuesque form could be plainly discerned through the slight texture of her loose shift.

The activity, bustle, and busy hum of the Jewish quarters were something positively astounding. Everybody, except the uncounted children, was hard at some trade, craft, or occupation—most of the artisans working in the very streets themselves, for want of room in the crowded, reeking little houses, painted blue, red, or green, according to the whim of their occupants. Cobblers, locksmiths, tailors, coppersmiths, carpenters, money-lenders, with their little movable bureaux and stools, scriveners with their desks, industriously writing backwards, all were knocking, hammering, sewing, scribbling, chaffering, jabbering, and making the most remarkable din that can be imagined. We went into one or two of the houses; but I must crave permission to pass over those interiors in silence. We visited the market—all the butchers in Jassy were Jews, whilst in Bucharest that trade was carried on exclusively by Roumans—a fine, well-ventilated building, with magnificent cellarage, but which we were obliged speedily to quit on account of the flies, of which some forty millions or so rose at us with one accord, and drove us ignominiously from the premises. We are amply rewarded, however, for our minute's sojourn in the hall, by catching.



a glimpse of a wonderfully picturesque group standing round a piece of raw beef, of the sort known to Clare market as "seconds," the value of which they were settling with passionate earnestness. Any industrious Biblical student who desires to realize the personages he has so often read of should visit Jassy. Types of prophets and high priests abound at every street corner. Some of the older men are amazingly picturesque, with a wealth of beard and a richness of colour that Rembrandt would have revelled in. Very few of the women, at least of those whom we saw, are remarkably good looking; but, *en revanche*, the children of both sexes are extraordinarily comely and well built. We came across more than one "Infant Samuel," a well-executed portrait of whom would gather crowds at any Academy Exhibition.

From Jassy we travelled by easy stages to the commercial capital of Moldavia, where we arrived towards the close of the second week in August.

Few changes had supervened in the inner town of Galatz since my previous visit to that city, in the year 1865. The acquisition of a railway station, built down in the valley at some considerable distance from the offices of the business men and the shops of the Israelites, who monopolized the retail trade of the place, had stimulated the municipality to make a few excellent roads, more especially one, the approach to the upper town from the terminus; but this fine thoroughfare, broad, even, admirably macadamized, was, after all, outside Galatz; and many of the streets of the aristocratic as well as of the commercial quarters remained in the

same backward, hardly civilized condition that characterized them when I first made their acquaintance. The trees in the public garden had grown—gas lamps had been put up in readiness for the gas that was yet to come, and meanwhile were excellently well illumined with petroleum provisional burners; a great sewer had been made, into which the houses of a few privileged streets distributed their refuse; waterworks were in rapid course of construction, and have in later years revolutionized the sanitary statistics of Galatz. Most of these good things were due to the energy and perseverance of Prince Morousi—whilom Mayor of the city—whose determination to make certain steps forward on the path of civilization actually vanquished the indolence and defeated the greediness of the other influential Boyars who had a word to say in the affairs Galatz. Morousi screwed up the taxes, raised the money to pay, *pro rata*, for the improvements, and managed that it should be devoted to that purpose, instead of, as is customary in Roumanian municipal administration, sticking to the fingers of the civic officials. Meanwhile Galatz had grown and prospered amazingly. Its population in 1874 numbered over a hundred thousand souls, a very large proportion of which was composed of foreigners; and it possessed a well-to-do, active, and highly respectable English colony, constituting the *élite* of its society.

In Cusa's birthplace, as in all the larger Roumanian towns, with the exception of Bucharest, the Jews transacted all the retail trade of the city. There was but one shop of any real importance in all Galatz kept

by a Christian Moldavian. The export grain business was chiefly carried on by Greeks; the import trade, ship-broking, ship-chandlery, &c., by Englishmen, Greeks, and other foreigners; the native Moldavian was, if a Boyar, a seller of natural products, or a house-owner; if a proletary, a hewer of wood and drawer of water. Before the war of 1877 it really seemed as if any means of bread-earning not immediately connected with his native soil and its agronomic produce had been invincibly repugnant to the true-bred Roumanian. He was *fruges consumere natus*, and apt to manipulate that fruitful earth from which he drew wealth for his masters and sustenance for himself; but he appeared incapable of learning any other avocation than that which exacted from him the minimum of intellectual and the maximum of physical effort. He earned less, and contributed more, in proportion to the gross amount of his income, to the public treasury, than any other class of his fellow-subjects. He was the milch-cow of the State, as well as of the Boyar; and I am bound to say that neither the one nor the other did much for him in return for his patient productiveness. The Jews in Moldo-Wallachia, unquestionably, had special, definite, and serious grievances, which cried aloud for prompt remedy; but it seemed to me that the Roumanian peasant's life was one long grievance, and that, by reason of his being utterly inarticulate, in the Carlylian sense of the word, the chances of justice being done to him were lamentably small. His condition would have been an insufferable one to any less enduring, amiable, and humble-minded being than himself. Ignorance, of course, was the root

of his many evils; and it behoved his "pastors and masters" to dig it up and destroy it for him, those being tasks he was not constituted by nature for executing *proprio motu*. He was as superstitious as a Red Indian, and as improvident as an Australian savage. He let his children, his own and his under-populated country's main hope, die for want of the commonest cares that one might fancy instinct would have dictated. When he himself lay ill, he would see no doctor and take no medicine, unless it were *raki*, or some devil's broth brewed for him by a village sorceress; he laid him down to die, with much of the Turkish fatalism lurking at the bottom of his conviction that nothing could avail to help him through his illness.

The Roumanian peasant woman was as hard-working as she was prolific; but she rarely reared her children, whose lives she sacrificed to the performance of her daily avocations. She was the servant, not the equal or companion, of her husband. The staple of both their food was *mamaliga*, or maize-flour, moistened with water into a sort of porridge, and eaten with a little salt. They but rarely ate meat, and were consequently unable to resist illness or even severe fatigue. Children succumbed in hosts to maladies that prove in Western Europe by no means necessarily fatal to the infantine population. In a village between Ruginoasa and Roman, belonging to a friend of mine, who maintained a medical man at his own expense for the benefit of his peasants, out of sixty children under seven years of age, fifty-seven died in 1874 of diphtheria. The parents would not let the doctor into their houses, nor even prevent their neighbours' children

from clustering round the pallets of the little sufferers. The most they would do was to hire a professional witch to mutter a charm or pronounce an incantation from time to time. Whilst the Roumanian Jew—I do not speak of the Polish or Russian Israelite immigrant, who was too frequently as ignorant and superstitious as the Christian native of the soil—eagerly availed himself of the discoveries and resources of medical science, the Wallachian or Moldavian utterly and obstinately rejected them.

In other respects, the contrast between the races was as striking as in that relating to sanitary conditions. The Roumanian would not mend a window, tile a roof, nor make a pair of breeches. All these trades, and a legion of others of the plainer, more merely mechanical order, were exercised by the Jew and the German. The Rouman worked hard, from childhood to the tomb; his sole pleasures or amusements were the *hora*, or the raki-flask; his theatre, lecture-room, picture-gallery, museum, and club was the roadside krisma, kept by the Jew who was his confidant, adviser, news-purveyor, agent, tradesman, money-lender, matchmaker, and, in a word, sole manager of his affairs and arbiter of his fate. He was, I verily believe, the hardest-used, as he was the easiest-going, man in Christendom. Everybody else in the country, Boyar, Jew, priest, and foreigner, lived upon him. Others danced, and he paid the music. Not that he was a fool; on the contrary, his natural gifts were by no means despicable, but they had never been cultivated, and indifference to his fate had become an integral part of his character.

With the achievement of Roumanian Independence,

however, the *terranu's* lot changed for the better, morally, intellectually and physically. Enforced military service and compulsory education worked wonders in the way of raising his standard of self-respect and opening his eyes to the expediency of improving the conditions of his existence. From a mere drudge of the glebe he has, in many thousands of instances, become a skilled handicraftsman, operative, journeyman, and even petty tradesman. In the towns, sanitary science has done much to render life possible, if not enjoyable, to the poorer classes of Dacians, whilst railways and village-schools have carried with them a certain measure of civilization into the vast majority of the country districts. Of all the countries in Europe, Roumania has during the last decade effected the most rapid development of her internal resources and of her people's well-being. Along the highroad of progress she has shown the way, not only to her petty neighbours, Servia and Bulgaria, whose political emancipation is coeval with her own, but to great Russia, who lags far behind her in all the essentials of material advancement. Roumania's chief provincial towns, to a few of which particular reference has been made in this chapter, are now better paved, lighted, drained and administered than are St. Petersburg and Moscow; her peasantry are better taught, clothed and fed than are the Russian *moujiks*; her army, as far as its discipline, equipments, mobility and military spirit are concerned, is infinitely superior to that of Muscovy, with the solitary exception of the Guard-Corps, the high efficiency of which is due to the personal supervision of Czar Alexander Alexandreivich.

My special mission in Roumania having terminated, I was recalled to Berlin, late in August, 1874, and embarked on board one of the *accélérés* steamers at Galatz, gladly leaving the Jewish question behind me, and rejoicing in the prospect of enjoying one of the most luxurious and picturesque holiday-trips available to the Continental traveller. When the good ship *Radetzky*, Captain Baron de Kasinsky, left her moorings off Galatz one fine Sunday morning, and started on her six-hundred-mile voyage up Danube, her officers and passengers little dreamt that they were destined to be witnesses, within the next twenty-four hours, of one of those "thrilling dramas of private life" which most people have read of in novels, but few, at least in these somewhat prosaic times of ours, have assisted at *in propria personâ*. It was a glorious day, and the plated domes of the picturesque Galatz churches glittered with an almost painful sheen, so that, long after we had lost sight of the hilly town, we could still, ever and anon, see them flashing in the far distance. On either side the huge river, as we steamed gallantly up against the mighty stream, the Roumanian and Turkish guards stood to their arms and saluted the Imperial flag.

At our departure from Galatz, I was the only first-class passenger on board the *Radetzky*. The fore-cabins were occupied by a motley crew of Bulgarian reapers, bound for the Banat harvest, Greek loafers, Roumanian peasants, and Jewish pedlars; but the great saloon was dismally empty, and, owing to the lateness of the season—so Captain von Kasinsky informed me—likely to remain so. However, at Braila an elderly lady of

highly-respectable appearance, accompanied by her maid, came on board, and established herself solidly in the after *cajute*. She belonged to the *ancien régime* of Roumanian Boyarins, and spoke not a word of any language save her own, so that her advent made but little difference, from a social point of view, to the officers of the ship and myself, with whom, moreover, she manifested no desire whatever to enter into the least communication. All that day we steamed onwards, between flat, muddy river shores and amongst reedy islands inhabited by stately buffaloes, long-legged cranes, and schools of snow-white pelicans; stopping at rare intervals for a few minutes at some wild Bulgarian or Wallachian village, to pick up a few more wandering harvesters of marvellously savage aspect, or to drop a travelling trader or two with his humble stock. All night, too, we worked our way upwards, harassed by mosquitoes; and about ten a.m. on Monday morning arrived at Giurgiu, where the train from Bucharest awaited our coming. Here it was that the life-drama I have referred to came off in a highly-sensational manner.

While standing by the side-rail I observed, tripping gaily along the broad planking that reached from the shore to our vessel's gangway, an exceedingly pretty and fashionably-dressed young lady, followed closely by a gentleman in accurate travelling costume, who, as soon as they were both fairly upon the *Radetzky's* deck, put his arm round her waist and embraced her. "A leave-taking," thought I; but no such thing—they walked aft, arm-in-arm, and entered the state-saloon.



Scarcely had they disappeared from my sight, when a loud shriek startled all on board, and was immediately followed by the sound of hysterical weeping. The gentleman promptly reappeared, emerging from the saloon with a highly-scared expression of countenance and strode hurriedly aft to the comptroller's cabin; meanwhile the sobs and cries waxed louder and more pitiful to hear. Presently, the old lady's servant came out in search of the captain, who, being engaged with the shipment of passengers and goods, could not comply with her request that he should go aft. Shortly afterwards the pretty young lady rushed forth, like Niobe, dissolved in tears, and wildly sought her male companion, whom she at length discovered in the comptroller's state-room, and who forthwith conducted her to a private deck-cabin, in which he locked her and himself up. All this time the old lady's cries never ceased for a minute. By and by, a fresh start having been effected, Baron von Kasinsky vanished in the saloon, and remained for some minutes in close conference with the old lady, his reappearance being watched for with the deepest interest by the newly-embarked after-cabin passengers, who, out of consideration for the feelings of the actors in what was evidently a family imbroglio of the gravest character, had hitherto remained on deck, instead of looking after their berths. When Kasinsky came forth, we at length were made acquainted with the *fin mot* of the situation. The pretty young lady, it appeared, was the daughter of wealthy parents, Krajova Boyars, and an heiress besides in her own right; the carefully got-up gentleman a scion of a good

family. The pair had eloped from Bucharest, where the young lady had been on a visit to some maternal relatives, and were off to Vienna. Arriving on board the *Radetzky* at Giurgiu, and entering that vessel's saloon, what must have been their astonishment and dismay at finding therein installed the young lady's paternal aunt! Their embrace on treading the *Radetzky's* deck was one of mutual congratulation at being safe from pursuit and detection—and a minute later they rushed into the arms, so to speak, of the fugitive damsel's relative. Imagine the *coup de théâtre*. As soon as the elderly lady was able to comprehend the position she broke into pathetic exhortations, imploring her niece to return to her family, and bewailing the disgrace she had brought upon her name and character. When she found her entreaties fruitless she gave utterance to vehement maledictions, and cursed the runaways with all the exuberance of figurative language for which the Roumanian tongue is justly renowned. But neither to prayers nor curses would the young lady, although she wept abundantly, yield; and presently she sought refuge with her companion, who meanwhile had, with a readiness of expedient that one could scarcely help admiring, hired a deck-cabin of the ship's comptroller, in which he and his fair friend were perfectly secure from all further molestation. The disconsolate aunt solicited Captain de Kasinsky to arrest the hero of the adventure, and deliver her refractory niece to her; but this he was, of course, unable to do, and he could only advise her to telegraph from the next station to the Prefect of Turno-Severin, who might deem

himself—although the young lady was over eighteen years of age—empowered to interfere, and to separate forcibly the wandering pair. Some sympathetic soul, however, must have found means to hint the probability of such a measure being taken to the fugitives in their reclusion; for, sacrificing their tickets for Vienna, they left the *Radetzky* at Nicopolis, there either to make their way across the Balkan to Constantinople, or—still more probably—to await another Austrian boat, in which no implacable aunt should menace their happiness, and in it prosecute their voyage to Vienna. When they issued from their cabin to go ashore there was another scene. The old lady rushed upon deck with the most tragical gestures, her face blurred with tears, and besought her niece to forego future misery; the niece went down on her knees, and entreated permission to kiss her aunt's hand before quitting her for ever; and the gentleman, despite an unusual share of self-possession, looked amazingly foolish. Finally—time and tide waiting for no man, as the saying is—the lady and gentleman hurried to the ship's gangway, and the aunt solemnly cursed them from the poop-deck. Thus ended the first act of a very sensational drama—the *Radetzky* steamed onwards, and we soon lost sight of the impenitent fugitives.

At Widdin we took in a numerous company of True Believers, mostly ladies, huddled up in the inconceivably hideous garments worn by Turkish women of all classes on a journey, their features imperfectly veiled by transparent white muslin yashmaks. The chief personage of this ghostly-looking assembly was an enormously

fat old Turkish lady, raddled with red and white paint, her finger-tips and palms deeply stained with henna (as indeed were those of all her companions), and her feet flapping about in huge yellow slippers, which, together with the embarrassments of the multifarious swaddling clothes in which she was enveloped, materially impeded her progress from one part of the deck to another. This ponderous female was attended by a numerous *cortége* of slaves, two of whom were her body musicians; and as soon as she and her suite were fairly squatted down hard by the steerage, she sent a kavass as ambassador to the captain, craving the latter's permission to "make a little music." Her request being granted, two of the younger slaves—one extremely pretty, although disfigured by paint and henna—produced, to our profound astonishment, two fiddle-cases from the shapeless bundles that constituted their luggage, and, extracting therefrom a couple of highly-polished violins, proceeded to tune them. A few of us had gathered together at a respectable distance, attracted by the quaintness of the episode, and the corpulent mistress of these fiddling houris beckoned us, with a jovial smile and friendly wave of the stained hand, to draw near and participate in the musical recreation she had provided herself with for her journey. In the matter of veiling, I am bound to say that the slaves, encouraged, probably, by their mistress's example, were as lax as could be. The tuning, which itself bore a marked family resemblance to some Turkish "music" with which I am acquainted, being ended, the two Mahometan minstrels grasped their instruments in a

determined manner, crossed their right legs over their left knees, commenced beating time with their left feet, and began to play, the one executing what I presume she was pleased to call an air, the other accompanying with a sort of drone in}major fifths. It would be a farce to assert that what they played was music in the cultivated sense of the word; but some of the *morceaux* were rhythmical and expressive of an odd alternation of wild pathos and saturnine joviality. The jig character predominated in the majority of the pieces—some twenty in number—the sort of jig that ghouls might be supposed to dance round a freshly-plundered grave. The chief performer kept her time admirably, and changed from one key to another without the least embarrassment; she also displayed considerable dexterity of finger. The second fiddle merely droned and marked the rhythm, its manipulator wagging her head and grunting in an ogglesome manner. The whole group was incomparably grotesque. Round the corpulent lady were huddled, squatting on their heels, four or five spectral figures devouring water-melon and smoking cigarettes; on the form behind her were seated the two muffled-up fiddlers; to her right, outside the circle, crouched a witch-like old woman, reciting charms and every now and then uttering a dismal squall that was, I fancy, intended to chime in with the instrumental part of the entertainment; one or two chubby Mussulman children were staring, round-eyed, with all their might at the Giaours who presumed to approach the society of the Faithful; and a couple of stalwart kavasses, armed to the teeth, hovered near us with lowering

glances, looking as though they were eagerly awaiting the signal to fall on and smite us hip and thigh. The fat lady was, however, in a jovial temper, and evidently far above all the small prejudices and traditions of her kind. Twice she addressed me at considerable length, with a broad grin upon her capacious countenance, and once she offered me a huge chunk of water-melon.

That part of the voyage up the Danube commencing at Orsova and terminating at Moldova, comprising the famous passage through the Iron Gates, has been too often described already; but it will ever remain the grandest and most impressive river scenery in Europe. The beauties of the Rhine are tame and insignificant in comparison with those of this marvellous water-way through the grim Carpathians, flanked by the stately remains of the noble Roman road, cut in the living rock by the Trajan's legions, and by the wonderfully preserved ruins of Byzantine and Roman fortresses, majestically rising from gray granite cliffs that tower aloft, hundreds of feet high, and frequently seem to block up the mighty stream rushing impetuously seawards under their mighty shadows. Sometimes they trend suddenly away from the river bed, and the Danube assumes the appearance of a deep, unruffled mountain lake from two to three miles broad, and from ten to twelve long. Sometimes they converge until they seem to meet, and the steamer winds its tortuous way along a narrow channel beset with pointed, angry-looking, grisly rocks. Enormous eagles soar, in pairs, above your head, on the watch for the big fish that recklessly leap from the river's bosom, unconscious of the bright fierce eyes

watching them from aloft. Close to Drenkovar, on the Servian side, we caught sight of a bear carefully coming down the cliff backwards, hand over hand, to his den in a black cave, penetrating the mountain's perpendicular side. The natives, greatly dependent upon fish for their nourishment, float about in rudimentary canoes—mere trunks of trees, hollowed out and roughly-shaped off at either end—carefully avoiding the wash of the steamers, which would inevitably upset their ill-balanced skiffs. Every five minutes a fresh scene, teeming with picturesqueness, is presented to the eye, and the passage through the mountains lasts, at full speed, nearly eight hours !

## CHAPTER III.

BERLIN ANTIQUITIES—THE TYPICAL GALLOWS-BIRD—A HISTORICAL  
OUTING—THE GERMAN MEDIEVAL DRAMA—A MYSTERY REVIVAL.

A LITTLE more than six centuries ago, during the decade of 1265-75—German antiquaries have not succeeded in fixing the exact date to a year—a building of considerable importance was erected in the town of Berlin. The administration of justice, even at that period of rough-and-ready penal codes, required a local habitation ; and a Gerichtslaube, or law-court, of considerable architectural pretensions—quite a grand affair, considering the period of its construction and the poverty of the city to which it belonged—was built in a central spot of the old Markish capital, close to the site of the present town-hall, or Rathhaus. The exterior was ornamented with fantastic sculptures, having grim reference to the punishments destined to be inflicted upon those whom evil doing or bad luck should subject to trial and sentence within its walls. One can fancy what a cheering effect the contemplation of these works of art must have produced upon the spirits of the prisoners, guilty or innocent, awaiting their turn for admission to the ungentle tribunal, and strongly guarded outside the door of the Gerichtslaube. Until a peculiarly



dismal stone figure was pointed out to me one day by a learned member of the Berlin Historical Society, who explained to me its signification, I had believed that the word "gallows-bird" admitted but of two interpretations or rather applications—the one metaphorical, used to designate a rather bad fellow; the other personal, having reference to carrion crows, ravens, and other ugly fowls, reputed to entertain a decided predilection for human meat that has been well hung—or hanged, to speak academically. I learned, however, that the *galgenvogel*, or gallows-bird, was a distinct entity that had been recognized in its counterfeit presentment for many centuries. I have seen it, and therefore I believe. Truly, it belongs to the same ornithological class as the harpy, griffin, and cockatrice, and owes the comparative obscurity in which its "life and times" have been shrouded doubtless to the fact that the vileness of its associations has kept it out of all escutcheons, and precluded heralds from utilizing it even as a supporter or crest. But there it is, a bird-man, of inconceivably melancholy aspect, whose beak is almost a nose, whose claws are overgrown toes, whose wings have a ghastly resemblance to arms amputated at the elbow, while the expression of its whole impersonation indicates a limp despair, resulting from an inner consciousness that he, or it, the gallows-bird, is the victim of an inevitable fatality not altogether unconnected with hempen manufactures. It seems to be saying to itself, "If I were really a bird, now, I could fly away and wag my tail scornfully at the ominous beam; or if I were altogether a man there might be some chance of my escape from

prison, by violence, agility, or bribery. But look at me! Did you ever see such a poor miserable devil? I cannot fly a foot nor walk a yard. I am at once loathsome, contemptible, and helpless. String me up, for goodness' sake, and have done with me!" This mournful monster, according to my informant, occupied a niche just above the place allotted to a prisoner "under examination;" which prisoner, to the end that he should preserve a proper attitude of attention and deference to his judges, was fixed up in a corner with his neck in a tight iron collar, the pressure of which must, I should fancy, have unpleasantly suggested the probable result of his trial. It was no joke, five or six hundred years ago, to get into a little trouble and be "pulled up" before the magistrate. Dungeons were dungeons in those days, and police-courts were accommodated with handy torture-chambers—as in the basement of the *Gerichtslaube*—in which witnesses were cross-examined with a severity painfully trying to their nerves. Whether you were hung up on a hook, like a leg of mutton in a butcher's shop, or pulled out to twice your natural length, or converted for the nonce into a cistern, or squeezed into a tight-fitting mummy case full of spikes, was simply an event dependent upon the whim of the learned gentleman engaged in looking into the case. Once in the dock, the prisoner was under the wing of the gallows-bird; and, being there, his skin was in sore peril.

Amongst the other sculptures adorning the *Gerichtslaube* are one or two evidently intended by their authors to point a moral. With a ferocious disregard to the

feelings of the unfortunate individuals compelled to attend the Court, *nolentes volentes*, one artist took the opportunity of a pillar just opposite the dock to execute upon its massive base a group of scurvy-looking, grovelling swine—typical, I suppose, of the vices that in those times characterized the poorer classes in general. Altogether the decoration of this venerable edifice was of the grisliest description. The building itself, empty and unused for many a long year, had been suffered to fall into decay ; and yet was allowed to stand, although greatly in the way of certain municipal improvements, because it was the oldest relic of civic architecture extant in the Prussian capital—the only visible link connecting the busy, commercial, enlightened present with the gloomy, feudal, and cruel past. Year after year the Town Council was divided against itself upon the question of demolition or non-demolition : utilitarians urged its annihilation ; antiquarians passionately advocated its preservation. At length, public opinion having decreed it to be an eyesore and an offence, the municipal fiat went forth, and the Gerichtslaube was doomed to destruction. This iconoclastic decision, however, no sooner reached the King's ears than his Majesty resolved that so ancient and respectable a relic of the Middle Ages should not perish. He signified to the civic authorities his intention to move the quasi-ruin, and rebuild it in his own private park at Babelsberg, requesting them to state their price for the materials. Even Berlin thrift could not stoop so low as to exact an indemnity for an old tumble-down building, of which the *débris* must have been carted away as rubbish, from

a monarch who generously offered to restore it at the expense of his private purse ; and so the Bürgerschaft presented its most venerable monument to the King, who had it set up on one of the artificial mounds—the Lenné-Höhe, I think it is called—in the picturesque grounds surrounding his favourite château. Although the walls were nearly completed by the end of October, 1871, oddly enough the foundation-stone was only laid on November 6th of the same year ; and to the ceremony of its deposition I had the honour of being invited by the President of the Historical Society.

From Berlin to Potsdam we travelled by train—a compartment full of archæologists, bar one, with never a foot-warmer to keep their toes from freezing, though the day was “cold and dark and dreary” enough to induce Mariana herself to have all the fires lighted at the Moated Grange, and sit toasting her feet at the bars of the biggest range in that doleful establishment. All the other railway companies in Prussia warm their carriages in the winter ; not so the Potsdamer line, which is ultra-Spartan in its treatment of passengers. From Potsdam to Babelsberg we proceeded by carriage—that is, as far as the park-gates, where we alighted, and strolled through healthy young plantations, past forcing houses and flower gardens, till we reached a solitary tower, surrounded by a moat, where we obtained a really magnificent view of Potsdam, the Havel, and all the palaces and parks conjured up out of a sand desert by the iron will of Frederick the Great and of his successors—faithful inheritors of his fancies as well as of his policy. “Der alte Fritz” said, one fine morning

(with Versailles in his mind's eye), "Here I will have a town; here I will have a Royal settlement, with châteaux, lakes, waterworks, statues, groves, clipped *allées*, all complete;" and straightway Potsdam was created. It ought to have been christened Frederica. The tower from which we gazed upon these marvels of industry and perseverance is an exact copy of the Eschenheimer Thurm at Frankfort, doubtless familiar to many of my readers. Skirting its mimic moat, the water in which is raised by powerful pumping machinery to the top of the hill crowned by the tower, we wandered through a fir wood until we reached another hillock, on the summit of which the Gerichtslaube stood in a semi-complete condition that gave it quite a ruinous and picturesque air. Here were gathered together some three hundred persons, awaiting our arrival; for the talented antiquarian presiding over the "function" was the leader of the party to which I was attached. A couple of Royal carriages had toiled up the steep road leading to the Lenné-Höhe; all the rest of the *invités* were on foot. Nothing could be more simple than the ceremony itself. After the Royal order had been read aloud, and an interesting address pronounced by Privy Councillor Schneider, giving a short *résumé* of the building's history and of the circumstances leading to its re-erection in the King's Park, the protocol of the "Grundlegung" was enclosed in a metal case, the covering of which was soldered on, laid to rest in a little stone grave prepared for its reception, and hidden out of sight with a stone slab, upon which everybody entitled to that privilege solemnly inflicted three raps with a bright

steel hammer. A novel feature in the cheering for the King, hearty as ever in that loyal province, was the substitution of the word "Lange" for "Hoch"—the latter being the customary sound of goodwill uttered in honour of his Majesty. It is certainly more sensible to express a desire that the King should live "long" than he should live "high"; indeed, it would be somewhat difficult to define exactly what is meant by the words "Er lebe hoch!" The innovation was in every way happy; what could be more desirable, for the good of Germany and the peace of Europe, than that King William should be preserved to his subjects for many a long year to come?

So soon as the ceremony was concluded we drove back to Potsdam, where an excellent dinner awaited us, some fifty members of the two Historical Societies (Berlin and Potsdam) sitting down to table. After the speeches—few and to the purpose—had been duly disposed of, the *convives* were resolved by the President into an extra working meeting of the local association, and one of the members favoured us with an interesting disquisition upon the sculptures of the Gerichtslaube. With this discourse the meeting separated. I should advise any Englishman visiting the Mark Brandenburg to make a point of including Babelsberg in his list of "sights to be seen." Permission may readily be obtained to go over the grounds and castle. Whenever the King is "not at home" there is no difficulty in procuring a card of admission. Once his Majesty happened to be in his library when a party of visitors, let in by mistake, was being shown through the state-rooms; and, in order not to interfere with their pleasure or cause them any em-

barrassment, he actually concealed himself in a dark china closet behind a set of "dummy" bookshelves, whence he could hear the comments of the holiday-makers upon his pictures, china, and bronzes.

It is a favourite boast of German *literati*, that the works of William Shakespeare are more generally read, more frequently acted, and more profoundly appreciated in the Fatherland than in the island which gave him birth, where, but for Henry Irving's great genius and enterprising spirit, his superb plays would ere now have fallen into desuetude; and no Englishman who has lived long enough in Germany to acquire a real acquaintance with the literary tastes and intellectual tendencies of the great middle class of Germans—in which are developed an individually higher degree and a collectively larger amount of mental culture than belong to the same order in any other country of the world—can conscientiously refuse to admit that the vaunt in question is founded on fact; humiliating as that confession cannot but be to a countryman of the Swan of Avon. The Germans *do* know all about Shakespeare's plays, made familiar to them by translations that are triumphs of human intellect; some of the noblest contributions to a Shakespeare literature have flowed from German pens; and not only in the chief centres of thought, art, and criticism—as Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Düsseldorf, and so on—but in the small provincial towns, where life is still a quiet unemotional routine of small duties, troubles, and pleasures, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Richard the Third* are played ten times in the year for once that they obtain possession of the boards of a first-class London or

provincial theatre, and draw more numerous audiences, as a rule, than the second-rate German classical plays themselves. Nearly two centuries have elapsed since several of Shakespeare's tragedies and historical dramas were first performed in Berlin by an English company ; and it is a fact worthy of record that, in the course of the 1873-4 winter season, the list of theatrical entertainments published daily in the morning papers more than once recorded the circumstance that no fewer than three out of Berlin's eighteen theatres were occupied on the same evening by Shakespearian plays.

Germans are steadier and more assiduous playgoers than Englishmen ; indeed, a considerable portion of the well-to-do *bourgeois* life in the Fatherland is passed in the theatre. The love and enjoyment of dramatic performances have come to the German much later than they were imparted to the Englishman, the Spaniard, Frenchman, or Italian ; but they are none the less genuine and earnest for that, nor for the fact that he depends chiefly upon foreign sources for their gratification. Great original German dramatists may be numbered on the fingers of one hand. But the Teuton is the prince of translators ; his patience is inexhaustible, his conscientiousness almost Quixotic, his lust of study unappeasable ; besides which, his nature is essentially assimilative, and the language at his disposal wherein to render with photographic fidelity the idioms of Æschylus, of Horace, of Shakespeare, Dante, or Cervantes, is so wealthy, elastic, and full of varied colour, that his achievements in the way of translations, or rather reproductions, may well rank amongst the most remarkable



efforts of modern literature. The *répertoires* of the "subventioned" or Court theatres throughout Germany are incredibly large, and the demands made upon the sparsely-salaried actors are correspondingly heavy. These *répertoires* contain little but translations, excepting the works of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Kotzebue; and are slenderly recruited by German authors of the day, save in the lighter branches of the drama, adorned with artificial fruit of brilliant hues but somewhat insipid flavour by Bauernfeld, Lindau, Von Moser, and Mosenthal.

Considering the generality and sincerity of the interest taken in the drama throughout Germany, one is somewhat at a loss to account for the comparative recentness of its acclimatization in the Fatherland, as well as for the sterility displayed by the German intellect with respect to the increase of dramatic literature; just as it is difficult to understand why, in a country numbering more possible readers among its inhabitants than any other European realm, works of fiction should be so inferior in quality and few in number, compared with those produced in England and France. It appears at least plausible to attribute the late introduction of the drama into Germany to the check to civilized progress caused by the long and disastrous internal struggles that attended and followed the Reformation, during an epoch when the religious plays or mysteries that had hitherto constituted the theatrical pabulum of the English public were undergoing transformation into secular dramas. German shortcomings in the matter of dramatic and romantic authorship can only be ascribed to the character of the German mind, which is critical rather than

creative—analytical rather than imaginative. The intellectual temper of this people disposes it to dispute all assertions, however authoritative or solemn—and is, consequently, unsympathetic towards fiction.

These natural dispositions and antipathies are in all probability responsible for the curious circumstance that *Ralph Royster-Doyster*, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, and *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, absolutely secular plays, had well-nigh passed out of fashion on the British stage some time before the first religious play, founded on a much older *Mystery* of foreign extraction, was performed by the Berlin scholars in the town-hall of the capital of the Brandenburg Electorate on the 6th of January, 1539. It was "arranged" in rhymed verse, by Henry Knaust—who, after the fashion of the time, signed his works "Henricus Chnustinus"; he was an eminent jurist, who left behind him over sixty published works, the majority of which were legal essays. Amongst his lighter productions were a pamphlet on brewing, another on geometry and the spheres, an attack upon Mahomedanism, the tragedies of *Cain and Abel* and *Dido*, and the comedy *Pecuparumpius*. The religious play above mentioned was published at Berlin in 1541, under the title *A very beautiful and useful Play of the lovely Birth of Our Lord Jesus Christ*. I saw it performed in January, 1873, by members of the Berlin Historical Society, on the occasion of a festivity held in commemoration of that association's foundation day; and I am persuaded that a short account of so exceptional an entertainment cannot fail to prove interesting to many English lovers of the drama. For those who understand

German I venture to transcribe the Prologue in its quaint original spelling ; its brevity, manliness of tone, and sturdy defiance of the critics, are extremely refreshing.

So Jemand nicht wird gefallen das,  
 Derselbig mir dies bleiben lasz,  
 Und mach ihm selbst etwas fuer sich  
 Und lasz hie ungetadelt mich.  
 Ich hab's gemacht, wie mir's gefallen,  
 Dem's nicht gfaellt, der lasz es ihm maln !  
 Was gehet mich Dasselbig an ?  
 Ich hab hiebey mein Bestes gthan ;  
 Ein Ander mag auch thun so viel !  
 Gotts Ehr ist hier gwesen mein Ziel.

Few authors of the nineteenth century would have the courage to preface their publications by so daring a challenge to the good nature of their readers. "He who is not pleased with this, let him let it alone, and compose something for himself, and leave me here unblamed. I have made it in the manner that pleased myself; he who does not like it had better have it painted for him! What care I? I have hereby done my level best; another may do as well! To honour God has been my purpose here!" The metre of the above lines is the same observed throughout the whole of the five-act play.

The *dramatis personæ* are : Gabriel, cum suis Angelis ; Maria, Joseph, Elisabeth ; Tres Magi—Caspar, Melchior, Balthasar ; Herodes Rex, cum suis Militibus et Consiliariis ; Haubtman (a Captain), Cantzler (a Chancellor), Præco ; Nickel on Gelt et Hans Knebelbart (two subordinate devils or imps, the comic characters of the piece) ; Annas, cum suis Scribis et Phariseis ; Decem, vel ultra, Muliercule, cum pueris ; Novem Pastores ;

Beltzebug, cum suis Diabolis. A simple platform, covered with green cloth, represented the stage; the actors being collected R., ascending the platform when "called," and making their exit L., whence they walked round behind the stage to their original station in full sight of the audience. The performance was conducted as closely as possible in conformity with the traditions handed down from the sixteenth century respecting the *Playings of the Scholars*. Knaust, who was master of the school by which his play was rendered, acted as call-boy, prologue-speaker, herald, chorus, and prompter, besides filling up, on the spur of the moment, any small part the boy "cast" for which proved incapable of sustaining it at the eleventh hour. He was admirably personified by the President of the Historical Society, Privy-Councillor Schneider, whose sallies of dry humour, accenting his frequent changes of function, and couched in the quaint phraseology current three centuries ago, more than once elicited a roar of laughter from an exceptionally grave and learned audience, composed exclusively of gentlemen claiming some degree of proficiency in antiquarian lore. There were, of course, no scenery and no decorations whatever. Nothing could be more grotesque than the effect produced by the appearance of a middle-aged and luxuriantly bearded gentleman on the stage when "Mary" was "called"; and Ashtaroth himself might have failed to recognize Beelzebub, God of Flies, in the very mild little *savant* with fair beard and spectacles, who pleasantly declaimed the ferocious "lengths" assigned to that Demon Lord in the fourth act of the play. The first scene opened with a short monologue

spoken by the Angel Gabriel—Bernhard Schulz, an eminent historical painter of this capital—who, charged with communicating a very sensational piece of intelligence to Mary, is hovering outside her cottage, considering the terms in which he shall fulfil his mission without unduly alarming her. To him enters Mary; then, after announcing his celestial character, he plunges at once *in medias res*, and, with a plainness of language only rivalled by her own when she hears what is going to happen, informs her that she has been selected as the medium through which a miracle, having for its ulterior object the redemption of human kind, is presently to be performed. After expressing her extreme surprise at the nature of the task prescribed to her, Mary declares her readiness to comply with the Archangel's instructions, extraordinary and unprecedented as they appear to be.

Several months are supposed to elapse between the first act and the second—in the first scene of which Joseph is much troubled and exercised in his mind with respect to an unexpected family event that has just come to his knowledge. He turns out of his workshop to soliloquize comfortably over the difficulty in the cool of the evening, and revolves with considerable exhaustiveness the question in his inner self, looking at it carefully from every mundane and metaphysical point of view. What line of conduct had he better adopt? Should he, as his wounded feelings suggest, thrust his wife out of doors; or should he put a good face on the “accident,” and trust to time for oblivion? Just as he is decidedly inclining to the former course, and faces about homewards with the intention of turning the house out of windows,

Gabriel makes himself manifest, and, in the cheerfulness of conversational tones, lets Joseph into the secret of the phenomena that had so astonished and vexed him ; whereupon that worthy artisan casts away his cares, and professes himself and his family to be entirely at the disposition of the celestial authorities.

The next scene is inexpressibly funny, although its humour is of the coarsest description. Enter the two retainer Devils, Nickel on Gelt and Hans Knebelbart, in sore tribulation as to the prospects of devildom on earth by reason of what is going on in Nazareth. They vociferate their conviction that "if the child shall be born there will be left to honest, hard-working devils like themselves no upright means of earning a respectable livelihood. Nobody will be d——d any more—why should they?—and poor devils, forlorn of private property, but eager for employment, will have positively nothing whatever to do!" Talking over this painful subject makes them quite desperate. They are especially indignant at the ingeniousness of the trick by which their overthrow is about to be accomplished, and which they regard as a subterfuge unworthy of such exalted personages as their chief adversaries. They consult together at great length respecting the means it may be expedient to adopt in order to avert the calamity threatening them ; but, not being able to make up their minds to a definite plan of action, they agree to refer their several projects to their illustrious master, Beelzebub. Before doing so, however, as a preliminary measure of offence calculated to annoy the human race in general, they resolve to inflict some terrible stench upon society

at large. Portentous sounds are heard, and, after an interchange of compliments anent their respective capabilities in the sulphur and brimstone line, Nickel on Gelt and Hans Knebelbart skip off, bellowing horribly their determination to do or die in "the good cause."

The third act introduces us to the shepherds (*Novem Pastores*), who, whilst tending their flocks, have been disturbed in their meditations by strange voices in the air, singing Latin hymns,—which, to be sure, these simple Syrian swains could scarcely be expected to understand. Whilst they are deliberating over these mysterious manifestations, singers in the wing (*Quatuor Cantores*) interrupt their consultation by the most dismal 'Gloria in excelsis' that ever shepherd or any other man listened to. This determines them—by no means to the astonishment of the audience, which betrayed signs of considerable uneasiness during the quartet—to leave at once for Bethlehem; so *exeunt Pastores*. To them succeed the Three Kings, or Magi, who are much put about by the unusual conduct of a star, which persists in beckoning them onwards in a particular direction. They seek to account for this, and speedily come to the conclusion that the star is a "Royal star," betokening the proximate birth of a powerful monarch, to whom it is their evident duty to pay their respects, not unaccompanied by goodly tribute of jewels and specie. Just as they have settled the question, the star comes on, and performs some devious vagaries that carry conviction to the most incredulous mind. *Exeunt Tres Magi*. King Herod now enters, attended by his Chancellor and High Priest. This character was brilliantly rendered by a

gentleman of truculent appearance and sonorous voice, in every way qualified to play the "villain" of the piece. His Majesty has heard of something irregular going on in connection with a baby, a star, and some shepherds in an obscure corner of his dominions, and is naturally desirous to get to the bottom of what appears to be a decidedly illegal transaction. He is informed by his Chancellor that three foreign monarchs have just arrived, on their way to pay homage to the new-born Prince, and at once requests the favour of their visit, *en passant*. Melchior, Caspar, and Balthazar come in and bow; he asks them to oblige him by obtaining all the authentic information they can procure upon the subject that is disquieting him, as they are "going that way;" and they promise, on their words of honour, to call on their return journey and let him know all about it. This promise, however, they do not mean to keep.

In the fourth act the Magi approach the stable, guided by the star, and are quite overwhelmed with surprise that such a wretched building should have been chosen as the birthplace of a mighty Sovereign. They pay their respects, however, to the family; whereupon Gabriel descends, warns them energetically—in strong language, too—against Herod, and, turning to Joseph and Mary, gives them a friendly hint to retire for a few days into Egypt, as something very unpleasant may shortly be expected to occur in the neighbourhood of their present abode. The second scene takes us back to Herod's palace, where we find that monarch in a violent passion because of the Magi's failure to fulfil their word. He has heard all about the proceedings at Bethlehem



from other sources, and is determined to deal with the possible usurper unmercifully, on the principle that "prevention is better than cure." He accordingly instructs a herald to summon all the mothers of male children under two years of age to the palace, where they will "hear of something to their advantage." Here appear "*Decem, vel ultra, Muliercule, cum pueris*"—parts, as Privy-Councillor Schneider informs us, formerly sustained by the little boys of the fifth and sixth classes, who were brought on naked and soundly thrashed by their seniors, the representatives of Herod's soldiery. The massacre scene was truly thrilling, Herod taking an active part in the slaughter, and enjoying himself to his heart's content. Alas! his recreation is untimely curtailed by Gabriel, who, after roundly abusing him in old German slang which will not bear translation, stabs him and vanishes. Herod's death-scene is a masterpiece of bad language and impotent fury. He dies at last, and the massacre ceases.

The fifth act opens with another comic scene between Beelzebub and his fiendish Mamelukes. He is seriously depressed in spirits—quite "played out," in fact—and can see no way out of his troubles. Lamenting and vituperating, he and his go their way. The whole winds up with a recognition of the miracle, and more 'Glorias' from the Cantores, if anything a trifle more lugubrious than before. The play, acted "right away," without any hitches or stoppages, lasted exactly an hour and forty minutes; the interest, admirably sustained, never flagged for an instant, and many of the "points," especially the comic ones, were enthusiastically applauded.

The soliloquy spoken by Joseph, Herod's oily demeanour to the Magi and gloating ferocity during the massacre, the naïve chat of the Three Kings about the star, and all the "business" of the devils, were particularly telling bits of composition; and Gabriel's homely gossiping manner of discharging his several missions—save where he lost his temper with Herod, and used language that would have done credit to either Hans Knebelbart or Nickel on Gelt—proved invariably irresistible to the risible proclivities of the audience. The "Stiftungs-Fest" terminated with a splendid supper, at which toast and song went round in good old style, as became a company of jolly antiquarians, historians, and archæologists.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY—REGIMENTAL MESSES—COURTS OF ELECTION AND OF HONOUR—PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS—A LANDWEHR BATTALION—ADMINISTRATIVE THRIFT—A POUND OF SNUFF AND A COWSKIN.

IN the Prussian service, as in ours, the words “officer” and “gentleman” are synonymous, or at least convertible terms. Indeed, the large majority of the North German officers are gentlemen by birth, entitled to armorial bearings; whilst the minority, of humbler origin, are gentlemen in virtue of the uniform they wear, and of the liberal education which it is imperative that they should have received ere they could be admitted to the *Offizierskorps*. In Prussia, as in England, it is all but physically impossible that an officer holding subaltern rank should live on his pay; unless he possess a small private income he cannot avoid running into debt; and if he become involved in pecuniary embarrassments his military career very soon comes to a close. The stern fact that the pay of a Second Lieutenant in the German army is a fraction under £36 a year—about the wages of a first-class coachman in a noble family, without counting Jehu’s perquisites—which does not suffice to defray the expenses of uniforms, mess, and band, excludes a vast number of young men belonging

to the middle classes from the adoption of the officer's profession; and these youths may be divided into two categories—one consisting of those whose parents cannot afford to allow them a *Zulage*, or annual stipend sufficiently considerable to enable them to hold their own with their comrades; the other, of those to whom commerce, the arts, or the sciences offer prospects more lucrative than those held out to them by the career of arms. The officers' mess, an institution common to Prussia and England only, of all the countries in which standing armies are maintained, is established upon principles of the strictest economy. The average price of the dinner throughout the Guard—officered chiefly by men of family and comparative wealth—is 1s. 6d.; and I can vouch for the excellence of the meal supplied by the mess stewards at that very moderate figure. In country quarters and garrison towns the tariff varies between 9d. and 1s. Most messes import their own claret and champagne—the former costs them 2s. a bottle, the latter 5s.; whilst beer is cheap and good in every part of North Germany. Every officer, on joining, is expected to contribute a silvern “Besteck” to the regimental plate, which, of course, becomes the property of the corps when he leaves it. In short, the same spirit of association and *camaraderie* pervades the Prussian service that has for so long been a leading characteristic of the British army, and that can hardly be said to exist in the armies of France, Italy, Spain, or even Austria. The officers of these four services do not, as a rule, mess together. Captains associate with Captains, Lieutenants with Lieutenants, *et ainsi de suite*;

whilst the *gros bonnets* of a regiment—the Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Majors—are beings far too grand and sublime to tolerate in their subordinate officers the necessary equality of a dinner-table to which every *convive*, from the junior subaltern to the commander of the regiment, contributes an equal share of the expenses incurred by the mess-steward.

This equality, however, though the very essence of comradeship, and in no way interfering with discipline, lends a charm to regimental society in Prussia and England which, I do not hesitate to say, contributes materially to the *esprit de corps* animating the officers of both those countries. Years ago, before Piedmont was merged into Italy, ere its gallant and admirably trained little army, the nucleus of the national host that has since 1870 assumed such enormous dimensions, was spread out *en modèle* over the Peninsula, the officers of its six magnificent cavalry regiments had their messes organized upon the English pattern with certain thrifty modifications, and lived together as brethren of arms should, in friendship and loving kindness. Now all that is over; Neapolitans, Tuscans, Æmilians, and Lombards have been drafted into the regiments in question—which have even been deprived of their distinctive names—replacing Piedmontese nobles, sent down south to leaven the officers' corps of the provincial armies, successively amalgamated with the old Royal legions; the first result of which blending operation was that, as the officers thus jumbled up together from different parts of the kingdom did not “know one another at home,” the regimental messes were broken up, and every man took to living on his

own hook. Thus was a deathblow struck at hearty good-fellowship amongst the officers of the ex-Piedmontese cavalry.

It will readily be understood that, by reason of the strong resemblance existing between the English and Prussian services, in respect to the social class from which the officers of both armies are recruited, as well as to the inner regimental life of gentlemen holding commissions, the English Royal and Ministerial enactments issued seventeen or eighteen years ago were perused by military men throughout the German Empire with the deepest interest, and were subjected to a close and searching criticism. On the whole, they were considered to be wholesome, intelligent, and calculated to increase the efficiency of the British army; but individual regulations were freely censured; and the absence of others, found to work surprisingly well in this service, was as freely deplored. In the Prussian army itself—I speak, of course, of the *Offizierskorps*—a strong party, numbering amongst its members some of the most eminent soldiers of the age, existed, at the time to which I refer, the feeling prevalent in which was decidedly favourable to the introduction of the purchase system. Several reasons appeared to render it desirable that a sliding scale of purchase, not dissimilar to our much-reviled system—minus the extra-regulation prices—should be adopted. Those reasons were sufficiently plausible to be deemed worthy of serious consideration in the highest quarters; and, in fact, towards the close of the year 1869, were carefully tested and sifted by those in authority. Eventually it was resolved to

adhere to the *praxis* already established, and, the 1870-1 campaign having triumphantly demonstrated the efficiency of that *praxis*, it is highly improbable that purchase will ever take place in German soil ; unless, indeed, a long-protracted peace should bring about an insufferable block in promotion. But purchase has never been contemned in Prussia as it has been in countries where democratic tendencies bloom and flourish. The doctrine that "one man is as good as another, aye, and a great deal better," has failed to obtain a hearing in the Prussian army, whose chiefs, whilst exacting from aspirants to commissioned rank proficiency in all the branches of knowledge essential to the education of a professional soldier, by no means despise or undervalue the pecuniary qualification that, with us, was formerly virtually a *sine quâ non*, if not to entrance into the service, certainly to promotion therein. They hold that to serve King and Fatherland in arms is the greatest honour to which a man of birth, education, and spirit can aspire ; and that, to obtain it, such a man should be prepared to make some slight pecuniary sacrifice, besides that of his time, and, if need be, of his blood. They opine that the man who devotes his private means, or a part of them, to keeping up the standard of respectability in the higher grades of the national army is likely to turn out a more useful member of that army than the man who is unable to fulfil those conditions ; and, by inference, that therefore the man who possesses a certain amount of money will make a better officer than he who is wholly dependent upon his pay. Were this not so, that pay would, long

ere now, have been raised, despite the natural and necessary parsimoniousness of the Prussian administration. But the very exiguity of the remuneration allotted by the State to its military officers acts at once as a powerful stimulus to patriotism, and as an eliminator of many social incongruities that could scarcely be kept out of the army were that army a profession offering reasonable competency to candidates for a military career. If I may be permitted to say so, the starvation scale on which the Prussian officers' pay is settled has succeeded in establishing a sort of negative purchase system. There is no money, of course, paid over the counter for a commission or a promotion at any time whatsoever; but the State as good as says to the cadet or *avantageur*, "To make sure of having my army officered by persons of a certain standing, I give my subalterns a sum upon which they cannot maintain themselves as gentlemen, and punish them severely if they get into debt; so that, if you have not so much a year, your admission to the officers' corps will merely entail upon you certain misery and possible shame." The money qualification, therefore, is just as urgently though not so clumsily exacted as of yore with us, and, as supplemented as it is in Prussia by strict examinations and officers' courts of election, there is no doubt that it succeeds in barring out duffers and snobs.

I was dining one evening in August 1871 at the mess of a crack cavalry regiment of the Guard, quartered at Potsdam—and a better dinner I never sat down to at any British mess-table—and as soon as coffee and cigars had set in with their usual severity the British Royal



Warrant and the War-office Regulations became the topics of general conversation. There were optimists and pessimists, of course. "What I am afraid of," said one of the latter—whose name, by the way, is well known at Aldershot—"is that, for the next ten years, you will have an army officered by colonels and subalterns. Your captains, majors, and lieutenant-colonels, especially in the cavalry, who have paid swinging 'extras' for their commissions, will retire *en masse*—and how are you going to fill up their vacancies? God forbid that you should have to fight for a dozen or so years to come!" "But can it be really intended," broke in Graf von Beust, "that the army shall be thrown open to the public, so that anybody with most marks to his name, won in competitive examination, shall have the right to obtain a commission? I don't see how your fellows are to live together if men are to be forced into their company to whose manners or antecedents they may reasonably object; besides which it would be deuced hard lines upon the incoming man if, because he dropped his h's or picked his teeth with his fork—which habits he may have learned at home, and yet be an excellent military theorist—he found himself avoided and left out in the cold by his comrades. We, as you know, constitute a Court of Election and a Court of Honour in our own regiment, and this is the case in every regiment of the Prussian army; when a fellow has passed his examination all right, and is put down for a commission in our corps, we assemble *in plenum* and sit on him, a certain time having been allowed for inquiry into his character, social standing,

means, &c. If any officer have an objection to his admission amongst us, that officer is obliged, upon honour, to substantiate his said objection ; if it be found valid, we endorse it, and our decision is accepted as final at headquarters. Either the youngster is quietly got rid of, or another regiment is tried. As all the proceedings are strictly confidential, the candidate's prospects in any other line are not damaged, nor are his feelings wounded. And we, for our part, are able to make sure that no person of ungentlemanly habits or unpleasant disposition is admitted to our intimacy ; for, once in the regiment, the Newcome is one of ourselves, and treated as a comrade in whom unlimited confidence may be placed. Nor, in our Court, do we allow any trivial or purely personal objection to stand in his way. He has thoroughly fair play in the matter of his entrance, as he has ever afterwards, according to his behaviour in the regiment—and no man has a right to ask for more. Any officer misconducting himself in such manner—not in his service, of course, for that concerns a court-martial—that notice must be taken of his action by his brother-chips, is tried by our Court of Honour, and its verdict, if unfavourable, is accepted by the superior authorities as a ground for his removal from the army, or transfer to another corps, as the case may be. The protocols, which are likewise confidential, are duly drawn up, and eventually submitted to his Majesty, who personally looks into each case with the greatest care, deciding what is to be done with the offender." This last fact is a proof of the fatherly interest taken by William I. in his army. When one reflects upon

the infinite variety of his occupations, one cannot but wonder how he finds time to keep so strict—and so kindly, for the King ever inclines towards a lenient course, and can with difficulty be induced to sign a death-warrant—a watch over the career of his officers.

Of late years it has more than once been justly observed that, despite the fondness for and aptitude in athletic sports characterizing the English people, Britons of the present generation cannot boast of greater size, width, weight, and endurance than were attained by their forefathers. This statement, which I have no doubt is well founded, suggested to me an inquiry with respect to the actual state of physical standards in Prussia as compared with their conditions half a century ago, shortly after the conclusion of the War of Emancipation, which left Germany impoverished and enfeebled, though victorious. The few trustworthy data I have been able to glean upon this subject may not be without interest for my readers.

Nothing strikes a foreigner, especially if he be a military man, so forcibly upon entering Prussia, either from France or Belgium, as the size of the soldiers compared with that of the dapper but undersized legionaries he has encountered in the last-named countries. The Prussian liner is not only a taller fellow than the French or Belgian *pioupiau*, but he is stouter, heavier, and stronger than either. On an average, five Prussian liners weigh as much as six French *lignards*; this fact was satisfactorily established during the last war, when the presence of some 300,000 French soldiers in Germany enabled military ethnologists to ascertain with considerable accuracy the

main differences in the physical materials of which the hostile armies were composed. The eleven-stone man may be said to predominate throughout the Prussian army, putting the Guards' corps out of the question ; and in one or two of the provincial corps—as, for instance, the 2nd (Pomeranian), the Brandenburg and Westphalian Corps—there are often as many twelve-stone as ten-stone men. The Infantry of the Guard and Guard Landwehr presents a body of men numbering between forty and fifty thousand, whose average height is 5 ft. 9½ in., and weight 11 stone 8 lbs. From six to seven thousand of these range from 6 ft. to 6 ft. 6 in. in height. All the Cuirassiers (there are fifteen or sixteen regiments of them) are huge fellows, those of the Guard being giants in size, breadth, and strength, riding nearly twenty-one stone with their accoutrements, &c. The Foot Artillery is composed of picked men, ranging between 5 ft. 8 in. and 6 ft. high. Even in the Polish and East Prussian Infantry regiments, recruited in districts the well-being of which stands at a much lower average than that of the other Prussian provinces (I have been assured on indisputable authority that a large proportion of the annual contingent from Prussian Poland, Lithuania, and the barren lands on the Russian frontier, consists of youths who have never tasted meat or wine until they joined the ranks of the army), a man standing under 5 ft. 5 in. in his regimental boots is a rare and exceptional sight.

In Germany, above all other countries, the army and the male population are convertible terms. The army is more than the pick of the nation ; it is the nation itself. All the male adults of Prussia, save cripples,

dwarfs, or those afflicted by constitutional debilities, have been, are, or will be soldiers. Youths are, as it were, taken bodily out of the way of temptation, at the most dangerous period of their lives, when their passions are at a maximum and their judgment at a minimum, and sequestered from the world for nearly three years, during which their muscles are developed and their intelligence is supplied with the means of development. They are taught to practise an absolute and blind obedience; they are fed wholesomely and sufficiently, but in such sort as to render them comparatively indifferent to good cheer; they are made to work harder than they would have had to labour at any calling whatsoever in private life; their morals are looked after with extreme strictness; and when they have completed their term of service, if they manifest no desire to "capitulate" or re-enlist, they are dismissed to their respective civil avocations, as a rule, in high health, bodily and mental, well set up, hard and tough, sound in wind and limb, with habits of order, sobriety, and economy, and in every respect better men than they would have been had they spent the three years in question at the plough, the forge, or the desk. The large majority of these *émancipés* return at once to the groove from which their summons to the Prussian standards plucked them in their twenty-first year, and, as soon as they have recovered the ground lost to them during their absence, marry and beget large vigorous children. Prussia is the country *par excellence* for early marriages and large families—of course I mean amongst the lower classes. The throngs of sturdy, hardy children

pervading the streets of Prussian towns and villages would cause a disciple of Malthus to shudder with horror and disgust at every step he took in localities so philo-progenitively defiant of his principles. These riotous and masterful youngsters are, in a great measure, the practical results of the general military service system. Generation upon generation of them, for the last seventy years, have been making their appearance upon this worldly stage, each a trifle bigger or stronger than its predecessor—a very trifle, possibly, but still something.

And so it is that the army measures have waxed and increased since 1813, until they have reached dimensions that, could the Prussian hosts of the *Befreiungskrieg* be summoned from their rest and paraded for inspection by the side of the present army, would astonish those veterans very considerably. The uniforms of the 1887 levies would hang like draperies on the limbs of Blücher's "babes" and Lützow's Wild Huntsmen; and the sinewy young troops that invaded France eighteen years ago could not have got into the breeches and tunics of the heroes who struggled against Napoleon's legions at Ligny and Gemappes. Judging from the *data* I was able to get at, I should say that the average Prussian adult of 1872 was three inches bigger round the chest and two inches taller than was his grandfather or great-grandfather in 1822. Nor must this be attributed to an increment in general *bien-être*; for that has been also the case, and to a greater extent, in Great Britain, and yet it appears to be admitted that Great Britons are not larger or stronger men than their progenitors. No; it is not because the Prussians of now-a-days eat more meat,

drink more wine and beer, and work fewer hours daily than did those other Prussians with whom our troops fought side by side in Belgian plains and forests, that their stature and girth have increased, whilst ours have remained "as they were;" it is because half a century and more of compulsory military service has coerced Prussian men, from father to son, into improving the condition of their bodies, with the limited object, truly, of attaining the highest possible degree of fighting power, but also with the magnificent effect of ameliorating in an extraordinary measure the physical force of a whole nation.

Moreover, the Prussians, as a people, have enjoyed the inestimable advantage of poverty. They have been more sober, more chaste, more thrifty, more inured to privations, harder worked than any other great European people—not because they are of their nature paragons of the virtues, far from it, but because hard necessity has been their master, as well as the shrewd, sagacious Hohenzollern. Wealth brings with it comforts and luxuries, and is followed hard at heel by degeneration. It makes life easier and happier, and, like the pursuit of the arts, softens the manners, but also softens the muscles. Thirty years of almost unexampled prosperity delivered great France, courageous but impotent, into the hands of her foes, whose bodies and souls had been tempered the while to the hardness of steel by poverty, hard work, and frugality. And yet who—not being of either nationality—does not prefer a Frenchman to a Prussian as a companion? For poverty does not make people amiable, nor, to tell the truth, does

hard work, whilst there is but a step from thriftiness to meanness ; and amenity of feeling, courtesy of demeanour, even common civility, are unfortunately incompatible with the mental and physical habits inculcated in the people by a military *régime* like that which obtains in Germany at the present day. In a word, nations have to choose, as matters stand, between improving their bodies and improving their manners. Prussia made her choice long ago ; she has widened and deepened her chest, added considerably to her stature, put on an astonishing amount of muscle, and hardened her frame to every sort of trial, effort, and exposure ; consequently, she has doubled up, humiliated, and mulcted her more wealthy, easy-going, and amiable neighbours. She is at the top of the tree ; everybody is afraid of her. People do not, of course, experience any extravagant degree of affection for those of whom they stand in grievous bodily fear. So she is not loved—at least, not fervently. But what does that matter to her ? She is Sir Oracle ; and when she opens her mouth all men punctually hold their peace. Her military system has made her what she is, and nothing but prosperity or revolution can unmake her military system. As far as English physical modifications are concerned, I must leave my readers to draw their own inferences from the facts detailed above.

In the pleasant early summer-time, towards the end of the London season, may frequently be seen, packed away in odd corners of daily papers, or haply squeezed into the *Naval and Military* column, festive announcements recording that “the annual dinner of the 40th



Bombardiers was held last night at Limmers' Hotel," or "The officers of the Royal Horse Guards Russet dined together on Wednesday evening, the glorious anniversary of Bergen-op-Zoom." These regimental dinners are pleasant meetings enough, at which military magnates, collared and starred, sit down under their old colours, with youngsters fresh from Sandhurst and Addiscombe; and country squires, members of Parliament, and Lords-Lieutenant, long since retired from the service, don the familiar uniform of their youth again for one night to testify their regard for the regiment in which, may be, they passed some of the happiest years of their lives. At such banquets, besides the regimental officers actually on the *cadres de service*, are to be found G.C.B.'s, M.P.'s, J.P.'s, and half the letters of the honorific alphabet—good comrades for the nonce, bound together by the freemasonry of the flag under which, at one time or another, all have served. But it is seldom that a hundred *convives* can be got together for such an occasion, however energetically the Mess-president may whip the West-end and the counties; fifty is considered a good "meet," although I suppose there is scarcely a regiment in her Majesty's land forces that cannot count on its roster over a hundred names of living men who belong, or have belonged, to its officers' corps. The exception to the rule of half-a-hundred or fewer diners at a "Military Annual" is, of course, afforded by her Majesty's Regiment of Royal Artillery. I do not venture to conjecture what the strength of the "gunners' mess would be on such an occasion—probably something in three figures; but the non-active element would certainly

be less numerously represented than in the case of a Guard, Line, or Cavalry regiment, since voluntary retirements from the R.A. are rare occurrences, and nobody ever yet sold out of that distinguished corps.

Strange as it will doubtless appear to some of my readers, I can positively assure them that the officers of a Prussian battalion with whom I supped one evening in the winter of 1872—a battalion, not a regiment—actually outnumbered our gallant Artillerists holding the Queen's commission, were the latter gathered together from all parts of the British Empire, and paraded, from the Colonel Commandant-in-Chief down to the last joined Second Lieutenant, on Woolwich-common, there to undergo a complimentary inspection before they went in to dinner. What will English soldiers and volunteers say to a battalion to which more officers belong than are possessed by the Brigade of British Guards? A battalion! Why the officers themselves might constitute a battalion at need, and one numerically stronger than any in our service, unless I am much mistaken. We are on a peace footing; and the battalions I saw march past the Duke of Cambridge a few months ago could not have mustered more than from 450 to 550 strong. I doubt whether any battalion of the Household Brigade at the present moment can boast of more than 700 bayonets; whereas to the Berlin battalion, No. 35, of the Landwehr, at whose mess I was a guest on the occasion referred to, belonged no fewer than *seven hundred and fifty-eight* commissioned officers! Every *nuance* of upper and middle class society was, and I doubt not still is, represented in this extraordinary

*Offizierskorps*—the middle, however, predominating; there were nobles, gentry, lawyers, doctors, professors of sciences and the learned faculties, and tradesmen of all sorts, undistinguishable in every outward respect save one from their comrades of the regulars, many of them profusely decorated for gallantry in the last three wars—all of them as smart and “*tirés aux quatre épingles*” as the gayest Guardsman that ever promenaded the Linden or rode in the Thiergarten. But for the tiny cross in the cockade, you would have taken them for “actives,” and would, in all probability, have said to yourself, as I did upon entering the magnificent banquetting-hall of the ‘*Englisches Haus*,’ “How is it, I wonder, that the officers of the Prussian army are bigger, handsomer, and better set-up men than the officers of any other Continental army, not even excepting the Austrians?”

One of the first acquaintances I came across—the last time I had seen him was at Versailles, just after the affair of Montretout, in which the Garde Landwehr made acquaintance with the Parisian National Guard, very much to the latter’s discomfiture—was an eminent Berlin bookseller, whose establishment Unter den Linden was an “institution” of the capital, so far as foreign visitors were concerned. Though only a Lieutenant, and a young man, he had been honoured with the Iron Cross for valour in the field; indeed, he won his grade in France “at point of fox.” This gentleman, like his seven hundred and fifty-seven fellow officers, had returned to his peaceful and profitable avocations. To see him in his quiet office, surrounded by books and

prints, and looking after his business with the greatest care and activity, nobody would have imagined that he had ever girded up his loins to fight the French, and had been a leader of men in battle. But in his uniform, with the hard-earned cross of honour glittering on his breast, he looked the very type of the Prussian officer, to whom Wellington's phrase—that he will “go anywhere and do anything”—is eminently applicable. In war-time Prussia freely utilizes her Reserve forces; there is virtually no difference whatever between the Landwehr and the Line, save that the former, if anything, are the finer troops of the two. But in peace time the officer of regulars falls back into his old groove of hard and tiresome duty; whereas the Landwehr officer doffs his uniform and puts it away in a cupboard, thence only to be extracted for a few weeks' annual drill, or for attendance at a meeting such as that to which this paragraph refers. He is always, however, at the disposal of his country; and a political complication may at any moment reconvert him into a combatant, subject to exactly the same conditions, as regards service abroad, promotion, pensioning, &c., as those binding the officers of the standing army.

Casting his eyes over the brilliant throng that filled the reception room, the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the battalion called my attention to the number of *décorés* present. “There is not such another body in Prussia,” said he, “as that which is now before your eyes. In most of our provincial Landwehr battalions the officers are county gentlemen, members of noble houses who frequently have retired from active service

in the army, and, living on their estates or in small country towns, are glad to occupy a part of their leisure with militia duties. From father to son the 'well-born.' in the provinces become officers in the army; and those who quit the active career after a few years' service—as many do on their marriage, or because they find regimental life too expensive, or because they come into their property—in short, for a variety of reasons—apply, almost without exception, for commissions in the Landwehr. But our Berlin battalion is officered from altogether different sources. Look around you; almost all the gentlemen you see here belong to the professional or commercial hardworkers of this capital. They are men whose occupations are, for the most part, highly remunerative; to whom the interruption of those occupations means serious pecuniary loss; to whom peace brings prosperity, war certain calamity and possible ruin, without counting risks of lead, steel, and sickness; and yet it is of their own free-will that they are Landwehr officers, and there is not one of them who would not, should another war break out, leave his study, counting-house, or shop, to march against the enemies of his country, *mit Gott für König und Vaterland!* Prussia has reason to be proud of such patriotism in her *bourgeoisie*. In other countries the merchant and tradesman limit their share of the national defences to the payment of taxes, and grumble if these are raised to meet the demands of a war-budget. Here we burghers contribute our money, our interests, and our blood. And this is why war is so much more terrible for us than for any other people. In England, the soldier is a

mercenary. You employ him to fight your battles as you employ a coachman to drive your horses, or a postman to carry your letters. If he be killed, your investment in him turns out a dead loss, and you are obliged to replace him, possibly at an advanced price; but when your war is over, you pay the bill, and commerce, trade, science, art—society at large, in fact—are little the worse for the loss of life sustained by your rank and file. With us, however, war, however successful, inflicts irreparable damage upon the social mechanism that regulates the national well-being. Every victory annihilates some productive power, or dries up a source of wealth. Can any triumphs or war indemnities compensate us for the sacrifice of men upon whose lives hundreds of bread-earners were dependent for their employment—for the paralysing of industry, commerce, and manufactures that results from the withdrawal of forces operative and intellectual, *en masse*, from our country for the best part of a year?"

On the truly Prussian principle of combining instruction with recreation, the officers of the 35th had persuaded one of the greatest heraldic authorities in Germany, Privy Councillor Louis Schneider, to deliver a lecture at their *soirée*, before supper, upon the "Staats-Wappen," or Royal Arms of Prussia, which, if I remember aright, are composed of no fewer than sixty-two different coats. The grand saloon, in which a tribune had been erected for the accommodation of the learned lecturer—well known to the heralds of all countries as the historian of the several orders of Prussian chivalry—was tastefully decorated with the banners of all the coats in question,

correctly blazoned, and serving to illustrate Herr Schneider's chronological account of the additions made successively by the Hohenzollerns to their ancient family bearings. These to this day occupy the fundamental place in the Prussian arms, the shields holding the next most important positions (from an heraldic point of view) to that given to the plain black and white squares—whence the national colours—being those of Brandenburg and Prussia Proper. Herr Schneider prefaced the historical part of his discourse with a short sketch of the origin of heraldry, the transition from mathematical figures—of which the earliest coats chiefly consist—to devices of various descriptions, borrowed by enterprising heralds from the great natural kingdoms, but purposely travestied into presentments that could by no means be mistaken for mere servile copies of the original models. It is not accidentally, or through the graphic incapacity—reproduced through fidelity to tradition—of their first designers, that heraldic lions, leopards, and other beasts, resemble not, in colour or in form, the living carnivora whose names they bear. The founders of the “noble and joyous science,” deeming that fidelity to nature was inconsistent with the loftiness of the purposes aimed at in the establishment of heraldry, evolved from the depths of their inner consciousness perfectly new species of lions and leopards, fantastically unreal, and living only *en blason*. Nobody ever yet saw a lion *au naturel* depicted upon a coat of arms; he is or, argent, azure, gules, or sable in colour as the case may be—there are even green lions, and in highly respectable *écussons*, too; his tongue is as the tongue of a serpent, and he not

infrequently is furnished with two tails—a caudal exuberance that would have astonished Gérard or Cumming, had those remorseless enemies of the desert monarch ever come across a lion heraldically constituted. Herr Schneider had got about half through the shields of the Prussian monarchy, when supper-time, to which all other attractions are subordinate in Germany, arrived, and cut short his most interesting lecture. In ten minutes tribune and seats had been cleared away, to make room for long tables, at which, by word of command from the Colonel, we took our seats, and promptly commenced a Homeric repast. As is customary in the Fatherland, the toasts of the evening, “The Emperor,” and “The 35th Battalion,” were given between the first and second and third courses respectively, and greeted with thundering “hochs.” The party broke up early, about eleven p.m., after as sensible an evening’s amusement as could possibly be desired. No deep drinking, no cards, no after-supper inflictions in the way of song-singing or any nonsense of that sort; but an admirable lecture, a good solid meal, an hour’s chat over tobacco—and then to bed, like decent, steady-going Landwehr officers.

The longer I lived in Prussia, the stronger grew my persuasion that—thanks to the peculiar institutions established upon its soil by Scharnhorst, Von Boyen, Von Kleist, Von Hake, and the rest of the stern old warriors who turned Prussia into a permanent camp more than half a century ago—it is quite impossible for any man within its limits, however well-born, wealthy, accomplished, and amiable, to be looked upon as a gentleman, and be



received into good society, unless he is or has been an officer in the Army or Navy—unless he has a right to attire himself in a uniform which indicates that it is, or has been at some period of his existence, his especial province to slay his fellow-creatures, or, at least, to compass their destruction. A civilian, socially speaking, is nowhere ; he does not count ; he cannot be “ anybody ” because he does not hold some Majesty’s commission. In that Prussian social stratum which corresponds to our Upper Ten Thousand, a second lieutenant of cavalry stands higher than the most learned professor, eloquent advocate, or skilful physician—unless, haply, those gentlemen should hold military rank outside their respective professions, as many of them do. If you, being a civilian, are in some public place insulted by an officer, in however outrageous a manner, and if in the heat of your anger you strike him, he has no choice but to draw and cut you down. That you are unarmed and defenceless is nothing to the purpose ; he must use the cold steel to punish your *outrage*, for, did he spare you, he would expose himself to the risk of being tried by a court-martial and broken. He must not sit in the opera-stalls ; he is too great, too sublime a personage for that ; the stalls are for such inferior beings as civilians. Be his birth noble or plebeian, he is “ Court-worthy,” in virtue of his silver sword-knot. There is no mistake about him. It is settled, not only by the law of the land, but by social enactment, that, being an officer, he is a gentleman ; no matter to what station of life his family may belong.

And, if it be granted that the maintenance of an

enormous army is a wholesome and desirable condition of national house-keeping, it is doubtless highly expedient for the preservation of the public peace, and for the avoidance of countless trifling complications in the relations between soldiers and civilians, that the position of the officer should be elevated to such a pinnacle of honour, distinction, and advantage, that it virtually disqualifies him from the committal of any misconduct. A man to whom is conceded the undoubted *pas* of every other man, his equal or superior in birth or fortune, who does not wear a uniform, has no excuse whatever for behaving badly ; he looks down upon the *pékin* from so lofty an eminence, he is taught to entertain such a large self-respect, that everybody outside his own caste is safe from him ; he cannot molest civilians—it would be too great a condescension for him to do so. Being, then, a Brahmin, he behaves as such ; is a model of propriety in his demeanour to all sorts and conditions of men—affable and friendly to brother-soldiers, of whatsoever nationality—politely reserved towards civilians, sternly civil towards *hoi polloi*. He is punctilious in his courtesy, scrupulously honourable in his dealings, unrelaxing in his self-control. Honour is the mainspring of his life. He practises assiduously the virtue of hospitality, which lies practically in abeyance so far as his civilian-countrymen are concerned. He is ever deferential to ladies. It is in military society that the amenities of life may be best enjoyed by the resident foreigner, provided that he is admitted to it in virtue of an unquestionable qualification. After the tie of blood, that of comradeship is the strongest of all social bonds

which connect Prussian with Prussian, Prussian with alien. Many Englishmen believe the Prussian army to be a close borough for the scions of Prussian nobility. This is by no means the case. The Guard is almost exclusively officered by men of title ; but fully one-half of the commissions held by Line officers bear the names of men who, from a Herald's College point of view, are "not born." These, however, are on terms of perfect equality with their "born" comrades. Tuft-hunting is unknown in the Prussian "officers-corps," whose members are united in that closest of *camaraderie* which may best be described as "one for all, and all for one."

The 35th (Berlin) Reserve Battalion affords a remarkable exemplification of this perfect and lasting good-fellowship. Its officers-corps, as I have already pointed out, is the most numerous possessed by any battalion, regiment or brigade in the armies of the universe. A battalion of the Prussian Guard on a peace footing does not yield so many men as there are officers in the 35th. They outnumber the rank and file of an average British line regiment. There are over eight hundred of them. Every *nuance* of the middle and upper classes is represented amongst them, from *bourgeois* to prince, from tradesman to Lord High Chamberlain. Rich and poor, gentle and simple, young and old, they are all *bons camarades* ; the "Kaiserkleid" is an absolute leveller of all private class distinctions, only it levels upwards, not downwards. I formerly owned many friends in the "Offizierskorps" of the 35th, and have been repeatedly bidden to its festivities, intellectual as well as material—for in winter the battalion regales itself often before

mess with interesting lectures upon subjects professional and scientific; and, in the course of a considerable experience, I have never known a more united body of men in any service. It is a happy family, and as hospitable as it is happy. In summer time as in winter time, the officers combine in the arrangement of a variety of entertainments, to which a certain number of guests are invited by the committee; nor do they exclude the fair sex from their amusements—loyal to the good old axiom, “Kein Vergnügen ohne Damen.” So strong a corps, as may well be imagined, is able to organize its fêtes upon a grand scale. Let me attempt to describe a specimen excursion in which I was fortunate enough to take part one fine autumn day. In the invitation, I should premise, was enclosed a return railway ticket and a separate card for an *al fresco* banquet. About five hundred ladies and gentlemen, the latter in uniform, assembled at the Potsdam railway station, where a special train awaited them to convey them to the Prussian Versailles. Arrived at Potsdam, they were embarked in two pretty little steamers—to one of which was attached a huge barge, containing the full band of the Guard Rifles—and taken down the Havel, past Babelsberg, Glienicke, the Isle of Peacocks, and many other charming spots, to a cosy little wooded nook called Morlake, where they were regaled with a copious luncheon. Re-embarking after having partaken of this welcome refreshment, the 35th, its “better half,” and its guests, proceeded to the Wannsee, and thence to the Royal country-seat, Sacrow, where the band was landed. Speedily a fine smooth piece of green sward was selected,

and the battalion addressed itself, obeying the strains of Strauss and Gung'l, to demonstrating its proficiency in a branch of gymnastics that is arduously cultivated throughout Germany—while mammas, escorted by the older officers, explored the grounds and shrubberies, and visited the river-side church, built by order of the late King on an Italian model, with the campanile standing alone at some distance from the body of the edifice.

At eight o'clock sharp all sat down to an excellent dinner under the trees, on the branches of which were suspended Chinese lanterns. When the second course had been removed, Colonel von Witten proposed the Emperor's health in a short and stirring speech; a brilliant display of fireworks enlivened our dessert; and as we steamed from the friendly scene of our *bal champêtre* and banquet, the hostelry and church of Sacrow were brilliantly illuminated with Bengal lights, their reflected images glowing on the glassy surface of the water with redoubled splendour. Once we had fairly started, the orchestra in the barge struck up Mendelssohn's delicious 'Oh! hills, oh! vales,' in which a hundred tuneful voices joined with excellent intonation; so we floated gently towards Potsdam to sweet strains—bright moonbeams flickering the river-breast with millions of liquid diamonds, and the balmiest of breezes fanning our cheeks. As we passed Babelsberg the Rifles sounded a flourish of trumpets, and we gave three ringing cheers for the King. How homely to English ears sounded the National Hymn that closed our little ovation! The whole expedition was so delightful, so utterly unmarred by mishap or *contretemps*, that we all felt it

was too soon over; and yet we did not reach Berlin till midnight. In such a manner did the 35th Reserve Battalion take its summer pleasure. Nobody quarrelled; nobody drank too much wine; and when the ladies were seated in the homeward-bound train, a bouquet of fresh roses was brought to each as a last greeting.

A few nights after the picnic at Sacrow I was again the guest of the 35th Reserve Battalion; that elastic corps from which in war time a dozen regiments could be fitted out anew with officers, supposing them to have incurred losses so heavy as to render such extraordinary recruitment necessary. A few extracts from the "*Verzeichniss*," or roll, will serve to give my readers an idea of the *olla podrida* of nobles, officials, professional and scientific men, and tradespeople, that constituted the officers' corps of this renowned battalion in the year 1872. For instance, Count Eulenburg, Lord High Chamberlain to the Crown Prince, and Count Goetz von Seckendorff, one of H.I. and R.H. Chamberlains—who is as well known on the "shady side" of Pall-mall as he is under the Linden—were Captains in the 35th. But so were Messieurs Uebe, Schmidthals, and Zuther, officers of the Berlin police; Mr. Collas, a book-keeper in the Finance Department; and Messieurs Pescatore and Holtz, city magistrates. Both the young Princes de Radziwill, Counts von Redern, von Dönhoff, von Hohenthal, von Pückler, von Königsmark; MM. von Tümpling, Chargé d'Affaires at Stuttgart; von Brandt, Chargé d'Affaires in Japan; von Keudell, Privy Councillor and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and Prince Handjery, were Lieutenants in the battalion:

so were Messieurs Bock, bookseller; Brauer, builder; Wiehoff, chemist; Anschütz, student of philosophy; Evler, clerk in the Post Office; Erhardt, wine merchant; Stoedtner, carpenter; Jancke, the Royal gardener at Monbijou; Bussler, Head Master of the Sophia Gymnasium; Stoewesand, mason; Rasche, manager of the Continental Telegraph Company; Zimmermann, D.C.L.; and Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, banker. Besides these representatives of the *bourgeoisie*, the "Verzeichniss" contained the names of railway clerks, law students, medical men, grocers, Government *employés* of all grades, foresters, district judges, doctors of philosophy, civil engineers, commission agents, professors, secretaries of insurance companies, architects, rough-riders, and consuls.

Of the 800 officers, or so, attached to the 35th, at least one-fourth were at the time I refer to men of means, comparatively wealthy for that part of the world—that is to say, enjoying incomes that ranged from £400 to £3000 a year; yet so deeply were they imbued with the principles of thrift imparted to every Prussian almost with his mother's milk, and with the determination to preserve, so far as regimental matters were concerned, that equality amongst comrades which is to Englishmen one of the most attractive features of the Prussian service, that they did not possess a club-house or even a mess-room of their own, but met to sup or dine together at hotels or restaurants. Eight hundred English officers belonging to the same regimental corps would certainly have "a place of their own," especially if their corps were a metropolitan force like the gallant 35th. The "place" would probably be a splendid mansion,

luxuriously furnished, and provided with all the comforts of modern life ; the expense of it would be greater than the majority of the officers could honestly afford to defray ; and the consequence would be that, to avoid an *esclandre*, the richer officers would put their hands in their pockets and pay for the poorer. Now that is what Prussian officers—the poor among them, I mean—will not have at any price. No man does more than another in the way of contributing to expenses the character of which is corporate ; and, the large majority of officers being really poor, the small wealthy minority is kept within bounds and forced to be economical “*im kameradschaftlichem Leben*,” whether it likes or not. In the Guard, especially in two or three regiments such as the Gardes du Corps, the Cuirassiers, and the Garde Uhlans, most of the officers, all of whom are noblemen, are pretty well off ; while some of them are in receipt of large private incomes—from £2000 to £5000 a year. But even the latter would not venture to present a few cases of champagne to their mess, knowing very well that those among their comrades who did not consider themselves wealthy enough to follow their example would refuse to partake of the liquor, and would feel offended that it should be offered to them as a gift. Every man for himself, where paying for anything is concerned, is the principle strictly observed in the Prussian army ; and all expenses incurred in common by officers of all ranks have been carefully reduced to a minimum, so that no poor man may have a pretext for saying to his comrades, “You lead me into outlay which I cannot afford, and so I cannot continue to live



with you." The same feeling governs the 35th in its abstinence from building a casino wherein to hold its meetings, lectures, suppers, and balls. Three-fourths of its officers could not contribute the share of such an institution's cost that would fall to the lot of each gentleman belonging to the "Offizierskorps"; and they would sooner swallow their sword-knots than permit their wealthier comrades to pay up for them. So the casino remains *in nubibus*, and everybody agrees to be just a little uncomfortable, in order that nobody's feelings may be hurt or susceptibilities ruffled. Such self-abnegation, especially when exhibited on the part of the richer for the sake of the poorer, is worthy of admiration—and of imitation!

My readers will doubtless by this time have apprehended what I am driving at; and why I have dragged in by the neck and heels my friends of the 35th—whose frequent and splendid hospitality gave me some years ago repeated occasion to discuss the Prussian Army system, as contrasted with our own, with men of experience who had taken refuge in the battalion from the *cadres* of the standing army—to illustrate two or three of the "ways out" of difficulties permanently threatening our own gallant soldiers from reorganizations in our military forces. Such information respecting mess systems and other regimental expenses incurred by officers in foreign services as I can give is derived from official sources, as well as from careful and somewhat extensive personal observation. For instance, in the matter of officers' "proviand" outlay I can speak with some authority; for there are few

of the Guard regiments—in which living is, for fifty reasons, much more costly than in the Line, indeed, nearly twice as dear—at whose messes I have not been a guest, and there is scarcely a detail of outgiving or incoming which has not been communicated to me by members of mess committees, &c. Statistics of this sort are only useful or even interesting for purposes of comparison; so, before stating a single figure, I premise that the prices of all sorts of provisions, taken one with another, are as high in Berlin as they are in London. Some comestibles, such as sea-fish of all sorts, oysters (3s. 6d. a dozen), poultry and game, eggs and butter, are dearer in the German than in the British capital; while beef, mutton, and veal, vegetables, and bread, are a little, but a very little, cheaper. Keeping this fact steadily in view, it will probably surprise a good many Englishmen to hear that there is not an officers' mess in the whole of the Guard—constituting an army corps of 31,000 men, and garrisoning Berlin and its neighbourhood—at which a member pays more than *sixteenpence* for his dinner; and, still more, that the dinner served up to him for that astonishing low figure is an incomparably better meal than can be eaten at Hiller's, the 'Europe,' or the 'Rome' for four shillings, exclusive of 'Trinkgelder.' If he will drink champagne or claret he can do so, at two-fifths of the cost at which he must consume those liquids elsewhere; but he is by no means obliged, or even expected, to drink wine; and I have seen many a gallant officer work his way steadily through a decanter of water while making an excellent repast for thirteen silbergroschen.

By the way, the average price of champagne at a Guards' mess is 5*s.* 6*d.*—at a restaurant, 9*s.* ; of good claret at the mess, 1*s.* 6*d.*—at the restaurant, 4*s.* 6*d.* The mess committees import their liquors direct from the producers in France, and enjoy certain small privileges with respect to dues, and so forth. Why should they not? In such trifling advantages, who shall grudge precedence to the members of a profession that is, with a single exception, the only one in which gentlemen voluntarily risk their lives, as well as their health and comfort, for their country? I do not see why English officers should not be encouraged in the endeavour to live upon their pay by similar favours—if favours they be, considering the *per contra* already alluded to. Their pay is better than that of my Prussian friends—in some instances twice as good. A sub-lieutenant in our army gets £78 ; in that of Prussia, he only receives a little over £40. And yet there are hundreds of young officers in Prussia, who, having no subsidies from home, live upon that amount, and do not get into debt! In cavalry regiments, especially of the Guard, it is not a bit more possible in Prussia than in England for a subaltern to live upon his “screw ;” in the Hussars, for instance, or the Gardes du Corps, his uniforms and horse furniture, accoutrements, and so on—I mean those he *must* have, not those he *may* have if he be a swell—cost him between £300 and £400 ; and he cannot live with his comrades, even at the modest rate prescribed as the minimum of “kameradschaftliche” expenditure, for less than £5 a month over and above the slender dole of thalers handed over to him by the

regimental paymaster twelve times a year. But men who have no private means need not choose the cavalry in England, any more than in Germany ; nor is it likely that they will do so because purchase has been abolished. If English officers choose to copy their Prussian comrades in the inner organization of officers' corps—which they can do without the least sacrifice of dignity, aided by the Government in certain directions, one of which I have hinted at above, while another is the absolute and total relief of officers from any participation in “band” expenses—I am convinced that they will be able to live, not meanly nor uncomfortably either, *upon their pay* as it stands now. It should not be forgotten that it is already much larger than that of the officers belonging to *any* Continental army. A Prussian Lieutenant-General is not so well off as a British infantry Colonel ; and his widow's pension is about £100 a year.

“Thrift, thrift, Horatio !” The words ejaculated by Hamlet in the bitterness of his heart, might fitly serve as a motto for the Prussian Army, or indeed for the whole administration, civil and military, of the Hohenzollern realm. The “sparing habit” pervades every department of the State, and is enforced, without the least favour or respect for persons, upon every one connected actively or passively with the spending of public monies. The comptrol of accounts is carried out with the utmost rigour by every Prussian official functionary, from the Emperor himself, who carefully checks the books, so to speak, of his Household, land-stewards, and financial intendants, down to the humblest

Deputy-Assistant-Tax-Collector or Probationary-Adjunct-Under-Customs-Officer. It is scarcely too much to say that no unnecessary outlay is ever incurred by the Prussian State, which invariably, when a purchaser, has its money's worth, and remunerates its *employés* so sparingly that it is a wonder how the great majority of them contrives to keep body and soul together. As for the toleration of any irregularity, where expenditure is concerned, however trifling the sum involved, such a thing is unknown in Governmental regions. Somebody is always responsible for every *pfennig* due to or laid out on behalf of the Fiscus—a dread impersonality of which every right-minded Prussian stands in permanent awe—and is compelled to discharge his obligations, no matter how exalted his official rank or distinguished his social station. I could narrate a hundred incidents illustrative of the inflexible comptrol exercised over items of administrative outlay, which have come within the range of my personal cognizance during my eight years' residence in Prussia; but will restrict myself to the following two true stories, to which the element of unconscious humour imparts a somewhat exceptional interest, heightened by the circumstance that their respective heroes were men of high position and European renown, whose names are household words in the gallant German army.

Count von Moltke, temporarily resident at Versailles during the winter of 1870-71, one day ran short of snuff, and, failing to find any "sneeshin'," of the brand he especially affects, in the local *bureaux de tabac*,

instructed one of his subordinates at the War Office in Berlin to forward to him a packet of his "own peculiar" rappee without delay. The snuff was bought, paid for, and sent on to Versailles with military promptitude, and was duly charged to the account of the nation. When, peace having been concluded, the time came for examining the books of all the different departments that had been spending money with horrible prodigality for nearly three-quarters of a year—when the indemnity began to drop in, by small instalments of £20,000,000 apiece or so, which were at once appropriated to the defrayal of the actual war expenses—one of the officials entrusted with the revision of all the petty cash transactions of the War Office came one day upon the following startling and *nochnicht-dagewesenes* item: "For one pound of extra fine, with-of-Tonquin-bean-perfume-highly-impregnated, snuff, by his Excellency the Count von Moltke commanded, three thalers seven and a half silbergroschen." The rigid conscience of the accountant did not allow of his "passing" this irregular, unprecedented item; so he made a memorandum of the entry, and referred it up to his immediate official superior, with an explanatory essay, learned, parenthetical, and exhaustive, going a good deal into the origins of things, and logically demonstrating that snuff could not be held to be a material or munition of war—*ergo*, that outlays incurred for its purchase could not in equity be saddled upon the national exchequer, or defrayed from the incoming property of the State purchased by the lives of Germany's sons—and so forth. The demurrer thus

raised was submitted by one authority to another, enriched with annotations and "opinions," the official manipulation of the question lasting some sixteen months. Eventually the Crown lawyers having considered the whole case, and pronounced the snuff-claim to be one that the State could not admit, Von Moltke was officially addressed upon the subject, and requested, with peremptory politeness, to pay for his snuff—a demand with which he at once complied.

No country in Europe is so much and at the same time so cheaply governed as Prussia. Economy is as integral a part of the national character as incredulity itself. The Administration wastes nothing except time ; and Government *employés* are so badly paid that their time represents a much smaller money value than that of officials in other countries. It is true that there are more of them, perhaps, relatively to the number of the population, than in neighbouring States ; but they are cheap—very cheap—hardworking, and, as a rule, honest. It is in the army administration, *par excellence*, that the infinitesimal economy of which the above anecdote contains so striking an example is shown off to the greatest advantage. The War Department has succeeded in attaining a maximum of effectiveness and a minimum of expense. It can and does spend money lavishly when an enemy requires smashing ; but, when the day of reckoning comes, woe to the official who may have exceeded the exact limits of his instructions, or neglected to account fully for every *pfennig* of the moneys committed to him for outlay on behalf of the Government ! No allowances are made, no margin

is tolerated. Such an item as "general expenses" is not known in any Prussian bureau; no sum is so small that a detail of its expenditure is not required.

My second story sets forth an authentic instance of military administrative thrift, as practised in Prussia, for the truth of which I can personally vouch. It is a Story of a Cow-Hide; and it may serve as fit pendant to the tale of "A Pound of Snuff and its Consequences." On the morning of the 29th June, 1866, having fought the successful action of Soor—about half-way between Nachod and Trautenau—on the previous day, the Guards were breakfasting solidly, though hurriedly. They had been on the march for nine days, and had some sharp fighting, with the immediate prospect of more—realized a few hours later by the battle of Königinhof, at which they overthrew the Austrians in splendid style. To each regiment had been allotted a certain number of requisitioned bullocks. The whole had been slaughtered, skinned, butchered, and relegated to the mess-tins, in due course. Whilst the men were discussing their rations, scouts came in with the intelligence that the Austrians were hard at hand; the men were at once got into marching order; and in a few minutes the corps were in rapid advance towards the enemy. The Kaiser Alexander Grenadier Guards were, as usual, conspicuous for their smartness, and "hurried up" with such energetic rapidity, that they omitted to secure the skin of a defunct cow which had been made over to them by the commissariat for conversion into rations. The cow had already disappeared down the throats of the gallant Grenadiers. So far everything was in order; but



when the regimental official directly responsible to the Colonel for the value of the hide came to inquire for that integument, it was not forthcoming. The non-commissioned officer whose duty it was to have the hide placed in security, with a view to its ulterior sale, had probably, in the hurry of breaking up the bivouac, neglected to fulfil that particular function, and an Austrian bullet had put it out of his power to account for his dereliction. Any way, the hide was missing ; and that fact was duly reported upwards and upwards, according to the regulations made and provided in such cases, until it reached the highest authority in whose province missing hides were comprehended. Protocols were taken in abundance ; evidence was collected ; inquiries were set on foot ; the greatest possible exertions were made to account in an equitable manner for the disappearance of the skin. A voluminous correspondence, extending over a period of fourteen or fifteen months, was originated by the circumstance. There had been a cow ; for the cow's consignment there was a voucher ; when she was made over to the Kaiser Alexander Guards, she had a hide ; that hide was Government property, representing a certain sum, fixed by official tariff ; the Government must be credited with that sum ; the hide was not forthcoming ; that fact being undeniable, who was responsible for its cash value ? It was decided that the Colonel of the regiment—alas ! that good soldier and upright gentleman, who told me the whole affair one evening after I had dined at mess, lies buried in French soil—must be held accountable ; and, about a year and a half after the conclusion of the Seven Days'

War, he received a communication from the War Office signifying the desire of that department that he should forthwith remit the sum of, I think, three thalers, regulation value for one cow-hide, not accounted for on the 29th June, 1866, by the Administration of the Kaiser Alexander Guard Grenadiers. If I remember aright (it is nearly twenty years since the anecdote was related to me), the Colonel resisted the claim, alleging that the loss of the skin was an accident of war, for which a regimental commander could not be answerable ; but this line of defence availed him nothing. The three thalers were wanting to make up the true tale on the credit side of the Prussian war accounts ; and eventually, after some further correspondence on the subject, he paid the money.

## CHAPTER V.

BRITISH UNPOPULARITY IN GERMANY—A LONG STREET—THE BERLIN ZOO—HIGH JINKS WITH THE CORPS DE BALLET—A ROYAL CHRISTENING—AMUSEMENTS IN PRUSSIA—THE MONUMENT OF VICTORY.

IT is a depressing fact that of late years we English have been falling into disfavour with our German kinsmen. There was a time, and not so very long ago, when men and things British were extremely popular in the Fatherland. Our Constitution was immensely admired, although its indefiniteness was altogether un-German; English racing, English novels, English governesses, were all the fashion. People of the highest social distinction had their children christened by English "front names;" and those whose offspring had already been fitted with German *Vornamen* converted and abbreviated these latter into English for family use. Thus, Heinrich, in many a noble German house, became Harry; Wilhelm, Bill—a notorious example of this particular transformation may be cited in the person of the Realm-Chancellor's second son, to whom the King, when Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, stood godfather, and who has never been called anything but Bill since he could walk. Similarly Marie became Polly; and Emilie, Lily. Even the British morning tub was slowly finding its way, with other domestic institutions of a sanitary nature, into

the Fatherland. Alas! as Prussia grew in strength and territorially expanded—as she turned Austria out of the Fatherland's doors, trampled France under foot, and engaged in the tremendous enterprise of absorbing Germany into the Mark Brandenburg—her fondness for England and the English sensibly diminished. She has, for some time past, been undergoing a Teutonic relapse. Time was when English and French were freely spoken in Berlin *salons*; now you hear nothing but German, and of the sternest. The Highwellborns who are favoured with children, call them by such names as Chlodwig, Berchthold, and Ekkehard—Brunhilde, Thusnelda, and Sieglinde. The days of Harry and Lily are past. Even the hotels manifest a linguistic patriotism that is at once funny and singularly at variance with the principles upon which hotel-keeping is based. French, as well as English, is rigidly banished from the bills of fare of many of these establishments. Dessert is become “Nachtisch,” which really does not sound quite nice, even to a German ear; Hors d'œuvres, “Vorspeise”; Entremets, “Mittelspeise”; Beefsteak, “Gebratenes Rindfleisch”; Omelette, “Eierkuchen”; and so forth *ad infinitum*. Welsh rarebit has been spared, and remains, in the pure hotel English of Germany, “Wales rabbit”; but this, I am told, is because the local philologists can make out no perfect German synonym for the title expressed by those two triumphantly British words. These patriotic reforms have not, I am bound to say, extended to the Rhine, where we are still tolerated; but in more northern *parages*, the Briton is at a discount.

All this is no less disagreeable than strange. But worse remains behind. Hitherto, whatever increment the German dislike to us, our institutions, habits, manners, policy, and language may have suffered within the last ten years, one Englishman continued to hold his own in German heads and hearts—one merit was never denied to the “land of tradesmen and hypocrites,” as a leading Berlin journal recently described Great Britain—that of having produced one Englishman whose name was quite as much revered in Germany as in his own country; whilst his works were, and are, undoubtedly, far more generally and accurately known to the German than to the English people. It is true that the wonderful translations of Schlegel, his talented wife, and Tieck had transmogrified Mr. William Shakespeare’s Plays into German classics; whilst Oelenschläger’s adaptations of them to the modern stage had enabled the managers of every German Court Theatre to afford the public ample opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with them behind the footlights as well as in the study. During the winter season of 1874, for instance, Shakespeare was being performed simultaneously at four Berlin theatres; and “Twelfth Night” was announced at the two leading houses for the same night of one week. But even Shakespeare cannot ’scape scot-free from the anger and disapprobation of eccentric Germans. Two German authors some years ago created quite a sensation in literary circles by the vehemence of their efforts to drag him down from the pinnacle upon which such minds like those of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Herder, and Schlegel had set him up, and to prove that the

admiration entertained for his works in Germany and elsewhere had no substantial basis of sound, healthy judgment to stand upon. The first of these writers—himself a poet and playwright of European celebrity—was Roderick Benedix, whose pleasant and genial “*Aschenbrödel*” furnished the late Mr. Robertson with the skeleton of his delightful “*School*.” Mr. Benedix, whose voluminous work “*Shakespearomanie*” is, I regret to say, a posthumous one, roundly abuses Shakespeare upon every imaginable ground; accusing him of want of consistency, frivolity, ignorance of the rules of dramatic construction, guiltiness of false concords in the delineation of character, of bombast, barbarism, coarseness, and, above all, of immorality. “‘*The Merchant of Venice*,’” says Mr. Benedix’s book, “is the most immoral piece that exists.” The character of Othello “is drawn with the greatest possible inconsistency; for in the first acts Othello is altogether free from jealousy, and yet see how he raves under its influence later on!” “*Hamlet*” is castigated with extreme severity; “*Romeo and Juliet*,” which Lessing characterized as “having been written by Love himself,” is slashed and torn by an unsparing scourge.

The second modern German man of letters, who has been at great pains to prove that the “divine Williams” is a most overrated man, is no less a personage than the metaphysical philosopher Von Hartmann, author of the “*Philosophy of Things Unconscious*,” and of many other works more iconoclastic than aught of Strauss or Schopenhauer. For the present, Herr v. Hartmann confines himself to the entire extinguishment of “*Romeo and Juliet*”

as a play, a poem, and an idyll. The civilized world will probably feel deeply grateful to him for his moderation. He denies that it deserves to be spoken of, as the first of all love-tragedies, and asserts that the causes of its popularity are "that it is full of affectation, which aims at dramatic effect; and the public is content for the most part to accept this effect, without advancing any profound æsthetic demands." Romeo is "an objectless, deedless (*thatlos*) weakling; Juliet ungovernably sensual, heartless, and inconsiderate towards her parents." With respect to their first *rencontre* at the ball, Hartmann observes, "This kissing at the ball is for all the world as though it were intended that we should æsthetically relish the dramatic representation upon the stage of the manners current in a harem;" and expresses his overwhelming disgust with Juliet's exclamation to the effect that if Romeo be wed, the grave shall be her bridal bed. This he condemns as hideously indelicate, saying, "This thoroughgoing, downright confession, made to such a vile creature as is the Nurse, would be regarded by any German girl as a coarse self-prostitution, than give utterance to which she had rather bite her tongue off." Anent Juliet's soliloquy on the balcony, before Romeo's revelation of his presence, this philosopher remarks that "A girl of any tenderness of feeling would be ashamed to confide the sweet, sad secret of her heart even to the night breezes; and it is melancholy, shocking, that Shakespeare should not have apprehended the coarseness and unwomanliness of such a confession." Mr. Hartmann is so good as to show us how Juliet ought to have behaved herself, and moralizes respecting her in the

following instructive strain: "She was a half-grown, immature child; this may excuse her demeanour, but not the poet. How widely the views of our people differ from those presented by this poem to the audience may best be proved by the circumstances that, with us, marriage is only permitted to girls who have completed their sixteenth year, and that Romeo's union with Juliet, who was not quite fourteen, would have brought them both into collision with Art. 176 of the Realm-Penal-Code." Mr. Hartmann also fails to understand how the young couple, in taking leave of one another, could possibly confuse the "lark and nightingale, or the sun and moon." Such are some of an eminent modern German philosopher's appreciations of "Romeo and Juliet."

The longest street in Berlin—perhaps in the "wide, wide world"—is the Friedrichstrasse. It bisects the German capital, in fact, dividing the eastern or city moiety from the western or fashionable half of the Kaiserstadt. It is a shoppy, busy, dissipated sort of street, fairly paved, and reeking of ill odours. It begins at one imaginary gate of the town and finishes at another—that is, it finishes being the Friedrichstrasse, and goes on for other three or four miles under another name, or rather other names; for, before it even reaches the quaint old village and artillery practising ground of Tegel, at a distance of about nine miles from the Donhoff Platz—Berlin's equivalent to our Hyde Park corner—it undergoes several changes of nomenclature. It is considerably longer than the Strada Cavour in Turin, or the Rue de Lafayette in Paris. When you ask a Prussian



how long it is and where it debouches, he replies, with characteristic curtness, "Weiss nicht!" How, therefore, should a mere foreigner be expected to be more accurately informed? My private impression is that the Friedrichstrasse leads straight into the Baltic, and that nothing short of the sea could put a stop to it. *Chemin faisant*, it presents no architectural features of interest. For about a mile from the Halle Gate, where it commences, the houses on its either side are old-fashioned two-storied buildings, made to look shabbier than they really are by the intrusion among them every here and there of a brand-new palatial lodging-house in ever so many flats, run up in a few months, and adorned with plaster caryatides, balconied *loggie*, ornamental roofs, chimneys, and porticoes—a brick-and-mortar incorporation, in fact, of Young Germany. About this endless street's centre—that is, the centre of its officially recognized Berlin length—is situate, between the Leipzigerstrasse and Unter den Linden, its claim to be reckoned one of the "Streets of the World." For nearly a third of a mile there is, on either side of the way, a pavement that would be considered excellent in any English county town, and from which you may contemplate a considerable number of well and gaily-filled *étalages*. There are sweetstuff shops with groups of figures, size of life, seated in the windows, to illustrate the excellence of the saccharine combinations sold within; groups that look like caravan wax-works, that profess to be sugar, and really are chalk. One of them, owing its conception to the Franco-Prussian war, consists of a Landwehrmann and an Alsatian peasantess, seated in close proximity—

he, self-satisfied, sure of conquest, and stiff, according to his national pattern ; she, coy, reluctant, but evidently subdued. The Landwehr Lothario tempts his buxom foe with a lump of mimic “*pâte de joujoub*” ; you can see by her plaster-of-Paris smirk that she will succumb presently. In another of these toffy-shop fronts is exhibited a whole juvenile family, indulging in the pleasures of the Kindergarten, and attended by a strong force of domestic animals. The proprietors of these establishments are wealthy citizens, for the “sweetie trade” is a highly profitable business. Everybody goes in more or less for “goodies” in the Friedrichstrasse—which may account for so many Berlineses being dyspeptic and having bad teeth.

After it has crossed the Linden in a northerly direction, the glories of the Friedrichstrasse sensibly diminish. It becomes narrow and frowsy for a spell ; its shops tell you, as plainly as if they could speak, “We belong to a cheap-bargaining neighbourhood !” Some of the oldest one-storied houses in Berlin may be seen in this section, extending from the Linden to the Spree—houses with roofs sloped and coloured on the toy Noah’s Ark model. Crossing the Spree by a ramshackle bridge that is just up to the development and requirements of Servian civilization, the street again widens ; but it has no longer an urban physiognomy, although, strange to say, it is from this point better paved than it was throughout its fashionable and commercial divisions. Trees make their appearance at irregular intervals, soon to assume the order and continuity of an extramural avenue. The rows of tall houses to our right and left

are frequently broken by gigantic manufactories, delivering volumes of dusky smoke from their lofty chimneys. Presently we come to a long and imposing series of barracks, better built and cared for, as is but natural in a military State, than most of the private houses in their vicinity. The domicile of the Second Foot Guards, conveniently near a cemetery, looks like a monastery that has been secularized ; but the triple abode of the " Cockchafers," as Berlin has christened the Fusiliers of the Guard, is a very handsome modern affair, built in the solid, forbidding style that is so appropriate to the residence of men whose professional privilege it is to slay their fellow-creatures "for the enhanced glory of their fatherland." Borsig's engine factories are hereabouts, in which are employed over 1900 hands. The proprietor of this colossal concern turned out his 2000th locomotive in August, 1872, and distinguished himself during the strike mania by issuing a homely appeal to his workmen that effectually checkmated the trades unions, and saved him an unknown number of millions of thalers. A little farther on, and we pass a couple of splendid round towers which, but for their brand-new "pointing," might easily be taken for the keeps of twin baronial castles, relics of the "good old times." They belong, however, to the gasworks, and betray their specialty to every discriminating nose. Hard by is the circular railway which connects the various termini of Berlin one with another, and runs round that city at such an unconscionable distance from its centre that, for all purposes of facilitating local passenger traffic, it might as well have been opened in the interior of

Kamschatka. Its shortcomings have within the past decade been more than atoned for by the construction of the superb Stadtbahn, which traverses the very heart of Berlin from the Thiergarten to the Alexander Platz, and owns a gorgeous station, flanked by two colossal hotels, in the northern section of the Friedrichstrasse itself.

The Eiskeller, which is situate in the continuation of that unconscionably lengthy street, about a mile and a half from the Linden Avenue, has been named on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for it is by no means a cellar, and the most urgent entreaty will not procure an ice within its precincts. Ere I visited it I had pictured it in my mind's eye as a vast subterraneous vault, brilliantly lighted up with gas-burners whose rays were prismatically reflected from massive blocks of crystalline ice that disseminated a refreshing coolness around. I found it to be a large brewery of modern aspect, attached to a spacious garden fitted up with the stereotyped wooden tables and chairs that are common to all German *al fresco* places of entertainment, and with a roomy timber orchestra, many gas-lamps, a revolving fountain, and side arbours *à la* Vauxhall for small supper-parties. In this, the summer department of the Eiskeller, about a thousand guests can be accommodated with seats and victuals of all sorts, from sausage and beer to crawfish mayonnaise and champagne. The winter department occupies the ground floor of the brewery, and contains, amongst others, a magnificent hall copied from the Römersaal in Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Every now and anon is given in the garden an "Extra-Fest" or "Great Attraction" in the shape of

“Battle Music;” and I wish I could give my readers an idea of these bloody-minded concerts. The only “Schlacht-musik” of which I had had any experience in time of peace until I visited the above-mentioned establishment was the “Battle of Prague.” The “Battle Music of the Eiskeller was, however, infinitely more terrific than that lugubrious composition. An introductory *pot-pourri* of national airs, spiritedly executed by a military band, had not prepared me for the report of cannon fired not a dozen yards from my beer-glass, nor for the harsh sputter of musketry delivered in the most approved method of “Schnellfeuer” by an infantry detachment close to my ear. Between the fast and frequent explosions of large and small arms might be heard bugles and trumpets, sounding signals only too familiar to one who had followed the campaign of 1870-71. Presently the rub-a-dub-dub of the Prussian flat drum supplied a new element to the din; and a complete band of drummers and fifers, beating the quick march, entered the garden, and took up ground facing the orchestra. More cannon—a long rattle of “Schnellfeuer”—and, at a given signal, whilst lurid red fire lit up the whole *entourage* of the enclosure into the grim mockery of a conflagration, the drummers struck up the angry, clamorous “Sturm,” or “assault” which was beaten at Düppel, Spicheren, and many another scene of desperate emprise; whereupon the men of both bands burst out into that fierce shout, the “Hurrah, Preussen!” which he who hath heard it on a battle-field never will forget until the day of his death. What with the firing, the drumming, and the cheering, the illusion was strong for a few seconds,

and I could have almost fancied myself back again with the Guard Landwehr at Bougival, or amongst the stubborn Saxons in blood-stained Brie and Villers. To heighten the deception, some of the buglers told off to remote nooks of the garden sounded, from time to time, French infantry calls—while a section of the brass band, also hidden in a distant corner, interpolated a few bars of the “Marseillaise.”

There are several of these suburban open-air supper and concert localities in the neighbourhood of Berlin; but none organized on so large a scale as the Eiskeller. At one big beer-garden near the Kreuzberg was held during my sojourn in the German capital a Sängersfest by all the choral societies of the Mark Brandenburg. The attendance was enormous, and in the middle of the programme performers and public fell out. Such a row ensued as is seldom seen in these degenerate days. About six thousand people were engaged in a savage affray, to which strong bodies of police, horse and foot, utterly failed to put a stop; so that at length a body of the Guards was brought up with fixed bayonets, and, although received with showers of stones, soon dispersed the rioters. The results were two killed, several hundred wounded or bruised, and some fifty or sixty arrests. Music hath not always charms to soothe the savage breast! at least, not in Berlin.

Early in the month of May, 1874, F.M. von Winter, after an honourable and obstinate resistance, had at length been routed, and was in full retreat—the rear-guard of his defeated host gallantly endeavouring to cover his flight by scattering volleys of hailstones and

valorous charges of hard-hitting frost-winds. His old enemy, that experienced strategist, Excellenz von Sommer, had outmanœuvred him again, and the surly veteran retired grimly to his Northern fastnesses, there to recruit his forces and prepare his plans for another campaign later in the year. Meanwhile, the victor took possession of Berlin as of a conquered country, and levied tribute right and left in the most unsparing and imperious manner. He scarcely permitted us to take a meal under the shelter of a roof, compelled us to an *al fresco* course of life even in locomotion, by plucking all the tops off our cabs, and ordained that the normal condition of existence should be to sit in a thorough draught. This sudden change of masters, being rather of the from frying-pan to fire order, was a little trying to our constitutions. The longer I lived in Germany, the greater waxed my wonder at the natural hardness of the German people. The Prussians, in particular, are a most enduring race. As a rule, they are badly fed, sparing in the external use of cold water, and chronically overworked. During winter they eat, work, and sleep in an atmosphere of frowsiness distilled from every conceivable ingredient by the heat of huge stoves of such tremendous Plutonian power that they would make short work of the juiciest Scotch mist, could that moist institution be imported into a Prussian "Wohnung." Come the May days, with their sweltering afternoons of sunshine, and their shivering evenings of cool, breezy moonlight, and these very *frileux*, whom a breath of air at Christmas time made to shake in their shoes, take at Whitsuntide to the open like ducklings

to a pond. Not content with walking or driving about in the lightest of garments, *sub Jove frigido*, they actually insist upon eating, drinking, courting, arguing, and even transacting business under the open canopy of heaven. Though the Prussian is the hardest-working being with which I am acquainted, as well as the most frugal and abhorrent of draughts, yet he *will* have his holiday, and he will *not* have it in a building if he can help it. A park, a beer-garden with a few coloured lamps in it, or a Zoological demesne, will "fetch" him much in the same way that a pint of train-oil will bias the moral sense of an Esquimaux. The blue vault over his head—refreshment hard at hand, plentiful and inexpensive—an acquaintance to argue with, and a copious provision of tobacco, constitute the Prussian middle-class man's festival. If the contemplation of the lower animals and the performance of a brass band be added to the above elements of his enjoyment, he will be as nearly happy during his allotted period of recreation as it is in the nature of a North-German to be at any time of his life.

The Berlin "Zoo" almost realizes my idea of a German Paradise; a good deal more so, at any rate, than Wagner's descriptive strains in his Nibelungen music. Moreover, it is full of such "excellent differences" that it would, I feel certain, hold its own triumphantly against any local Eden in any latitude as a "place to spend a happy day." Words could not express my admiration for the beauty and "fitness" of its laying out, or my respect for the high intelligence and estimable common sense with which all the arrange-



ments for the health and comfort of the *feræ naturæ*, as well as for the accommodation of the public, have been made by its committee of management. In more than one respect it can give points to our happy hunting-grounds in the Regent's Park. Its dwelling-places for all sorts of animals, furred and feathered, are constructed upon a duplex principle—namely, that the physical well-being and happiness of a wild beast under restraint are mainly dependent upon a minimum of confinement and a maximum of air and light. Accordingly, the large *carnivora* in the Berlin "Zoo" are all provided with double cages, connected by a sliding iron panel. The smaller of these cages has its frontage inside a handsome building, and serves its denizens for a sleeping-chamber in summer; the larger, extending from the back of the said building, is merely roofed in with thick glass and faced with strong iron bars, to protect the featherless bipeds who love to look at lions from the appetites of the objects of their admiration. But these projecting constructions exhibit nothing characteristic of a cage, save the bars. They are rather spacious pleasaunces, adorned with massive rockwork, so roomy that in them a full-grown tiger can enjoy a good run, and need not trouble himself to turn sharp round in the course of his "constitutional." One of these vast saloons served some years ago as a "Kindergarten" for no less than four young lions, which were all nearly of the same age, although not related to one another, and lived together on terms of the utmost good fellowship and joviality. Another was, for the time being, converted into a feline nursery, in which Mrs. B. Tiger, a comely

and cheerful matron, put her twins through their facings daily with due gravity, rewarding them for their attention and obedience during lesson and toilette times with many a rollicking game of play. All the animals were treated with the same liberality in point of elbow-room. The cassowary was allowed so much space wherein to roam that he could not have been better off for opportunities of locomotion "on the plains of Timbuctoo." The kangaroos—there were a dozen or so, old and young—were endowed with a spacious track of hop-grounds. The big elephant—rather an ugly customer, who had killed his man, and consequently stood very high in public consideration—was monarch over an enormous paved yard, in which he could take quite as much exercise as was good for him. Among the birds nothing had been left undone that could further their happiness and secure them the maximum of comfort. All the aviaries were handsomely planted, provided with the prettiest little fountains and bathing basins imaginable, lofty, and abounding in those rocky niches and cunning nooks in which the "fowl of the air" love secretly to deposit the hopes of their families. Some of the larger birds were allowed the run of the gardens on parole; nothing was more common, whilst strolling through the grounds, than to meet a huge white peacock, gaudy golden pheasant, or cynical, rickety crane lounging about the paths with all the lazy pococurantism of a Guardsman who had paid his ten silbergroschen at the wicket, and felt that the whole place belonged to him. I have enjoyed some interesting interviews with these paroled birds, during my repeated wanderings within

the precincts of the "Zoo on the Spree;" they are mostly distinguished foreigners, and I confess to having found their society more entertaining than that of the aborigines. The aquatic fowl, too, have to a remarkable degree what Americans call "a good time" in those gardens, if productiveness be accepted as evidence of a contented spirit; the lake islets, as well as the garden cages, are studded with their eggs, nested and nestless; and many rare birds are reared in Berlin *ab ovo* that have come to grief at Amsterdam, or even in the Regent's Park. Among the special curiosities of the gardens are two magnificent specimens of the rhinoceros bird, several fine lion-monkeys, and some of the most astounding toucans I have ever had the honour of becoming acquainted with. There are lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, camels, kangaroos, antelopes, ostriches, bisons, and more strange birds than I can count, *all born on the premises*; whilst the imported animals look as well and as jolly as those that are regular Prussian subjects, liable to the "allgemeine wehrpflicht," and all the rest of the glorious institutions that have magnified the glory of Germany until it has become so bright that one can hardly bear to contemplate it.

On Tuesdays and Fridays the *beau monde* and wealthy middle classes flock to the "Zoo" by thousands; for the animal attractions are supplemented on those afternoons by the strains of a military orchestra. There is an excellent restaurant (it dined 30,000 guests one Sunday in 1874!) just opposite the wooden shell in which the bandsmen are put up to play; and between the two edifices runs the main promenade, crowded with

the rank and fashion of Berlin. It would be hard, at least in North Germany, to find a pleasanter place on which to eat one's dinner than the terrace fronting the great dining-hall, and overlooking band, loungers, bears moaning in their dens for *schwarzbrod*, Neptune emptying out his water-can over a four-storied rock, a spray fountain "silver-footed, diamond-crowned, rainbow-scarfed," upspringing from the lustrous bosom of a tiny lake, thickly populated with quaint water-fowl, a legion of wooden tables, glistening with glass beer-mugs, countless gas-lamps sparkling amongst the green leaves, smart uniforms, and gay-coloured dresses. How sensible it is to dine or sup where you have had your day's pleasure, instead of breaking up your holiday, *more anglicano*, to rush home, famished, and dine *secundum artem* within four walls! A good dining-room would be an inestimable boon to the frequenters of both gardens in Regent's Park (for flower-shows are scarcely less exhausting to the vital forces than menageries), and, what is more, it would pay. Prussians are far more thrifty than Englishmen in their personal commissariat arrangements; but there were ice-pails on well-nigh every table round and near me whenever I dined on the terrace of the "Zoo" Restaurateur, and that functionary's wine-card offered between thirty and forty vintages to his customers.

In such a matter as this, where common sense decides what is most convenient, the Germans have the pull of us. Their table furniture is strangely deficient in objects that are as naturally appurtenant to English dinner-tables as are knives and forks; the material of

their repasts is in most respects of inferior quality ; and their cookery is peculiarly distasteful to the Anglo-Saxon palate. But, having found out how agreeable and reasonable it is, during the summer months, to take meals out of doors, they have compelled the purveyors of edibles and potables to provide them with ample accommodation for so doing, whereby they give proof of their resolution of character, and of their contempt for conventionalities. When I saw, as I could any day of the week in Berlin, ladies and gentlemen of noble birth and high fashion sitting at wooden tables in a garden, listening to good music, and drinking beer, or anything else they fancied, with quiet complacency, because they knew that their doing so did not in the least detract from their prestige as members of the best society, or from their reputations as professors of the art "de savoir vivre," I took my hat off to people of such unassuming and sensible habits, and reflected with no little mortification on the exaggerated refinement of a society that shall be nameless, which condemns all sorts of small pleasures as "bad form," because they are natural, within the reach of almost everybody by reason of their inexpensiveness, and consequently, in the opinion of fashion-makers, "vulgar."

It is the seasonable custom of the Royal Prussian Corps de Ballet to arrange, during each successive Carnival, two masked balls ; entertainments which are regarded, by common consent in Berlin, as the rollicking events *par excellence* of the season. Masked balls are, so to speak, exotic joys of recent importation into the German capital ; they are undergoing the process of

acclimatization, and I am bound to declare that it does not agree with them. Indeed, the Carnival itself—which has been at home in Southern Germany for ages, and is fêted, not only in Catholic Austria and Bavaria, but in the great cities of Prussian Rhineland, with a pomp and splendour scarcely outdone even in Milan and Turin—is an institution which, being deemed by the rising generation of Berlineses indispensable to a city claiming metropolitan rank, has been in a manner crammed down the throats of a curiously grave and suspicious population by an influential body of enthusiasts. But it has failed altogether to assimilate itself to the social system and recreative temper obtained in the cool, commonplace regions of Northern Germany. The spirit of Carnival is a light, careless, and frisky spirit; a joyous sprite, the issue of Puck and Ariel; mischief-loving, yet kindly in the main, with little of the angelic, but nothing of the demoniac, in its merry, frivolous nature. The essential characteristics of a Carnival-loving and practising people are gregariousness, natural amiability, mercuriality of temperament, and what I will crave leave to entitle the “give-and-take quality.” To amuse others, as well as yourself, is a Carnavalesque attribute of the first degree. Another is, to bear with practical jokes good-humouredly; one scarcely less indispensable is, not to mind appearing in a ridiculous light, if by doing so you can in any way contribute to the general diversion.

All these amenities, or weaknesses, if you like, are foreign to the nature of the Brandenburger. He is reserved, censorious, and exceedingly formal; as incapable of allowing a liberty to be taken with him as

of understanding a practical joke. The "chaff" so freely interchanged between Englishmen of liberal education and good breeding is to him incomprehensible, shocking—I will even say painful. I am referring, of course, to the well-born North Prussian, whose demeanour is not less cold and correct, as a rule, than his life is blameless and unsympathetic. I count many such amongst my acquaintances—in any other country I should venture to say friends; men of the highest honour and most spotless conduct, accomplished, erudite, and perfectly wide-awake. I should as soon think of addressing a phrase of the very mildest, cold-drawn chaff to any one of them, as I should think of wondering—which they do, one and all, with the greatest sincerity—why the French are still angry with the Germans, instead of loving those who have chastened them. As for the lower middle class, the persons belonging to it are ready enough to take liberties with one another and with their superiors. They are strongly imbued with democratic tendencies, and have all sufficient instruction to enable them to believe themselves as good as their betters; while their education, in the English sense of the word, is so incomplete as to be scarcely worth mentioning. A certain film of formality still clings to them, a relic of simpler times in which class frontiers were more strictly defined than they are now, and the *bourgeois* was constrained in a thousand ways to observe certain conventions of respect and even deference to the noble, the officer, and the Government *employé*. But they are not polite—far from it; and their sportiveness, when it is developed, generally takes the form of roughness, if not of violence.

A Prussian gentleman would rather risk his life in twenty duels than be made a laughing-stock for a minute ; a Prussian tradesman, clerk, or professional man will readily quarrel with any one who attempts to jest with him ; a Prussian working-man will hew away (*hauen*) upon any pretext whatsoever, at any time and in any place. It may readily be imagined that Carnival joys are curiously unsusceptible of being appreciated by a population composed of these elements ; and that is why a masked ball, which in Paris teems with uproarious gaiety, in Vienna sparkles with sly local humour, and in Milan, Venice, or Turin is at once a labyrinth studded with charming surprises and a tribunal in which the minor vices—such as meanness, cowardice, vanity, and untruthfulness—are spiritually but mercilessly castigated, is in Berlin a lamentable combination of dulness, rudeness, and vulgarity.

The Corps de Ballet, in arranging the two masquerades in question—one of which I was once persuaded to attend—is animated by a laudable desire to augment its fund, the purpose of which is a charitable one. The members of the corps, it is true, are Royal officials, endowed with a predicate or title, and enjoying the right to receive a pension in their extreme old age, after a long term of service. As in Vienna, this system has the effect of filling the Court stage with elderly persons, admirably “up” in all their “business,” but somewhat unsatisfactory, considered as objects for contemplation. Veterans in salmon tights, grandmamas in spangles and little else, are sights over which a cynic alone may rejoice. Eighty or a hundred pounds a year,



however, after thirty years' toil constitute a competency such as many virtuous and erudite men yearn for all their lives long—and frequently, alas! in vain—in Prussia; and it may readily be believed that the “Royal Court Opera Dancers,” who are not generally recruited in the well-to-do class, stick with resolute tenacity to their posts until they become eligible for a pension—that guiding star of every German *employé*. To those whom failing health or accident incapacitates from attaining the goal of their ambition, the fund furnishes the means of eking out a modest existence. The ballet, despite its many shortcomings, is immensely popular in Berlin; and I have seldom seen rooms more densely crowded than were Kroll's noble “Lokale” on the night to which I allude. I arrived during the “Zwischenstunde,” or Supper-Truce, and found all the vast *salons*, except the theatre itself, filled with supper-tables closely wedged together, at which champagne was, apparently, “your only liquor.” There was a furious heat and a tremendous clamour, but not the least gaiety. The first peculiarity that struck me was the entire absence of uniforms from the assemblage; the second, the paucity of “costumes” amongst the “ladies” present. These balls are stricken, in common with the night dancing-houses for which Berlin is renowned, with the sumptuary proscription, “No officers admitted save in plain clothes,” and thereby the pleasantest element of male society in the capital is excluded from them, or nearly so; for few Prussian officers keep a dress-coat, or care to appear in it if they happen to have one. I came across two or three of my acquaintances in the Guard, whilst making

the tour of the rooms, disguised *en pékin*—and very stiff and uncomfortable they looked, poor fellows.

The only costumes noticeable, as contrasting grotesquely with the dismal agglomeration of black coats and dominoes that filled the ball-room, were those worn by the stewards, or “dance-regulators;” a dozen or so of tall, fine-looking men, clad in a handsome sixteenth century squire-garb of yellow and white, and carrying bâtons. At least half of the women present were in plain evening dress. There was not a Pierrot, a Devil, or even a dramatic character. The fair sex exhibited a tall Troubadour with very slim legs, in blue and silver; and a short Page, whose development of calf would have done honour to a person eight times her size, in scarlet and gold. These were the only “travesties” I came across during a three hours’ stay. The rest of the gentle maskers were simply *en domino*; most of them appeared to be quite astonished that they should be spoken to, and the familiar “thou,” which is the sacred privilege of the mask, both addressing and addressed, was, in more than one case within my hearing, replied to by an indignant “Sie” that denoted a just wrath at such gross informality of speech. Soon after the conclusion of the supper interval, a great rush took place to the chief ball-room, in which I happened to be panting out commonplaces to a young Prussian diplomatist, who directed my attention to the ceiling, from the middle of which was hanging a skeletonian sort of machine, apparently composed of poles and rope. Under this some hundreds of black coats were hustling one another. I thought of the mechanical monkey trapezist

I had seen at a *Narrenabend* in Pesth years previously, and gazed upwards like the rest, in expectant hope. At a signal somebody in the roof pulled a string, and a few paper caps, such as are crammed into after-dinner crackers, became detached from the framework and floated downwards. It was a sight to see the young Berliners jump for them, struggle for them, tumble about for them, or a tatter of them! This was the great comic event of the evening, and it sent me away almost in tears, for a heavy Prussian, leaping wildly backwards after a paper cap, came down to the tune of two hundred-weight or so on corns already wrought to agony. I thought he might have apologized, but he did not; so my first and last experience of a Berlin masquerade terminated in an eminently unsatisfactory manner.

The "Friedenskind," or Peace Child, as she had been poetically christened by a local bard—a strong and lusty little Princess, the latest born of their Imperial and Royal Highnesses the Crown-Prince and Princess of Germany and Prussia—was received into the bosom of the Evangelical Church on June 4, 1872, in the presence of as brilliant a gathering of princes, nobles, diplomatists, and warriors, as could well be assembled within the precincts of any Royal Palace in Europe. The only well-known face that I missed was one once as familiar to the *habitués* of Pall-mall as to the afternoon loungers in the Thiergarten—that of Count Alois Karolyi, whom the grief in which the Court of the Hofburg was plunged sixteen years ago precluded from being present at the pretty ceremony to which, with his colleagues, he had been bidden. Our Ambassador, although in mourning

for his cousin, the whilom head of the house of Russell, complied with the Imperial invitation, as it was his duty to represent the Royal grandmother of the tiny Princess on so important an occasion in H.R.H.'s short life. He was accompanied by his estimable consort and the members of the Embassy, including the military attaché and Mr. Saumarez, who had then recently joined.

It is not every day—even in the country *par excellence* of uniforms, where civilians, to all social intents and purposes, do not count—that a special train is so brilliantly peopled, or contains so many Excellencies, as the “zug” which conveyed us from Berlin to Wildpark and back on Princess Marguerite's christening-day. There were *Botschafter* of the first water, glittering like burnished beetles, and heroically bearing up with a smile against the ponderous gold embroidery cuirassing their chests. There were mighty men of war: Moltke, who for once, and assuredly not to the increase of his personal enjoyment, was arrayed in the full glories of a Field Marshal, with grand cordons, collars, crachats, and crosses enough to bring half a dozen venerable generals' gray hairs in joy to the grave; Kutusoff, sternest of Slaves, his enormous breadth of shoulder enhanced by epaulettes of a size calculated to strike the most intrepid soul with dismay; Wrangel, a gay Colonel of Plungers at Waterloo, in 1872 the *doyen* of the German army, his breast hidden under the honours bestowed upon him by every Continental Sovereign, the golden lucky horse-shoe that was an august lady's birthday gift lurking amongst stars of all the greatest orders, save the Garter, that exist—any one of which, flashing behind the buttons of

a gentleman's coat, marks its wearer as a personage of the highest distinction. This venerable warrior, who held a commission in the Army of the German Emperor's father before Bismarck and Moltke were born, and when his Majesty was just learning to spell words of one syllable, was one of the most interesting sights at the Prussian Court as lately as a decade ago. Almost imperceptibly bent beneath the weight of years exceeding the "vorschriftsmässiger" span by more than three lustres, he still preserved the bearing and look of a dashing cavalry officer, who is equally at home charging the enemy of his country *à-fond*, or making war upon the susceptible hearts of those fair foes who fight under that international flag, *le cotillon*. He rode almost daily—not, truly, the "great horse" as of old, but a sufficiently spirited hack with showy action, which he bestrode with as *débonnaire* a seat as though he had been a youngster fresh from the Royal Riding School. When he strolled down the central avenue of the Linden, much affected by nursemaids with their juvenile charges, he chuckled the pretty ones under the chin, and paid them vigorously idiomatical compliments upon the freshness of their charms.

But a truce to digression. When we arrived at Wildpark, we found carriages awaiting us sufficiently numerous to convey all the *invités*, about a hundred in number, to the New Palace, where the guests belonging to the Potsdam garrison were already assembled in the Hall of Mussels—so called from the adornment of its walls with countless polished "shells of the ocean"—and the Marmorsaal, in which a temporary altar had been

erected for the performance of the religious ceremony. Shortly after we had joined the main body of statesmen, soldiers, and courtiers, gay with kaleidoscopically ever-shifting colours, a series of sharp raps on the marble floor of the adjacent hall warned us that the Imperial family and its Royal guests were approaching. A double line, or living avenue, was at once formed, through which the august party advanced, bowing on either side to the altar end of the room; the Emperor conducting the Princess of Piedmont, and Prince Humbert escorting the Princess Charles of Prussia. No time was lost in proceeding to the business of the day. As soon as the "hohe Herrschaften" had taken their places in front of the altar, Dr. Heym—the Imperial baby having been introduced in a small procession of its own, attended by maids of honour and scarlet-and-silver pages—after a short chorale, admirably sung by the cathedral choir, commenced a somewhat lengthy exhortation, the later periods of which were copiously punctuated by her Royal Highness's shrill cries; then, having delivered his soul of many lofty and appropriate sentiments, he proceeded to baptize the protesting infant in the names of Margaret Beatrice Feodora. One of the assistant clergymen was so deeply impressed by the eloquence of the reverend officiator, that as soon as the ceremony was concluded he went up to him, and throwing his arms round his neck, bestowed upon him two loud-sounding brotherly kisses, which would have made the welkin ring had there been such a thing in their immediate neighbourhood. There were about this osculation an unsophisticated energy and oblivion of conventionali-

ties that afforded to some of the younger guests who happened to witness it a solitary and refreshing relief from the somewhat overpowering formality of the proceedings. A Court was then held by the Crown Princess in the saloon adjoining the Marmorsaal; and, after paying our respects to her Imperial and Royal Highness, who looked the picture of good health, high spirits, and amiability, we passed through a bewildering series of drawing-rooms, staircases, and galleries, all adorned with pictures representing beauty a good deal more unadorned than less, to the banqueting-hall—where the christening breakfast was spread and partaken of to military music.

If the venerable chronicler who, in days long past, delivered an epigrammatic verdict upon the English national character in the memorable words, “*Les Anglais s’amusent moult tristement*,” could come to life again in this our nineteenth century, and would take the trouble to compare the holiday manners and customs of other nations with those of the brumous insulated descendants of the dismal Britons who bored themselves so unconscionably a few centuries ago, I think he would soon come to the conclusion that there is at least one continental people that amuses itself more sadly still than the English. Beside the North Germans, we are a nation of light-hearted rollickers. Despite the *rabies* of money-making which is spreading epidemically over all classes of Englishmen, and poisoning their national joyfulness, there is more of the “life-gladness,” or *Lebensglückseligkeit*, in the sons of the Island Queen than in the offspring of the Fatherland. Grown-up men in England do what, during

several years' residence in Germany, I have never seen a German boy do—namely, play. Even the Italians, who dislike physical exertion unless something is to be gained by it, cultivate an exaggerated sort of tennis with the keenest enjoyment, and an Italian gentleman who is unable to pay *pallone* is well-nigh as rare as an English public-school boy who is not a cricketer. But the German youth of the middle and upper classes does not play at any manly game that I know of, except the Kriegspiel; for I do not reckon cards, dominoes, or even billiards, under the heading of manly sports. Their two great universities, Bonn and Heidelberg, are situate on the banks of rivers; but you may look in vain from one year's end to the other upon the waters of Rhine and Neckar for a couple of rival "eights," or even "fours," manned by German students. In Berlin, there is a river also, and a university with I don't know how many youngsters entered on its books; but not one of the Burschenschaften has its "ship" on the Spree, although our Embassy manages to keep up a "four," and to man it all through the season, year after year, even when it happens that there are more married men than single amongst the Secretaries of Legation. I cannot look upon the duelling that is practised in the Berlin Hochschule as well as in other German universities as a manly sport. If you walk past Alma Mater at the hour (one p.m.) when the *alumni* are pouring forth through her portals into the Linden Avenue, you cannot fail to notice that one face out of every four or five you meet is gashed and scarred, frequently in a ghastly and repulsive manner. The swish with the trenchant schläger-



point, prescribed, by the students' code of honour, for delivery only on the countenance, divides muscles and splits eyeballs, frequently leaving its victim's features set for life in a hideous, involuntary grin, and, at best, furrowing his physiognomy with purple, unsightly seams that give a sinister expression to the most insignificant lineaments. And yet the practice which results in such disfigurement is the nearest thing to a game indulged in by the youth of North Germany; for by no means do they play at drinking beer. That is one of the chief businesses of their lives.

The children do not play in the parks or squares. I have never seen a boy trundling a hoop, tossing a ball, knuckling down at marbles, running a race, or even wrestling with a chum, in Germany. Excellent gymnasia for adults abound in every large city of the Empire; but standing on your head on the end of a pole, or hanging by your chin to the bar of a trapeze, although achievements requiring strength and skill for their fulfilment, have nothing in common with playing at a game—which is what I contend the Germans never do. All such acrobatic feats as are learned—and admirably performed—in the Turn-vereine are essentially selfish; they may excite wonder in spectators, but can afford no enjoyment to anybody but the acrobat. In the circus it is different; there the Bounding Brothers tie themselves into knots so intricate that it must be hard for one brother to know his legs from another brother's extremities, and the success of each combination is dependent upon the exactitude of each individual's contribution to the *ensemble*. But no such corporate interest binds together the frequenters of

a gymnasium ; no feeling like that inspiring a cricketing eleven or a boat's crew, or even a " side " at rounders, animates the lithesome athletes who turn back somersaults, or walk up ladders on their hands with such magnificent precision, in the " Turner " schools of the Kaiserstadt. It is " every man for himself " with each individual German, be it even in a matter of recreation, just as it is with Germany herself in political affairs. To speak more plainly, the small German does not care for his neighbour any more than great Germany cares for hers. Catch her, like France, drawing her sword to redress another people's wrongs, or, like England, putting her hand in her pocket, to relieve the wants of those who are strangers to her soil and alien to her in speech and race ! It is this grand and massive egotism, in little things as in large, that has won her such triumphant success in the world ; but selfish people are not playful. There are, indeed, few games at which the most sportively-inclined person can play by him or herself, and I incline to believe that the real cause of the extraordinary dulness characterizing existence in Northern Germany is the entire and engrossing devotion manifested by every native to his or her personal interests, the furtherance of which utterly absorbs each individual's attention and occupies his energies. In peace the Prussian strives as constantly to make money as he exerts himself in war to vanquish his enemy for the time being. Now, he who pursues amusement is a money-spender, as a rule, and represents a class that absolutely does not exist in that part of Europe. There are, I verily believe, fewer idle men in Prussia than there are " loafers " in the New

England States of North America. There are but a few wealthy nobles in the whole kingdom, while there are hundreds of titled gentlemen who are as poor as rats. Only one profession of any importance is open to men of rank, whether rich or poor—for diplomacy and the Navy are so limited in their capacity for affording employment as to be scarcely worth mentioning—a profession which, for the very reason that it has been made the labour outlet of a class of men whose birth is supposed to unfit them for trade, commerce, or the liberal professions, has become a caste—and, for very shame, the wealthy minority cannot keep out of it merely because they are better off in worldly goods than the equally noble but impecunious majority. Once in harness, these few men of means have to work as hard as the most hopelessly penniless young Count, eighth son of a Count (himself only managing to exist with painful frugality upon a younger son's portion and his retiring pension), that ever wore a blue frock coat with red facings and brass buttons. After a few years of such hard work, during which he has lost the habit of wanting to be amused, if ever he possessed it, the exceptionally wealthy Prussian nobleman, when he feels justified in leaving the army, cares no longer for what is conventionally called pleasure, and passes the remainder of his life in looking closely after his own interests. Thus it comes to pass that, there being no class of men in Prussia, as in England, France, and even Italy, who have no other business save amusement, and whose natural function it is, on the one hand, to stimulate the public taste for all sorts of recreation, and, on the

other, to keep the purveyors of such recreation up to the mark with respect to the quality of the commodity they furnish, the people of Northern Germany "s'amusement moult tristement," as we said to have done in the "good old days."

All ye my countrymen who are dissatisfied with English actors and actresses, who mourn the decline of the dramatic art in England, who aver with moving groans that London theatres rank but one degree higher in the Tchin of Art than music-halls, go to Berlin, visit the theatres of the German capital, and, if you survive the discomforts and annoyances you will have to endure, even in the Royal theatres, richly subventioned and managed by Court officials of high rank, you shall go back to the banks of the Thames rejoicing that the places of amusement provided for you in your native land are ventilated, furnished, and conducted on principles entirely different to those which govern the owners and lessees of such establishments in Prussia. There is not a transpontine London house—nay, but few provincial English theatres of anything like respectable reputation—in which far more is not done for the comfort and amusement of the public than the first theatre of Berlin can offer. And as for actors and actresses, let London console itself for certain undeniable shortcomings by the reflection that æsthetic, pragmatistical, refined Berlin—"die Hauptstadt der Intelligenz"—is content, although it criticizes contemptuously the dramatic capabilities of every other European capital, and particularly of our own, to do without any great actors at all. There were a dozen theatres in the German Kaiserstadt when I

lived in it, and several hundreds of performers attached to them; but, with two exceptions—Helmerding, an admirable buffoon, and Jendersky, a tragedian of great power and high poetical intelligence—I was not fortunate enough to discover an eminent actor. As for scenery and accessories, they were generally such as no London manager would venture to set before his audiences.

Next to the total lack of aptitude for manly games, and to the wretched quality of public entertainments, with the exception of a few *concerts d'élite* given during the winter season, few things strike an Englishman temporarily residing in Prussia more forcibly, or affords a more absolute contrast to his home experiences, than the fact that every person belonging to the lower classes of either sex, whom he employs or with whom he has any dealings, can read, write, and reckon in a serviceable manner. His man-servant and his maid-servant, his cabman, his butcher-boy, the sempstress who makes his wife's dresses at a shilling a day, the carman who transports his beer from a suburban brewery, the orderly who brings him a message from his friend Count von Schwerenoth of the Gardes du Corps—all these persons of humble station have enjoyed an education in every respect equal to that imparted to the majority of English tradesmen, clerks, and shopmen. It by no means follows that these "gifts," as Leatherstocking would have called them, render the servants more biddable, the cabmen more civil, the sempstresses more industrious, than if they were, one and all, wallowing in a slough of the densest ignorance. On the contrary, the extreme

incivility of the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" in Prussia is chiefly to be attributed to the feeling of equality with their betters aroused in them by the consciousness that, so far as "the elements" are concerned, one Prussian is as good as another—not, truly, from any choice in the matter on his part, but because he *must* be. There is no mistake about one little circumstance; a Prussian girl or boy, having arrived at a certain age, has got to go to school, else his or her Vaterland will know the reason why. Defaulters are punished vicariously, being of tender age, in the persons of their parents or guardians. If Schulz, Royal Privileged Master Pork-butcher, however respectable and well to do, should not send his offspring to school, in compliance with the statute in that case made and provided, he will be fined once, twice, and thrice; and afterwards, should his recalcitrancy endure, Schulz will be sent to prison without benefit of clergy.

Liberty of the subject does not mean quite the same thing in German as in English. A Prussian subject is laid hold of, so soon as he is out of frocks, by his native authorities, and compelled to indoctrinate himself into the mysteries of the "three R's"; and when he has painfully conquered the access to Parnassus, his country is just about ready to put him into a tight-fitting coloured coat and brass buttons, and teach him to scatter her enemies and make them fall. From the age of seventeen to that of forty-two he is liable to be deprived of his individuality, and turned into mere "Number So-and-so" of a company, squadron, or battery; and an attempt to escape from the fulfilment

of these obligations may cost him not only his liberty, but his life—as it did only a few years ago to a private guardsman at Köln, who, for some small offence, was conveyed by a sergeant's guard across the bridge of boats to Deutz, and who, not liking the prospect of stronger arrest in the military prison there, jumped into the Rhine and swam up the river. The non-commissioned officer commanding the party instantly ordered his men to "Make ready!" and, when the poor devil came up to the surface, at the word "Fire!" his comrades shot him dead in the water.

It was amid glorious weather that the anniversary of the capitulation of Sedan dawned on the capital of Germany on September 2nd, 1873. The city was in full holiday trim, prepared for a celebration that had been long looked forward to, abundantly beflagged, and crowded with visitors from all parts of the Empire, and indeed of Europe—the military element, of course, predominating.

At eight o'clock a.m. precisely the trumpeters of the Imperial Garde du Corps, stationed on the roof of the Royal Castle, sounded forth a chorale, "Honour alone to God on High"—*Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'*—thus characteristically, and in keeping with Prussian devotional feeling, beginning the day with a kind of religious act. At a quarter-past ten the whole garrison of Berlin was marched to the Königsplatz, with bands playing and colours displayed, to take up positions round the Victory Monument—*das Siegesdenkmal*—about which they formed two sides of a hollow square. The Grenadiers, Chasseurs, and Light Cavalry composed

the force to the right ; the Infantry and Heavy Cavalry on the left. The third side of the square was occupied by the tribunes, and the fourth left open for the general public.

For the information of those among my readers who may not be familiar with the topography of Berlin, I may mention that the Königsplatz is a huge square, about a quarter of a mile in measurement either way, opening upon the Thiergarten ; and it is in the centre of this square that stands the Siegesdenkmal, the lower portion of which, when I took up the station assigned to me on the occasion referred to, was still shrouded by scarlet and drab hangings. Fronting the column, about fifty yards in advance of the figure of Victory, and in the centre of the Victory Avenue, was erected an Imperial Pavilion, in purple, white, and gold, above which waned the standard of the realm. The Pavilion was in the form of an octagon, and a Prussian banner, decorated with laurels, floated at each angle. The floor of the Pavilion was raised several feet above the level of the ground, and the whole structure was lavishly adorned with exotics and evergreens. To the right and left of the magnificent erection were two other large inclosures. That to the right of the Imperial Pavilion was filled with Generals, Admirals, Staff-Surgeons, Knights of Malta and St. John ; that to the left with Ministers of State, Privy Councillors, University Dons, Speakers of both Houses of the Reichstag, representatives of the Municipalities, and other dignitaries. Adjoining these were two *estrades*, devoted to Imperial guests, Court officials, the Diplomatic Body, foreign Princes, and



ladies of the Order of Louisa. Officers of the active army and deputations from the army and navy occupied the open spaces fronting these *estrades*, and round the lofty hedge of Venetian masts, fluttering with pennons, which encircled the monument.

The troops had just taken their ground, and were standing at ease, when the Royal spectators and participators in the day's solemnity began to arrive at the Pavilion. They drove in open carriages, preceded by outriders, in grand gala. The first to reach the ground was the Princess Alexandrine, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, in a dress of pale blue, and carrying a bouquet of white roses. Her Highness was followed at brief intervals by all the other Princesses of the Hohenzollern family, the last but two to appear being the Queen-Dowager Elizabeth, widow of Frederic William IV. Her Majesty was lifted from her landau into a litter, and carried into the Pavilion. The last of all the Royal ladies to arrive were the Empress and the Crown-Princess Victoria. Her Majesty was dressed in white embroidered silk, and bore a bouquet of the Red Cross, composed of scarlet geraniums on a ground of white camellias—representing the badge of the Geneva Convention. The Princess Imperial, who accompanied her mother-in-law, wore a lilac white bonnet, and carried a bouquet of red camellias. Following them came Princes Frederic William and Henry, sons of the Crown Prince, wearing the uniform and sugar-loaf head-dress, *tempore* Frederic the Great, of the First Regiment of Guards, in which both the Royal lads then held commissions. Young Prince Frederick Leopold was in sailor's dress.

As the Pavilion filled, the clergy and the Cathedral choir assembled on the platform fronting it, with their backs to the monument, their velvet caps and black robes adding much to the picturesqueness of the whole scene.

At 10.35 thunders of cheering from the Thiergarten behind us, followed by hoarse commands of officers and the clashing of muskets and sabres as the troops came to "attention," signalled the approach of the Emperor, who immediately afterwards rode up the Victory Avenue to the Pavilion, attended by a brilliant staff, and was received with the Prussian Anthem and a general salute. His Majesty bestrode a noble black charger with the grace and ease of a youthful sabreur, and looked the picture of health and vigour. He was much browned by the sun, and in splendid condition. Immediately behind him, on a bright bay of great power and beauty, rode the Crown Prince, carrying his bâton of Field Marshal; whilst slightly to the rear of the present and the future Emperor rode the Princes Frederick Charles, Albrecht, and Karl, all admirably mounted. During a full half-hour's wait for the arrival of all these Royalties, Prince von Bismarck, who was in the uniform of his Cuirassier regiment, and bestrode a huge brown charger, had been sitting alone outside the enclosure and estrade set aside for statesmen and diplomatists, taking no notice of the august advents, only from time to time exchanging a few words with Herr Camphausen, the Minister of Finance, across the back of the estrade. When the Emperor arrived, however, the Imperial Chancellor touched his horse lightly with his heel, and, riding

forward, received his Sovereign's hearty greeting, and took his place in the Emperor's immediate following.

After saluting the Royal ladies on the purple daïs, his Majesty rode round the Pavilion, and halted his charger a little to its right, immediately opposite to the clergy; then, raising his sword, he gave the signal for the trumpet to sound and the drums to beat to prayers. This done, the choir sang two verses of the hymn commencing "Praise and honour to the Highest." Directly afterwards the Royal body chaplain pronounced a short prayer, the Emperor's staff and the whole garrison remaining uncovered; and then, though the sun was shining fiercely at the time, Dr. Thielen, the Chaplain of the Forces, preached a short sermon, having for its subject the glorious military achievements in honour of which the monument had been erected. Again the trumpets sounded and drums rolled. Field-Marshal Count von Roon doffed his plumed casque, and, bowing down to his saddle-bow, requested the Emperor to authorize the unveiling of the memorial. His Majesty bent his head, waved his sword, and the mantles enveloping the pedestal and the pillared hall from which the column springs dropped to the earth, and revealed the whole structure.

A few words may not be out of place here with regard to the memorial itself. The square base of the monument is sixty-two feet on each side by twenty-two high, and stands on a gray Silesian granite terrace four feet in height, and consisting of four massive steps. This base is composed of red Swedish granite. Into its four sides are inserted reliefs 41 feet by  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ,

illustrating the episodes of the three great wars which the Siegesdenkmal is intended to commemorate. These illustrative scenes are as follow: On the east side—Preparations for war and the storming of Düppel; on the north side—the battle of Königgratz and the meeting on the battle-field of the King and the Crown Prince; on the west side—the battle of Sedan and the entry into Paris; on the south side—the entry of troops into Berlin. From this huge base arises an enormous pillar a hundred feet high, surmounted by the statue of Victory, which is 40 feet in height; the altitude of the whole monument being 195 feet. Immediately above the pedestal the column is surrounded by granite pillars, and forms a hall fifty feet in diameter. Each of these pillars consists of a single block of Pomeranian granite, sixteen feet long and three feet in diameter. The capitals are composed of gun metal, and each one of them cost £500 sterling. Within this pillared hall the whole surface of the column is covered by mosaics, illustrative of the military achievements of the Prussian army and the German people. Above the hall the column is ornamented by three collars of captured cannon, highly gilded, and connected by gilt links. These trophies are respectively Danish, Austrian, and French guns, captured in the three great campaigns of 1864, 1866, and 1870. The statue of Victory, which surmounts the whole, stands upon eight Prussian eagles, and holds out a laurel wreath with the right hand, while grasping in the left a spear, into the blade of which is inserted an iron cross. The statue is winged and gorgeously gilded. The monument contains represent-

ations in all of one hundred and ninety-four Prussian and German victories in the three campaigns. I should add that the figure of Germany in the mosaic of the pillared hall of which I have spoken is the portrait of Queen Louise, the Emperor's mother.

At the moment when the draperies fell all the bands struck up the National Anthem; the troops presented arms, and gave out three ringing cheers; while the Artillery of the Guard fired a salute of a hundred and one guns, and all the church bells in Berlin rang out a joyous peal. The cathedral choir then, accompanied by the bands of the Imperial Guard and the Grenadiers, sang the chorale, "Nun danket alle Gott." While these devotional words were being sung, the Emperor, the troops, and the immense multitude of spectators present listened bare-headed, in profound silence, and presented the most impressive spectacle I have ever witnessed. His Majesty next proceeded to minutely inspect the troops, greeting each regiment, as he rode up its front rank, with a hearty "Good morning!" to which the men replied with thousand-voiced power, "Good morning, your Majesty!" In and out of the triple lines rode the heroic old Monarch, cheered enthusiastically as he passed each tribune in turn, or approached the dense masses of the populace hedging on the Königsplatz. But the most electrifying popular ovation of the day was that accorded to Prince von Bismarck, who, as he cantered round in the suite, his hand to his helmet's brim, and his face lighted up by a stern smile, was greeted with such cheering as was never before heard in Germany. Ladies sprang up on the benches,

waved their handkerchiefs, blending a shrill, piercing upward note with the tenor shout and bass roar of a frantic chorus of cheers that burst from two hundred thousand throats as the author of Germany's unity and the champion of her State rights rode proudly by, the greatest man of his age, the mighty servant of a noble master, the living and acknowledged leader of the whole German race. It was a great day for Germany; a greater for Prussia; but greatest of all for Otto von Bismarck, whose title to his country's gratitude, reverence and love was proclaimed unmistakably by German lips from the very depths of the German heart.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A HAPPY ISLAND.

THE venerable Northern Saga, in an all but unadulterated Frisian dialect—the tongue which, slightly diluted with modern English, is spoken by some fifteen hundred loyal subjects of our gracious Queen in the quaint, unreal little island of Heligoland—thus describes the physical features of the place :

“ Road es deet Lunn,  
Groen es de Kant,  
Witt es de Sunn :

Deet es de Woopen van 't Hillige Land.”

A red rock, capped with meadow-green and fringed with tidy, cosy houses ; an oblong square lump of the North Devonshire coast, transported to the North Sea by some potent magician ; viewed from afar, a triumph of artistic confectionery, or an exceptionally well-executed excerpt from the Model Department of a Geographical Museum. That such a mere scrap of coloured stone can be a serious British possession, swayed by a Lieutenant-Governor, endowed with a full-grown Constitution, an army, a navy, universal suffrage, compulsory education, and a variety of other civilized institutions such as more than one nation of the first class still longs for in vain, is difficult to realize from the deck

of a Hamburg steamer; but twenty-four hours' sojourn under the red, white, and green banner sufficed to convince me that the northern Holy Land is all this, and a good deal besides. It is one of the most picturesque little spots it has ever been my good fortune to light upon in the course of many years' wanderings; its health and morals are so far above the average, that Heligoland's dying at fourscore are considered by their relations and friends to have been prematurely snatched away; its criminal calendar would keep a party-going Judge in white gloves; and its bathing arrangements, commissariat, and cleanliness of lodgings, are, in all respects, unexceptionable. I strove for hours to find out the oldest inhabitant, but in vain. It appeared that he was out at sea in his boat, in charge of a cargo of tourists. But, as I was ascending to the Oberland from the beach, I met a sprightly young fellow of eighty-nine, clad chiefly in a bureaucratic chimney-pot hat—in Heligoland, as in the Sandwich Islands, a symbol of high local rank and dignity—who entered into conversation with me, and, upon being questioned as to his English-speaking capacities—for Frisian is stiff stuff to reduce into either English or High German—told me cheerily that Anglo-Saxon was not his *forte*, but that "his oldest brudder, he speaks her goot!" As to crime, if I might estimate its frequency of occurrence by the purport of a colloquy accidentally overheard in the breakfast-room on the sand spit devoted to bathing purposes, it must have been at a ruinous discount. One of my Prussian friends was putting the restaurateur through his facings with respect to the Heligoland



administration of justice. "How," asked he, "would your Supreme Court act in a case of murder?" "Murder!" answered our host; "how can one even imagine such a thing? Why, sir, that would be a sin." "So it is," observed the Prussian, dryly; "but in Berlin you can have a man murdered any day for one and ninepence, and get sixpence change out, if you drive a bargain."

Heligoland is a miniature home of the virtues, a terrestrial Paradise on a reduced scale, a maximum of morality to a minimum of territory. Such a meritorious little place deserves to be encouraged. Every Briton should pay it a visit who can spare the time. Most of the Continental watering-places are "played out" for well-to-do Englishmen. Why should not a few thousands of our autumn holiday-makers give this delightful island—which, be it remembered, is our own property—a turn, and help its hard-working, thrifty, and loyal sons to pay off the balance of their National Debt, already reduced from £9000 to £2000, despite the temporary falling-off in their income that resulted from the abolition of the gaming-tables and the repression of certain predatory propensities that, down to the time of Colonel Maxse's accession to power, had been hallowed by long custom, and had become a *lex non scripta* of traditional "rights and privileges?" Heligoland is, it may be said, somewhat out of the way. I grant it—but not so much as many Englishmen fancy. Thirty hours or so from London to Hamburg, and seven more from that gayest of North German cities to the "Witte Sunn," or white sand of "Hillige Land"—the latter part of the journey effected in a most agreeable manner, on board of a swift

and comfortable steamer that puts to shame our Channel service between Dover and Calais. The distance from Hamburg to the island is about a hundred miles, sixty of which are traversed on the broad bosom of the Elbe. The "Red Rock" is only forty miles from Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the great German river; and the steamers, in anything like fair weather, make the sea passage in less than three hours.

Everything about Heligoland is fresh, and quaint, and unconventional. The rocky plateau, from which it springs sheer up to an average height of a hundred and sixty feet, spreads away from the base of its cliffs for many hundred yards at so slight an angle of declivity, that no vessel drawing eight feet of water can safely approach its coast within a distance of half a mile; and the financial resources of the island, although they achieved an almost magical development under the wise and beneficent rule of Colonel Maxse, are not equal to defraying the cost of construction of a pier or landing stage, a thousand yards long, which could hold its own against the terrific storms that frequently assail the ancient Frisian settlement. Consequently passengers are fain to be conveyed ashore in row-boats, of which a small flotilla starts from the Unterland so soon as the battery fronting Government House signals the arrival of a Hamburg or Bremen packet. The "Hardy Norsemen" land you safely on the beach; and then, as there is not a horse or donkey on the island—there is but one cow, and she is the Governor's private property!—the same sturdy arms that have pulled you o'er the "stormy wave" sling your trunks to a stout pole, and, if you are

for the Oberland, carry them up the one hundred and ninety-three steps that connect the summit of the rock with the lower town. The morning after your arrival you get up early, eager for a bathe in the sparkling blue sea that seems to be rippled over with a million smiles of salutation. If you fancy that, to gratify your longing, all you have to do is to stroll down to the beach, and get into a bathing machine, your illusion will soon be dispelled. Into a boat must you jump, from a movable stage on wheels; nor can you reach the Düne, where rows of gaily-painted green and white machines await you, under half an hour's sail in the most favourable weather, or forty minutes' row on a dead calm day. Lazy and squeamish people regard this compulsory voyage with horror and consternation; but it is, to more healthily constituted natures, a real boon to be obliged to make a couple of tiny sea-voyages daily, in order to enjoy the most glorious of sea-baths and the most succulent of breakfasts, washed down by such English stout and bitter beer as I have never elsewhere tasted out of my native land.

The bathing arrangements are based upon principles of strict decorum and propriety. There is none of the agreeable but reckless communion with respect to the two sexes that obtains at Ostend, Biarritz, Trouville, &c. The men's bathing ground is half a mile distant from that assigned to the ladies; and not even the presence of neutrals, such as little boys of tender age, is tolerated within the precincts of the latter. Oddly enough, "costumes" are conspicuous by their absence from either division of the Düne; and one of Heligo-

land's many peculiarities appears to be, that whereas some few of the male bathers wear the light dress recognized as appropriate to the use of the swimming bath, Otaheite fashions have been almost unanimously adopted by the fair *habituées* of the sands. My authority for this statement is an English lady, who was not a little surprised, one fine morning, to find herself the only person, among a dozen or two of adult female bathers, who was clothed in aught save her own charms. I must not forbear to mention that ninety-nine out of a hundred ladies who visit Heligoland are Germans.

Twice a-year does Heligoland treat itself and its foreign visitors to a spectacle unique of the kind—one which those who have been lucky enough to witness it are not likely ever to forget, so fantastically lovely, so weirdly picturesque, are the effects it presents to the eye. The huge flanks of the ruddy rock are riddled in all directions with caves of various shapes and dimensions, many of them piercing the rock to such a depth that their exploration is a work of time and of difficulty. These caves, contrary to the belief which I found some years ago firmly established in the breasts of many “well-informed people” in England, have not been excavated by the rabbits—which, it has been asserted, so persistently threatened the very existence of the island that the Heligolandiers, but for the deplorable sporting propensities of a tyrannical and unyielding Governor, would long ere now have declared war against their natural enemies, and averted the diminution of her Majesty's dominions by several square yards. There are twenty-seven valid and indisputable reasons why

the rabbits cannot behave in the way ascribed to them. The first is, that there are no rabbits in Heligoland. The second is, that, if there were, they could not bite or scratch their way through red sandstone. The third is, that if they did, they would all be drowned every time the tide rose; for at high water the caves are inundated, and as rabbits are not amphibious animals, nor provided by Nature with the means of climbing perpendicular rocks a couple of hundred feet high, the odds against their escaping from Neptune's pitiless trident would be about a nunnery to a nutmeg. I forbear detailing the other twenty-four reasons, each of which, I can assure my readers, is as impregnable to criticism as any of the three I have set down.

There were once seven rabbits on the Düne, a sand-bank separated from the island by more than a mile of sea. They were happy and well-to-do. Fortune seemed to smile upon them; the climatic and dietary conditions by which they were surrounded promised them abundance of family joys and a duration of life as abnormal in rabbits as that of their neighbours, the Heligolanders, is in men. But they fell victims to public opinion. Stimulated to a paroxysm of action by the apprehensions suggested by some mischievous German journalists, the natives fell upon the Seven, put them to the sword, and consummated the sanguinary deed by devouring the corpses of the slain. Since the termination of this stirring chapter in the history of "Hillige Land," no attempt has been made, even by the minions of the oppressive Government that put down wrecking, abolished public gambling, and arbitrarily reduced the

national debt by three-fourths of its total within ten years, to reintroduce the fierce and masterful coney, foe to the commonwealth, into any part of the island realm—even in a hutch. You cannot get a *gibelotte de lapin* for breakfast in Heligoland for love or money; a rabbit would create as lively a sensation there as a horse in Venice or a mongoose in Tipperary.

The caves, *not* excavated of rabbits, were illuminated in the most gorgeous manner one night during my sojourn on the “Rock,” and afforded some thousands of holiday-makers an opportunity of making a delightful sea-trip round the island, under circumstances invested with a splendour that defies description. The whole flotilla of the island was put at the disposal of the public—an unusually large public for such a mite of a place, as it had been recruited to the tune of several hundreds by the arrival, during the afternoon, of two large excursion steamers from Bremen and Hamburg. At nine o'clock precisely we embarked from the Government landing-stage in a roomy, comfortable row-boat, “something larger than a gig, a little smaller than a launch.” The surface of the tiny bay round which the Lower Town is built was well-nigh covered by small craft of all descriptions, from the smart embarkations to which his Excellency the Governor had invited a large party of friends, to the humble coble or dismasted smack of the fisherman, as broad in the beam and as sun-baked as its sturdy Frisian master. Some of the larger boats were rigged out with Chinese lanterns, glowing mildly like uncut jewels, and reflected back in countless miniature pre-sentments from the thousand dancing facets of the

lightly-rippled sea. A gun was fired, a leash of hissing rockets shot upwards from a pyrotechnical store-boat into the dark-blue summer sky, and the whole convoy, headed by Colonel Maxse's command, started on circuit of the island to the strains of "God save the Queen." We had scarcely lost sight of the duplex town and its brightly-illuminated windows, when the rocks on our left began to glow with lights of unearthly hue—with sullen red, ghastly green, and that faint livid blue which most Dante-readers are wont to associate with the passage of the Stygian ferry. These tints, imparted to cliff, to sea, and hundreds of floating spectators, invested the whole scene with a mystical, almost a supernatural, character, that was in the highest degree impressive. But for the merry music, the joyous shouting, and humming chatter that imperatively vitalized the picture, we might have fancied ourselves to be sorrowful companies of condemned ghosts, slowly but irrevocably gliding towards the goal appointed for our torments, and dismally warned of the horrors awaiting us by the lurid mists that shimmer and gleam over Achæron. Every nook and cranny of the cliff's scarred and crumpled face stood revealed to us, searched to its innermost interstice by quivering flames; while every now and then a dark unsubstantial spectre—shaped sometimes like a huge cat, sometimes like a rampant bear, and again taking the semblance of a giant monkey, peering around him in search of his own special cavern—hovered up and down the rock-side, as though endeavouring to escape from his prison of stone, with the seeming restlessness of endless and supreme suffering.

These apparitions were, after all, but shadows cast by the stout islanders told off by Colonel Maxse to administer the Bengal fire that was the factor chiefly employed in producing these oglesome eye-delusions; but, for temporary fearsomeness, I would back them against the most appalling ghost that ever was conjured up from Tartarus by a diseased imagination, a guilty conscience, or a supper of hot lobster. So soon as we had rounded the long spit of rock that protrudes like a spur from the rugged heel of Heligoland, the resources of pyrotechny were liberally added to the stationary illumination with which the whole coast was engirded. Flights of rockets bespangled the sky with thousands of falling starlets; enormous Catherine wheels whirled round dizzily, spitting forth showers of golden sparks; fountains of fire gushed from apparently inaccessible heights, and burning emeralds, rubies, and sapphires floated gracefully through the air, as though hesitating upon whom to bestow themselves. Cave after cave gaped upon us with fiery jaws; gun after gun bellowed its greeting from the summit of the rock; cheer after cheer rang out from the crowded boats, as each new wonder burst upon their delighted occupants. Presently we reached the Monk, a huge detached rock fashioned by Nature's hand to the image of a long-robed, seated figure; and, creeping round the base of his throne, we came suddenly in sight of our Royal Mistress's monogram, cleaving to the rock half-way up the cliff, in colossal letters of fire some twelve feet high. Thereupon the band again struck up the National Anthem, and the Governor's battery fired a crashing, rattling



salute—while from boat and shore, from steamer at anchor and rocky height, broke forth a final eruption of fireworks that must, I fancy, have been visible at Cuxhaven. This was the “bouquet;” and five minutes later we were standing safely on the beach, congratulating one another upon having seen the prettiest sight of our lives.

It was the first time (July 1872) that the management of this renowned Heligoland spectacle had been undertaken exclusively by the Governor of the island; and never before had it been so magnificently organized, or turned out so splendid a success. Under the conduct of the former bathing direction, the institution had fallen off considerably from whatever grandeur it may have originally possessed, and failed to prove such an attraction for the inhabitants of the mainland as could prove to be remunerative to the islanders, out of whose pockets the outlay—speculative, of course—had to be defrayed. But the rumour having somehow spread about the ex-Free Towns that this year’s exhibition would be of unprecedented brilliancy, so many excursionists arrived in the island that there was positively not enough of boat accommodation to enable all the ticket-holders to share the pleasures of the water-party. The worthy Heligolandiers were enchanted with the results of the Governor’s enterprise, and were neither stupid nor pig-headed enough to withhold their acknowledgment of the advantages that had accrued to them since the administration of the island was confided to a gentleman who devoted all his energy and talent to the improvement of their circumstances, moral as well as

physical. Indeed, Heligoland has solid reason to be grateful to Colonel Maxse; and so has England—for he purified one of her outlying possessions of its sins, which were crying sins when he assumed the reins of government; and he turned what was a mighty wicked little spot, living disreputably on the profits of wrecking and of gambling-table concessions, into the most respectable watering-place in Europe. This I assert confidently. Loose characters of either sex do not come to Heligoland; there is no encouragement for male sharks or female vampires. Even the most unprotected of ladies may sojourn there without danger of the least molestation. The seafaring population is given neither to drunkenness nor to bad language; it does not fight—it does not seek to impose upon the foreigners—it does not grumble even if paid no more than its due. There are a capital theatre, a spacious public ball-room, a good concert-hall, English billiard-tables in the Conversation-haus, a glorious sea, and sands upon which it is a treat to bathe.

A strong westerly wind, freighted with rain-clouds, afforded me an opportunity of making myself acquainted with the inner recreative resources of the island, all communication with the Düne having been virtually cut off throughout. I entertain a cordial regard for Heligoland; should the illustrious Order of the Lobster, founded by my lamented friend Maxse, ever be conferred upon me, I shall wear its insignia with the greatest pride; but, despite my predilections, I must admit that the island is not a lively place of sojourn during a gale of wind. To be weather-bound among the worthy

but uninteresting Frisians for any length of time would be a circumstance having as little in common with a joke as any condition of things that I can call to mind. For one having no acquaintances amongst the "Badegäste" there is really, when the stormy winds do blow, nothing to do but to eat, drink, smoke, and buy shells. The three first-named occupations present no exceptional features of interest in Heligoland; one can, so to speak, do them anywhere. The last is essentially and of its nature episodic; you cannot continuously buy shells, at least not for many hours running—besides, it would be too expensive. The island is divided into two parts, connected by a sinuous system of steps. The Lower Town is too small to walk about in. It is built in a small bight of the rock, no larger than Eaton-square; and the streets average from twelve to fifteen feet in breadth. The most you can manage in them is to lounge—walking is out of the question. There is a boarded path, facing the sea, from a quaint old wooden breakwater to the cliff, some hundreds of yards long; but this is the fashionable parade, upon which toilettes have to be displayed; the only exercise it is devoted to is that of the eye. In the Upper Town, and over the broad green shoulders of the rock, pedestrianism is perforce at a discount when Æolus unlocks the doors of his cavern. By lying down flat and digging your fingers into the stiff red earth, you can just save yourself from being wafted to other climes; and, if you are gifted with extraordinary muscular strength, it is possible that you may manage, in that attitude, to crawl about, a few yards at a time, between the gusts. But this sort of

exercise is not suited to ladies ; and even men get tired of it whenever its first novelty is worn off. Thus, locomotion being, as it were, paralyzed by the sinking of the mercury in the barometers, visitors to Heligoland are liable to have rather a dull time of it when the national colours have been hauled down from the flagstaff near the Pavilion—a sign that the weather is considered to be unfavourable to the short sea passage between the island and the Düne. Not that you are obliged to forego your dip by reason of such climatic interruptions ; for Heligoland can boast of a covered salt-water swimming bath containing 15,000 cubic feet of the North Sea, which flows steadily through it all day long. No other Continental watering-place with which I am acquainted possesses this advantage. Through the yawning jaws of a colossal lion's head in bronze rushes the cool green sea-water incessantly into the basin, just where the bath is at its shallowest, about three feet deep—at the other end there are nine feet of water, and by squatting under this mighty tap you can enjoy a magnificent douche.

Whilst staying on the island I took especial pains to inquire into the state of feeling prevalent among the Heligolandiers with regard to the vexed question of nationality. According to the fervent apostles of Pan-Germanism, the Heligolandiers are miserable victims of the 1815 Treaty, whom a caitiff and insidious Government basely endeavours to render happy in order to annihilate within their breasts the national sympathies and aspirations which Nature has there implanted. Such patriots are hard to please. When wrecking and gambling were put down—although their suppression

was the voluntary act of a Legislative Council composed of natives to the soil—the German journalists filled the heavens with indignant protests against the foreign tyranny that was despoiling the islanders of their ancient “rights and privileges.” When, in consequence of the abolition of these abuses, a healthy and equitable prosperity dawned upon the island, and, waxing from year to year, enabled its inhabitants to pay off four-fifths of their debt and to devote comparatively large sums to national education, sanitary reform, and the increase of the attractions offered to visitors from abroad, Berlin leader writers wept floods of ink because the development of the island’s well-being did not take place under the fostering influences of German culture and patriotism. Now the Heligolanders are, in some respects, unsophisticated and simple folk enough; but there are few people more keenly alive to their own interests. Their politics are strictly local, and are regulated by the condition of their breeches pockets. The very mention of compulsory service makes their knees knock together; and a sickly hue o’erspreads their bronzed cheeks at the thought of taxation. They are all well-to-do; and, as they manage their own finances for their own benefit, contributing nothing to the Imperial Exchequer, and spending their money judiciously upon themselves, it may be imagined how violently repugnant to their feelings is the mere idea that by any mischance they might pass out of the hands of a Power that asks nothing from them but moderately decent behaviour, while according them an intelligent and benevolent protection. The island enjoys at the present moment

the two modern institutions of which Germany and France are so proud, and only one of which is as yet established in Great Britain—compulsory education and universal suffrage. It pays a small poll-tax on its visitors, and an insignificant Excise duty on spirits. The Heligolander is probably, of all her Majesty's subjects, the one whose civil and political liberties are the most absolutely unfettered. What has he to gain by transfer to German domination? If the island were polled on the question of England *v.* Germany not one man out of twenty would vote for the annexation to the Fatherland. I am speaking in virtue of data for the correctness of which I have unquestionable authority. The people of the Red Rock are thoroughly loyal to the British Crown; not, of course, with the same sort of loyalty that animates a born Briton, strongly leavened as is the latter with the sentiment that grows out of early associations, local ties, and the glories of his national history; but loyal by interest, loyal because Heligoland has become rich under British rule, and because there is strong presumptive reason to believe that it would find itself constrained to sacrifice part of its present and prospective prosperity were it incorporated in the huge Teutonic body politic.

Such loyalty, unromantic and materialistic as it may appear to an enthusiastic temperament—if there be any such about in this matter-of-fact age—is a good, stout, work-a-day article that “will wash.” There are States in the Fatherland a good deal more discontented with Prussian rule than is Heligoland with the all but nominal control of the British Colonial Office. Discon-

tented!—why, all they seem to desire is, that Englishmen should demonstrate some interest in them, instead of leaving them completely to themselves. The rising generation is carefully taught the English tongue, as well as French and German; and were it not for the proximity of the German coast, rendering access to the island easier for our cousins, English would be now the predominant language of the population. Dozens of Heligolanders have asked me why so few Englishmen come to the island—laying stress upon the fact that they like us much better than the Germans, for many reasons which I need not detail. “We know,” they say, “that you Englishmen travel more than any other people in the world; you go everywhere, and you spend your money liberally on foreigners of all speeches and colours. Why don’t you give us a turn? We belong to you—we are British subjects, and hope ever to remain so. Come to us, and assure yourselves that we are virtuous, happy, and contented.” *Avis aux lecteurs!*

## CHAPTER VII.

### GAMBLING IN GERMANY—WIESBADEN.

It was in 1867, nearly a year after the conclusion of the German civil war through which the Duchies of Nassau and Homburg and the Free City of Frankfurt-am-Main were annexed by victorious Prussia, that the fiat condemning the German hells to extinction at the expiration of a five years' reprieve went forth from the Berlin Home Office. I was taking stock of those amusing haunts at the time ; and it struck me that, of the four *chefs-lieux* of the Demon Play thus conclusively doomed to lose their chief attraction by the suppression of the red and black, Wiesbaden enjoyed the most hopeful chance of surviving the heavy blow, which was about to be struck at its prosperity. It possessed elements of vitality with which Homburg and Ems, for instance, were by no means endowed. It was a full-grown town, not a few rows of lodging-houses built on to a Kursaal ; it was provided with a gorgeous synagogue and the prettiest of Greek churches ; its waters, which I have never seen or tasted—although I fervently believe in their virtues—were considered an almost universal sovereign cure for rheumatism, and were sedulously imbibed by a great number of its annual visitors ; whereas those



of Homburg and Baden-Baden were, to the best of my knowledge, pleasant fictions under the cover of which perfectly healthy people gathered round the revolving wheel of fortune, and persuaded themselves that they were becoming cured of ills they never had by residing within a bow-shot of mineral springs they never drank. When the dread decree, assigning 1872 as the term at which Messrs. Le Blanc and Bénazet should quit for ever the Edens they themselves had made, should be put into execution, Ems might, perhaps, for hygienic reasons, retain its hold upon a large and well-to-do *clientèle* ; but, whilst Baden-Baden and Homburg seemed likely to dwindle, peak and pine, desolate and forsaken, Wiesbaden was certain to do a very comfortable business in invalids and in autumn tourists to boot. For the once gay and wicked little place—destined to become cheerful and virtuous—is so charmingly situated in the very heart of a romantic, picturesque country—it is so clean, well-built, and cosy—the air is so soft and balmy, the promenades so shady and cool, the neighbourhood so rich in excursions, and the means of locomotion so cheap, good, and abundant, that, as a resting-place from the toil of the year, it is scarcely to be matched in Europe.

That time of quiet holiday and peaceful prosperity was, however, not yet come to Wiesbaden in 1867 ; champagne still wielded the sceptre which he subsequently had to resign to that more placid monarch, toast and water ; there were still revels in the hall where the beards wagged all ; and, cynically conscious of their fate, the *petits crevés* played round those seductive green tables—played with a persistence worthy of a better

game—at that long match that was daily arranged between the two elevens—a.m. and p.m. There were no fewer than five tables, all in full activity for twelve hours out of the twenty-four, surrounded by crowds of players three and four deep; it was a work of ingenuity and perseverance to obtain a glimpse of the grass-green cloth, spangled with real golden and silvern flowers; the number of croupiers laid on would have furnished a complete military force to more than one German Principality, and the profits of the enterprise amounted to sums so fabulous that I forbear specifying them, lest my readers should deem me guilty of exaggeration. Yet there occurred a few individual cases, *longo intervallo*, in which heavy sums were won—and, what was still more rare, taken away—by lucky players. An American gentleman, beginning with a large stake, and backing red seventeen times running on the *moitié à la masse* principle, carried off 240,000 francs. Prince Galitzin, who was so unlucky in 1866 at Homburg, won £10,000 at five o'clock one afternoon, and started for the East by the 9 p.m. train in the evening. A well-known member of that corps of good fellows, the Queen's Messengers, Captain Ball, was passing through Wiesbaden on his way to London about the beginning of August, strolled into the Kursaal to look round him between trains, and, through a happy run on black, picked up £900 with which he promptly went his way rejoicing. The play ran very high that year, and kept so all the time; whereas at Ems, where the maximum stake was very small—I think only £240—you might haunt the tables

for a week without once seeing it set. Now the *coup du maximum* was not only an event of hourly occurrence in Wiesbaden, but occasionally you might see it played ten and twelve times in succession; and it is a curious illustration of the force of example that one high player makes many. The tables shall have been jogging on steadily for an hour or so at a game of double florins, interlarded here and there by an isolated speck of gold, when suddenly a big fish flounders in with half-a-dozen thousand-franc notes or a couple of big rouleaux; immediately, and as if by magic, an auriferous shower descends upon the green cloth, precious bits of paper flutter down to the red or black, and the business of the company is done at the rate of thousands of pounds per minute, until an "après" or a fresh deal breaks the charm.

The ways of the table are inscrutable. One night, for instance, as if the music of the weekly ball had confused the cards and upset their wonted equanimity of purpose, they chopped and changed about the whole evening in the most inconsistent and puzzling manner—two reds, then a black, then a red, then two blacks, then red and black alternately for a dozen coups, and so on, to the despair of the *veinards* and the general consternation of the small adventurers—chiefly belonging to the fair sex—who miserably suffered from a proclivity to one or the other colour. This state of things continued until the last deal of all, a few minutes before eleven o'clock, when Fate decreed that compensation should be made to some of the petty losers who had had courage and endurance to hang on, in spite of the dispiriting fluctuations that had nearly emptied their pockets. Red set in with

unusual severity ; eighteen times in succession was the formula "*Rouge gagne*" enunciated by the presiding croupier at the "table in the cellar," and, as if by general inspiration, nearly every player followed up the run, till the red compartment was covered with glittering spoil, while "noir" remained utterly barren and deserted. One lady of my acquaintance began the "*suite*" with a louis, and retired complacently with 4800 francs at the end of the deal ; others were still more fortunate, and I should think that that deal cost the company eight or nine thousand pounds.

The race-meeting of the 1867 season was about the least sporting series of events I have ever attended ; but in all other respects deserves the most honourable mention. It was held in a lovely valley about two miles and a half from the town ; the weighing and saddling took place under a large tree in the middle of a field of stubble ; there was no grand or any other sort of stand, no perceptible starter's box, winning-post, ring, clerk of the course, or judge. Warriors in spiked helmets held the ground, and regulated the sport with unbending severity. At the entrance to the field set apart for carriages, an elaborate chart of the course and the adjacent country, evidently prepared by the Topographical Society of Berlin, under the supervision of the Quarter-master-General's Department, was delivered to you on payment of forty kreuzers. This beautiful and scientific work contained so much and such exact information, graphic as well as tabular, that the human intellect staggered under its weight and quantity. In one corner, the points of the compass met your eye ; over against

these a long and circumstantial glossary of the "obstacles," with numeral references to the map, duly impressed upon your mind the terrible difficulties to be encountered by the horse and his rider; on the back was printed the "correct card" of colours, weights, names, and ages, besides a host of mysterious symbols hitherto unknown in the annals of sport. I met a dozen Englishmen at least, in the course of the afternoon, wandering about with dazed looks and disordered apparel, striving to make something out of this astonishing document, at once so replete and so exhaustive as to require hours of study ere it might be mastered. "Here! you know German; what in God's name do they mean by L. W. and blm, about this chestnut mare?" "What's 'Hecke' and 'Graben,' and where's this Fasanerei they've got marked down near that potato patch? Pheasantry, eh? why you don't mean to say they're going to make 'em jump over the pheasants!" Such were the despairing appeals made to me by my mystified countrymen—appeals made, alas! in vain.

As soon as we had passed the admission gate, we were delivered over, hip and thigh, to the armed authorities, who caused us to execute manœuvres of great intricacy with loud command and martial fury. The first movement we witnessed was "by the right, columns of fiakers," and subsequent evolutions furnished us with ample evidence that the conquerors of Sadowa had not forgotten their strategical cunning. Only one thing was wanting to render the day's proceedings wholly military and sublimely ridiculous; and that was, that a Prussian military band should have preceded the horses through-

out each race at the double, playing "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz," which they might very well have done, considering the average pace of the running. How soothing it would have been to see the big drum pounded at the water-jump, and the serpent taking his fences in three-quarter time; fancy the ophicleide, blowing a fifth above his part, in a frantic effort to surmount the double bank "in his stride!" This great joy was denied us; but much remained to atone for our privation. As for the so-called "obstacles," there was nothing over the whole course to stop a cow, aged and full of infirmities. I was told that the meek little ditch, promoted to the high-sounding title of "Wassersprung" in the topographical-statistical work before mentioned, had been filled with healing mineral waters, obtained from Wiesbaden, with the philanthropic view of curing on the spot the bruises of any jockey who might haply be precipitated into its twelve-inch depths; but this I did not altogether believe. Despite the utter absence of any pretext for getting a fall, two of the equestrians engaged in the second steeplechase came to grief. One of them had guarded himself against Destiny by tying his trousers down to his boots with a string before starting, and I fancy that the twine must have made his bosom's lord sit heavily, for he came down upon his head in a gentle hollow without any apparent cause whatever; whereupon his horse, after looking at him in a pensive and inquiring manner, sate down upon him with great calmness and promptitude, as if it had been for many years accustomed to do so upon similar occasions. If that noble animal, in the course of its education, had

not fired many a pistol and uncorked many a bottle of fine old crusty port at one-and-three, may I never go to a Circus again ! After resting thus for a moment or two, he rose, shook himself, and ambled off at a quick step, timing himself by the well-remembered strains of an imaginary hornpipe.

The betting was not the least humorous part of the day's sport, which was indeed a screaming joke from beginning to end. It invariably took place, with the greatest ardour and keenness, *after* the conclusion of each race—you could get seven to four about anything as soon as the horses were “home,” and “Done with you in ponies” resounded o’er the lea whilst the winner was being rubbed down. Once we watched a German jockey freshening up his steed before starting for the dread struggle. I suppose it was his idea of “washing out his mouth ;” and this is how he did it. He led the unresisting quadruped up to a green ditch, seized him by the ears, and thrust his nose down into the unsavoury fluid till he gasped again. Everybody seemed to think it was all right, and the jockey looked round him with the air of a man who has done a kindly and timely deed. The only refreshments provided, in a small booth about twenty feet by twelve, were beer with a curious sub-taste of senna, still seltzer and hock of unparalleled sourness, pale, spotty cigars, and highly-glazed brown rolls, cut in two, and containing a treasure, hidden to the eye, but hideously evident to the nose, of marbled sausage, compounded of donkey’s haunch and heads of garlic. One mouthful of this comestible was warranted to impart a raging and unquenchable thirst to its

consumer for the space of a calendar month. Truly it caused the medicated beer to go off with incredible swiftness, and paved the way for floods of unutterably mawkish seltzer. Presently all was over; and, aching with laughter, tanned by the burning sun, and carrying away a large portion of Rhenish Prussia with us on our coats, hats, and boots, we submitted ourselves to the stern disciplinarians whose duty it was to control the order of our going; and, after executing a fresh series of cavalry evolutions, a trifle more intricate than the first, we succeeded in getting back to the Kursaal. There, with pickled salmon and Rüdeshheimer, filets sautés and champagne, we gathered up our exhausted energies for the ball, become, for the nonce, that liveliest of all Terpsichorean assemblies, a race ball. Of the Wiesbaden autumn meeting, and its systematic adventures, I may truly say, *et hæc olim meminisse juvabit!* There never was, and surely never will be again, anything half so funny!

*“Faites le jeu, Messieurs! Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus!”* These two pithy sentences used to be the alpha and omega of life at Wiesbaden. As everybody knows, there were gardens, there were fountains, reading-rooms, promenades, delightful lounges, excellent music, balls, excursions, charming scenery, luxurious hotels, and a host of minor *agrémens* too numerous to catalogue; but they one and all gravitated and appertained to a condition of things for which the above enunciations might be a fitting device. It was all very well to say that you came to Wiesbaden, or to either of the other two “dear, delightfully wicked places,” over which the devil



had hoisted his house-colours, to cure your capillary rheumatism, or reduce a chronic inflammation in your wooden leg; or to protest that "really, Wiesbaden is so beautifully situated, scenery so romantic, you know," and all that; or to assert that you wanted to study character—a feeble and transparent excuse, this, for your presence—it was the subtle, mysterious attraction of the *gaming-table* that drew together such assemblages every year as that crowding the pretty little town to overflowing just twenty years ago. A heterogeneous assemblage enough, in truth, particularly strong—for Wiesbaden was even then slightly on the wane—in adventurers, blacklegs, and *bourgeoisie*, hotly spiced with demi-monde—perhaps douzième-monde would be nearer the truth—and remarkable for the ornithological type of countenance characterizing the majority of its items. It is said that every human being is endowed with a resemblance, faint or vigorous, according to his or her "way of thinking," as well as to the physiognomical modifications brought about by education and carrière, to some beast, bird, or fish. An eminent Oriental linguist was once pointed out to me who was absurdly like a hedge-snake; and a Viennese financier of my acquaintance was so close a caricature of a bull-frog that I never looked at him intently without expecting to hear him croak. In Wiesbaden the prevalent type, I repeat, was bird—bird of the fierce, predatory, flesh-eating class—old bird, mostly, who had seen the world, and was a good deal the worse for it; who had got a slight general droop of the feathers and contraction of the eyelid; whose prehensile instincts were as strong

as ever, though his claw was somewhat shaky ; bad bird, I should say, decidedly, who had long ceased to care and chirrup about his nest and bantlings ; had given up singing, and devoted himself exclusively to the plucking of his neighbour birds, a process during which he had not unfrequently got his own feathers pretty roughly extracted. Of such birds, male and female, old and young—the old, however, decidedly predominating—Wiesbaden was a perfect aviary—every time I strolled through the Kursaal I felt inclined to gather my coat tails together, lest they should be pecked at by some greedy beak ! so cunning and fierce were the looks of that establishment's daily frequenters.

I must except the English colony, a numerous if not very distinguished one, from classification with the carnivora of the three play rooms—true, they played (and the more respectable they were the more wildly they gambled), but then they almost invariably lost what they could afford, stopped there, pocketed their vexation, and having paid rather dearly for a few hours' fever, went away poorer, if not wiser ; they did not, except in a few very bad, confirmed cases, acquire the bird physiognomy. They played very funnily, too, some of them. One afternoon I watched two jolly, handsome English lads, evidently fresh from one of the universities, almost exploding with health and spirits, and suffering from nothing but a plethora of money which they seemed desirous to reduce. First they tried the rouge-et-noir table, and backed the red with humorous persistence during a long series (eight, I think) of black, going over to the enemy just as the "veine" broke, and the game settled into an

interlude of zigzags. The result of this brilliant speculation having nothing daunted them, they migrated into the roulette room, where one of them, apparently the elder by a year or so, and the *bête forte* of the two, combined the pecuniary forces of himself and friend, and commenced sowing double florins all about amongst the numbers in a manner doubtless very ingenious and recondite, but which—owing, I presume, to some strange accident—ended three consecutive times in the raking up and subsequent arrangement in piles of all the confederate capital. By this time the huge stock of silver contributed by the partners to this investment was completely exhausted—the gold had disappeared at plain black and red—and the two young fellows sallied out on the terrace, where they immediately encountered some friends, to whom with shouts of genuine laughter they recounted how they had been completely cleaned out.

The humours of the hell were various; some a little grim, perhaps, but others, comparatively speaking, harmless and irresistibly comical. For instance, the martingale delusion. Observe that the adopters of martingales are generally people of moderate means and immoderate conceit, whose intense belief in their own wisdom and ingenuity is confined within certain limits by a sort of parasitic prudence. Though they are, *dans leur for intérieur*, cock-sure of winning, they have not heart enough to risk a large stake—the very strength of their convictions seems to inspire them with an illogical caution. Well for them that it is so; for their infallible systems come to hideous grief. I stood one afternoon at Wiesbaden for more than half-an-hour by a suave but

positive old gentleman—from Camberwell, by his look and bearing—who had been pricking holes in his card till it was like an orrery, and who volunteered to instruct me in the art of winning to a certainty. Between his stakes, which were made at certain intervals in conformity with his system, he favoured me with long and incoherent explanations of the way the cards had and would run, illustrating his discourse by reference to the pierced card, and every now and then remarking, “Now, you see, the red *must* win,” or *vice versâ*, put down a double florin. I need scarcely say the old gentleman lost; but his confidence in his combinations remained unshaken, and as he never staked more than four shillings at a time, I hope and believe that his losses did not hurt him much.

Amongst the foreigners, the most noticeable, both as regards numerical strength and persevering play, were certain men whom I should feel inclined to specify as low Russians. They were not over clean, were flashily dressed in inferior clothing, spoke French and German with equal incorrectness, and played high. There is no more polished and accomplished gentleman than the Russian grand seigneur—no more offensive cad than the Russian snob. All the good and great Russians (and Turks, too) were at Baden-Baden in 1867; the raff of Muscovy abode with us; and there was not a fez, I regret to say, in Wiesbaden. It is a pleasure, of the negative sort—but still a pleasure—to see a high-bred Mussulman challenge fortune; there is a great calm about his submission to the vicissitudes of luck, only surpassed by the insouciance with which a noble Russ

will win or lose a moderate competence. But the paraded civilization, mock dandyism, and clumsily worn western clothing, of a travestied moujik, who in all probability paid obrok not so very long ago to his owner for the right to practise the trade by which he has enriched himself, is to me a peculiarly disagreeable sight. We had a “Brazilian,” too—oh! yes, we were not so badly off that we were without a Brazilian. He was very yellow and black—would have served as a substitute for an Austrian standard or Custom House barrier—dressed all in loose white, and wore a big diamond on his forefinger. *C'était le Brésilien de rigueur, traditionnel*; and if he did not, like Offenbach's meridional American, fling gold pieces about with spendthrift impartiality, not the less did he play often and lose heavily. He would play more, he told me languidly, if he might smoke in the rooms, but this he might not do; and as three parts of his life was made up of cigarette, he was kept out of mischief, to a great extent, by tobacco. Who shall say, after this, that smoking is a pernicious habit? That Brazilian's cigarettes, valued by their result, would have been cheap to him had he paid a Frederic apiece for them.

There were several respectable English matrons at Wiesbaden with large broods of daughters—“die blonden Misse,” as the Germans would persist in calling them. It sounded very funny to hear a gentleman recounting how he escorted an English young lady home from a ball, for instance. One day, at Ischl, after the Casino ball, a cuirassier was telling me all about it, and, after stating how Count Rumpelstirn had disappeared

suddenly with the *Princesse Trésdouteuse*, he observed, "*Ich nahm die Miss*," referring to one of our countrywomen, just as if he had been fourth player at loo with a fair pool. To return to our English mammas, so stout, so richly dressed, so strictly virtuous: Few sights could be more diverting to a cynic than that presented by one of these portly ladies sauntering, with well-assumed indifference—after having safely deposited her innocent chicks on chairs round a table far away in a corner of the terrace—into the *Kursaal*, as if she were looking for an acquaintance on her way to the reading-rooms. Arrived at the *rouge-et-noir* table—she always selected this institution because it was in the second room, and there was no fear of the girls following her through the roulette apartment, tabooed to their timid footsteps—she hurriedly drew her purse from her pocket, looking nervously round her the while, and began to punt. The next quarter of an hour afforded an excellent opportunity for studying the effects produced by alternate hope and despair upon her kindly, flushed, perspiring countenance. Papa, good easy man, was at the bath, or drinking nasty water. Had he chanced to stroll in unexpectedly, I tremble to think what he would have said and done to the partner of his bed and banking account. And how hard it must have been for Mrs. De Smytthe to appear cheerful all day with the horrid consciousness pervading her roomy bosom of that dread hiatus in her portemonnaie!

My readers will, perhaps, have noticed that I speak of all sorts and conditions of men and women who played at the Wiesbaden tables as losers. Did nobody

win, then? Frankly speaking, I think nobody did. Of course, here and there some "chançard," tumbling over a lucky vein and clinging to it, pocketed a large sum; but what was one amongst so many? I had my martingale *comme un autre*—my infallible system—and I will disclose, in the profoundest confidence, what it is. The way to win always at roulette, rouge-et-noir, and chicken hazard is, *not to play!* What people were always telling you at Wiesbaden was, that the company owning the tables, despite their enormous expenses and the heavy subvention they paid to the ruler of Hesse for their privilege, made a clear profit in 1866 of *thirty seven* per cent. on their capital. And the very people who told you this, in order to prove to you how impossible it was that any one should win in the long run save the bank, started off a few minutes afterwards, and were speedily to be found edging their Napoleons or Frederics over the fatal line of demarcation. Their own statistics did not make the slightest impression upon them, so far as their personal chances of gain were concerned. The worst feature of the play disease is that everybody infected with it entertains a secret faith that Providence will ordain a special dispensation from loss on their particular behalf. One more illustration of gaming superstition from an afternoon's experiences. An acquaintance of mine, standing with me by the roulette table, happened to mention casually that he had never played at a game of pure hazard. A young "person," sitting just before us, immediately turned round, and, placing a thousand franc note in his hand, begged him urgently to put it on a number for her,

whichever he pleased. She was sure "*qu'il lui porterait bonheur.*" He did so—that is to say, he put the note on a number, whence it was a minute later swept into the croupier's caisse. So much for the luck of an "innocent." The pity of it was that my acquaintance, having tasted the apple, did eat thereof, and it did not agree with him. In plain words, after playing for two hours with varied luck, he was reduced to a florin, which he could not lose, only because so small a stake was not allowed by the regulations.

Amongst the phenomena of organized and decorous gambling, the most striking to a looker-on is the mere fact that so many people endowed with the usual proportion of intelligence allotted to educated human beings should be found who will play at all. Let us examine the institution as it formerly stood in Wiesbaden. There was no concealment, there were no delusive inducements to gamble put forward on any authority whatsoever; but there was a company—a thing without individuality even—which did not attempt to cloak or hide from you the fact that upon the capital invested in human folly, weakness, and greed it returned a profit of from 60 to 100 per cent. to its shareholders. And it did not even invite you to play against it, as how should it, in the name of common sense? A man armed with a Ball's magazine rifle, two eight-barrelled revolvers, a bowie knife, a couple of Derringer's, a sword-cane, and a howitzer would be considered slightly unreasonable if he proposed single combat *à l'outrance* to another man provided only with a squirt and a pair of bellows; bystanders would probably interfere, animated by the



conviction that the chances of either adversary were not exactly balanced, at least so far as their respective armaments were concerned. *Cæteris paribus*, the position of the player against the roulette bank is about as hopeful as that of the man with the squirt and bellows. The table speaks for itself; all you have to do is to examine the combinations—compound numbers and the like—carefully, test them by a simple arithmetical process, and you will discover that a heavy per centage *must* accrue to the bank on each combination. Add the several combinations together, and you will arrive at an idea of the enormous result actually achieved by the company that “ran” the tables at Wiesbaden and elsewhere, a score of years syne. As I said before, there was no compulsion, even no persuasion, save the smooth piece of green cloth which seemed to have the same attraction for unfeathered bipeds as bits of broken looking-glass have for larks. You could play if you like; nobody wanted you to do so. You knew beforehand that you were sure to lose. Your fate was foreshadowed to you by the terrible logic of figures. You had only to look round as you stood near the altar upon which you were about to sacrifice your worldly goods, in order to see what sort of an autograph was set by Red and Black upon the brows of their votaries. You were perfectly aware—that is, if you were honest to yourself in your heart of hearts—that if you won, the money thus gained would not do you any good, and that if you lost you would spoil your holiday and diminish your self-respect. What did you do? Why, you began to punt, of course. In a day or two you reached the phase of playing on a

system ; after which, the duration of your stay depended merely upon the amount of money you had with you, or the credit you might obtain from your banker's correspondents.

To me the mere knowledge that, in challenging the table, one was playing against a company—a speculative abstraction, without heart, brain, or hand of its own—was enough to deter me from risking a single dollar. I could understand losing money to a friend, or even a casual acquaintance, at a game where individual skill had something to do with victory ; to-day I lose, to-morrow I may win—at least I have a triple consolation for my losses : First, that I have played with my own hands, exercised my own intelligence, discretion, and memory ; second, that my money is only lent after all, for I am sure of the chance, at least, of winning it back ; third, that it has been pocketed by somebody whom I know, not by a corporation composed of persons entirely strangers to me. Whereas at the gaming tables you did not—at *rouge-et-noir*—even have the pleasure of touching the cards which decided upon your losses or gains ; whilst at the roulette bank a perfectly lifeless, unintelligent machine, set in motion by a functionary who, although he paid and received, had not the slightest personal interest in the vicissitudes of the game—save such faint *esprit de corps* as might perchance glimmer in the bosom of a croupier—pronounced sentence every two minutes—sentence from which there was no appeal—and your money departed from you without having afforded you the opportunity for exercising a single intellectual faculty

in its defence. There were none of the joys, the problems, the triumphs of whist; the deep delight of an extra trick wrested from gallant adversaries by a subtle and dangerous finesse—the close and cheering sympathy uniting you to your other self, who, heart and soul yours for a couple of rubbers, will chivalrously compass your defeat when Fate shall dissolve your partnership—the mysterious blending of instinct and science which reveals to you your enemies' plans, and suggests defensive expedients whose ingenuity or originality is a source of secret congratulation to yourself, of rejoicing to your partner, and of confusion, tempered by admiration of your penetration and fertility of resource, to your opponents. Whist is a game which makes men respect one another. Piquet is an excellent exercise for the memory, and full of promptings to bold and decisive action. No timid, wavering, irresolute man can play piquet. *Ecarté*, again, is a duel of divination, which may be fought either by the inductive or the exhaustive process, according to the number of cards "given." It is not only an intellectual effort, but a psychological praxis. Billiards has a fascination of its own—the rapture of successful execution. He who can put side on his ball with such exquisite nicety as to achieve an apparent reversal of the laws of motion knows a happiness denied to millions of his fellow-creatures. The games of the red and black do not afford a single elevating or refining inspiration; they are perfected expressions of mere lust of gain; memory (even were it of any use in a mere game of chance) finds its substitute in a card and pin; induction is impossible,

deduction a delusion, the brain is paralyzed in its action, whilst the passions are stimulated to extravagance ; and the player is in a state of continual self-condemnation, because he is engaged in a really hopeless struggle against overpowering odds.

Another of the grim anomalies of red and black is that a defeat of the bank is actually a triumph, and a cause of rejoicing to its actionaries. A "bad day" brings triple grist to the gyrating mill, by encouraging a hundred eventual and positive losers to emulate one accidental winner. Such a day I once witnessed at Wiesbaden ; when the bank accounts were made up at midnight with closed doors, the bank was 16,000 francs to the bad. This fact was communicated to me with modest exultation by a gentlemanly croupier, smoking his perfumed cigarette by the artificial lake during one of his alternate hours of rest. Two Englishmen were the great winners, netting £3000 or £4000 apiece ; for of course, although the bank's actual losses were under £700, all its day's winnings fell into the hands of the lucky pair. The notable coup of the day had been a run upon red of thirteen, which both Anglo-Saxons stuck to on the "*moitié à la masse*" principle—that is, setting half your accumulated winnings consecutively against the bank until the imposed limit be attained. After the sixth or seventh victory of red, the majority of players, who had hitherto backed the Englishmen on the run, went over to black, and laid heavily and more heavily against the red at each successive deal ; consequently the bank nearly recouped itself upon the whole run, winning upon the last six deals ten or twelve

heavy stakes against the two principal ones, which they as regularly lost. When at last the vein broke and black won, several of the chief losers had set their money back to the red, in the belief—which appears to be an established superstition here—that, having passed twelve, the run would last till twenty. The fourteenth deal, therefore, was a tremendous haul for the bank, and a sort of suppressed groan ran round the table, which was not good to hear. These runs upon a colour, or “veines,” as they are called in the Argot of the table, are of rare occurrence, and sometimes break the bank. Equally rare is the winning of a single heavy stake upon one number at roulette, but it was my fortune to witness a solitary accident of this class. There was an elderly gentleman at Wiesbaden of benevolent exterior, who was one of the most daring and persistent players at the roulette table, never touching the *rouge-et-noir pur et simple*. One afternoon, as soon as the military band had wound up its programme by “God save the Queen,” he rose from a chair upon which he had been sitting quietly for an hour or so, listening to the music with great attention, walked hastily into the first room, and pushing his way through the human fence surrounding the table, put a hundred franc note down on the No. 3. Most of the players looked up in surprise, it being unusual to set anything over a dollar upon a single number—*à cheval*, on the point to which four squares converge, is the utmost that *habitués* risk if they have a fancy for any particular numeral. Round went the machine, the pith ball flying merrily along its circular brass groove; even the impassible croupiers

seemed to watch it with something like interest. In half a minute its convolutions were over, and there it lay, ensconced in compartment No. 3, sure enough! The person who seemed least astonished was the venerable philanthropist who had just won 3200 francs, which he gathered up, stuffed into his trousers' pocket, and carried away into the garden, where he resumed his chair, lit his cigar, and called for a cup of coffee.

There was a great deal of character about in Wiesbaden of yore—bad character, I am afraid, most of it, but none the less amusing for that. Perhaps the class of curiosities most abundantly represented was that of the “*vieillards monumentaux*.” White beards trimmed with such care that every several hair seemed to occupy a place prescribed for it by eternal law, bowed forms arrayed in dandy jackets, stiff knees clothed in the lightest and brightest of bags, feet “*très accidentés*” compressed in brilliant boots or dainty lacquered shoes, pervaded the gardens and the Kursaal. These old gentlemen divided their time between the tables, at which they played with a calm acquired by centuries of experience, and “*les petites dames*,” with whom they were tender and *folâtres*. Did Mdlle. Croquecœur, or “*la sémillante Zizine*,” or any of the enamelled Hetaïres of the Bois arrive in Wiesbaden, and make her appearance, architecturally got up, on the terrace of the lake, within half-an-hour of her advent you might see her holding court over a ring of these venerable gallants, to whom she prodigated impertinences that passed for *esprit* in return for the superannuated compliments and highly ornate flatteries which they poured forth at her feet.

The social achievement represented by a spectacle of this description must have been highly instructive and profitable to the unsophisticated young girls who were sojourning in Wiesbaden under the wing of their papas and mammas. The only visitors who seemed utterly impervious to the contagion of gambling and the fascinations of courtesans were the Prussian officers, who neither played nor hovered round the tables, nor paid court to the painted syrens of the park. Those gentlemen might be seen walking and talking together, or gathered in a respectful group near the Bath-chair of some gray and stately veteran, whose 1866 wounds were yet unhealed, and who was wheeled out into the afternoon sun, after performing his daily cure, in order to chat over foughten fields with old and young comrades-in-arms. As a matter of fact, gambling was not permitted in the Prussian army; and the dark-blue officers certainly did not take part in any of the merely vicious amusements of the place, in or out of uniform. I conversed with some of the older officers upon the subject of the gambling resorts, and the probabilities of their respective futures; one and all expressed the greatest contempt and disgust relative to the institutions in question, and appeared confident that the Prussian Government would put an end to them, which it verily did, three years later, when the chartered hells of Germany passed away for ever, to live only in the memory of croupiers and ruined gamblers.

Talking about croupiers, I made a careful study of those imperturbable officials—descendants of Tantalus, every mother's son of them—and found out one curious

characteristic of the race (at least of the tribe reigning over Wiesbaden), which I do not remember to have seen noticed in any account of these gambling resorts. From the purity of the accent with which they reiterated the few formula of the game to which their remarks were confined—as public characters and administrators of untold wealth—one would have taken them for bred-and-born Frenchmen, whereas they were, with one or two exceptions, Germans of the Rhine, and very superficially acquainted with the French language. I had occasion to interrogate two of these *employés*, both of whom might have passed for Parisians—Boulevardians—to judge by the tripping way in which they enunciated the sacramental sentences, “Rien n’va plus,” “Faites l’jeu, Messieurs,” “Cinquante Frédéric à la masse,” and “Rouge gagne et couleur” . . . . and, to my surprise, both expressed themselves with great difficulty in French, and asked permission to change the idiom if it was agreeable to me to do so. There were no Italian or Spanish croupiers, and, I believe, only two Russians and one Englishman—the latter, I was told, had been once a gentleman.

It would have been an interesting and instructive achievement, had it been possible to get at the figures and facts indispensable to a faithful chronicle of the gambling epoch terminated in 1870, to publish a statistical statement showing how many of the thirty-six thousand valetudinarians (who visited Wiesbaden “for the benefit of their health” during the 1867 season) contributed to the annual profits of the Red-Black Company; how many did not play; and *how*



*many won.* Suppose we deduct one-third of this grand total for non-combatants, including real sufferers from rheumatism and old wounds, very young unmarried women, and children under the age of fourteen, there would remain a small army, twenty-four thousand strong, of which every individual legionary had more or less gallantly fought the company. Perhaps five hundred of these may have won sums ranging between five napoleons and two hundred pounds; a dozen favourites of the blind goddess may have carried away spoils of far greater value; but what about the twenty-three thousand odd who did *not* win? These statistics, of course, are to a great extent imaginary; but I believe I am over the mark in my allowance of one-third for non-players; and, moreover, having watched the working of the tables carefully for five successive days—there was positively nothing else to do at Wiesbaden, and I cannot say that looking on was an enlivening pastime—I felt seriously inclined to doubt whether five hundred people can have won during the season of 1867. I could only judge by the results of the play during the time of my stay; gamblers are generally very communicative about their winnings, and a lucky *coup* was for the most part made the subject of afternoon chat, *faute de mieux*. So far as I could ascertain from all available sources, only three players had done really well out of the hundreds crowding the four rooms for twelve hours daily—two Englishmen, who won heavily upon a “veine,” and one old gentleman, who might have been a German or a Frenchman, for he spoke either language with equal fluency and purity—to whom the roulette table proved a mine

of wealth. He played repeatedly on compound numbers, and once on a single numeral, and was almost invariably successful. I could not discover that any one else had won ; but, *en revanche*, I saw a great many people lose, and that to no small tune. One afternoon a young Polish gentleman of title, only twenty-five years old, but the widower of a lovely, accomplished, and wealthy Princess, whose fortune as well as his own he had all but dissipated at play, sate down to *rouge-et-noir* with a huge pile of napoleons, twenty rouleaux of frederics, and a thin but precious packet of bank-notes. Everybody saw at once that he was in for "an event," and a crowd six-deep formed round the table. In less than an hour gold, rouleaux, and notes had been raked in by the croupiers ; rising from his chair, the Count turned out all his pockets on the table, the chief croupiers politely delaying the deal till this operation was completed. About thirty pounds' worth of gold and silver resulted from the hurried rummaging of waistcoat and trousers. "Faites le jeu !" Nervously, almost spasmodically, the white and yellow heap was pushed on the red compartment. "L'jeu est fait, rien n'va plus !" The cards are dealt. "Rouge perd, couleur gagne !" and the heap is gone. "Ça, c'est tant soit peu du guignon," was all the despoiled Pole remarked, as he walked quietly out of the room and disappeared for the rest of the day. There was a Russian gentleman—family, retinue, and all—in pawn at a leading Wiesbaden hotel till remittances should come from Orenburg.

I was glad to see "Arry" and "Jim," from the Minorities, lose a few double florins. What business had

such wretched little conceited, ignorant snobs to come to gambling haunts at all, setting themselves up for *des gentilhommes Anglais*, and offending every respectable English visitor by their obtrusive demeanour, loud voices, impertinent comments on the wives and daughters of their betters, intense vulgarity, and ruthless slaughter of her Majesty's language? Such pitiful fellows put down a piece or two after a long and painful struggle with their native meanness, because they thought it was magnificent and aristocratic to do so; and when they lost, elbowed their way out of the play-rooms cursing, jostling everybody in their path, and using foul expressions relative to their many-adjectived luck, which must have been heard—though I sincerely trust not understood—by dozens of English ladies assembled on the terrace. What a contrast between the cockney vulgarian who foamed and shrieked over the loss of £5—a loss attributable to his own folly or lust of gain, or both—and the imperturbable French or German snob, who smiled or shrugged his shoulders over the tomb of his last louis, and did not curse anybody—at least above his breath. Possibly the Anglo-Saxon was the better man of the two, but he was certainly not the most decorous; and after all good manners are much less easily dispensed with, so far as society is concerned, than honesty, sincerity, and all sorts of other virtues.

There was a very curious old lady at Wiesbaden in 1867, who lived, so it was said, by the tables; poorly enough, I judged, from her appearance and garb. She was rich once, and having taken to the red and black,

became penniless in one course. She spoke and wrote English, German, Italian, and French perfectly, and could ask for food, drink, and other necessities of life in every European tongue. The croupiers were kind to her, and I fancy put her up to a good thing now and then ; for these officials seemed to be endowed with an instinctive knowledge—or was it a science, resulting from long experience and careful observation ?—of what was likely to happen, when a “*veine*” had set in, or when the cards had got into an alternating mood. The old lady punted with a single silver coin, or at the most two, lost or won meekly, and when she had amassed a napoleon, crept quietly away to her *gîte*, nobody knew where. In brilliant contrast to this humble, broken-spirited old gamester, was a very beautiful girl, radiant with youth and health, who was “taking the waters” with her “protector,” a *gandin* of the first water. She electrified the Kursaal every day with a new and gorgeous toilette. One night, I remember, she was arrayed in chocolate satin inlaid with maize lozenges and a splendid *parure* of Neapolitan coral set in dead gold. She played morning, noon, and night, passionately, feverishly, recklessly—and her owner stood behind her feeding her with napoleons, calm, smiling, *prévenant*. This lovely young gamester must have been about as expensive a luxury as a white elephant or a hopeful Chancery suit ; I was told that she had not once left the tables a winner !

The little dogs of the “little ladies” were an intolerable nuisance ; one could not help wishing that some enterprising Prussian would set up a sausage

manufactory in the neighbourhood. With fiendish joy I saw one bloated little beast, forgotten by his mistress in the agony of the Red, crawl in amongst the legs of the players whilst the game was going on. Presently the cards ran out—an event which always causes a general move for about a minute—an appalling squall was heard, followed by some very hearty expletives in French from a bedizened young lady in black, orange, and turquoises. A tremendous German had set his square foot upon the back of *ce pauvre ange*, and literally broken him in two. The croupiers were highly indignant, because the work of gathering up the fragments stopped the business of the table for a few seconds. In Servia, when the “Dog-Caretaker,” an official of some importance in a semi-Oriental country, sees a dog of the pet class walking about alone, he forks it into his cart with a long rod terminating in an iron hook, cuts its throat, sells its skin, and claims a reward for the collar. Verily Servian institutions are not all objectionable.

The expression of the faces adorning the Kursaal and its precincts at Wiesbaden having succeeded in lowering my spirits day by day until I was brought down to a settled melancholy suggestive of prussic acid, I came to the conclusion one morning that I could not stand that sort of thing any longer, packed my portmanteau gloomily, paid my bill with sombre indifference, and betook me to the Taunus Bahn, as very a misanthrope as ever hated his fellow-creatures. The Fates forbid I should doubt that good predominates over evil in human nature, or that honour, honesty, virtue,

clean living are not, socially speaking, in a bouncing majority over their antitheses ; but I would not cite the company gathered together at Wiesbaden when that pretty town was the haunt of gamesters as illustrative or confirmatory of my belief : far from it. Moreover, I will venture to say, were the institutions then and there fostered permitted to exist in any and every important watering-place whither the young and the wealthy resort during the summer and autumn months, the seven deadly sins would have it all their own way ere long, and the cardinal virtues would be nowhere in the race. *Grands dieux !* what sort of an assemblage was it that fenced the Wiesbaden tables round six and eight deep ? If more than one tenth of them were honest people, the surplus grievously belied its looks. The unfair sex—pardon me, ladies, I speak only of your representatives in the Wiesbaden Kursaal—were deplorably numerous ; about a third of the feverish crew was composed of women. Women, anything but “ministering angels,” God wot ! Women, some robed in shining silk and laden with costly ornaments, others huddled up in alpaca or cotton, heavy cloth cloaks or stuff jackets, gloveless, and thickly booted, with faded straw hats and dirty ribbons, all wandering restlessly from table to table, in the wretched and futile hope of overtaking the luck that ever eluded their passionate pursuit. Where was the boasted decorum of the Kursaal ? What were its liveried guardians about, when troops of such sordid phantoms were allowed ingress, and permitted to roam through the splendid saloons, grievances alike to the eye and heart of every

humane observer? It was near the end of the season, and the regulations were somewhat relaxed, for the tables must be kept going, and half-empty rooms, or frequent gaps in the living hedge surrounding the green cloth, were not encouraging to timid players. Everybody, good, bad, or indifferent, prefers doing a wrong or foolish thing in company. Vice, of the less atrocious sort at least, is essentially gregarious; and so it was clearly the interest of the company to keep up the attendance at its shrine, wherever the materials were recruited, and of whatever quality. Amongst so many rooks, there was still here and there a pigeon, of course, underdoing a conscientious and thorough plucking; but Wiesbaden in September 1867 was far liker a rookery than a dovecot.

Though the cosy, clean little town is environed by lovely scenery within easy reach, few of its speculative visitors took the trouble to visit the neighbouring hills, from which an enchanting panorama is to be seen. The Kursaal and its adjacent grounds possessed charms all-sufficient to content their *habitués*. Indeed, one could do everything and have everything but sleep in that establishment; accordingly, the plan of everyday life in Wiesbaden was made out as follows: Rise at 10 a.m., breakfast at 10.30—it was of no use to get up and breakfast earlier, because play did not begin till 11 a.m.—stroll into the Kursaal, play till 4 p.m.; from 4 to 6 music on the terrace; at 6 dine in the *restaurant* attached to the ball-room; from 7 to 11 p.m. play, or if you had no money, look on; at 11, home to the hotel and to bed. Twice a week this programme was varied

by an extra musical performance in the evening from 8 to 10, and once a week by a ball ; but both were looked upon by the majority of guests as objectionable distractions from the main object of existence—gambling. Determined one morning to break through the awful monotony of this turnspit sort of life, I induced a couple of acquaintances who had had a *mauvais quart d'heure* at roulette to accompany me in a little excursion to the summit of the Nero-Berg, where a Jagd-Schloss or hunting seat, lately belonging to the Duke of Nassau, occupies a commanding position in the centre of a splendid forest, called “Die Platten”—probably because it is hilly—about four English miles from the town. The day was a bright one, the sun's fierce heat tempered by a soft breeze ; nothing could be more prettily romantic than the road up the mountain, winding through lofty woods well stocked with furred and feathered game. The castle itself is more remarkable for its collection of autographs in the visitors' book than for architectural grandeur or beauty of proportion ; but from its broad, smoothly-gravelled terrace an extensive view lies spread out before you of a country so fertile, so admirably cultivated, so peaceful and homely in its aspect, that it is pleasanter to gaze on than many a scene richer in bolder or wilder accessories. The frequent windings of the Rhine give to that river, banked with vineyards, the appearance of a huge white glittering serpent ; Biberich, Bingen, Mayence with its stately cathedral, Hochheim, Hattenheim, Höchst, all three glowing with grapes in the early autumn and rich with promise of a splendid



vintage, lie mapped out at your feet; and Wiesbaden itself, the red towers of its two flamingo churches standing out from the masses of white houses in bold relief, is not the least attractive feature of the picture. Opposite the Schloss is a hostelry with capacious stables and a remarkably pretty garden, in which latter numerous green arbours invite the probably thirsty pilgrim to a *consommation quelconque*. I commend this roadside inn to my readers, with this proviso, that if they desire to assuage their thirst with beer, cool, bright, and foaming, they must do so in the house itself, that refreshing but plebeian drink being tabooed in the garden, where, however, they may be served with as much wine as they can afford to pay for. One of our party, who preferred a good glass of malt liquor to all the pale-green beverages of the Rhine, was greatly aggravated because, having ordered his luncheon to be set out in one of the trellised arbours and sate himself down to discuss it, content with all mankind, his request for beer was met by a stern refusal. He appealed to the higher powers, and became for a few minutes the nucleus of an excited family group, consisting of the host—a pig-headed peasant, like most German innkeepers—the host's wife, hot from the kitchen, and the host's daughters, irritated by vigorous practising of the overture to "Zampa" on an aged pianoforte. All these, besides a flat-footed waitress or two, talked Nassau dialect at the top of their voices to my friend, who might be heard from time to time interpolating an expostulation in the purest High German. Fairly deafened into submission, he at last fled ignominiously,

and for the next ten minutes alternated between his arbour and the inn door—some thirty paces distant—inside which latter the landlord had graciously consented to place a bottle of beer on a chair, so that whenever my friend wanted to take a drink he hurried across the garden, filled and emptied his glass with extraordinary swiftness, and then bolted back to his lunch in the arbour. Be warned, travellers, and do not seek to obtain beer in the garden of the Schloss Hôtel, else will you evoke such a storm of wrathful protestation as once upon a time bent the gallant spirit of an Anglo-Saxon to painful humility.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### GAMBLING IN GERMANY—HOMBURG.

BARELY twenty years ago, of all the colonial possessions belonging to the British Empire, the thriving English settlement commonly called Homburg-on-the-Heights was, I should say, the most lively and prosperous. It was of no use to tell me that I was in Prussia—that German was the language of the country—that *hic barbarus ego fui*, here I was a foreigner. I laughed such assertions to scorn. Homburg was Anglo-Saxon to the backbone, every bit as much as Quebec or Melbourne; there were no Germans, or, if there were, they lurked timidly in remote corners, only venturing out now and then to peep at that sovereign but cheery beast the British lion, whose sway in his autumn lair was undisputed; in short, my foot was on my native whatever you like to call it—anything I am sure, except heath—and my name was Brownjones Robinson, Esq., *gentil-homme Anglais*, or haply, Sir Snooks, *fils de Lord Smith*. The only mistake made by the Anglo-Saxon worthies, who, in the early ages of civilization, took possession of the Homburg heights, and founded the community to which I had at one time the honour to belong, was that—probably in deference to the petty prejudices of

adjacent monarchs, or as a complimentary concession intended to soothe the feelings of the ousted aborigines from whom the tiny possession had been wrested—they christened it Homburg, a name of Teutonic flavour; they should have called it New Harrogate, Bath, Weston, or some such familiar name bearing analogy to a favourite watering-place in the mother country. Perhaps the first colonists and conquerors of the soil were political exiles, made cynical by oppression, despising themselves as well as everybody else; and so called the young settlement “Humbug,” which in the course of centuries became corrupted into Homburg. I merely throw out this modest etymologica suggestion for the consideration of historians and chronologists, reserving my opinion upon so important a question as the origin of this possibly hybrid name.

Homburg in 1868 was doing extremely well; its population was decidedly on the increase, and the special branch of commerce cultivated in the town, though apparently somewhat speculative, prospered exceedingly, being conducted on the ready-money principle, large profits, and quick returns. This important business was entirely in the hands of one wealthy firm—a monopoly, in fact—but nobody seemed to object to so exceptional a state of things; on the contrary, everybody dealt with the house, although its terms were high and the wares it offered for sale were not unfrequently doubtful in quality. This establishment dealt in *experience*, of which it disposed impartially to any applicant in exchange for sterling gold and silver, or genuine bank notes. My reasons for averring that the article

in question was not invariably first-class is, that a great many hundred persons invested in it daily, but did not seem to derive much profit from it. The transactions of the firm appeared to me to be altogether one-sided, and it was more than once hinted to me that a good many other people, notably disappointed purchasers, shared in this view of the case; which did not, however, prevent them from continuing their investments so long as they had anything to invest. The exceptions to this rule were so few that they are scarcely worth mentioning.

To one who, like myself, was for many years an exile from his native Britain, a visit to Homburg was the next best thing to a summons home, say about the end of May, when the London season is at its very gayest. Wiesbaden was Russian, raffish; Baden-Baden was Parisian; Ems was solemnly German, with a leavening of all nations; but Homburg-on-the-Heights was English to the core, even the Americans who frequented it being less American than they were anywhere else. Other nationalities were nowhere within its precincts. As I walked in the park, on the terrace, through the play-rooms, the library, the dining-halls, I saw no other people than English men and women, heard no tongue spoken save English, ate and drank nothing but that which savoured of my country. What was the last piece played by the band every morning and afternoon? Why, "God save the Queen," to be sure! There were those who pretended that it was the Prussian National Hymn, and was called "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz." I knew better. Dr. Bull composed it, and it belonged to us every bit as much as "Rule Britannia." When

I wanted supper at a late hour (heavy, indigestible, nationally prejudicial to health), did I ejaculate "Kellner, verschaffen Sie mir einen Schnitzel mit Erdaepfel und einen Pfiff Rheinwein"? No; I called out, "Waiter! a mutton chop, under-done; some toasted cheese, and a pint of Barclay and Perkins," and my order was promptly complied with. There was an atmosphere of British respectability about the place that made a man accustomed to foreign society hush his voice and throw away his cigar as he walked up the steps of the lower esplanade. It was not that we were so excruciatingly aristocratic; by no means; for, although we had a Prince of the blood amongst us, the quietest and most unaffected person in Homburg, a marquis, a couple of earls, and some smaller patrician fry, the bulk of our company was composed of middle-class people, eminently respectable, slow, and—dare I say the word?—stupid. Why they were at Homburg, instead of being at Margate, Llandudno, Cheltenham, or Harrogate (not to mention Tunbridge Wells), I found it difficult to understand. It was not for the waters: they did not take them; and far be it from me to blame them for their wholesome abstinence. It was not for the play: they were too careful of their self-respect to haunt the tables, with all their hideous surroundings, and submit to be shouldered by English adventurers and foreign wantons. It was not to learn the language; for German was the last tongue one would have thought of speaking in and about the Kursaal, and the only foreigners they associated with were the Prussian officers, who all spoke English. In short, their presence was a

mystery ; but there they were and it did me good to see and hear them. At the time I allude to, there were in Homburg at least thirty English ladies, of various ages and ranks, who appeared to have travelled all the way from Albion thither merely for the purpose of sitting from morning till night upon the lower terrace, busily employed upon sewing, hemming, and embroidery. The amount of needlework these industrious creatures got through in the course of their stay must have been something astonishing ; but why they should have come to Homburg to do it was more than I could understand.

Some of the older ladies were amusing enough in their wily expeditions to the play-rooms, and ill-concealed self-glorification if they happened to pouch a florin or two during those secret forays. There was one aged but active dame, whose whole foreign vocabulary consisted of the word, "Oui," and who had her grandson, a smart boy of ten or thereabouts, with her, in the capacity of dragoman. She entertained a lurking belief that she spoke several foreign tongues with fluency and elegance, and that if she turned over the waiters, &c., to her juvenile dolmetsch, it was only "for the lad's improvement." I was sitting close to her one night, at a time when she had to do with an attendant who was utterly ignorant of English, as it happened, and she wanted a glass of lemonade. "Now, Bobby," said she to her interpreter, "let me hear how nicely you can ask the poor man for what I want, in his own tongue !" and she looked towards me, not without a certain visible family pride in her grandson's accomplishments. Bobby evidently did not feel over and

above vigorous in his French, but, mustering up courage, managed to bring out "Un verre lemonade" (pronounced Anglicè), "s'il vous plait." "Oui, oui, a glass of lemonade; one glass, oui!" followed up grandmamma, in an explanatory tone. The waiter did not catch the meaning of the main word at first. Presently, however, a flash of intelligence illumined his countenance, and he rushed off to execute the order. "You see how I made him understand, my dear," remarked the old lady, thoroughly persuaded that she had been speaking Parisian French to the man; "he was puzzled with your accent, that was it!" Presently arrived the lemonade; but the glass was only three-parts full, worse luck. "Ask him, dear, why he did not fill it," says the old lady, in an indignant tone. Quoth Bobby, after much hesitation, "Pourquoi vous n'êtes pas remplissè?" the participle being nearly too much for my gravity. "Oui, oui, why didn't you have it properly filled? Go and have it filled up directly, oui, do you hear?" By this time the unfortunate waiter's brains had got tied up into a hopeless knot; he stood staring at both his interpellants with an utterly stupefied and melancholy expression that would have made his fortune in low comedy. "Take it back, oui." (Aside) "What is 'water,' Bobby, in French?" "Eau, grandma." "Oh, of course: O! have it filled up, but not with O; no more O, mind; oui, oui, do you hear, man?" This time the waiter thought he understood, and ran off, swiftly returning with a *carafe* full of water. At this outrage the old lady fairly boiled over; and I thought it high time, in the interests of humanity, to interpose



and offer my services, which were, however, repulsed with freezing dignity. "I am much obliged to you, but I can make myself perfectly understood without the interference of any stranger, I thank you." Upon which I bolted down the steps into the park, whence, for the next five minutes, shrieks of wild laughter might be heard to arise. The last words of the controversy that reached my ears as I fled were, "Did I not expressly tell you no more O? You are a very impertinent fellow, I think!" It never occurred to my haughty compatriot to impeach her own exhaustive knowledge of French and perfect command of foreign idiom. She felt sure of herself all the time, and attributed the *mal-entendu* to the impervious, congenital stupidity of the waiter. In this curiously complete self-deception lay the screaming fun of the whole incident, which, of course, it was necessary to see and hear, in order to appreciate it thoroughly.

Something after this manner, although less extravagantly, do many Englishmen and Englishwomen abroad speak "the language of the country;" and woe be to the intrusive wight who, moved by compassion for their flounderings and struggles, ventures to proffer them timely aid. We are a curious people, we English. Where a Frenchman or an Italian, with many apologetic smiles and dramatic gestures, will appeal to a fellow-traveller to extricate him from an idiomatic embarrassment, an Englishman will scowl at you if he fancies you are thinking of coming to his help, and, at the most, grunt a discourteous "Thanks" or "Sorry you troubled yourself," if your good nature should prove

stronger than your judgment, and compel you to pull him out of the mire. It is, perhaps, that we are, after all, a conceited race, and cannot bear that our ignorance should suffer exposure. Or is it our noble independence of character that renders assistance of any kind insupportable to us? Surely not the latter; for I have known the very same Englishman who rudely rejected a lift in a language, very affably solicit the loan of five pounds from a casual acquaintance.

Homburg was a merry little place twenty years ago; but it was also a respectable little place. An irreverent friend of mine, looking around him one evening on the terrace of the Kursaal, observed, "This is the nearest thing to Clapham I know." He represented a metropolitan borough pretty well leavened with dissent, so he *ought* to have known. But he was also a gay and fiery youth, a *giovine turbulente*, a "curled darling" of impetuous and buoyant disposition, and so he found the place slow. It *was* respectable, very respectable; *plus respectable que la respectabilité*. The rooms were not thronged with "greys," as at Wiesbaden, nor with compact marvels of enamel, silks, velvet, and jewelry, triumphs of queerly-earned ornamentation, as in Baden Baden—they were filled with well-to-do, clean, church-going English ladies and gentlemen, such as you may meet at Scarborough, Worthing, or Weston-super-Mare, any autumn. My compatriots were, truly, a little more gregarious, and something more civil to one another in Homburg than they would have been in any of the above-named watering-places; but with the exception of this amiable weakness, brought on, I imagine, by

compulsory contiguity at the gaming-table and the community of passion awakened in all respectable bosoms by the vicissitudes of that institution, the Britons of Homburg were as Britannic as even the lamented Sibthorp could have desired them to be.

The imperturbability of this Happy Family was considerably deranged in September, 1868, by an occurrence in which an English gentleman, member for an important constituency, was the leading actor. Amongst the visitors to Homburg at that time was a certain Signor Farina, calling himself Baron Farina, whose gay career, it would seem, had not been altogether unblemished, and who was recognized by several gentlemen at the time of his advent as a person who gained his living by peculiarly discreditable means. It is utterly impossible for me to specify the source of this adventurous youth's income; suffice it to say that, if what was positively asserted to me respecting his occupation by men of the highest honour was true, he was one of those pariahs to whom no man or woman with any respect for themselves would willingly be seen speaking. Signor Farina being, if anything, an admirer of the fair sex, contrived to make the acquaintance of a young and beautiful American lady, Mrs. Edgar Reed, belonging to the most exclusive circle of Homburg society. I should observe that Farina was a man of prepossessing exterior, lively manners, and pleasing address; a fair linguist to boot, just one of those plausible personages so common abroad, who might, by a casual observer, easily be mistaken for gentlemen. The lady in question, amused by Farina's volubility and

broken English, chatted on innocently enough with him for a day or two, in perfect ignorance of his real character. Those few who knew all about him did not exactly see their way to interfere, much as they regretted that Mrs. Reed should have unfortunately been drawn into speaking terms with a person who, to say the least of it, was *doubtful*. If they spoke to the lady's husband an *esclandre* might ensue. American gentlemen are not apt to be very patient when their personal honour is touched, however lightly. At last one of Mr. Reed's acquaintances, Mr. H. Labouchere, could not stand it any longer; and, being sufficiently intimate with that gentleman to warrant him, as he believed, in offering his advice upon so delicate a subject, spoke privately to Mrs. Reed relative to her acquaintance with Farina, telling her in general terms that the latter was not a fit person for her to associate with, and that she would do well to drop him quietly. Had Mrs. Reed contented herself by simply following Mr. Labouchere's counsel, all would have ended there; but, as it happened, another American lady, an unmarried friend of Mrs. Reed, had been the object of particular attention at the hands of Farina, and Mrs. Reed somewhat imprudently, acting upon an indignant impulse, warned her young countrywoman against the dangerous charmer. The lady in question unwisely communicated the warning she had received, as well as the name of her adviser, to Farina himself.

The consequence of this thoughtless step may readily be imagined. To a man whose means were supremely precarious, and altogether dependent upon his social status, swallowing so terrible a rebuff or sitting

down tranquilly under so heavy a stigma meant financial ruin, social death, possible starvation. Farina, with more daring than prudence, resolved to take the bull by the horns, and applied to Mr. Edgar Reed for satisfaction, the accusation against his character having emanated from that gentleman's wife. Mr. Reed, who kept his temper admirably with the excited Italian, told him that "he knew nothing about the matter, but that whatever his wife said he was prepared to endorse, and that if Mr. Farina meant fighting, he would fight him how, when, and where he pleased !" This cool reply effectually damped Farina's martial ardour, at least so far as Mr. Reed was concerned. An hour or two afterwards, however, he appeared on the terrace of the Kursaal, armed with a stick disproportionately large to the size of its bearer, and proclaimed that he had brought this implement with him for the purpose of castigating the person who had defamed his character. Upon hearing this announcement, Henry Labouchere, who happened to be on the terrace, went up to him, and said, "I told Mrs. Reed whom and what you are ; and whenever I see you presuming to speak to a lady of my acquaintance, or a virtuous woman, I shall repeat my statements. You gain your living by vile and dishonourable means. You are not a baron, though you say you are ; and I am prepared to substantiate my assertions to any one who may require proof." Upon hearing this perfectly intelligible declaration, Farina raised his stick in a menacing manner, whereupon Mr. Labouchere immediately collared him, and was about to administer physical correction, when the bystanders interfered (they never let men have

it out, nowadays !) and separated the adversaries. It was subsequently intimated to Mr. Labouchere that Farina considered he had given him a blow, and awaited his challenge. Of course our countryman's friends, amongst them several eminent military men, told him that it was utterly out of the question that he should take any further notice of a person whom he could not meet on equal terms. Shortly after the "rixé" Farina was excluded from the Kursaal by the authorities ; but he wrote a letter to the *Europe* (published in that journal), in which he stated that, having struck an English gentleman, member of Parliament, for a calumny, and having waited fruitlessly for forty-eight hours to receive his challenge, he had left Homburg "for fresh fields and pastures new."

The humours of Homburg under the Blanc régime were many and few. Many that had their origin in individual eccentricities and private social arrangements—these might be discussed and chuckled over on the spot, but could not by any means be converted into public property. Few that were fair game for the chronicler. As I have already had the pleasure of telling my readers, we were very respectable—that is, outwardly so ; the patrician element was strong amongst us ; and I need scarcely say that a choice collection of curious little dramas were acted every day within the precincts of the Kursaal which were particularly amusing to the favoured few who were admitted behind the scenes. But as these performances came strictly under the heading "private theatricals," and as no one, except a small privileged clique, was supposed to know anything about them, I

may not even hint at the *dramatis personæ*. One or two public characters, however, then "strutting and fretting their hour upon the stage," I may allude to without indiscretion, for they were destined to enjoy historical association with Homburg in those future happy ages when *trente-et-quarante* and *roulette*, buried in the catacombs of Time, shall be disinterred by men of science, and made the subjects of philosophical investigation; and when the descendants of the last croupier, slowly working their way up the social scale, of which their ancestor was the zero, shall haply be clerks in a savings-bank or a *bureau de bienfaisance*.

There was Madame de Kisseleff, for instance, that venerable, hooked-beaked, fierce-looking, infirm, tremendous old lady, who was wheeled daily into the devil's temple by gorgeous body-lackeys, at whom she mouthed and snarled like a tormented sorceress. This aged and sporting Transparency was the widow of an eminent diplomatist, formerly accredited to the Court of the Tuileries. She was a part proprietor of the tables (at which she was treated with the greatest deference, and lost 50,000 francs a year), and was so integral a section of the institution round which Homburg town had been built, that one of its most fashionable streets had been named after her. Moreover, she enjoyed the honourable distinction of being one of the worst-tempered women in Europe. Whenever she lost—a matter of almost daily occurrence (for she was a bold and dashing player)—her savage nature broke out, and her vexation took the form of abusing the croupiers because they were not good-looking enough. "But you are ugly! You are to

make bristle the hairs, you!" she would exclaim to a bland and subdued official; "does the Administration desire to shatter one's nerves, that it serves itself of such horrors? I will catechise Le Blanc, me; he shall make you to march; go, then!" One calamitous day she turned sharp round on a stout, fair croupier, of innocent mien, and threw him into a violent perspiration by vociferating, "Accursed ugly one (*maudit laideron*), again your devil-face has made me to lose!" She had outlived all human affections, and existed only by the artificial excitement of gambling. The chink of the money as it was dealt out to the winners seemed to electrify her withered frame, and her eyes "fairly snapped" as she raked in her gains. One of the many anecdotes told of her was wonderfully characteristic of her ruling passion. Before gambling was done away with in Paris she was a regular attendant at a celebrated *roulette* establishment not a hundred miles from the Palais Royal, as subsequently at the Homburg Kursaal; and if anything occurred to delay her daily visit to M. G——, would beat her female servants or smash her chimney ornaments. One day her carriage did not appear at the appointed hour, and she spent ten minutes in fruitless fury. Presently the coachman drove up to the door, where she was stamping and foaming. "*Imbécile! canaille! crétin!* where have you been? I chase you, I banish you, I should like to pull out your eyes!" "A thousand excuses, Highness; but I waited whilst a friend of mine imparted to me an infallible martingale." "Get down at once and come in here (the porter's lodge). Show it to me—explain it to me directly. I pardon



you. Get down ; get down, do you hear ? ” And the coachman—a clever rascal that !—got down, and detailed his system to Madame de Kisseleff, who, when she had mastered it, drove off at once to the spot, where she put it in execution—the story saith not with what success. When I met her at Homburg, she had got beyond martingales or systems, and played by inspiration ; sometimes she won a great stake, but on the whole was a perennial and heavy loser. A more grimly ludicrous spectacle than she presented it is impossible to conceive ; she had not the least control over her features or her temper, and was a living epitome of the degrading effects produced upon human nature by the black and red. They said that she had once been very beautiful ; but few men were old enough to remember that brilliant period of her youth. As she crouched over the gaming-table, in the year of grace 1868, she was, in every sense of the word, a “ frightful example.”

Then there was Mdlle. Juliette, formerly of the Faubourg St. Antoine, then of Baden-Baden, Nice, Ostend, Biarritz, Chantilly, Homburg, Monaco, and I know not where else besides. She was inimitably lovely, occupied splendid apartments, and whenever she abode in a place where play was permitted always dressed in the true Satanic colours, as a delicate compliment to the patron of the game. In short, she was an incarnation of red and black ; black body, red sleeves, skirt of red and black in oblong diamonds or lozenges ; red satin hat, black feather ; red boots, black laces ; black gloves, red seams ; red parasol, black handle ; red lips, black eyebrows and hair. She played every day and all day,

gallantly, and with varied luck, though I think she won rather than lost, and was calm, smiling, *insouciant*, whichever way Fortune declared herself. Once, and only once, I saw her lose her self-possession, when she had set a heavy sum—all she had about her—on the *coulour* and lost it; she left the table and went out on the terrace; as she came to the door opening upon the steps at the end of the glass verandah, where she thought nobody could see her, she took her red and black portemonnaie out of her pocket, bit and tore it to pieces with her teeth and fingers, and stamped upon the fragments with the tiny sharp heels of her fairy *bottines* till she fairly panted for breath. This exhibition lasted about two minutes, at the expiration of which time, having, no doubt, in her own mind despatched the winners of her money to a warmer region, and thoroughly revenged herself on the company for her losses, she drew out a jewelled *étui*, selected a thin cigarette from about a dozen contained in the costly toy, lit it composedly, and strolled down the terrace looking as impassibly, scornfully lovely as ever. Amongst her willing slaves were one or two very distinguished men—for she was one of our institutions, and not the least important one.

Not far from Homburg was a meek little hell, called Nauheim, the Botany Bay of condemned gamblers from fashionable Taunus settlement. Punters told me that it was not a good place to play at, by reason of having two *réfaires* or *après*, whilst Homburg had only one. The proprietors were enterprising people struggling against misfortune, or rather against an overwhelming

competition ; they neglected no means of alluring people into their net—for instance, the fare by carriage from Homburg to Nauheim was eight florins, but only cost you four, if you pleased, for the diminutive inferno would gladly pay half the expense of your journey. When a few stray guests, decently clothed, arrived at Nauheim, the melancholy croupiers brightened up cheerily ; half a dozen “bonnets” were hastily collected from their humble retreats, capital was hyked up out of the strong box, and play commenced with great vigour. Woe to the unwary wanderer who strayed into that dismal den ! He was sure to emerge thence heavy in heart and light in purse. The normal state of Nauheim was one of deadly stagnation ; the croupiers saturated themselves with politics and cheap hock. I heard that they played dominoes with one another, and perused the *Allgemeine Zeitung* till they got a diplomatic look.

Personally, I should not like to be obliged to live at Nauheim, although it is one of the prettiest little spots in Europe ; for I am of gregarious habits, and fond of human converse. The loveliest flowers, the most gorgeous *salons*, the most romantic walks would all speedily become distasteful to me were I condemned to survey them alone. Solitary occupant of a grand terrace like that which fronts the Kursaal of that watering-place, with no one to dispute my mastership or brush against my elbow, as I paced backwards and forwards, haughtily surveying my domain, I might, perhaps, persuade myself for a day or two that it was a very fine thing to have such a magnificent place all to one's self—to be prince of its park, lord of its lake, ruler of its river,

and woivode of its woods, with all and every seignorial right over the fish in its waters and the fowl of its forests; but solitude would soon, methinks, dull the edge of self-gratulation, and drive me, panting for communion with my fellow-creatures, to the station. Where is the pleasure of power if you have no one, I will not say to share it, but at least to admire and venerate you for possessing it? Juan Fernandez, we are given to understand by the poet, loathed his island after a time, although surrounded by every comfort and convenience that heart could wish; and even that genial mariner, Robinson Crusoe, when he had got his little demesne into order, and had everything ship-shape about him, began to find that absolute sovereignty, without the adjuncts of a court, ministers, retainers, or subjects, was an awful bore. What a relief it was to his *ennui* when he secured the companionship of a mere black savage, whom, in a normal state of things, he would, being an average Christian of his period, have certainly scorned, and probably ill-treated! I could fancy myself, condemned to life-long residence at Nauheim, taking to my bosom a Prussian policeman, and solacing myself by endeavouring to soften his rough nature—any companionship would be acceptable in such a soul-subduing loneliness as that which reigned throughout the precincts of that peaceful retreat. Grand-Ducal statistics informed me that the population of Nauheim was nearly two thousand strong; and truly there were houses enough to contain that number of inhabitants, and more; but, after a careful inspection of the town, the gaming establishment, the baths, the lake, and pleasure-grounds

of the Kursaal, &c., I could not swear to more than a dozen natives ; all the rest of the persons I saw there (perhaps fifty of all ages and sexes, not counting the *personnel* of the tables, the band, and half a battalion of Hessian liners temporarily occupying the place) were visitors from Frankfort and the neighbouring villages, who had come thither for a day's pleasure, and were going away again by the last train. It was upon excursionists such as these that Nauheim lived in the days before the Franco-German War ; for, with the exception of a few profoundly respectable Frankfort families which migrated thither every summer for a few weeks, and made up cosy coteries at the tables, giving quite a domestic character to the play, no strangers abode by those waters for more than four-and-twenty hours at a stretch. As a proof that the administration counted upon "casuals" for its annual dividend, I may repeat the fact that, if you hired a carriage from Homburg or Wiesbaden to drive over to Nauheim, half your fare would be defrayed by the gambling company. This outlay was certainly judicious ; the directors of enterprises founded on human weakness and folly, were ever deeply versed in the secrets of psychology, and found the study of that science a highly profitable occupation. Their apparent generosity was the result of a subtle but sure calculation. The seven-and-sixpenny capital they invested in alluring odd tourists to their meek little tripôt, bore goodly interest in nine cases out of ten. Men who had triumphantly withstood the temptations of *rouge-et-noir* at the fashionable hells—where the deuce was in it if you could not get through your time

pleasantly without being driven to the tables—came over to Nauheim, chuckling to themselves at the idea that an enterprise to the prosperity of which they had no intention whatever of contributing, should put itself to expense for their gratification. Strong in their virtuous antecedents, they scoffed at the company's philanthropy, even whilst availing themselves of it, and deemed the small saving they effected to be a justifiable despoiling of the Philistines. Deluded beings ! but men were self-deceivers ever. When they arrived, they proceeded forthwith to “go over the place,” which, by an ingenious eking out of the park resources, took them about an hour ; then they got through another hour in eating and drinking at the *restauration* attached to the Kursaal. There they consumed a meal which, being as costly as it was detestable in quality and preparation, effectually damped their spirits. The organization of this department was a master stroke of policy on the part of the administration, whose object was, of course, the production of a state of feeling in the breasts of those who had been enticed to Nauheim which impelled them, in sheer desperation, to take refuge from themselves in the Salle de Jeu. After the deadly repast had been swallowed, and paid for, with many complaints and objurgations, the victim thought he would cheer himself up by listening to the music on the terrace. But the administration was not to be done in that way : it had taken its precautions, and provided for its victims a band that no human being could listen to for five minutes with impunity. Besides, had the performances been ever so good, a person must have been either very strong-

mind, or have entertained an overwhelming opinion of his own claims to consideration, if he could sit by himself for any length of time listening to an orchestra of which he was the only auditor; the mere idea that all those respectably-clad men were exerting their talents for the recreation of one individual could scarcely fail to make that individual nervous. The Nauheim band, however, being what it was, speedily did its appointed work, and chased you, shuddering, from the terrace and the gardens. Whither could you go?—how pass the weary hours till the time fixed upon with the driver of your carriage for your return? He, the driver, had disappeared, and was not to be found; he was, I presume, being “taken care of,” and kept out of the way by the astute managers of the company. What must be must—there was no help for it. You strolled, despising yourself the while, into the play-room, your approach being signalled to the staff of the tables by well-drilled menials; the croupiers and “bonnets,” who had been sitting with their hands before them, chatting in subdued tones over the chances of your fall, roused up and commenced playing with feverish interest and preternatural activity. You lounged round the tables with a careless demeanour—assumed to cover your guilt. A distinguished looking lady, dressed in black, looked round at you, as if by accident, smiled, and made room for you beside her at the board; you trifled for a minute or two with a card and pin, and then—but I will draw a veil over the humiliating end of your day’s excursion. As you were driving homewards in the moonlight, it probably occurred to you that you could hardly have

saved seven-and-sixpence in a manner less advantageous to your permanent interests than by allowing the lessees of the Nauheim Kursaal to share your cab fare on that particular occasion.

The suppression of gambling at the German watering-places did more good than harm to Nauheim. In all the honest attributes of a summer resort, it was far superior to Homburg or Wiesbaden; and when the three settlements came to compete for popularity upon their merits, *purs et simples*, Nauheim was able to hold its own with its gaudy, meretricious, overrated rivals. There are waters of all sorts there—hot, tepid, and cold springs gifted with powerful medicinal properties; the grounds of the Kursaal are laid out with exquisite taste, and are large enough to lose yourself in; the Kursaal itself is a magnificent building, containing a theatre, a noble ball-room, spacious dining and reading rooms, and accommodation of a far more extensive and complete character than in any other establishment of the kind with which I am acquainted. There is a big lake, inhabited by real fish, which anybody may catch who can. Upon this lake reposes an island, with boat-house, flag-staff, and saluting ground complete. During my brief sojourn in Nauheim I was told that, when any fortunate angler landed a gudgeon, the man who lived in this island, and who was always on the watch for so exceptional an event, ran up the Grand-Ducal flag in token of rejoicing. Should the patience and skill of the fisherman have been rewarded, however, by the capture of a carp, cannon were fired from the island, and a fanfare blown upon the terrace by the company's



trumpeters. These compliments, of course, were paid to visitors only, and therefore occurred but seldom ; for the croupiers and waiters, who had the run of the fishing at ordinary times, no banner was hoisted, no powder burnt, however successful their practice of the gentle craft might be. From a vantage-ground out of his sight, I watched a waiter as he sat behind a rod in a boat on the bosom of the lake ; it was pleasant to contemplate a being clad in a tail coat, white choker, and dinner napkin, intent upon the most thrilling of sports and philosophically reckless of incongruities. Presently his frame quivered with excitement ; he had "got a bite," and, in the struggle that ensued with his recalcitrant captive, nearly upset the boat. Destiny and muscle, however, pulled him through, and, after a few minutes' exertion, during which the fortunes of fish and man swayed alternately the balance of Fate, he hauled up a fine young gudgeon, at least three inches long and in good condition. Anything like the glow of triumph that illumined that waiter's countenance I have rarely seen. No pennon waving in the breeze, no thunder of artillery announced his conquest to the world at large ; but an inner sense of victory achieved dilated his honest lineaments and gladdened his simple soul. Tail-coat and white choker notwithstanding, that waiter had the heart of a sportsman ; one could not but rejoice in his feat. There was a gentleman in Nauheim who endeavoured, but in vain, to rival the constancy and perseverance of that renowned Wiesbaden angler who had for years fished for ten hours a day, come rain, hail, fire, or snow, in the artificial water of the Kurpark,

beginning early in June and leaving off about the middle of September. No one was acquainted with him—he had never been known to catch anything—he did not drink the waters or play at the tables—he took his meals *al fresco*, on the spot selected by him years before as his *locus standi* by the pond-side, and fished away from morn till eve, day after day, week in week out, as if possessed by the spirit of Izaak Walton himself. Emulous of this truly great man's reputation, Herr Froschkopf set himself down by the lake of Nauheim to besiege its finny tenants with all the forms of war; but he was, at best, only a half-hearted imitator of his eminent prototype, and had frequently, as I was informed, been observed sneaking away from his post at meal-times, or furtively perusing a book when he ought to have been wrapped in his sport. Words are not strong enough to express the contempt that every right-minded and honourable angler must feel for such a pretender.

Besides the joys of the lake, which, as will have been gathered from what precedes, were of the most thrilling description, other recreations were provided for the inhabitants of Nauheim by the liberal management of the institution that supported the place and kept it in such admirable order. The chief of these was a shooting-gallery, much frequented by the fair damsels who accompanied their mammas from Frankfort, and who, not being allowed to taste of the sweet poison dispensed in the play-rooms, diverted themselves by firing at a variety of marks, regarding this amusement as the next best thing to gambling. Some of the targets were

humorously constructed, and would have drawn “crowded houses” in an English fair. For instance, there was one, a round, innocent-looking affair enough, which no one could suspect of any secret properties. If you struck the bull’s-eye, however, up jumped Mr. Punch or Signor Policinello (I could obtain no exact data relative to his nationality) and rewarded your accuracy with a profusion of nods and becks and wreathed smiles. Another was rather a harrowing affair; for it was modelled in the form of a deer—a stately stag of ten—upon whose breast a crimson heart was painted. When your bullet hit this heart, the monarch of the forest lowed in a piteous voice, and bent his lofty crest. You felt that you had done a cruel thing, and fired at that stag no more. Not far from the shooting-gallery was a booth, in which you might try your luck at another pastime, highly complicated and exciting. There was a board covered with pins and arches, amongst which were set up wooden skittles, and, from an appointed starting place, you spun a mammoth teetotum, which, in order that you might win a prize, must meander in and out of the labyrinth, upsetting or overcoming all obstacles, and knock down all the skittles. Prizes of great beauty and value were arranged in glass cases round the room in which this amusement was carried on; and there they remained undisturbed, save by duster or feather-brush; for the chances were about a thousand to one against the teetotum ever achieving the tremendous task imposed upon it. At twopence a spin, this was not an unprofitable game to the proprietors of the apparatus; for I noticed that it was the sort of speculation people got obstinate

over, and *would* go on investing in, even after long experience had proved to them the hopelessness of their efforts.

When I entered the Salon de Jeu, about half an hour after play was supposed to have commenced, I found the *trente-et-quarante* table in a state of "Gran Riposo," and the *roulette* supported by one adventurous punter, who put a florin on *en plein* at every twist of the wheel. Was he a confederate? I think so—at least it looked very like it; for genuine players seldom risked even a florin on a single number. An hour later, I paid the play another visit—everything *in statu quo*, except that one of the croupiers at the thirty and forty had fallen asleep. The dining-hall and the band had not yet done their duty, although at least twenty visitors had arrived from different places in the neighbourhood. Play did not set in briskly till about 4 p.m., from which time it flourished, in fits and starts, till 11. I dare say there may have been, at the most eventful epoch of the evening, as many as seventeen genuine gamblers losing their money to the bank. That was the place for people who loved tranquillity, and wanted to be removed far from the busy hum of men. I ventured at the time to recommend it to the consideration of Professor Babbage. The lodging-houses were a long way from the Kursaal; so that, effectually to avoid the only noise that was made in Nauheim, you had merely to stay within doors at band-time, and enjoy a silence like that of the Great Desert. Peace—a great and abiding peace—reigned over that leafy nook of Hessian territory. Should a longing for wild and dangerous dissipation come over you, Frankfort could be reached within an hour by rail;

and if the riotous pleasures afforded by that frivolous city did not suffice you, you must indeed have been an abandoned character. Why, there was a theatre *and* a circus, in which latter you might behold Poses Plastiques, too, sinfully ravishing, and, if anything else, a thought too classical for the general public. Both these delightful exhibitions closed at 9 o'clock, an hour so advanced for Germany that I scarcely expect my statement to be credited by those of my readers who are acquainted with the Fatherland. There was the Casino, or fashionable club, at which, if you were fortunate enough to obtain the privilege of admission, you might find two or three acquaintances even as late as 10 o'clock. There were the Zoological Gardens, twice a week open in the evening, where you might hear selections from "Tannhäuser" till your brain was in a whirl, and drain your beer-mug to the accompaniment of the "Bénédiction des Poignards." What more could the most depraved voluptuary require for the gratification of his unhallowed yearnings?

## CHAPTER IX.

EMS, NASSAU, SCHWALBACH, KRONENBERG AND KÖNIGSTEIN.

EMS is unquestionably the prettiest of all the German watering-places, and its well-being has survived the demise of Mesdames Roulette and Rouge-et-Noir, its whilom fairy godmothers. It nestles so cosily, in a deep umbrageous valley, its houses are so old-fashioned and picturesque in exterior, so comfortably modern in their inner arrangements; its baths are so delightful, its promenades so enchanting, and its assembly-rooms so luxuriously and tastefully fitted up, that those who have once visited its pleasant precincts think of it ever with a tender regret, and long for the time when they may return to it. My last visit to Ems was paid in September, 1869, and I entered the Kursaal just in time to witness a charming performance of "Le Fifre Enchanté" in the tiniest, daintiest little theatre imaginable, erected for the occasion in the ball-room, itself one of the most handsomely proportioned and splendidly decorated apartments in Europe, and crowded to suffocation with one of those heterogeneous cosmopolitan audiences to be seen only in places that, like Ems, are the autumn rendezvous of all nationalities—the Anglo-American infusion being, I fancied, a thought stronger than usual. How easily,

spite of beard, large sleeve-buttons, and general ornateness, is my countryman to be distinguished from his Continental contemporaries. Do what he will to ease off his natural rigidity, he is, *exceptis excipiendis*, stiff and stark with vanity, partly national, partly personal. The foreigner is vain too, but expansively; his conceit is of the florid order, and he is at intervals dimly conscious that it is absurd; whereas it never for a single instant seems to cross the Englishman's mind that anybody could entertain a doubt of his being, emphatically and inevitably, *anax andron*, the king of men. He puts up, as it were, with the existence of aliens; he endures, whilst heartily despising them, their ridiculous languages, manners and customs, even deigning, for his own convenience, to learn a few words of what I know he regards as their "jargons"—English being, in his opinion, the only real tongue having a *raison d'être*, and destined to become universal; he patronizes the Frenchman, the German, the Italian with an equally cold blandness, superciliously convinced that he is treating them according to their natural deserts, and taking no trouble to distinguish the one from the other, in respect either to national characteristics or individual temperament. How often have I seen the sensitive Gaul writhe and sputter with horrid fury by reason of some scornful condescension with which he had been honoured by an Englishman, who, for his part, was utterly unconscious of offence—indeed, had meant to be civil! It is our manner, above everything, that causes us to be so intensely disliked abroad; and I should be very much astonished if it did not. Our women are more plastic; they even outdo

foreign ladies in gorgeousness of apparel, *desinvolture*, and general rakishness of demeanour; besides, being women, they are amenable to flattery and soft nothings, whether spoken by a buckram Briton or a facile foreigner, so that they make themselves equally agreeable to either, irrespective of race, creed, or complexion. But no amount of travelling and rubbing shoulders with humanity at large avails to modify the Englishman's self-appreciation or plane down his angularity. The free-and-easiness he deems appropriate to foreign travel extends only to his dress; it scarcely ever affects his bearing, and is only an additional slight to those whose country he deigns to glorify with his presence. I picked out at least a dozen of my compatriots at Ems, stiffly lounging in the red velvet reserved seats of the Kursaal Theatre, who would, I am confident, have perished rather than appear in the stalls of the smallest London play-house, unless duly apparelled in the evening livery of society, but whose roughest tweed suits and loudest coloured scarves were evidently deemed "good enough" for an elegant and refined dramatic performance abroad. Wonderfully clean, uncommunicative and contemptuous, there they were, the veritable offspring of *la brumeuse Albion*, offering a strange contrast to the courteous suavity and careful demi-toilette of the French, Italian, and Hungarian gentlemen near them.

At the tables there was but little doing, and that of the mildest sort—silver, humble silver—except in the case of one old gentleman, of lofty and martial presence, who was actively employed in planting *louis d'ors* by dozens upon the numbers of the *roulette* board, evidently,



from his care and pre-occupation, according to some recondite system of play. Whilst I watched him, the No. 22 came up three times running, and he never touched it. What a relief to step out of the heated tripôt to the broad gravelled terrace, and look round one at the solemn leafy hills and the bright smooth Lahn, lighted up with a ghostly radiance by such a white moon! It was an Italian night. The sky a transparent mysterious blue, gemmed with twinkling stars; all the constellations in their holiday garments of dazzling silver, striving to outvie the refulgence of Diana's virgin raiment; white villas peeping out from the deep shadows of the tall, broad-shouldered mountains, whose outlines are softened and rounded with feathery foliage, broken here and there by the sharply-defined form of some loftily-perched kiosk, pavilion, or ruined tower, standing out black and clear against the background of ether. A lovely scene, indeed, not easily to be forgotten, and a grand stroll homewards, after the last burner of the Kursaal had been turned off, along the avenue of lime-trees flanking the river-side, and past the massive, turretted Bad Haus, that looks like a stronghold of some robber-baron or count-palatine, transported magically from the middle ages into a modern pleasure haunt, and surrounded by prim parterres full of the choicest flowers. Utter solitude to boot, for it was midnight, and not a soul save myself was stirring, nor tramp of foot save my own, nor call of watchman, nor roll of distant wheel, to tamper with the profound stillness of the night; every now and then just a sigh of the breeze amongst the fast-drying leaves, and a ripple

of the river over some obstinate rock or round a keen corner, and that was all. On such a night I could ask for no deeper delight than to wander about Ems, and steep my soothed senses in its tranquil, luxuriant beauty.

A few days later, wearied of the tables and their tiresome shibboleths, I fled from Bad Ems and its blandishments, and took refuge in the quaintest, quietest, and, I should think, smallest of German cities—so quaint, that there was nothing about its physiognomy familiar to our century save the railway-station; so quiet, that the frying of a cutlet in any one of its mansions resounded through every part of the town; and so small, that it could be exhaustively “done” in a quarter of an hour, with several seconds to spare. The number of its Bürger, or citizens possessing the inestimable right of voting at its municipal elections, &c., corresponded accurately to that of the days in the year—three hundred and sixty-five, neither more nor less. Upon inquiry I find that no provision had been made in the town statutes for Leap Year, in the shape of a Bissextile citizen. Judging from appearances, the freedmen of Nassau, so far as their residences are concerned, must have been divided into weeks, for there were certainly not more than fifty-two houses in the whole burgh. In each of these hebdomadal houses, therefore, according to my calculations, resided seven citizens, with their *impedimenta*; and, as the space afforded by these structures appeared to be wholly inadequate to the harbouring of three hundred and sixty-five families, or one-half that number, I was led to believe that the burghers of Nassau adhered steadfastly, with a few

exceptions, to the celibate condition. At least, if they did not, their domestic arrangements must have been of a remarkably tight-fitting sort, like that adopted by drawing-room conjurers in respect to the tin goblet trick. Or the cellarage of the Nassau houses must have been something absurdly disproportionate to their superficial dimensions, and one-half, or a semester, of its three hundred and sixty-five citizens must have led a subterranean existence, as moles and colliers do. Barring beer, in the production of which this ancient city excelled, there was neither trade, commerce, industry, nor manufacture of any description whatever in Nassau when I made its acquaintance. Indeed, after a careful inspection of its precincts, I satisfied myself that there was but one shop within its walls, and that one, curiously enough, to judge by the contents of its window, was exclusively devoted to the sale of Paisley shawls. If it be true that demand creates supply, one cannot but wonder at the ardent and passionate desire for Paisley shawls that must have animated the bosoms of the Nassau dames and damsels twenty years ago, causing the exclusion of all other wares from their only shop window; perhaps, however, the spirited proprietor of the emporium conducted his business on the converse of that principle, and, having bought up a cheap lot of Paisleys, was determined to exhibit nothing else, hoping that in his case supply would create demand. I was the more encouraged to take this latter view of what would otherwise have been an unfathomable mystery, seeing that, during all my peregrinations in, about, and around this city, I never once met a single female

sporting a Paisley or, indeed, any other kind of shawl.

It happened that one fine autumn morning, in a desperate endeavour to get clear, for at least a little while, of croupiers, crutches and convalescents, I climbed a high hill, the highest hill in the neighbourhood of Ems—I think it is called the Rahmberg, or Cream Mountain—from the summit of which a glorious view is to be had of the Lahn Valley. It is a long pull up to the very tip-top, surmounted by a round tower of red stone, roughly built up to afford a resting-place and *point de mire*; but, when the ascent is achieved, all the labour is at once forgotten in contemplating as lovely a panorama of hill, dale, wood, water, and garden—not to mention the picturesque, straggling little town of Ems—as eye can see. It was from this goodly eminence that I looked up the beautiful valley through which the Lahn, walled in closely by rounded, woody hills, glides noiselessly down towards the Rhine, and made up my mind to explore its beauties, at least as far as Nassau. Accordingly, I started on foot that very afternoon, not by the post road that follows the right bank of the Lahn, but along the green meadows on the other side of that river, an extra mile or two on Shanks's mare being compensated by an absolute immunity from dust; to my right the railway, flanked by rugged rocks of a deep brownish gray, overhung in their turn by luxuriant foliage; to my left the placid stream, its surface troubled only from time to time by the cumbersome leap of some plump, well-to-do fish after a more than usually tempting fly. How abruptly and frequently the Lahn twists and winds

itself about, to be sure! One would think it did so on purpose to prolong the journey between Ems and Nassau. About half-way there is a fossil place, of which I forget the name (it is a very long one), in a wonderful state of preservation, considering that it cannot have been built later than the twelfth century. Everything, to the massive old river wall and water-gates, the frowning donjon-keep of the venerable baronial castle standing at the river's edge, the solid village church, built for purposes of defence as well as prayer, remains, almost unimpaired by time, in the genuine, rough-and-ready, but picturesque grouping of the middle ages. I had rarely seen so perfect a specimen of a mediæval fortified village. A little past these interesting relics of the "good old days," I came across a very odd Prussian official—a pointsman, with a monomania, harmless but engrossing. Let me give my readers an *échantillon* of his conversation. "*Guten tag, bester Herr!* You have come a rough walk; if Bismarck were here, he would soon have a good footpath made, I promise you. How far is it to Nassau? About an hour for you; Bismarck would do it easily in forty-seven minutes. You come from Ems? I hear that not many fashionables arrive there this year. *Kreuzelement!* they want Bismarck to show them which way they should go, and then you would see! For they follow him, best Sir, as sheep do the old bell-wether. *Ach, du lieber Gott!* It is dull work being all alone in this cursed valley, watching for the trains to pass, and blowing a horn. If Bismarck were to walk by, say as you are doing, he would give an old soldier a few groschen to get him a *schnapps* when

the day's duty was over." The old fellow's chatter was far too good to check. I sat down on the embankment, and let him run on; whereupon he gave me a dose of Bismarck that nearly resulted in our being both run over by a goods-train, so loudly and incessantly did he dilate upon his one theme. We parted the best of friends, and he vociferated several statements about Bismarck after me as I walked rapidly along the line. A clear case, poor fellow, of *Bundeskanzler* on the brain—not an uncommon malady in Prussia by any means.

One or two ruined castles are perched upon the hills over against Nassau, on the left bank of the Lahn, as well as a Schloss, sometime inhabited by the dethroned Prince who since distinguished himself by founding a colony of his former subjects in the plains of Roumania—which colony, by the way, came to grief in a piteous manner. The only other house of importance, except the Bad-Anstalt, belonging to the tiny township is an old-fashioned Landhaus, situate in the centre of the city, and surrounded by prettily laid-out gardens, the property of the Hanoverian Kielmannsegger, who seldom visit it. Near this property, in a narrow, common-looking street, is a huge double gate, supported by stone pillars, and surmounted by the arms of the princely house that gave its name to the town, the escutcheon clutched in the paws of two majestic lions. This stately portal leads to nothing more distinguished than a wood-yard, and none of the masterful citizens whom I interrogated respecting it could give me any account of its history. "It had always been there," was the most they would tell me; "how should they know who had

built it, or anything about it?" The church of Nassau is remarkable for the picturesqueness of its tower; and the only other salient feature of the whole burgh is a grim-looking edifice resembling a Border "peel" or tower, and evidently belonging to the same architectural period as the church, that rises above the gray roofs of the quaint old houses, most of which are inlaid, as it were, with enormous wooden beams, painted green, yellow, or dirt-colour, according to the family traditions of their occupants. High sloping roofs, forests of clumsy chimneys, latticed windows, fantastic loopholes into lofty attics, shaped like gigantic eyes, wooden roofs and facings to about one house of every four, no paving worth mentioning, an open, loathsome sewer meandering through the streets and festering in the sun—*rien ne manque* at Nassau that may give it the *cachet* of the nasty, inconvenient, unhealthy olden times. It is, perhaps, even in Germany, a unique specimen of dogged, stupid, utter conservatism.

Before I left Ems I saw some pretty high play at the generally forsaken *trente-et-quarante*, and heard a croupier say a good thing too. A Russian gentleman, who had for an hour or two enjoyed one of those seductive runs of luck that invariably lead to the total ruin of the person temporarily favoured, was about to quit his seat, having won a good many thousand francs. Whatever he had backed had come out of the cards; as surely as he pushed his *masse* over from black to red, or raked it back from red to black, so surely did Fortune indorse his inspirations. As he rose he gathered up a heap of hundred and thousand franc notes that had

accumulated before him, crumpled them together in a lump that filled both his hands, and stuffed them into the skirt pocket of his morning jacket. Said the croupier next him, in a half whisper to the old boy who sate behind on a raised chair to look out for *condottieri*, "*Tiens, vois-tu, il abîme ça comme si c'était à lui!*" If the Company had only known what a sublime confidence that croupier entertained in the infallibility of their institution, it could hardly have refrained from raising his salary on the spot. Even supposing his ejaculation not to have been the offspring of pure faith, it was either the axiom of a sage, deduced from experience, or a brilliant flash of *esprit*, in either of which cases, considering the exhausting and brutifying nature of a croupier's employment, its utterer unquestionably deserved encouragement.

In the days when I was a confirmed wanderer the journey to Schwalbach from Frankfort, although the distance between the two places is not more than six-and-twenty miles as the crow flies, occupied fully four hours, and involved a rather complicated combination of cab, train, and post-chaise. The latter conveyance was driven by a thing of beauty in uniform—brown turned up with orange, stiff glazed hat, with black and white cockade, melodramatic cloak, and brass instrument of torture wound round his body, upon which he performed not wisely, but too well, at painfully short intervals. Starting from the Hôtel de Russie at 8.30 a.m., a fellow-wanderer and myself arrived in Schwalbach at a quarter-past one in the afternoon, and were congratulated upon having done a quick thing. It was



in Wiesbaden that we confided ourselves to the government official in the tasty attire above described, who, upon being respectfully interrogated as to the probable duration of our transit to Schwalbach, insisted upon staking his salvation on the contingency of the distance being effected in precisely one hour and forty-three minutes, and was moved to indignation by the suggestion that we should not feel inclined to grumble if he exceeded that time by half a minute or so. "You will be conveyed to Schwalbach, my sirs, in one hour and forty-three minutes—no more, no less—it cannot be otherwise, do you understand, for such is the official regulation of the Royal Extra Post." As might have been expected from a person of such settled views and fixed principles, although the drive lasted two hours and ten minutes, he sternly repelled any insinuation to that effect. When, on our arrival, we ventured to hint that the infallibility of the Prussian posting ordinances had not been altogether substantiated to our satisfaction by his performances, he crushed us at once by a loud asseveration to the effect that "one hour and forty-three minutes had elapsed since he left Wiesbaden, and that if we had made a mistake about the time he had not." Of such a steadfast temper are Prussian post-boys, and, indeed, small Prussian *employés* in every branch of the public service. The word of a government official, be he policeman or postilion, is law, and gospel besides. Bold must be the wight who dares dispute it.

The drive from Wiesbaden is delightful, three-fourths of the road being cut through the extensive "hunting grounds" or woods and loose cover, as we should call

them, formerly belonging to the Duke of Nassau, and now the property of the Prussian Crown. These covers are of enormous size, commencing about a mile beyond Wiesbaden town, and stretching away in a westerly and north-westerly direction as far as Schlangenbad, Blendenstadt, Wehen, &c., they form a curved belt of wood five miles deep and ten miles or so long, full of game for the sportsman and of romantic walks for the sentimental pedestrian. The hunting-ground includes several hills, all spurs of the Taunus, and is approached from the new suburb—on the outskirts of which a magnificent synagogue has been erected—through a lovely green valley, studded with venerable trees gleaming with fruit, and inhabited by peasants whom, for sheer ugliness, I will back against any agricultural population in Europe. Schwalbach itself, a town of two thousand souls, contained in bodies distressingly uncomely, lies *perdu* in a nook of the Taunus range. I did not see a well set-up man, pleasant-looking woman, or pretty child during the whole of my afternoon's peregrinations, devoted to exploring the town, park, and mineral establishments; indeed, I hardly saw any men at all, for, like Franzensbad, Schwalbach and its waters are peculiarly affected to the use of the fair sex, which occupied the place *en masse*, barely tolerating the presence of a few down-cast he-creatures, husbands and brothers of exceptionally delicate invalids, who were allowed to pay bills, appear near the springs when the band played, and partake in moderation and with due meekness of what other inspiriting amusements were afforded by the generosity of the Kur committee.

These unfortunate men were too evidently on their best behaviour ; one could see that a sense of their situation was upon them, and it was painful to think how wildly they must have broken out when they got back to Homburg or Wiesbaden. But they had their revenge hebdomadally, for being kept down as they were on six days of the week ; at least so I was told ; for was there not a “réunion” at the Allée-Saal every Saturday, and were they not, for a few short hours on that retributive evening, masters of the position ? The proportion of ladies to gentlemen at these exhilarating little meetings was about fifteen to one ; so the sterner sex had a proud, but somewhat fatiguing time of it. As the value of anything is enhanced by the difficulty experienced in procuring it, competition for these fortunate fellows too frequently became a fierce and bitter business ; so, in order to avoid contention and bad language in the assembly-rooms, a wise arrangement was entered into with the sanction of the local authorities, by which the lords of the creation were raffled for by ministering angels immediately before every dance. Any lady lucky enough to draw a man, marched off her prize in triumph to the “mazy”—the disconsolate drawers of blanks danced viciously with one another. It was rather alarming to a modest youth who shall be “nameless here for evermore,” unacquainted as he was with this ingenious method of keeping the peace (and possibly wedded to some distant Dulcinea), to be suddenly accosted by a young lady whom he had never seen before, with the words, “You belong to me. I have just won you, so come along !” There was no appeal ;

old or young, portly or spectral, Puseyite or Fireworshipper, you were bound to submit to your fate, and go through your gyrations with the best grace you might. Any lady drawing a prize for two dances running was obliged to wait till the other ladies had had their pick out of the abashed group huddled up together at one end of the room. She took the "Last Man," perhaps her own husband. Fourier would have called this "an example of distributive justice." Flirtation was rather uphill work, under the circumstances, for every man knew that his partner must be suffering from some ailment or other, else she would not be at Schwalbach—(fancy going thither for pleasure!)—and the consciousness of this fact acted as a damper on romance. A good deal might be done, of course, in the way of tenderly-expressed sympathy; but to sympathize aptly, you must be acquainted with the cause of dolour, and it was rather a ticklish venture to ask a young lady taking the Schwalbach waters what was the matter with her; nor was she likely to volunteer information on that subject. Taking one thing with another, I doubt whether the stray men at Schwalbach were much to be envied their privileges. At least they did not look like it.

The musical reputation of Germany stands deservedly high; there are in the Fatherland at least half a dozen full and perfectly balanced orchestras (without including a few admirable military bands)—that is, as many as the rest of Europe, including England and France, can produce, despite the rapid advance made in those countries by the divine art within the last twenty years. But the bands that were provided twenty years ago for

the recreation of invalids at the smaller watering-places of that realm of harmony were the most extraordinary, not to say fearful, institutions extant. I suppose the owners of the bathing establishments and the doctors attached to the waters had entered into a secret compact to secure the services of all the vilest "musikanten" who could be recruited in the wilds of Bohemia, as an excellent means of keeping down the spirits of their customers, retarding their cure, and consequently prolonging their stay in those healing settlements. If any one can suggest a more plausible method for accounting for the infamy of the performances perpetrated at Nauheim, Schwalbach, Schlangenbad, Franzensbad, Kreuznach, and other third-rate watering-places, I shall be much obliged to him. At Schwalbach the public was put to the *peine forte et dure* three times a day, and it was advertised that the familiars of this unholy inquisition would, for a consideration, serenade any personage of distinction on his or her arrival or departure. Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest, at his own costs and charges, *bien entendu*. The Allée-Saal rejoiced, too, in the possession of two pianos, both in the same room, and each tuned (or rather kept out of tune) to a different pitch. When played upon simultaneously, a startling effect was produced. One afternoon we had the pleasure of hearing Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp minor and the "Hailstone Chorus," rendered with much force and brio, at one and the same time. The *ensemble* was Wagnerish, very—puzzling to an ear untrained in the music of the future, perhaps, but new and interesting. There are several

springs, of different strength and properties; and *the band played by each in succession*. The waters are, I believe, stimulating to the nerves—they have need to be! By one of these springs is situate a large gloomy pond, yellow and of thick consistence; this is called the Lake, and is the favourite haunt of the melancholy company gathered together in Schwalbach. It is surrounded by trees, and is about as suicide-suggesting a piece of artificial water as the most lugubrious bard could wish to describe. Near the other springs there are one or two ancient arcades, lined with shops, in which you can purchase remembrances of Schwalbach—as if anybody would desire to remember it! Bone brooches, pebble snuff-boxes, wooden knick-knacks carved by the plain but industrious peasantry; coloured glass, white umbrellas, and unwholesome confectionery appeared to be the staples of Schwalbach commerce. Buoyant must be the nature which could bear up against a protracted stay in that secluded spot; strong the digestion that would not succumb to the fare provided at the *table-d'hôte* of the “fashionable” and expensive Allée-Saal. Schwalbach, farewell! may you be prosperous and happy! Let us part friends; for never again will you welcome me within your health-giving precincts—no, not if I were sure of being greeted by a gratuitous serenade from your remarkable orchestra, and of being raffled for nightly by the fairest of your frequenters! In an hour and forty-three minutes to a fraction of a second, I shall be deposited in Wiesbaden, by the irrefragable exactitude of the Prussian Extra-Post, and never more. . . . But the royal postilion

blows his horn angrily ; I dare not incur his displeasure by further delay. Adieu, adieu !

The Taunus is well and generally known in England, through its association with Homburg-on-the-Heights ; whilst the vast majority of even my travelled country-folk is profoundly unacquainted with Kronenberg, Falkenstein, Koenigstein, and half-a-dozen other mountain villages ending in “berg” and “stein,” amongst which I have often wandered, delighting my eyes and warming up a naturally ruddy complexion into a bright brick red, invariably resented by my companions on the ground that “it made them hot to look at me.” All these villages, and many others which I indolently failed to discover, are perched on the green crests, or nestle snugly on the wooded slopes of the Taunus range ; and to them many Frankfort families resort during the fiery summer months, in quest of cool retreats, shady walks, bracing air, and a light but hardy diet. The three hamlets above mentioned lie within short, if not easy, reach of one another ; a trained gymnast may, without impairing his constitution permanently by over-exertion, breakfast in Kronenberg, lunch at Falkenstein, and dine at Koenigstein—that is, if he be fortunate enough to find anything to eat there. Koenigstein is the blest possessor of one excellent ruin and two indifferent inns. At the latter, the occupants of all the village lodgings, as well as of the hotel bed-rooms, are compelled to take their meals ; any proposition made to the native villager with a tendency towards obtaining food upon his premises would elicit from that aborigine a blank stare of amazement, and would lead to no other

result whatsoever. All the eatable food consumed in the village is brought thither daily from Frankfort, and punctually delivered at the two inns aforesaid, which dispense it to their guests in due course. What the local householders and their families devour was never, I rejoice to say, within my province to inquire into; judging by their appearance, and especially by that of their children, I should say that they got very little to eat, and bad of its sort. They were sallow complexioned, undergrown, and surly-looking. Their "season" was only of a few weeks' duration, and they had not yet learnt in its fulness the art of fleecing their visitors so ably and thoroughly as to make out of them a handsome annual income by a month or so of lodging-keeping. Unsophisticated agricolæ! they know better by this time, doubtless; and wanderers to these hilly nooks now probably note that, whilst the natives wear a plump and joyous mien, the visitors appear emaciated and careworn with brooding over the prices of accommodation. When I was in the habit of haunting the Taunus summer settlements the whole of the commissariat arrangements were thrown into the hands of the two innkeepers, who consequently had to keep themselves well posted up in the movements of the floating population, and were obliged to enter daily into intricate calculations in order to arrive at a nice estimate of the quantity of food to be provided for consumption by their guests; for meat, fish, and poultry would not keep in the dog-days, and an error in the total sum of appetites to be allayed might swiftly swallow up a week's profits in damaged *vivres*. Demand and supply



being thus meticulously balanced, it will be readily understood that the unexpected arrival of half-a-dozen "casuals" introduced a distracting factor into mine host's diurnal problem, and placed him in a somewhat painful dilemma. If he fed the famished wanderers, his *Stamm-gäste* must suffer some minishment of their accustomed rations; if he sternly refused to supply the bonâ-fide traveller of the day he might be alienating a possible regular customer of the morrow. Wherefore the Frankfurters, when they proposed to spend a few hours at any of these picturesque little places, signified their intended advent a day or two before starting, by letter or telegram, to the Boniface of their choice, who communicated with his purveyors in Frankfort, and was enabled to solve his problem to everybody's satisfaction.

Kronenberg is about ten miles by road from the old Bundes Stadt, and is certainly one of the quaintest old hamlets in that part of Germany. It is all up and down, with the narrowest of streets and a truly mediæval pavement. No portion of its roadway is level for ten successive yards. You must be always ascending or descending whilst within its precincts. It is singularly provocative of panting in full-bodied persons, and of swearing in the tender-footed. Strong horses become limp after traversing the intricacies of its thoroughfares. Like most of the villages in Nassau and Hesse, it is full of twists, sharp turns, and odd corners on the corkscrew terrace pattern. Some of its ledges are connected together by appalling short cuts of ragged steps, flanked by cesspools, dungheaps, pigstyes, and other domestic institutions of a rudimentary and highly-flavoured

character. These savoury flights afford on either hand the very grimmest of glimpses into the private life of the Kronenbergers, who ingeniously combine a maximum of dirt with a minimum of light, and are sublimely ignorant of sanitary laws. Were it not for the searching mountain breezes, permanent and indefatigable deodorizers of all the fever-holes these hill-folk surround themselves with, Kronenberg and its fellow-hamlets would be so many cholera and typhus-breeders of the first order; but so fine is the quality of their native air, and so incessant its activity, that beyond a stale whiff or two of uncommon loathsomeness in a peculiarly narrow and tortuous alley, where the wind itself is at a disadvantage, there is really little to complain of in the olfactory line as you stumble and clamber through the village streets. But so steep are they, so crooked, and so jagged on either side with gaps that "give" upon small precipices or sudden eminences, that everybody who is compelled to be out after dark carries a light. These bobbing-lanterns, viewed from a little distance, look like gigantic fireflies; they are the only illuminations to be met with in Kronenberg's highways and by-ways, which, but for them, would be plunged at evensong into total darkness.

But for all the winding, turning, and doubling, aggravated by wrenches of your ankle-joints and scrunches of your toes, you are amply rewarded when you emerge from the Kronenbergian labyrinth at its "down-town" issue, and enter a broad, carefully-kept road, or rather avenue, of noble chestnut and walnut trees, which skirts, half-way up the mountain side, the

broad and deep gorge, the entrance to which is guarded by the venerable Schloss that towers aloft, high above the dusky roofs of Kronenberg. This avenue, upon which the *Kurgäste* take their "constitutional," conducts you by a gentle descent to the very end of the ravine, where both its thickly-wooded natural walls slope down into a vast park-like plain, enclosed on all its sides by lofty hills, upon the summits of which stand crumbling castles and time-worn towers, formerly the strongholds of a fierce and predatory *noblesse*, whose very titles have vanished from the popular memory. It is, indeed, one of the leading peculiarities of the fertile districts watered by the Maine and Neckar that they are all but entirely forlorn of a land owning aristocracy. I know no other part of Germany—save the Hanse Towns—so utterly devoid of counts and barons. There are even hardly any large estates in the hands of individuals, or held as family properties. Most of the land is owned by the peasants, who cultivate it, with the exception of the wine-growing hill-sides—and many of these are minutely subdivided amongst a number of "small men."

But to return to the park-like meadow at the foot of the Kronenberg, Falkenstein, and Koenigstein mountains. From a rustic seat planted at the very mouth of the gorge above alluded to is to be seen a really charming view of the Taunus range, embracing a very considerable extent of romantic and picturesque country. There is nothing grand, stern, or imposing about the scenery; it reminds a West-countryman irresistibly of Monmouthshire and the southern districts of Glamorganshire; it is extremely varied in colour and accessories,

upon a somewhat small scale, but replete with that soft and quiet beauty that grows upon you more and more the longer you gaze upon it. There are woods, meadows, hills, valleys, clusters of red-roofed cottages, church spires, rugged fortalices, splendid villas, Swiss châteaux, orchards rosy with ripened fruit, waving cornfields, and tawny strips of glistening stubble. The only element wanting to the picture is water, of which scarcely any is to be detected in the whole *paysage*. From the heights, with a good glass, the Maine can be faintly discerned in the far distance, a silvern serpent winding over the chequered plain, as well as a confused agglomeration of gleaming white spots, the suburban villas of wealthy Frankfort. But in the foreground there is no stream wider than a Berlin gutter to relieve the "green upon green" by a crystal shimmer and sparkle.

Koenigstein differs in many material respects from Kronenberg. It is built upon a much higher level, and, indeed, crowns one of the loftier mountains of the range. Its castle is a very conspicuous and extensive relic of the robber-ages, and close to its lower outworks the Duchess of Nassau has built a handsome country seat, which overlooks the whole landscape already described. The mountain-side is partially clothed with larchwoods, through which many cool, delightful pathways have been cleared. During the hottest day one may wander in the shade for miles and miles, breathing the balmiest of atmospheres, and enjoying perfect immunity from the mosquitoes and gnats that infest the plains beneath and Frankfort itself. Koenigstein was building a good deal in 1875, when I last climbed

its heights, being threatened with a fashionable future ; ugly and commonplace new houses were springing up at its either end, and one gentleman, a Swiss seigneur, who had married into the "upper fifty" of Frankfort, had caused to be constructed on the higher slopes of the Castle Hill, just beneath the Duchess's Chateau, a genuine Schweizer farmhouse—a farmhouse of "gentility," with high-art gardens, ornate terraces, and fine winding walks down the hill to a verdant paddock intervening between its spacious pleasure-grounds and the public highway—which was one of the prettiest objects in the whole neighbourhood. Königstein is about fourteen miles by road from Frankfort, and the drive thither, when once you are clear of Bockenheim and the railway system, which is exceedingly trying to spirited horses, is a pleasant one, through intricate village streets, past noisy mill-dams, over old-fashioned wooden bridges, between long rows of heavily-laden apple trees (the Taunus district is a great cider-making and cinder-drinking country), up sloping corn-fields, along the edges of young plantations, and, after seven miles or so of comparatively level ground, rising gradually higher and higher till every turn of the road gives you a more extensive *coup d'œil* over a constantly widening and deepening panorama. At Kronenberg, which is on the shortest route to Königstein, you could formerly dine very well, and, by comparison with other hostelries of the district, cheaply. The proprietor of the principal hotel was a man *de son siècle*, who kept a real live French cook and a grand piano. The former was a meritorious artiste ; of the latter, the less said,

perhaps, the better. An instrument four-fifths of the notes of which stood in no known harmonious relation to one another, whilst the remaining fifth was as dumb as the Duke of York's Column, could not be conscientiously described as an exhilarating addition to the diverting resources of a holiday resort, or, in fact, as anything but an element of discord. In the mountain fastnesses of Nassau and Hesse one must dispense with artistic and intellectual recreations ; all one can do is to eat, drink, smoke, walk about and sleep ; and a man may employ his time a good deal less rationally than in these simple pursuits. Stout boots and a good appetite lead to a very appreciable amount of happiness.

## CHAPTER X.

REVOLUTIONARY MADRID—TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF JUAN PRIM—STUPENDOUS POPULAR DEMONSTRATION—ACROSS THE SIERRA MORENA—CORDOVA—A CONVERTED MOSQUE—MALAGA—ALMONDS AND RAISINS—ALICANTE.

ON the seventh of October, 1868, the streets of Madrid presented such a spectacle as few Europeans had theretofore seen, although the history of the present century had up to that time certainly been replete with emotional incident. The "anarchy and confusion" to which the ex-Queen, in the first paragraph of her inept protest against the revolution, asserted that "unhappy Spain" was miserably abandoned, and which had thitherto taken the somewhat paradoxical form of an organization and order that could give points to the best-regulated monarchy extant, culminated on that day in a reception of the popular hero, Don Juan Prim, by the Madrileños, that did as much honour to those offering the ovation as to its gallant recipient. Free Spain, as represented by the citizens of her capital, proved herself grandly worthy of the liberty she had so nobly won for herself. I venture to believe that there exists upon the face of the earth no other race which, in achieving with magical suddenness the intoxicating transition from the dread

degradation of utter slavery to the sublime rapture of unbounded freedom, would have manifested its righteous joy in a manner so unexceptionally admirable, so free from every blemish of exaggeration or excess. None others would have been capable of such passionate enthusiasm so exquisitely tempered by a fine respect for the dignity and honour of a sovereign people, as that displayed throughout the colossal demonstration made by the inhabitants of Madrid towards one of the great men who had fairly earned the title of "The Saviours of Spain." Except in the procession which escorted Don Juan Prim from the station to the Palacio de la Gobernacion, and which consisted of about thirty thousand men, there was not a soldier nor a gendarme to be seen throughout the long line of route taken by the *cortège*, comprising the great lengths of the Calle del Alcalá and the San Geronimo. The Madrileños kept the streets themselves; and, though during the passage of their adored Liberator the broad thoroughfares leading into the Puerta del Sol and the whole of that huge Plaza itself were so densely thronged with spectators that individual motion was no longer possible, every human item in that enormous crowd being welded into the mighty mass which surged and swayed to and fro with irresistible force, the whole day's proceedings did not furnish one instance of misconduct or breach of decorum. I crave my readers' pardon for dwelling so emphatically on this particular feature of the great Spanish revolution; but it impressed me so deeply that I cannot but lay particular stress upon it. I had seen many crowds of many nationalities, some well nigh



frenzied with rejoicing, others half frantic with rage and disappointment, others again simply gathered together by motives of idle curiosity ; but I may safely say that I had never contemplated such a crowd, either for density, enthusiasm, or self-control, as that assembled to welcome John Prim to the capital of his regenerated, rescued country. Its patience was sorely tried, too ; for it had been announced that the General would arrive at mid-day, whereas he did not make his appearance until past five in the afternoon ; and as the majority of the people had taken up vantage ground early in the forenoon, which they retained until he was safely housed at half-past six in the Fonda de Paris, they must have been suffering from sheer physical exhaustion, as well as from that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, by the time that the head of the procession emerged from the Atocha station. As a proof of the extraordinary cohesion into which they were wedged, I may mention that just under my windows, as the General passed them, a poor little baby in arms, held up above the crowd by its mother to see the hero of the day, floated out of her hands (I can find no other word to describe the occurrence) far away over the heads of men and women, all cheering with might and main, down the street and round the corner, without once touching anything nearer ground than the tops of hats innumerable. The shrieks of the bereaved mother were drowned in the acclamations of those around her, and all her efforts to extricate herself were vain—the child had disappeared, and we saw it no more.

General John Prim should surely have been the

happiest and proudest man in the world that day. Perfect success had crowned his combinations; he had rid his country of the incubus that had thitherto paralyzed its powers, with more completeness, and less effusion of blood, than the most sanguine patriot could have anticipated; and he arrived, triumphant, from distant provinces in which his name had swept despotism away before him with miraculous power, to receive the greatest reward of service that any man can aspire to—the absolute approval and heartfelt gratitude of his compatriots. And what a reception they gave him! I am hopeless of conveying to any one, in colourless black and white, an idea of the ovation I then witnessed, but I will try to do so, although the pen of a poet could alone do justice to the marvellous spectacle.

The previous night had been a busy one in the city of Madrid. Gangs of workmen, relieved at short intervals, were employed upon the construction of triumphal arches in the Calle del Alcalá and opposite the House of Parliament. Those of the inhabitants who were not crowding the *cafés*—of which establishments there are, in the Spanish capital, at least a dozen, far larger and costlier in their accessories than any in Paris or Vienna—or swarming along the principal streets to the strains of the Riego and O'Donnell hymns, played by Catalan bagpipers or amateur brass bands, were engaged in covering the fronts of their houses with parti-coloured drapery, the national red and yellow, of course, predominant, and in nailing up wreaths of flowers, symbolic banners, festoons of evergreens and many-hued lamps upon every available portion of space intervening

between the long massive balconies that face every Spanish residence. I need scarcely say that the night was a sleepless one for all those who, like myself and several of my journalistic colleagues, were lodged in quarters closely contiguous to the great centre of all action—the Puerta del Sol.

By early morn the decorative part of the preparations was completed, and the Madrileños commenced to promenade their gaily-dressed city with that feverish restlessness which is so often the premonitory symptom of an event in which the popular sympathies and interests are vigorously enlisted. By eleven o'clock the whole pavement of the Puerta and its radiation of main streets was entirely concealed from view by a seething mass of humanity. Viewed from the upper storeys of the Fonda de Paris or the Casino de los Principes, the great gathering seemed to be smouldering with hidden fire; for a heavy cloud of blue smoke, emanating from fifty thousand cigarettes, hung over it in the still air. Besides the incredibly numerous assemblage swaying backwards and forwards in deep and broad waves, every balcony was lined with ladies, for the most part attired in gay colours, contrary to the sombre rule of Spanish female toilette, plying their fans with coquettish grace, and pouring forth volleys of flashing glances from beneath the folds of their black mantillas. In the midst of the Plaza played the sparkling fountain, varying from time to time the form of its foaming jets of water, and glittering in the sun rays like a fairy source of countless diamonds.

Meanwhile, the French and Italian congratulatory

committees (that alleged to be of England, I have reason to believe, were little more than a mythical body, without local habitation or name) were preparing their flags and rehearsing the hymns that they had arranged for the occasion to hybrid tunes—the French ode being set to a mixture of the Marseillaise and a Spanish national air, and that of Italy amalgamating the Riego march, Garibaldi's hymn, and a chorus from the “Donna Caritea” of Mercadante. I subjoin the words of the latter effusion, which were rehearsed in my hotel throughout the night till the house shook again :

Chi per la patria muore  
Vissuto ha assai ;  
La palma dell'onore  
Non muore mai.  
Meglio è di morire,  
Sul fior degl' anni,  
Piuttosto che languire,  
Sotto i tiranni !

Both these committees were headed by horsemen, bearing the French and Italian tricolours, and girt with broad sashes. It had been wished by the French delegates that the Italians should coalesce with them ; but to this request gallant Tamberlik, who had been the inspiring genius of the Italian demonstration, replied : “Prima sortite di Roma ; e poi c'uniremo con voi altri di cuore !” So each body of sympathisers went upon its own hook.

By one o'clock the arteries of Madrid communication were turned into streams of changeful colour—men, women, and children were arrayed in gala costume of every bright hue, shifting incessantly in arrangement

like the tints of a dying dolphin. Here and there a Basque wet nurse offered a glowing dot of crimson to the eye, like a gaudy poppy prominent amongst a thousand field flowers of more subdued colours, or the striped poncho of a Castilian peasant gleamed like a tiger skin, and cast all costumes near it into the shade. Denser and denser grew the crowd—hour after hour passed in anxious anticipation; and at length, about half-past four, the strains of distant music, and the roar of distant “vivas,” announced to us that the General had arrived, and that the procession had started from the station. By a happy combination of resources, the small party of Englishmen, under the ægis of a kindly countryman long resident in Spain, and well-known to every English gentleman who has visited Madrid within the last twenty years, was put in possession of half-a-dozen *points de mire*, commanding the different avenues traversed by the *cortège* and the Puerta del Sol itself, so that scarce a detail of the ovation escaped us.

Slowly working its way up the Calle del Alcalá, appeared the head of the column, composed of National Guards in their new uniforms—light blue blouses with red facings, blue foraging caps, and shiny black jack-boots—marching in excellent style, and headed by a military band, playing the inevitable “Riego” hymn. Next came a squadron of dragoons in spiked helmets of Prussian pattern; then a car or galley, as much resembling the one as the other, lined with odoriferous pine branches, and adorned with inscriptions of a suitable character. In this car were seated a number of distinguished patriots, who cast flowers to the crowd, and

every now and then let loose a white dove or two, emblems of peace, that fluttered wildly into the balconies and open windows, where they were made prisoners by bright-eyed señoritas. Guarding and following the car came a strong body of sailors, splendid fellows, whose marching was a marvel of steadiness and solidity. Then more *milicia ciudadana*, out of uniform, but distinguished by yellow bands round their hats and badges of the national colours—a small picked body was clad in complete scarlet, *à la Garibaldi*, and was told off to guard the entrance to Prim's quarters.

Pleasant and familiar harmonies reached us from the distance in intermittent gushes, between the plaudits of the mob, and, as they approached, gathered consistence and coherence from the addition to their slender forces of ten thousand glad voices. First the "Marseillaise," its fierce choral denunciations emphasised by trumpets, ophicleides, and trombones; and next the strains to which so many gallant hearts have bounded in the land of the sister Latin race. As the Italian Committee reached the spot opposite the grand entrance to our hotel, they halted and gave out the whole of their composite hymn with magnificent energy, led by Tamberlik; who gathered himself together for the final phrase, which he wound up with one of his great chest notes, that rang out like a silver trumpet over all the clamour and uproar of the deafening tumult. The Italians melted into the sea of vitality lashing the Puerta del Sol, and their refrain reached us but in musical whiffs; a greater roar than any that had yet burst over us swelled up from the lower end of the

Alcalá, and the thousand or so of volunteers who marched hurriedly by us cast eager glances over their shoulders as they pressed onward.

At last, at last! every living thing converged towards the triumphal arch, under which might be seen to pass a small group of horsemen, headed by a dark, thick-set, middle-sized man, in a plain undress uniform, with a bright star on his left breast, and raising in his hand a blue foraging cap, with which he gravely saluted the enraptured people. That was Prim! Close to his bridle hand rode Serrano, in full marshal's uniform, covered with *plaques* and *crachats*, a heavy plume waving from his gold-bound cocked hat. He was scarcely looked at, gay and gallant as was his seeming. All eyes were fixed upon the great Progresista, all hearts leaped out towards him, every throat was strained with passionate cries of devotion and thankfulness. Such moments fall to a man's lot but once in an existence, and it could not be denied that Prim bore the surpassing honour of his position modestly and worthily. Surrounded by a gorgeous staff, glittering with gold and crosses, whilst he was as simply dressed as one of his high rank could be without affectation, he looked the impersonation of a popular leader. But for a bright glance of recognition, levelled now and then at some balcony whence the face of an old friend gazed fondly upon him, the calm of his resolute countenance never varied; one could see that he felt the enormous responsibilities of his power, but that his spirit was equal to their fulfilment, and that the knowledge that so many hearts yearned towards him, whilst it filled his soul with a deep gratefulness, did not

avail to break down his self-command or overwhelm him with a tide of emotion. I never saw a man of more gallant presence.

Presently, after riding through the Puerta del Sol and round the Calle San Geronimo, he drew up at the door of his quarters and alighted. We awaited him in the large corridor leading to his apartments, and accompanied him to the grand salon looking over the Puerta, from which he addressed the people in a few soldierly, terse sentences. He said: "Friends and countrymen—Do not expect a long speech from me. I am weary and exhausted with fatigue and emotion; besides, I am no missionary to spin you out an elaborate discourse. Accept my thanks and congratulation. 'Viva la Libertad!' 'Viva el Pueblo!' 'Abajo los Borbones!' Farewell for to-night." Returning into the room, he had to pass from the arms of one friend into those of another. Everybody embraced him; and it was a pretty sight to see a timid, budding young English beauty, the daughter of an eminent Englishman resident in Madrid, receiving a fatherly kiss on her fair brow from the Liberator, whom she greeted in the name of her countrymen as the regenerator of Spanish liberties. Several ladies, his compatriots, kissed and cried over him with such passion that I could see he had to struggle for self-possession. One old friend and comrade, an Englishman, wrung him by the hand, saying, "No words can express how rejoiced I am to see you here!" To which he replied, "*Il était bien temps, n'est-ce pas, ami?*" As soon as the greetings were ended, we left him to change his dress; and shortly afterwards, in



company with a chosen cohort of Spanish patriots, from which everybody missed Milan del Bosch—left by Don Juan in Carthagena as its Governor—he descended to the *salle-à-manger*, and sat down to the banquet that had been prepared for him. The rest of the evening and night was one long series of marchings, serenades, fireworks, cheerings, and mad rejoicing. Madrid never went to bed at all; at 4 a.m. military bands were parading the town in full play, choruses were being sung in every street, squibs and crackers exploded in hundreds under my windows, but a few yards removed from the General's, and everything was being done to keep the people's Tribune from the rest he had so thoroughly earned. The morrow a grand review of the troops and volunteers was held in his honour. Twenty-five thousand of the latter had taken regular service, and were already licked into very soldierly shape.

Shortly after the triumphal entry of Don Juan Prim into the Spanish capital I left Madrid for the South of Spain, and made a tour which I can only characterize as a splendid surfeit of the picturesque. The entrance to the Pass of the Sierra Morena is by far the wildest and most extraordinary piece of mountain scenery in Europe. Nature has here indulged in some of her maddest freaks, piling up tower above tower, ranging long lines of battlements one above another, scooping out fearsome gulfs under what should be the foundations of immense fortresses, and altogether conducting herself in the most incomprehensible manner. Seen in the dim morning light, their topmost peaks tinted rose-colour by the rays of the rising sun, these frontier

sentinels of the great range that separates Andalusia from New Castile have a weird and awful appearance. As the train plunges deeper into the pass, rushing through tunnel after tunnel, and each time emerging into brighter daylight—for the transit from night to morning takes place in the rare mountain atmosphere with marvellous rapidity—you begin to perceive that the rocks around you are many-hued, varying from a creamy yellow to a dusky brown. There are soft greens, tender pinks, veined here and there with lines of black, every shade of gray and purple; and all these *nuances* blend into one another with exquisite fitness, offering a series of pictures by which, although they exhaust the resources of the spectrum, the eye is never dazzled or fatigued. Queer, mysterious little brooks, whose sparse waters seem now black as ink, now olive green, now a dull red, as the colour of their bed changes, wind along the course taken by the line, sometimes disappearing suddenly engulfed in gloomy caves, sometimes stealing noiselessly round some giant rock planted right in their path, sometimes bubbling and babbling with a merry noise over a stony slope that terminates in a deep, sullen pool.

As soon as the southern face of the Sierra is attained, everything assumes a more cheerful countenance. There are plenty of trees—olives, lemons, and oranges—the latter heavy in October with their second golden burthen. Presently the road is bounded on either side with rows of aloes; and, as I live, here are some green fields, the first I have seen in Spain. There are plenty of white, stoutly-built houses, agreeably superseding the hideous,

squalid huts that seem to rise from the arid surface of Castile like tumours. At the stations, trays full of pomegranates, oranges, and yellow apples are brought to the carriage doors by lithe, bright-eyed little maids, fantastically dressed in jackets and petticoats of the most glaring colours. About half-an-hour before arriving at Cordova, the train passes over the river that was so deeply tinged with Spanish blood on the 28th September 1868, within a few hundred yards of the famous bridge upon which Novaliches received his death wound. From the right-hand side windows of the cars we commanded an excellent and comprehensive view of the battle-field, the bridge and river, the houses occupied by Serrano and his staff, and the thick straggling orchard in which Lacy and his brigade were so cleverly surprised and so magnanimously released. Serrano's position was an admirable one; whilst the Royal troops, disposed upon the flat country stretching away northwards from the left bank of the river, were terribly exposed to the fire of their opponents. The bridge of Alcolea, a noble old structure, appeared to have suffered little from the tremendous cannonade poured upon it from batteries on both sides of the river. One of the two towers with which it was garnished had been swept away; but I could not learn whether its destruction was the effect of the artillery fire on the day of the last battle, or whether it had resulted from the former contest, which was a still more serious affair than that of the 28th, and lasted three days, yielding a formidable butcher's bill. The casualties of Serrano's victory had amounted in all to 3057 killed and wounded on both

sides. And the village looked so peaceful, the trees and meadows were so green, the scanty waters of the river so pellucid, that one could scarcely fancy 40,000 men had been engaged in desperate affray upon so quiet a spot only a month before. Scarce a trace of the fight was to be seen. Here and there a broken branch, and a few bullet marks upon the white walls of the farmhouses; and that was all—save half a dozen broad mounds of freshly-turned earth, beneath which lay royalists and insurgents, side by side—that remained to tell of the glorious victory of Alcolea.

What shall I say of Cordova? When, towering high above the houses of a city, you perceive a giant palm-tree, its lower leaves fringed with clusters of ripening dates, you begin to think that, somehow or other, you have got out of Europe into an Eastern land; and every step you take in this enchanted town heightens your illusion. How fiercely the sun burns, and how sharply defined are the shadows thrown by the strange buildings that surround you as you painfully stumble along the narrow streets, paved with stones every one of which seems to have been carefully disposed so as to inflict the greatest possible amount of torture on the human foot! The omnibus that conveys you from the station to the hotel is the only object of this century that you may see in all Cordova; and even that is romanticized by the sturdy brown mules, covered with red trappings, tinkling with bells, and driven by a *majo* in picturesque costume, that drag it at a frantic gallop through streets in which it has not two inches of space to spare on either side—streets which are so narrow that

friends, standing with their backs against either wall, can shake hands comfortably without changing their position. Your hotel—which I hereby beg to recommend very heartily, as being the cleanest and handsomest Fonda in Spain (the Fonda Suiza)—is an ancient Moorish palace. In its *patio*, or central courtyard, surrounded by cool arcades and Mauresque arches, under which are ranged soft divans whereon to lounge during the sunny afternoon time, is a fountain, splashing away all day and night, and cooling the hot air. Round it are exotic plants, growing in huge red flower-pots; bird-cages hang amongst the arches, and an orange-tree shades the basin of the fountain that gleams with gold and silver fish. One of the columns supporting the arcade is a genuine relic of Cordova's great days; it is more than a thousand years old, and its capital exhibits the exquisite Moorish tracery, fresh as if it had just come from under the sculptor's chisel.

The cathedral—it is a shame to call the noblest mosque in the world a cathedral—is unique of its kind. It was built by the orders, and at the private expense, of a Cordovan Kaliph, in the years 786-790, and was enlarged and enriched by subsequent Moorish rulers, until it reached its *apogée* of wealth and glory under Abdurrhaman (tenth century), in whose wise and generous reign Cordova, now a languishing provincial town of barely 40,000 inhabitants, was the capital of Spain, with a population of 300,000, possessing 600 mosques, 800 public schools, 900 public baths, and no less than 600 inns. What grand fellows these Moors were, and how mean their Spanish inheritors, with their barbarous

whitewashing Christianity ! As you enter the gorgeous mosque from its romantic *patio* (of which more anon), you are completely overpowered by the wonders of the interior. Vista upon vista of double broad arches, painted red and yellow, meet your eye whichever way you look. All these countless arches are supported by marble pillars, each a solid single block of green jasper, blood jasper, shining black, dazzling white, rose, dark red, and emerald porphyry. There are over a thousand of these columns, brought from all parts of the Western world, many of them presents from emperors and kings, allies or friends of the lordly Moorish Kaliphs. Painted windows throw rainbow lights on the strange horse-shoe shapes filling the eighteen naves of the enormous building. In the centre of the mosque a comparatively modern choir has been erected, which would be magnificent were it anywhere else but where it is. The whole of the Old and New Testaments, illustrated in mahogany carvings, decorate the side stalls, and a sprawling double eagle forms the bishop's chair and reading-desk. Through heavy brass gates you are admitted to the chapel, in which the Moorish kings were wont to perform their orisons. Its inner roof is a huge stone shell, carved out of a gigantic marble block. Lines from the Koran, in relief-letters of gold, encircle the walls, just below the spring of the grooved, twisted, multi-coloured arches. What delicate fretted work in those deeply-groined roofs ! Here is some of the mosaic panelling that looks like velvet and silk tapestry. Eleven hundred years have passed away since that gold was spread over the capitals of those columns ; it glows

with as rich a refulgence as the newest gilding of a Palais Royal mirror. And the marble lacework, in isolated spots where the Spanish whitewashers forgot to clog it up with 'their plastering brushes—how elegantly is it devised, how elaborately finished!

Everything that ignorant, tasteless fanaticism could do to obliterate the transcendant beauties of detail with which this marvel of architecture was embellished was done by the rough, brutal Spaniards who drove the refined, artistic Moors from their strongholds; and yet enough remains of the old glories to fill the beholder with rapture, to intoxicate him with prodigality of colour and purity of form. Of the post-Mauresque additions and "improvements" I will say but little. Certainly, there are two splendid organs, one of which, however, is rendered ridiculous by two Turks' heads fixed up on either side the register, which open their mouths and low whenever a particular stop is pulled out. Let us turn to the *patio*—the unrivalled *patio*, site of a grand Roman temple dedicated to Janus, of which two noble columns still defy the ages and record the distance between Cordova and Cadiz. This *patio*, divided into three sections, is surrounded on three sides by the walls of the mosque, and on the fourth by the modern belfry-tower, built some three hundred years ago on the foundations of the magnificent Moorish tower that was levelled with the ground by a Spanish king. It is thickly planted with orange and lemon trees, most of which are in their third century, and two gigantic palms, as old as the crusades, rear their fan-like heads on high in the very midst of it. One of the

orange-trees is a great curiosity, for it bears both male and female fruit, and the lemons hanging from the bent branches of the citroniers surrounding it are as large as small melons, and covered with a corrugated hide, which it would be flattery to call a skin. There are fountains—oh! so limpid and translucent—hidden amongst these orange and lemon trees; provided with wooden spouts are they, through which the mendicants and thirsty loungers drink in long, cool draughts of water that flashes with a thousand diamonds in the burning light of the sun. The whole court is paved with tiny round stones, arranged in spiral patterns, but nearly concealed from view by a velvet carpet of moss. It is a place in which to stretch out one's weary limbs full length, sheltered by green leaves from the noonday heat, and listen to the tinkling of ever-falling waters, the swelling strains of the organ, and the half gay, half melancholy refrain of the *seguidilla*, declaimed rather than sung to the light, feathery, accompaniment of a guitar by some wandering musician, crouched in the shadow of the great bow that arches in the entrance to that charmed ground; to forget the world of railways, breechloaders, and fallen and falling princes, and dream oneself back into the poetic age of the great Oriental artists and warriors who won Spain at point of sword and lance, only to enrich it with the whole wealth of their romantic natures, and then resign it to a barbarous race whose bitter and blind fanaticism has for six centuries been employed in mar-ring or wholly undoing the glorious works of its former conquerors and rulers.

After leaving the cathedral, I strayed across the



plateau overlooking the town walls and the Guadalquivir, the Moorish bridge and Moorish mills, the massive towers and strong battlements of the city, birth-place of Seneca and Lucan, fosterer of the arts and sciences, proud seat of the proudest dynasty that ever ruled a subdued country with generous and magnificent sway. This plateau is encumbered with a horrible monument called El Trionfo, and erected in honour of Raphael, patron saint of Cordova, by a Cardinal Quelconque, whose name had better be forgotten. The stately old bridge of sixteen spacious arches was originally built by Octavius Cæsar, but, having fallen into decay in the eighth century, was reconstructed upon its first foundations by a Kaliph of Cordova. At its further end rises an enormous Moorish tower, excellently preserved; and down in the river bed, to its right and left, stand several deserted Moorish mills, each of which might have been a fortress, judging by the solidity of their walls. A few *majos*, armed with long, single-barrelled guns, of which the stocks were curved and curiously covered with carvings, were lounging over the bridge, intent upon shooting cock-a-yoly birds, and accompanied by their bright-eyed sweethearts. Besides these there was not a soul to be seen; nor did I meet ten persons during my whole day's peregrinations in Cordova.

Reluctantly leaving the plateau, whence the view seemed to me to be an epitome of Spanish romance, the Cid ballads, and the poetry of the East, I visited the new Alcazar, built in 1328, on the ruins of the stately palace of the Moorish kings. It was for many years devoted to the service of the Holy Office (Inquisition),

but is now used as a prison, and is fallen into decay. From the top of its central tower, the whole panorama of Cordova and the surrounding hills and valleys is commanded. The prisoners enjoyed a very easy life in this gaol; two fellows who had recently murdered a man for the sake of obtaining about fifty pounds, cut off his head, and hid it in a well near the Mosque, were pointed out to me by the head gaoler, walking up and down a gravelled enclosure, arm-in-arm, smoking their *papelitos* and conversing with great animation. They were scarcely guarded, and nothing seemed easier than that they should escape when they pleased. I asked the *caballero* with the huge bunch of keys why they didn't; upon which, with a humorous smile, he replied, "Because they are so good-natured, very appreciable, Sir! (*muy apreciable, Señor*);" or, the French idiom being closer to the Spanish than ours, "*Parcequ'ils sont d'un si bon naturel!*" Under the walls of the men's prison are the tangled remains of what were once the luxurious gardens of the Alcazar; all the marble baths, artificial waterworks, gigantic cisterns, are destroyed or choked up; the costly machine for raising water from the Guadalquivir was destroyed in the reign of Isabel the Catholic, because the noise it made at night prevented her pious Majesty from sleeping after the religious exercises of the day. There are still two fine fish-ponds, however, last relics of Moorish prodigality, in which enormous mullet disport themselves, and attain fabulous ages.

Malaga is a wonderfully interesting place to any foreigner, especially an Englishman, who, not being an

artist or a poet, may deem that the real significance of a town is, not the bricks and mortar, marble and wood, of which, combined in more or less curious forms, it may be constructed, but the men who inhabit it, and the degree of social progress or commercial development which those men represent. It is a place deriving its prosperity from trade, transacted almost exclusively with Great Britain and the United States. Its leading families have all more or less received an infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood; a pleasant clannishness and genial hospitality are characteristics of its better society. Of the hundred and fifty or so members of the aristocratic club—into which Englishmen are received with a heartiness to which I have experienced no parallel in the thirty or forty foreign clubs of which I am an honorary member—not more than twenty are unacquainted with our language, and a large majority of the remainder speak it with marvellous fluency and idiomatic correctness. Indeed, most of the *jeunesse dorée* of Malaga have been educated at public schools in England. I need but mention the names of Oyarzabal, Heredia, Larios, Orueta, Loring, Clemens, Crooke, Howard, to recall the Malageños to many of my compatriots who have duly fought and fagged with the very good fellows who bear those appellations, and who—all of them wealthy men of business in Malaga—entertain the most kindly feelings towards the dear old country in which they learnt to make Latin verses and play football. Let any Englishman, decently accredited, present himself to any of these Anglo-Spaniards; if he be only inoffensive, without being even positively agreeable, he

may be assured of a genuine welcome—nay, of being overwhelmed with kindnesses that, unless he be indeed an ungrateful dog, he will not easily forget. In three days he will know everybody worth knowing; will be jovially menaced with tremendous penalties if he do not call his acquaintances by their Christian names; will be invited out night after night (and not to a cigarette and a glass of cold water, as in Madrid); will have carriages placed at his disposal; will, in fact, be petted and made much of by all the world. The only difficulty he will experience will be in fulfilling his pleasure engagements and in obtaining permission to pay for anything he may consume in any place of public entertainment. The hospitality of the Malaga merchants is positively unbounded, and their habits of living contrast remarkably with the painful frugality and *farouche* reserve of the Castillaños.

The *villeggiatura* life that prevails round Malaga in summer and autumn is nearer that of the English country-house than anything I have elsewhere encountered abroad. The differences are all pleasant ones. Your croquet-ground or lawn-tennis court, for instance, is surrounded and deliciously shaded by palm and banana trees; your billiard-room is skirted by a marble terrace inlaid with beds of bright-coloured, languidly-scented tropical flowers, and with translucent fountains; perhaps it is built upon arches over an enormous reservoir of water, kept constantly in motion by streams coaxed down from the mountain-springs in huge brick-conduits. You breakfast in a trellised gallery, sheltered from the hot sun by a thick roof of

tangled vegetation, gemmed with countless flower-bells, or in the branches of a giant tree, amongst which a tiny platform has been cunningly fashioned and furnished with seats, which are half nature, half upholstery. Are you thirsty? Pluck one or two of those ripe bananas, a custard apple, or a bursting prickly pear—they are all growing within a yard or two of your luxurious lounge.

I drove out one autumn afternoon in 1868 with a friend, to the *haciendas* of Heredia and the Concepcion, about two miles from Malaga. Our road lay along the bed of a river which had become a foaming torrent, so magical had been the effect of four-and-twenty hours' rain upon that strange land. For eight months scarcely a shower had fallen; the wells in and about Malaga were nearly all dried up, and the country was suffering terribly from drought. It was estimated that this rainfall would benefit the district immediately surrounding Malaga to the tune of some £300,000! About half a mile from the town this river-road, then impassable, plunged into a gorge of the richly-tinted, billowy mountain range upon which grew the luscious grapes that, converted into tawny wine or purple raisins, take their respective titles from Malaga; the hills were dotted even to their crowns with gleaming white villas, set in wooded parks and gay parterres, the summer retreats of the Malageño aristocracy. As we penetrated farther into this gorge we met scores of peasants, some on foot and some on donkeys, the favourite mounted position being a sort of balance on the animal's hind quarters, with the legs resting on the upper curve of his ribs. All these men were armed

with long single-barrelled guns, straight-stocked, and highly ornamented; some of the donkey riders carried two, one slung to each holster, and constituting, with the deadly navaja, a pretty fair armament for a quiet afternoon's ride. On entering the precincts of the *hacienda*, we first passed through a plantation of sugar-canes, then through a large grove of orange-trees laden with glowing, perfumed, juicy fruit-globes, into winding walks fringed with azaleas, rhododendron, and a hundred tropical plants of which even the names were unknown to me. By and by we arrived at the foot of a cascade that fell into a basin of rock through a screen of aquatic creepers, its pellucid streamlets filtering through a wilderness of thick, fleshy green leaves and strange neutral-coloured flowers, to which huge, clear drops clung obstinately, flashing like any diamonds in the sun, and would not be washed away. Terrace above terrace was clad in rainbow hues, from dusky red to dazzling white, passing through every shade of green, purple and blue; magnolias scented the air, and their waxen petals were reflected in glassy pools through which a golden or silvered ray darted from time to time, with fins and tail glittering like burnished metal. The house itself was built of white stone, with immensely thick walls to keep out the killing summer heats; it stood on a gravelled plateau bound in marble, and cut out of the hill-side, which sprang upwards, clothed with vineyards, at its back. Such a *hacienda* is, I believe, the nearest approach to a terrestrial paradise extant. From the Concepcion we drove back, our carriage filled with bananas and other tropical fruits, to

Malaga, by the sea shore, past old Moorish towers, a noble hospital bequeathed by an Englishman to the poor of the town, the ancient fortress that frowns upon the port, the mole, and the long straggling suburb which adjoins the southern side of the city. As we reached the Alameda it began to rain, and did not cease pouring all that night and the following day ; so that next evening the road along which we had driven but thirty-six hours previously had entirely disappeared, and in its place might be seen a roaring, angry yellow flood rushing down to the sea.

Amongst the commercial lions of Malaga are Loring's magnificent sugar refineries and cellars of fine Montillo wines—those aromatic vintages with which amber Xeres is "amontillado," or converted into a high-classed sherry known throughout Europe by that participle—exquisitely fragrant and delicate in flavour. The almond and raisin trade of Malaga is also not without a melancholy and touching interest to a wanderer in many lands, whose reminiscences of plum-pudding are fast fading away in the dim vistas of Time. There are raisins and raisins—some of gigantic size and wondrous lusciousness, that I was told went to England, though I had never seen such splendid fellows sold in the London shops ; others, which I recognized as the raisins of my youth, hard to stone at Christmas time, and ineffably sticky ; others, again, meek—or shall I say mean little raisins, exported in hundreds of thousand pound-weights to the "territory that is wrapped in the star-spangled banner," as an American friend of mine will have it. All the worst Malaga wines are also

shipped to the States, where they are retailed at enormous prices. The packing of the raisins and almonds is a business entirely confided to women, and the "stores" in which the operation in question is carried out are capital places for the calm and contemplative study of the type of beauty prevalent in Andalusia—a very striking one. An eccentric and somewhat comical mode of giving a gentle hint to a stranger that he is expected to pay his footing in a sorting and packing store obtains in Malaga, where it is hallowed by long custom. I was strolling through Mr. Howard's establishment one day, and, I confess, was lost in admiration of the picturesque groups gathered round the smart-looking raisin boxes that were fast filling under the agency of so many deft and nimble fingers, when the prettiest girl in the room, suddenly crouching down in her place, whipped off her garter with singular dexterity, and approaching me with a saucy smile on her handsome face, bound it swiftly round my arm ere I had time to defend myself, even had I been inclined to do so. Being totally unacquainted with the customs of the country, I appealed for an explanation of this rite to my companion, who told me that the "liga" was a lure or springe from which the only creditable means of extrication was the ransom of a silver dollar. Having conformed to the tradition, I considered myself justified in carrying off the "liga," which I retain as a trophy honourably acquired. "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

In the almond-sorting department I was made acquainted with a secret of the trade, which I hereby



fearlessly unfold to the public at large. There is in every basket of almonds a considerable number of the shelled ones that have been chipped, cracked, or otherwise damaged. These are scrupulously sorted out and conveyed to a large, low table, round which are squatted half-a-dozen women, far less comely than the raisin houris. Before each woman is a pile of the damaged almonds, a little jar of liquid gum, and a tiny mound of brown dust, gathered from the inside of the almond shells; by her side a basket, and in her dexter hand a camel's-hair brush. Her business, year in year out, is to pick up almonds from her pile (which is constantly being fed by an attendant), paint over the damaged place with gum, and dip it into the mound of brown dust. She then brushes off the superfluous grains of powder, and drops the apparently perfect almond into her basket, the latter being emptied at intervals into a heap of shelled fruit that occupies a whole corner of the room. Economical and ingenious, is it not? In some establishments I believe a simpler and less adhesive liquid than gum is used in this department of the trade; the gum is a recent innovation, in fact, and it is one of which I highly approve.

At the hospital in Malaga, according to statistics with which I was supplied when in that town, four hundred and thirty-seven men, wounded by the *navaja*, were admitted and received surgical aid in the year 1867—a largish percentage of a population that numbers under thirty thousand, all told. Curiously enough, not one of them—not even one of those hurt to death and broken in courage by the terrors of approaching dissolution

—could be induced to reveal the name of the person who had stabbed him! On one occasion, after a free stabbing-match outside a wine-shop on the Alameda, at which I happened to be present, eight or ten were brought in at the same time, the whole batch scored with knife-wounds given and received during the brief but fierce encounter, and laid side by side in the “stab-ward”; the *escribano* employed in taking a *procès-verbal* of the affair interrogated a half-dead man as to the name of his assassin, who was actually lying within two feet of him, desperately prejudiced in his health by some half-dozen deep thrusts from an *albacete puñal*, and received the reply in my hearing, “Do you think, Señor Escribano, that I intend to make you as wise as myself?” Ten minutes later the chivalrous *majo* was a corpse. Dozens of cheerful-looking fellows might be seen about the streets of Malaga, each of whom was well known to have killed his man or men, and was respected accordingly; murder had never been proved against them, and so, as they naturally did not volunteer a confession of their deeds, the justice of Spain, such as it was, could not touch them.

Alicante is a dull, ugly, and bilious-looking seaport town, built in one of the most picturesque situations in Europe. It lies in the very centre and deepest recess of a magnificent bay, in which all the navies of the world might ride comfortably at anchor without risk of fouling or collisions. It is semi-engirdled by a chain of lofty mountains, rugged, brown, and presenting phenomenal eccentricities of outline to the eye. It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more imposing than the

aspect of this noble range, as viewed from any of the rocky vantage-points that abound in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, especially about the hour of sunset, when the whole gigantic stone amphitheatre, broken only by the deep blue sea into which its either spur projects with stern abruptness, is invested with a series of rich tints that change, chameleon-like, from tender pink to rosy red, purple to violet, deep brown to sombre gray. These mountains are not speckled with snowy-white *haciendas*, like those encircling Malaga, for several reasons. In the first place, they are inconveniently distant from the business residences of the rich Alicante merchants ; secondly, the roughness and irregularity of their surfaces render their upper regions difficult of access even to pedestrians, and puts building upon them quite out of the question ; and, thirdly, there is a glorious plateau, covered with fertile soil, and sweeping down to the edge of the tideless sea, within two miles of Alicante, upon which the wealthy residents have erected their summer residences in great number, and some of them in handsome style. These villas, generally built in the form of a square round a *patio* or garden of tropical plants, command from each of their four sides a view surpassingly lovely. The settlement is called San Juan.

The Malaga range, through which the traveller from Malaga must pass, is especially characterized by incongruities of shape the most astounding—overhanging rocks, awful rifts, ghastly chasms filled with mysterious blue haze, black tarns filling up enormous crevices with a dull sheen like unpolished marble, tawny waterfalls

that disappear in the bowels of the earth and turn up in the form of dusky streams where you least expect to see them, and a hundred other of nature's wildest whims bewilder and awe you as you traverse the weird pass. One of the mountains, through which a tunnel has been driven, is cleft asunder from base to summit in its very centre, and, the gap not having been bricked over by the engineers, you catch what seems to be a glimpse into another world as you roll laboriously through the split heart of the rock. Up, up on each side of the hideous rent, bridged over with iron, rise smooth, perpendicular masses of stone to a tremendous height ; and, down to apparently fathomless depths, beneath the wheels of your car yawns an abyss that might well be taken for the entrance to Pluto's dominions. The effect of the whole picture is, beyond everything, unearthly ; once seen, although not more than three seconds are allowed by the rate of travelling speed for its contemplation, it is ineffaceably impressed upon the memory. The Sierra Morena, too, imperfectly lighted up by a pale half-moon, abounds in romantic surprises—castellated ridges, gulfs of shadow, natural battlements piled up one above another, conical peaks that seem to pierce the clouds, noisy torrents that rush furiously past the line of way, and under the slender bridges that span the narrower gorges, their turbid waters turned, in appearance, to liquid fire, as the fierce light of the locomotive furnace glows down upon them.

Traversing these wonders about midnight was once upon a time a carriage full of Englishmen, in a state of great excitement at the wonders of the scenery. The

lamp having punctually gone out within half an hour of our start from Mendizabal, and the moon being in an embryotic and feeble condition, it was suggested that we should lighten our darkness with an illumination of wax matches; and accordingly four large boxes of those articles were expended, arranged in the cracks of the windows, &c., during the passage over the Sierra, much to the astonishment of the waymen on the line, whose shouts of alarm we could hear as we fled by their grim little stone houses—they must have thought the train was on fire. The object of this illumination, I need scarcely say, was “to see the scenery better;” and I leave my readers to imagine with what perfect success our efforts were crowned.

## CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAYS IN ROME—BRIGANDAGE IN THE  
PAPAL STATES NINETEEN YEARS AGO—ROMAN ANOMALIES—THE  
CAMPAGNA HUNT—BLEST BEASTS—A PROPAGANDA PERFORMANCE  
"LA BEFANA"—THE BAMBINS ON ITS ROUNDS—A STATE FUNERAL  
—THE ROMAN CARNIVAL—STREET RACING—HIGH JINKS IN A  
JESUIT COLLEGE.

Two Englishmen, naturally of cheerful dispositions and even temper, both of whom had got up by candle-light to secure places in St. Peter's for the grand religious ceremony to be performed there in celebration of the anniversary of Our Saviour's Nativity, met on Christmas morning, 1869, at the hour of seven in the breakfast-room of the Hôtel de Rome, which apartment, though adorned with frescoes of the liveliest description, looked unutterably gloomy under the influence of a semi-illumination. The gas burnt in that dismal manner which it invariably exhibits when the white of its flame is turned into dirty yellow by the pale light of dawning day; rain had been falling heavily all night, and the skies gave abundant promise of a further deluge—a promise which they honourably fulfilled an hour later; furniture was clammy to the touch, and a damp smell pervaded every part of the building; there was a chilly wind abroad, that sneaked into bedrooms,

corridors, and refectories, through all sorts of cracks and crannies, badly-fitting window-frames, imperfectly-closing doors and cracked panes of glass, and toyed spitefully with the back of your neck, with your ear, or any other specially vulnerable part of your economy. The Englishmen nodded sadly, not to say gruffly, at one another, after the custom of their nation ; and one of them, suddenly struck by the remembrance of the anniversary, and unwittingly shivering at the thought of the physical misery he was enduring, said to the other in a sepulchral and lugubrious voice, "Merry Christmas, old man !" His friend looked up at him from the pliable toast and tepid egg upon which he had been engaged, and was about to reply to the jovial imprecation in the words hallowed by long tradition, "The same to you, and many of them !" when the deep mournfulness expressed upon his interlocutor's countenance froze the kindly words upon his lips, and caused him to give utterance in their stead to a hollow laugh, that but too faithfully betokened a broken spirit. A merry Christmas, indeed ! ever so many hundred miles away from home in a dirty city, reeking like a wet sponge—a city never more than half alive, under the most favourable conditions of climate and seasons, and just then, thanks to Santa Bibbiana, at the lowest ebb of its flickering vitality—with the barometer apparently gone mad beyond cure on the subject of rain ; the inevitable horrors of an ecclesiastical field-day at St. Peter's hanging over one's sleepy head ; the discordant twang of the midnight intonings at San Luigi dei Francesi still ringing in one's ears ; the certainty of cold hands, the

prospect of wet feet, and the "biled owl" state of feeling developed, morally and physically, to the highest bearable degree! A merry Christmas in Rome! Between the merriment of that Roman Christmas and the gloom of settled despair, what was the appreciable difference?

A week later the Old Year died out amidst pealing of bells, chanting of choristers, and the harmonious lowings of deep diapasons; dismally enough, however, for many of Rome's temporary tenants, who, like myself, were for the nonce dwellers amongst strangers. The special religious ceremonies with which the Christmas week had been almost exclusively occupied, and which had kept the floating population of the Eternal City wandering about from church to church at all hours of the day and night ever since the evening of the *Vigilia di Natale*, were wound up at midnight by a service of thanksgiving, performed at every place of worship simultaneously; so that sightseers were late at breakfast next morning. In Roman families the New Year was ushered in with *champagnate*, hand-shakings, and embracings; in the Eternal City, as in England, the anniversary is observed and celebrated with merriment and libations; but the festivity is confined to the domestic circle. "*Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum*," as Catullus enjoins, is the maxim of modern Romans on New Year's Eve; foreigners or mere acquaintances, naturally enough, are not bidden to take part in such intimate revelry. Wherefore, we English and American "barbarians," as a rule, spent the last night of the Old Year either on foot in sweltering churches, inhaling faint incense and



strong garlic, and listening miserably to dull music, badly sung, or in our chilly hôtels, listening sadly enough to the noisy bells that filled the clear, cold starlight sky with jangling clamour. For us, no one filled high the flowing or any other kind of bowl; we drank no healths, sang no old songs, and sat round no cheerful fire, but shivered solemnly in our respective rooms, and thought, as pleasantly as we could under the circumstances, of "absent friends" and "sweethearts and wives," although it was not Saturday night. There was a grand concert at the Sala Dantesca, but I had not the heart to go to it. Everybody Roman was there, except a few elect Borbonissimi who were dining at the Countess Trapani's; and a sprightly Archbishop, Haynald of Kalocza, himself no mean *dilettante* of the Queen Art, whom I met on the chief stair of my hôtel as I was creeping up to bed, told me that Sgambati's performance had been "Wondrously beautiful! Something extraordinary!" He was the only prelate there—all the rest of the pious seven hundred were engaged in the religious rites of the evening, at an average of about two per Roman church. Music had set in, for Rome, with great severity; music not altogether classical, but mixed and mitigated. We were promised two concerts a week until Lent; perhaps a stringed quartet, to temper the boisterous gaiety of Carnival, and make the Roman nobles yawn. There was to be a good deal of Liszt, a sprinkling of Haydn and Mozart, perhaps here and there a stanza or two from one of Beethoven's musical poems, much Rossini, and more Verdi. Schubert was a sealed book twenty years ago to those whose lot was cast among the

Seven Hills; of Wagner and Schumann they had never heard. The "Tordinone" had turned out such an utter failure that season, however, that the concerts were crowded, and society mourned in due time over the "dulness and intricacy" of chamber-music as bitterly as it had thitherto reviled and protested against the *orrore ed infamia* of the pitiable representations provided nightly for its recreation at the Apollo. Theatres, at that time, were only tolerated in Rome, not allowed; their programmes were not printed in the daily papers; their existence was virtually ignored by the clergy. The toleration of such abominations as the public was expected to listen to gratefully seemed, indeed, to be rather a punishment than a favour—an ingenious method of convincing the laity that the desire for amusement was *Vanitas vanitatum*. Still, the drama—lyrical, Terpsichorean, or otherwise—was under the control of the Vicariato, which regularly posted Papal dragoons along all the approaches to the theatres, with the kindly object of preventing any hack-cab from plying for the convenience of those music-lovers who were not fortunate enough to be "carriage people," when the curtain had fallen at the end of the fourth act, and the rain was streaming down in torrents. Who should dare to complain to the Vicariato? What! we were allowed to indulge our vile passion for lights, warmth, company, and secular strains that told of love, murder, duelling, and other uncanonical practices; and we presumed to be dissatisfied because, forsooth, the singers engaged by the *impresario* were ignorant, voiceless supernumeraries, and because we were compelled to walk home in the wet! Was

ever such ingratitude? *Aussi*, nobody did complain; or, if he did, it was in a cautious whisper, and only to persons of whose discretion he was assured.

With the New Year the reign of Santa Bibbiana came to an end, or, rather, she was untimely dethroned; and the Pagan usurper, glad Phœbus, took the reins of climatic government into his own hands. At Christmas-tide the floodgates of Heaven were still open, and rain had not ceased to fall for seven days and nights. The Tiber had slopped over into the Via Ripetta, and threatened to turn the Opera-house into an island; there were eighteen inches of water in the long, narrow vicolo that ekes out the Via dell'Orso towards the bridge of Sant' Angelo; and already a huge stage had been erected, level with the foyer of the Apollo—which, as in most Italian and Spanish theatres, is on the first floor—at one end, and sloping down gradually for about sixty yards to the roadway of a small side street situate on a gentle rise. This stage was intended to serve as a means of entrance when the Opera-house should be as an ark on the face of the waters. We had no gondolas in Rome, and if we had they would have been available for one door only of the Tordinone, opening riverwards from the “mezzanin”; the ground-floor portals would all have had to be barred and defended from inwards against the inundation. When the stage was nearly completed, and the weather-wise had declared that, if the rain lasted another night and day, we should be able to row up and down the Corso, and take steamboat from the Piazza del Popolo to the Coliseum, suddenly the wind changed. From Scirocco we fell into Tramontana; a biting breeze

swept through the city, the streets dried as if by magic ; the Tiber curled himself up in his bed ; the sun shone out by day and the stars by night ; and those who gloomily reckoned upon a repetition of the incidents of '38 were joyfully disappointed. That very afternoon, as if by common consent, and to celebrate the change, "long wished-for, come at last," all Rome turned out and thronged to the Pincio. I have never seen a gayer sight than that prettily carved and decorated hill presented at about half-past three p.m., when I reached its summit. The ladies had arrayed themselves in their most effective winter toilettes, of bright-coloured velvet and rich furs. Many of the equipages would have done credit to Hyde Park or the Bois. Uniforms, military and ecclesiastical, were scattered about in bewildering variety. Here was a scarlet cardinal, attended by two retainers in long cloaks and cocked hats ; there a group of dashing Zouave officers, in French gray turned up with red, gathered round a leash of bearded patriarchs, clad in flowing purple robes, enriched with gold embroidery. A dense mass of carriages, ten deep, filled up the oval space between the central front terrace and the *locus standi* of the band ; tubular bouquet holders, teeming with the choicest flowers of Roman and foreign female beauty. An hour before the sounding of the Angelus, the blowing of trumpets, the rolling of drums, and galloping of dragoons heralded the approach of the Holy Father, in grand gala, attended by his household. Pius the Ninth drove slowly up the winding slopes, and alighted at the corner of the upper terrace, whence he proceeded, at a smart walk, to the semi-

tropical parterre that adorns the plateau of the Pincian Hill. As he passed, thousands of ladies and gentlemen fell upon their knees on either side the road, although the mud was an inch deep, and large puddles still reminded us of the recent deluges. I saw a lovely young English girl open the door of the carriage in which she was seated, spring to the ground like a startled fawn, rush towards the Pontiff, force her way through the crowd, and throw herself at his feet in the middle of a small pool, to the eternal detriment of a delicate violet "costume." She got a special benediction however, and came back in a dreadful mess, but beaming with pride and happiness. The Papal stroll did not last long, and presently his Holiness, distributing blessings right and left, got into his splendid carriage, and drove off to the strains of the Pontifical hymn—a very pretty air, by the way.

There were certain things connected, if not with the Œcumenical Council, yet with the Papacy and its Government that came under our notice as hard, undeniable facts, and that were full of point and significance, as illustrating the critical position of the system which the Fathers of Catholicism were just then intent upon consolidating. Such a grim, indigestible, untoward *fait accompli* was the attempted murder of Signor Sinimberghi by brigands, within five miles of Rome. There was the Pope, about to assert his own infallibility, and the testimony of blood rose against him in his own domain—a wretched, poverty-stricken little territory, with scarcely the population of half a dozen London parishes—proclaiming that he, the

Infallible One, was not able to govern even his pitiful province in such wise that the lives and property of his most faithful subjects should enjoy the commonest security from the attacks of assassins and robbers. Did not such an incident as this—open brigandage, perpetrated within cannon-shot of the Pontiff's palace—turn the Council, and all that it may do, into a ghastly farce? How should he rule the world who could not rule his own house?

That brigandage in the Roman States was reduced to the shadow of its former dimensions was true enough. Since blood-money had been paid by the Pope to the peasants, the institution had dwindled, peaked, and pined; but none the less certainly in 1869 than ten years previously might a peaceful sportsman, traveller, or country gentleman be plundered, held to ransom, or murdered under the very walls of the Pontifical capital—none the less did Roman gentlemen, intending to stroll home through the streets of the Eternal City by night, after attending a party or a theatrical representation, arm themselves with loaded revolvers. For this fact I can personally vouch. The tariff of reward was still in force; and, since its first publication, the Pontifical Government had disbursed about £15,000 sterling to squadriglieri and contadini, at the rate of something like 500 francs for a captured—live—brigand, 800 for a bandit's head, 1200 for a live "captain," 1500 for a captain's head, and so forth. Many a head had been brought in and paid for, the first proprietor of which had had much less to do with brigandage than his decapitator. A private feud, a

domestic disagreement, or a family arrangement, made with a view to benefiting by the reward, brought many a stout *paesano* to the knife when he least expected it. Nevertheless, despite the thinning of brigand ranks, and the weeding out of unpopular persons in the mountain villages, enough was left of the genuine knights of the road to turn a shooting party or a pleasure excursion into a bloody tragedy.

I was talking with a Roman gentleman one day about this iniquity, as well as a few others resulting from the infamous administration of justice that obtained in the misgoverned Papal States, and he told me a few choice anecdotes of *brigantaggio*, one of which I reproduce, having ascertained it to be, in every detail, authentic. Some years previously one of Prince Orsini's land stewards had been taken, and carried off to the hills, his capture being subsequently signified, in the usual manner, to his employer. At a certain appointed time, an ambassador was sent out to a "neutral territory" to treat with the bandits, who had authorized *their* plenipotentiary to demand, as their prisoner's ransom, so much money—I forget the exact sum—and two hundred loaves of bread, ten barrels of wine, fifty rifles, two thousand ball cartridges, and—guess what!—twenty good watches, of which they said they stood in peculiar need! They circumstantially prescribed the dimensions of the rifle-bore they wished to have, and the size of the cartridges. They further required that all their old watches, which had got badly out of order, should be taken to Rome by the Prince's agent, there repaired, and brought back to them "as good as new."

His Excellency communicated this demand to the Papal authorities, who shrugged their shoulders, smiled apologetically, and said, "If, Altezza, you want your *fattore*, or agent, back again, perhaps you had better give these scoundrels what they ask for. We can do nothing for him." Accordingly, as the steward was an honest and useful servant, the Prince caused all the "objects" in question to be purchased, had the watches of the band repaired in the best style, paid the money, consigned the new goods and the mended timekeepers through his *mediatore*, and thus ransomed his retainer. Not the least comic part of this true story—which sounds like a joke, but is an exact relation of facts—is that the *fattore*, who was returned in very bad condition, half dazed with fright, privation, and compulsory nocturnal exercise—for the band always kept moving, and changed its quarters at night—was not unfrequently at Rome on business, and when there almost invariably met one or two of his former hosts in the streets, who greeted him affectionately, made him stand drink in a wine-shop, called him the best of good fellows, and never failed to say to him, in a jesting manner that congealed his blood, "Mind you never mention us to anybody, as it might get you into trouble; and we are so fond of you that we should be in despair were anything to happen to you." The poor man's life was one long torture, lest somebody else should inform against his friends, and they should attribute their "misfortune" to him, in which case his days would, he knew too well, be numbered. Talk of Damocles and the suspended sword! I dare say he got accustomed to it after a time, and felt



quite sure that the thread would hold out, at least for his time; but Prince Orsini's poor *fattore* was never certain from one day to another whether he would be murdered "by mistake" or not.

Rome under the Papacy was a gorgeous, miserable, lively, dull, fascinating, depressing, and above all, puzzling place. It was full of contradictions. The longer you lived in it, the more you *didn't* know it. There was no other city in Europe the least resembling it. That, perhaps, which distinguished it from every other European town, was its unreality, which struck you forcibly when first you entered its walls, and grew upon you more and more with every day of your residence, until you got into a chronic and distracting state of doubt as to whether you were actually living in a genuine city, the abode of nineteenth-century men and women, and the seat of a regal Government, or whether you were undergoing a long, fantastic, and circumstantial dream, out of which you might at any moment wake to the realities of science, politics, and business—to the civilization of the present epoch. The contrast which enhanced your confusion at every step was pointed by gas, dim though it was, by Zouaves, by Paris bonnets and Milanese barouches, by jewellers' shops and powdered flunkeys, intermingled with the broken monuments and massive *débris*, overgrown by lichens, moss, and saxifrage, of that Rome which was once the capital of the world, the Empress City, the centre of art, chivalry, luxury, and learning before the beginning of our era. For old Rome—not the Rome of the popes, but of the Cæsars—cropped up irrepressibly, walk whither you would, and

suppressed centuries by dozens, to your dazed apprehension as if they had been seconds.

Say that you grappled a gas-lamp, and persuaded yourself you were safe anchored amongst the Latter Days—hard by was a shattered column that cast you adrift into the troubled seas of the præ-Christian era ere you had time to think of the Œcumenical Council or the Irish Land Bill. Or you took a cab in the Corso, just in front of a convincing shop, all that was most prosaic and 1870, with “English spoken here” on a pane of glass, and a dirty policeman lounging over against the open doorway—you took this cab, I say, confirmed for the moment in your sense of modernness, and ejaculating “Al Pincio,” drove away towards the Porta del Popolo, with a comfortable feeling of belonging, after all, to your own proper cycle. In at a gate you turned, to your right, and ascended a gravelled slope amidst tropical plants, unfamiliar, somehow, to your notions, already become somewhat vague and loose, of Europe, civilization, the month of January, and revealed religion. Presently your confidence in yourself was shaken to the roots by an enormous *alto rilievo* of gods and heroes that flashed upon you in purity of colour and form and antique vigour of expression, from the dusky wall of a raised terrace; in a minute more you passed between two huge pillars, from the sides of which sprout in stone the beaks of Roman galleys, and you were irretrievably lost to actualities—for all you knew, your name might be Sestertius Duodecimus, *cives Romanus*, on your way to the Forum or the Thermæ, to chat about the expedition to Britain, or the latest news

from the colonist legion that had just settled down in the fertile trans-Danubian plains, after having built the great road along the river bank, past the towers of Severus and Mogarel; aye and hewn miles of it out of the living rock, and thrown a bridge over the mighty stream where it is half a mile broad.

Or you got notice from the club that there was to be a grand meet at the Osteria del Curato, or the tomb of Cecilia Metella, and straightway hied you to a livery stable, where you chose something as near a quadruped as could be expected in Pontifical latitudes, and ordered him for next morning at ten precisely outside the Porta San Giovanni, or the Porta San Sebastiano, as the case might be. "Modern enough, this, in all conscience," you muttered, distrustfully, to yourself, as you screwed yourself into corduroys, tops, and haply a garment of stained scarlet, that said next morning.

And the hunt, though its reality was gravely prejudiced by the hoary finger-posts of history that crowd the Campagna upon which its members used to assemble twice a week, was a brave sight—one especially gladdening to the heart of an Englishman. What if the majority of the horses were a little weedy and given to slackness in the loins—if the pack were *tout ce qu'il y a du plus* scratch—if even many of the gallant sportsmen were manifestly less at ease in the saddle than when lounging languidly but gracefully amongst the squab stone pillars in front of the Pincio palm? The *tout ensemble* of the meet was eminently picturesque, gay, and stirring; pretty girls were sprinkled amongst the squadron of horsemen, pervading that heterogeneous

mass with a leaven of grace and beauty ; a few scarlet coats supplied colour, and stood out in bold relief from the dull tints of the sodden Campagna. Carriages crowded the road that cleaves straight as an arrow's flight through the waste of barren fields immediately surrounding Rome, and groups of moustached coachmen and lackeys pledged one another with a Southern courtesy that was interlarded with strange oaths—in which Paganism and Christianity were curiously blended—in the purple, astringent wine of the neighbouring hills ; brightly dressed ladies and extensively got-up men streamed away over the russet-hued pastures towards vantage points—queerly shaped lumps of ruined brick-work, mounds that seemed to have been thrown up by prædiluvian moles, as big as Megalosauri, stone walls hidden under parasitical growths, and such like—whence they might command a comprehensive view of the huntsman's operations—the casts, the find, and the run.

I was a little late at the last meet of the 1870 season, near the Osteria del Curato, half-way to Frascati, and the hounds were already busy, but had not found ; a lovelier day is seldom seen in our brumous isle during an English July than that which welcomed the votaries of “le sport” to the Campagna on that Roman January morning. Frascati shone out from its dark hill-side like a marble mosaic set in malachite ; and the dome of St. Peter's loomed lustrously over the distant city, like a huge inverted balloon, held to earth by some invisible agency. The mere hunting was nothing to speak of—not to be taken *au grand sérieux*, at least—but the

accessories, natural and artistic, were enchanting. And yet, looking around one upon comparative desolation, expressed in a thousand ways, but in none more undeniably than in the expanse of fat, spongy soil stretching away in every direction for miles to the far hills, utterly uncultivated, abandoned, and vacant, save where a few undersized sheep were engaged in melancholy browsing, one involuntarily asked oneself, what other capital city of Europe was or could be thus environed with decay and unproductiveness? Why should Rome, alone, of all human centres, have not only stood still for centuries, but retrograded? That was a problem, the key to the solution of which was kept in the Vatican. The Œcumenical Councillors could have told us all about it if they had chosen to.

The 7th of January, 1870, was a day to be marked with a white stone by professional—if I may venture to apply the term to many of my travelling countrymen—sightseers. No less than two curious spectacles, rivalling each other in attractions, were offered to the public that afternoon at nearly the same hour—one in front of Sant' Antonio, a small church near the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore; and one at the Propaganda College, in a chapel converted for the occasion into an auditorium. The first was the benediction of sundry horses, mules, donkeys, and little dogs, performed by a couple of not over-clean acolytes, armed with a form of prayer, a tub of holy water, and a besom of shavings, with which last weapon they asperged the animals freely. Many of the noble Romans—the Borghesi in particular—send their yearlings annually to be blessed; those who do not own

steeds claim the good offices of the Church for their carriage horses and beasts of burthen. Numbers of ladies were sitting in their carriages, at about three p.m., with pet pugs and fluffy Maltese in their laps, awaiting their turn for a sprinkle from the bucket. It was a fashionable day devoted to the more aristocratic quadrupeds; on the morrow the plebeian order came in for their share of the grace, and we saw long processions of rough colts and ragged asses trooping in from all parts of the Campagna, attended by their proprietors, who, judging from appearances, stood in far more urgent need of blessings, or indeed of anything that would soften their rugged natures, than did their pitiful-looking live stock.

The other ceremony, still more interesting than that performed at Sant'Antonio, was the first of the yearly series of recitations, orations, and musical performances in many tongues that serve to show off the forcing capabilities of the Propaganda College. The programme opened with the overture to "*Sonnambula*," fairly played by the orchestra; then came several recitations in verse by pupils ranging from twelve to twenty-one years of age; and in many cases these lads delivered their lines with admirable spirit and abundant gesticulation. As some of the compositions were in Coptic, Arabic, Senegambian, and the dialects of Memphis and Cairo, their meaning was not vividly apparent to the majority of the audience; but we were told that they had been mostly indited in honour of the late Pope, whom one of the youthful orators magniloquently described as "a second Christ—the Divine Redeemer of Mankind!" Presently

came the overture to "Cenerentola" as a *relevé*; and then a cantata, or "Inno," dedicated to Pius IX., and naturally full of his praises. The part-singing in this (executed by the scholars) was not at all bad; and the music itself insignificantly pretty, "composed for the occasion." Next followed a dozen or so more juvenile declaimers, in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Chinese, Hindostani, Persian, and the Mexican languages; the English poem, spoken by a bright boy of about fourteen, terminating in the following couplet:

We hope that God our labours will bless,  
And that our shadows may never grow less!

A sweet little bit of pious jocularly. Then came the overture to "William Tell" by the band, and the performances terminated. Only gentlemen were admitted. The morrow was to be the Propaganda Oaks or ladies' day, from which men would be as rigidly excluded as the fair sex had been on the previous afternoon. Upon inquiry I found that recitations were pronounced in no fewer than thirty-one languages, and that the linguistic resources of the establishment had not been nearly exhausted by such profuseness. Perhaps Oxford and Cambridge, not to mention our public schools, might take a hint or two from the Propaganda, which turns out so many accomplished modern linguists and facile orators. It is something to be taught how to express your ideas, if you have any, in the most effective manner; and a man who can speak and write with ease half-a-dozen languages is a six-fold man. Altogether the "exhibitions" afford abundant evidence that

the Propaganda College is a first-rate institution, and its pupils, although they have to work hard, looked as well and jolly, with few exceptions, when I saw them, as English schoolboys.

In the last year of the Temporal Power, the Eve of Epiphany was observed in a very peculiar manner by the inhabitants of Rome, high and low, rich and poor. In the immediate vicinity of the Pantheon is situated a small parish, or municipal district, called Sant' Eustachio, which enjoys the privilege, every 5th of January, of holding revelry within its precincts, comprising some half-a-dozen narrow streets and one or two murky Piazzes. There the Pontifical Romans used to perform a sort of High Jinks all through the night, consisting simply of howling, whistling, drumming, blowing tin trumpets and thumping tambourines with an energy and perseverance that no one would have given them credit for, whose experience of their character and habits had been limited to the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year. Stalls lined all the streets and lanes of the favoured parish; at these stalls might be purchased every variety of devilish invention for making a hideous noise that perverted ingenuity had thitherto compassed. Clay figures were to be had for five pence; they might have been meant to represent saints—so deformed, ugly, and gaudy were they—in which had been pierced gaping wounds with a musical purpose, in the oddest of physical situations. To blow into one of these painted earthen josses was to produce a ghastly moaning, or an eldritch screech, as the case might be; perhaps ten



thousand of them were made to utter these horrible sounds at one and the same time on Epiphany Eve, 1870. It was as though all the fiends of Hades had given rendezvous to the witches of the Brocken in "Sant'Eustachio," and had struck up an infernal pæan to greet them; whilst the witches, tweaking and pinching their familiar owls and cats, as a stimulant to vocal effort, were joyfully yelling at the top power of their leathern lungs. Nor was the spectacle presented by the excited crowd that thronged the dimly-lighted streets less strange and fantastic than the clamour assailing my ears as I approached the scene of the Befana. Torches, lanterns, and metal cups filled with spirit flared in a weird and fitful way on either side the narrow roadways; immense harlequins, lozenged all over with the most staring colours, huge wooden dolls, expressionless and stiff, tinted and indigestible cakes of eccentric form, paper balloons, and noise-generating toys, dangled from doorways, booth fronts, and pegs fixed to house-fronts to right and left, or even brandished aloft on stick ends, or thrust into your very face by brazen-throated hawkers at every step you took, forward or backward, through the dense, hustling, shouting, whistling, screaming, crowing, braying crowd. Every now and then a rush was made into the thickest of the fray by some blatant band of Roman youths, and I found myself surrounded by "Katzenmusik," with half-a-dozen large monotone trumpets, in full blare, levelled at my ears, and a leash of drums beaten frantically under my very nose. The great joke of never-failing humour, peculiar to the Befana, appeared

to consist in environing any respectably-dressed female so closely as to preclude all chance of escape, and squealing under her bonnet for a minute or two as if possessed of demons. It must not be imagined that this "Tone-Orgie," as a German friend of mine called it, was confined to the lower classes or to the larky young sprigs of the "calicôt" aristocracy. Old, staid gentlemen, in white chokers and gibuses, with barren dukedoms and plurality of quarterings as plainly expressed in their irreproachable *tenue* as if they had been clothed, back and breast, in funereal hatchments or herald tabards, were to be seen gravely worming their way through the throng, blowing a tin shawm or tapping a child's drum with as much solemnity of demeanour and concentration of purpose as though all else were vanity, and participation in the rites of the Befana the one worthy and honourable object of life.

The audiences of all the theatres—that is to say, the bulk of Roman fashionable society—turned out on foot, in burnous shawl and wrapper, to visit Sant'Eustachio; the shops in the Corso and many of the principal streets were open and ablaze with gaslight; troops of amateur minstrels marched round the Piazza playing, not inharmoniously, on guitars and mandolines, and singing "Stornelli" in chorus with pleasant voices; pretty girls and stately matrons, under strong escort, tripped or glided along, chatting volubly as is their wont on extraordinary expeditions, and contributing peal upon peal of silvery laughter to the *olla podrida* of nondescript noise that echoed through the grim old

town. And so the Befana had its wilful way from about nine p.m. on Epiphany Eve to seven a.m. the following morning. There was no fighting, no appreciable drunkenness, but little pocket-picking. How easy to govern a people that could be so easily amused, and that, submitting patiently to extortion, tyranny, and injustice such as would stir any other race to madness, was *più che contento* if allowed to yell and scream about a few dirty streets once a year! Surely the gentle temper that was at the bottom of this long endurance went far to qualify the Romans for a happier lot than had at that time fallen to them; in justice to them be it said that indolence is by no means the Alpha and Omega of their characters. No; they are kindly, amiable, and yielding—too much so for their own well-being. Besides, they are accustomed to their joke, irksome though it be; and of two evils choose that which habit has brought them to believe is the least. Nineteen years ago even their rare pleasures and national amusements had been clipped and curtailed by order of the Priest-King. No more “maschere” were allowed in the streets at Carnival; the “moccoletti” had been virtually extinguished; and there was talk of the Barb race in the Corso being omitted, for reasons best known to that enlightened, honest, and genial tribunal, the Vicariato. Scarcely anything with even the semblance of free fun remained to the etiolated descendants of Romulus and Remus, except the Befana; so it was not to be wondered at if they celebrated their solitary jubilee “strepitosissimamente.”

The Epiphany anniversary was a field-day for the

famous Bambino, reported to have been made by St. Luke, and to have walked all by itself from the catacombs of San Calisto—where it had been hidden by some rich lady, who had induced the Jesuits to swop it for a handsomer and costlier doll—back to its cradle at Ara Coeli. There it now reposes in a deep niche fashioned like a stable; cows, asses, and other “animals walking two by two—the nigger and the kangaroo,” are picturesquely grouped around the images of Mary, Joseph, and the Magi—all of which are profusely adorned with jewels and gold, rather out of keeping with the humbleness of the other accessories. Ara Coeli stands on a hill to the left of the Capitol, and is reached by about a hundred steep marble steps, much worn and perilously slippery. It is a large and very ugly church, with nothing particular to recommend it except the evident difficulty of approaching it, the mock stable-full of dolls above mentioned, and the amateur preaching, at certain seasons, of sundry infants, ranging from five to ten in age, who stand upon a board, and spout pious fables, learnt by rote, with a self-possession and clearness of articulation that are truly marvellous. Sometimes these prodigies conduct their teachings in the form of dialogue, and argue away at theological problems and questions of doctrine till their audiences sensibly diminish in number. They were hard at a performance of this class when I entered Ara Coeli, at about half-past three p.m.; but, luckily for me, the strains of the fire brigade band, which shortly afterwards took up ground near the high altar, drowned their disputatious squeaks, and “drew” the

public in another direction. Very pretty polkas, waltzes, and operatic selections did the gallant "*pompieri*" play; and all went merry as a marriage bell, till the organ and choir struck in with dismal chords, and the business of the procession commenced. Thrice was the Bambino reverently lifted from its repose on Mary's lap, carried round the church, and shown to the congregation. Twice was it taken out on the steps, and held aloft for inspection by some forty or fifty thousand people, gathered on the Piazza of Ara Coeli of the Campidoglio. As it appeared the whole throng sank to its knees—a striking effect viewed from the top of the lofty Scala. Rome is the city *par excellence* of picturesque crowds; my readers can fancy what a *coup d'œil* was presented by such a vast concourse of men and women, more than half their muster clad in gay colours, uniforms, or fancy dresses—the English for national costumes—rising and falling in enormous waves as the ruddy-checked Bambino was lifted or depressed by his bearer. Between the acts of this "mystery" we had plenty of "pump" music, laid on vigorously by turn-cocks and firemen, and propped up by strange rumblings from the organ. It was certainly the funniest medley of sounds and confusion of associations I ever underwent. Rub-a-dub-dub went the drums; then the Bambino was brought forward, starting the choristers into a paroxysm of minor fifths; boom! boom! went the pedal pipes of the organ—and bash! the cymbals of the band, ushering in a lively *trois temps* of Strauss, or a "Française" of Gungl. Of course the firemen got the best of it; but every now and then you could hear the "muckle

kist o' whistles " coughing out crude harmonies in a vain endeavour to stay the distance, and the droning, grunting choir, just cropping up all out of tune, to be swept instantly away in a flood of brazen blasts.

After an hour or so of this Pandemonium, we fled to the Pincio, where there was enough attraction in the way of lovely faces to reward us amply for all our *Ara Coeli* sufferings. We agreed that it was scarcely fair that the Princesses Bonaparte and Ruspoli should always drive together in one barouche ; they ought to have been spread over several carriages, and widely disseminated all about the Pincio, so that everybody could have seen them all at once ; two such enchanting visions coming upon you all at the same moment—it was too much ! Not that the Roman belles had it all their own way. No, indeed ; there were English and American ladies to be seen daily on that palm-crowned eminence, who might challenge competition throughout the four quarters of the globe. The Pincio was full of perils—it was, so to speak, the Tarpeian Rock and the Lovers' Leap amalgamated into one hill. It was a sight to see the condition to which many of our hardiest men—and we could show some pretty straight goers—were reduced as they wandered sadly down the slopes, and slunk along the Corso to dinner. Iron muscles and unexceptional top-coats offered but a mockery of resistance to the shafts lavished from such eyes as glanced at you from slowly rolling carriages on the upper terrace, whilst you lounged "on the rails"—which were stone posts, by the way—and gazed, and got hit hard, and gazed again ! There were no half measures about Roman ladies—

they looked right through you, if, haply, you were worth looking at; and I noticed that the fair, broad giants of the north were especially selected by them to *essuyer le feu*!

Due honours were paid by the Papal Government to the remains of his Imperial Highness the ex-Grand Duke of Tuscany, who died in the last week of January, 1870. The body was conveyed in state from the deceased Prince's house to the Santi Apostoli, escorted by a military force that could not have been far short of the whole Pontifical army. I happened to be dining with some friends in Lord Byron's old sitting-room—next to that in which Keats died—looking over the Piazza di Spagna, through which the funeral *cortège* defiled solemnly, with half-a-dozen military bands playing their respective “*Marches funèbres* ;” and so I saw the procession exceptionally well. First came half a troop of dragoons, bearing lighted torches; then a few sections of Gendarmes, also carrying flambeaux; and then a black velvet and gold state coach of Louis Quatorze shape, lined with white satin, and drawn by two magnificent stallions. In this coach, supported on the knees of ecclesiastics, was conveyed the corpse of the venerable Austrian Arch-Duke, in a richly decorated coffin of precious wood. Immediately following it came the Royal Ambassadorial, Cardinalian, and Senatorial equipages, headed by the Austrian Embassy's State carriage, and then the army, Antibes Legion and all, which took three-quarters of an hour to pass our window. The Zouaves mustered very strong, for I counted seven, if not eight battalions. There was all

the cavalry, and most of the artillery—no fewer than twelve guns—a lot of chasseurs, the splendid gendarm-erie, both mounted and on foot, a few sections of the Palatini, and some Guardie Nobili. Except the Swiss Guard, every arm of the Papal service was adequately represented; and the troops looked better in the flickering, mysterious torchlight than I had ever theretofore seen them. One could descry the red glare of the flambeaux moving slowly up the house-fronts on either side of the Via dei Condotti long before the respective detachments of torch-bearers leading each battalion, squadron, or battery had reached the huge Piazza, into which they successively debouched and, wheeling to the right, wound their way slowly along past the Propaganda, finally disappearing in the labyrinth of streets leading to the Fountain of Trevi. It was a dismal, but imposing spectacle, and Rome turned out *en masse* to witness it, the English and American colonists being, as usual, in a vast majority over the natives. Double and triple rows of carriages, filled with fair girls, stretched from Spithöver's fairly to the mouth of the Macelli. All the windows of the Piazza were crowded with ladies, ever curious to see "a sight," whether it be a wedding or a funeral, a review or a benediction, a people's fair or a Papal high mass. And thus, with bray of trumpets, clash of cymbals, and roll of drums, the former ruler of beautiful Tuscany—whose charming hospitality at the Pitti, in the "good old days," must be gratefully remembered by hundreds of Englishmen, and who, after all, for an Austrian Prince, was wonderfully Italian at heart—was borne away to the Santi Apostoli; where,



next morning, His Holiness, in person, conducted the religious ceremonies celebrated over his mortal remains, prior to their being removed to the family crypts of the Habsburg-Lorraine-Estes. The Pontiff's sonorous voice faltered as he pronounced the valedictory blessing upon the body of his old friend and contemporary.

The Grand Duke's death was a heavy blow to Pius IX., whose junior he was by six years, and who entertained a very sincere regard for Joseph John Leopold Maria Salvatore, &c. Both Princes had for a time been *Italianissimi*, and had—at least in their own opinions—suffered severely from the effects of popular ingratitude. His Imperial Highness was a devout Catholic, and as charitable as he was amiable; whilst he reigned in Florence he was an active member of the principal Confraternità, and often, when the summons of his particular association reached him at a State banquet, ball, or reception, would quietly leave his guests to the care of his chamberlains, and, donning the hood, gown, rope, and lantern of the order, aid in conveying the body of some poor Florentine to its last home, or in performing some other function of Christian mercy. The Tuscans liked him well, whilst abhorring his Government, and it is seldom that an exiled Prince leaves behind him in his quondam realms as many well-wishers as did Leopold the Austrian. I need scarcely say that the Church in which his obsequies were held was thronged with distinguished personages. Most of the Bourbons then in Rome were present at the ceremony; the young Duke of Parma, all the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers—except M. de Lavradio,

then actually *in extremis*, and next day dead—many Bishops, and the whole Roman Court, the Senators, Roman Princes, Neapolitan grandees, and a large number of distinguished foreigners. The coffin, covered with a gorgeous cloth-of-gold pall, upon which were arranged—on velvet cushions—the Archducal hat and other princely insignia of the deceased ex-sovereign, was surrounded by drooping banners and hatchments exhibiting the blazonings of half-a-dozen Imperial and Royal houses; horseguards, with ported arms, guarded the catafalque; and acolytes, bearing tall waxen tapers, were grouped picturesquely about the nave of the church. The ceremony lasted about an hour, and as soon as it was over the congregation dispersed, leaving the dead Archduke in his gorgeous shrine of gold, velvet, silk, and rare woods, to lie in state till nightfall, when he was removed to his palace.

On the 19th February, 1870, at half-past two in the afternoon, Rome went mad. In other words, the Carnival was opened in the usual manner, and the city gave itself up to an insane, purposeless, and tiresome revel, as thoroughly out of keeping with the spirit and character of the present age as the Hari-Kari, or Idol-worship. Whatever the Roman Carnival may have been in former years, when the Corso was crowded with maskers and brilliant equipages, when gigantic practical jokes, that had taken no end of time and *scudi* to mature, were brought out and played *coram populo*—when it was the privilege alike of the prince and of the peasant to deliver their souls of all accumulated jokes, grievances, and scandals of the past twelvemonth from

behind the impenetrable shield of incognito conferred by the domino and the mask, it is very certain that it had degenerated under the Papal *régime* into a mere pretext for the sale, at absurd prices, of plaster-of-Paris pellets and wild-flower nosegays in inconceivable quantities. The Alpha and Omega of the Roman Carnival, eighteen years ago, was—pelting! As for the “mosso,” or cavalry scamper, and the barb-races, for which it daily cleared the course, though they were pretty and fantastic sights enough, nobody cared a bit for them—they were rather voted a bore, as interfering with the real aim and end of the festival, namely, to pelt your fellow-creatures with as many mock comfits as you could afford to purchase for that purpose. What the Carnival meant to everybody who took an active part in it was this: throw comfits, throw comfits, throw more comfits. There were three ways of fulfilling the Whole Duty of Man (and Woman) during Carnival time in Rome. The first was, to hire a window or “loggia,” overlooking the Corso, suspend great wooden tanks or reservoirs full of *confetti* to your balcony, and pelt the crowd with those missiles, either by raining them down from tin scoops (much affected by ladies), or by hurling them with the full strength of your arm. The second was to clothe yourself in white or gray linen, hang a huge bag of *confetti* over your shoulder, cover your face with a wire gauze vizard, and discharge volleys of chalk at every window or carriage within range. The third was perhaps the most pleasant—certainly the most costly—namely, to hire a carriage and pair, fill the space between the seats with baskets and bags full of

comfits—stick up a ten-foot pole in the centre, garnished with bouquets, stand on the seats, accoutred in blouses and vizors, and throw at everybody, varying your projectile according to your mark. This manner of performing Carnival duties cost from £12 to £15 a day, and the soundest of sound peltings to boot. The more acquaintances you possessed—the greater your popularity in society—the worse for you during that desperate passage. It took you about an hour to get to the Piazza di Venezia from the Piazza del Popolo; and by the time you turned off at the Ripresa de' Barberi you were sore from head to foot, panting with exertion, and suffocated with the white dust given out by millions of *confetti*. The Roman upper classes took no part whatever in the war of *confetti*, save by letting off their house-fronts to the *forestieri*, at an average tariff of five francs per head per day. A few—very few—of the younger men belonging to society might be seen walking disdainfully along the Corso, amongst the *popolani*, Zouaves, Papal liners, and energetic Anglo-Saxons, that made up the bulk of the pedestrian crowd; but they threw nothing at anybody, and scorned even to protect their pallid, melancholy faces against the rain of plaster by a vizor, or to wrap their dainty garments in a linen shroud. Neither did the people, who were inconceivably dirty, ferocious-looking, and good-natured, do much, except make a noise, as if Bedlam had broken loose amongst them. It was our countrymen and our Transatlantic cousins, supplemented by a few exuberant Gauls, and honest, grinning, spectacled Teutons, who kept the *confetti* game alive,

and pegged away at one another, at the soldiers—despite Vicariate prohibitions—at the ladies in the windows, at the carriage-horses, at the stoical Roman youths, at the *squadriglieri* from the hills, and the gorgeous peasant-women from the villages round the Campagna—ay! and would, I doubt not, have pelted the Pope himself, had His Holiness driven past them in his State carriage. The only amusing feature of the whole silly business was the comic fury with which foreigners conducted themselves in the mimic fray of comfits. Their hand was against every man, and they went in for battle as if life or death had depended upon its issue. Every now and then an episode of great humour occurred—as, for instance, that of a stalwart American youth one afternoon, who took it into his head to attack with the licensed missiles of Carnival three officers of the Roman *Cacciatori*—by the way, they are called “*Cacciatori esteri*,” but number more Roman subjects than foreigners in their ranks. He had slung on an enormous sack of *confetti*, convenient to his right hand, and, from the vantage-ground of the kerbstone, he “let them have it” in famous style. There were some tremendously hot corners between San Carlo in Corso and the Piazza Colonna, nearly every window of which interval was garrisoned by Anglo-Saxons; but the hottest of all was at San Lorenzo in Lucina, where are situate the two great loggie of the Palazzo Fiano. These were held by a strong body of Englishmen, nine out of ten of whom, from their manner of throwing, I should say had played unlimited cricket at some period of their lives. Consequently, to pass the Fiano balconies was an undertaking of exceeding peril,

requiring brilliant intrepidity and stoical fortitude under suffering.

When the plaster-of-Paris combat was at its fiercest trumpets, drums, and the rolling of the great Capitol bell announced to us the approach of the grand municipal procession, with which, had traditions been strictly adhered to, the Carnival should have been opened. Not a nosegay or a comfit ought to have been thrown until this splendid *cortège* had made its accustomed rounds; but popular impatience—for popular, read Anglo-American—anticipated the inaugural ceremony by at least a couple of hours. It was nearly 5 o'clock before, headed by two military bands, the gallant civic train made its appearance under the protection of a strong cavalry escort—mounted gendarmes and Papal dragoons. First came the Senator, Prince Colonna, in a gorgeous sheriff's carriage, attended by running footmen in *cinque-cento* liveries, and accompanied by two pages of honour—young Roman noblemen. Then the eight embroidered banners, given by the communes as prizes for the eight barb-races, borne by yeomen in scarlet and amber justaucorps, beekeepers' hats, and light hose—one yellow, one red. After these, at a foot pace, followed the Counsellors and Conservators of Rome, in six more sheriffs' carriages. The costumes of these gentlemen were theatrically magnificent—cloth of gold, flowered silks, velvet, and white satin, ostrich feathers, and crimson rods tipped with precious metal. Shortly after they had gone by in all the gaudiness and pomp of mediæval princes, the first gun was fired to clear the Corso for the "*mosso*," which was the gayest, liveliest, and best executed spectacle of the whole day. A small

detachment of cavalry, under the command of a subaltern, started on unshod horses from the Popolo, and galloped *ventre à terre* the whole length of the Corso, as far as the Pedacchia and back again. The men kept their formation perfectly, and rode like Austrian Uhlans, which is saying a good deal. About five minutes later they reined in their panting chargers at the tribune, erected near the starting-point of the barbs, and announced that "the course was clear" (which it was not, for everybody crowded into the roadway when they had passed to look after them). A distant roar, that swelled up louder and louder every moment as the riderless horses scampered madly up the Corso, reached our ears, and we knew that the first race of Carnival had commenced. In a minute more the barbs flashed by us at an astounding rate, and dashing against the canvas wall stretched across the street at the Ripresa de' Barberi to stop them and serve as a winning-post, broke through it as if it had been made of silver paper. No fewer than four of them, including the winner, continued their "wild career" through tortuous streets and darksome *vicoli*, until they got fairly outside the walls, and were captured by suburbans.

The toilette of the barbs was fanciful enough, but must, I should think, have caused considerable physical irritation and mental confusion to the honest animals invested with it. Wings were attached to their shoulders and quarters—a sort of silken network was fitted to their bodies, and to this were attached by leather straps heavy balls of lead studded with sharp steel spikes that swung freely with every movement of their wearer, and goaded him to frantic efforts, which, made in the hope

of ridding himself of his prickly tormentors, only aggravated the force and rapidity of their punctuations. From the starting-point to the winning-post, the barbs had to pass between a double hedge of hooting, whistling, screeching, and clapping men and boys; before they had run half their distance, accordingly, they were all but mad with terror. As a rule they were thoroughbred screws, and scoured over their mile at a speed that would not have shamed a British plater. As soon as they were "home" the dragoons left their stations at the street-corners, the *confetti*-throwing ceased, and cabs poured into the Corso by hundreds; converting the bright brown gravel with which it had been strewn, *à propos des Barberi*, into gritty mud. Everybody trooped off as fast as might be to dress for dinner, and the round of night duty at Roman palaces, enlivened by a short interval of bad theatre and seven games of *écarté* at the club, *en passant*, was punctually entered upon.

Few mundane institutions would appear to an average Protestant intellect more opposed to one another in character and purpose than a Jesuit College and a theatre. The nearest approach we have in England to a fusion of such incongruities is Exeter Hall, alternate scene of "May Meetings" and Philharmonic Concerts. But the contrast these successive entertainments afford is not so very startling after all. There is, somehow or other—at least to the heretical mind—a less broad distinction between a cohort of High or Low Church parsons and the performers of a stringed quartet—even supposing the former to have a "call" of the most uncompromising character—than between the Society of



Jesus and a company of stage-players. I fancy the popular notions of Jesuits and their *modus vivendi*, as generally entertained in England, are somewhat loose and indefinite, because derived chiefly from the vivid but curiously incorrect descriptions of the Order contained in strongly flavoured, bitterly biassed contemporary romances. The Fates forbid that I should seriously essay to shake any deep-rooted British prejudice, amiable or unamiable; for a more ungrateful, hopeless task I can scarcely conceive; but I cannot disguise from myself the fact that, of all the Roman Catholic clergymen with whom I have had the pleasure of being personally acquainted—and their name is legion—the most intelligent, agreeable, and seemingly tolerant of other people's views have unquestionably been Jesuits. That they are the first missionaries in the world, even the “great gaslights of grace” in the Strand will hardly refuse to admit; a glance at the roster of martyrs for the last three centuries or so will sufficiently prove to their worst enemy how plentifully they have shed their blood *in partibus infidelium*, to fertilize the hard and barren soil over which they have strewed broadcast the seed of Christianity. Their learning is at least as indisputable as the dauntless courage and utter self-abnegation which they manifest in propagating the Gospel amongst the heathen; and it is, I suppose, because they are exceptionally erudite and cultivated men—although mainly recruited from the lower middle class of society—that so many Catholic noblemen and gentlemen in Italy and Spain confide the scions of their ancient houses to the Order of Jesus for education.

In February, 1870, I paid a long visit to the Jesuit

College of Mondragone, at Frascati, where some eighty young princes, dukes, marquises, and counts, from all parts of Italy, were received as pupils; and a brighter, gayer set of boys I had never seen in any public school, nor any more obviously and unaffectedly attached to their masters. It was at this College—formerly a country mansion of the Borghesi, three Principini of which patrician race were numbered amongst its scholars—that I witnessed a theatrical performance, some three hours long, consisting of a five-act comedy, and a “screaming” farce, given in a pretty little theatre attached to the principal school-room, and attended by as oddly constituted an audience as can well be imagined. Lords and ladies of high degree, Capuchin friars, noble Zouaves, Jesuit fathers, parti-coloured seminarians, and the whole upper and lower school, professors, teachers, Carthaginian and Roman prætors, decurions, centurions, and legionaries—for into two camps of classical organization, comprehending all the honorific distinctions of military rank that obtained in the Cæsarian age, were the juvenile collegians divided—made up a heterogeneous, but highly appreciative, assembly. The comedy selected for representation was, of course, one altogether forlorn of feminine *dramatis personæ*—*Il Barbière di Babù*, one of those slenderly constructed Italian plays which appear to be written entirely up to one character, or rather to one characteristic, thrown into such strong relief that it monopolizes the whole interest of the audience. Plot there was none—there seldom is in such pieces—but the leading part, that of an inveterate backbiter, was cleverly written and brilliantly acted. Between the acts, overtures and

incidental music were played by some of the young Mondragonists, amongst whom are one or two promising pianists—viz., Count Dieudonné Olivieri de Vernier (ætat. 14), M. d'Altemps (ætat. 12), and a Marchesino from Perugia, whose name I did not catch. After the comedy had terminated, amidst loud and prolonged applause, in which the Capuchins took the lead enthusiastically, we had *Come Finirà*, a favourite one-act farce, considerably altered, however, by the Reverend Fathers to whose censorship it had been submitted. Whenever, in the original, the word “marriage,” for instance, had occurred—and the whole point of the piece turns upon a matrimonial arrangement—“journey” had been substituted, which rather took the edge off some of the jokes, and caused them to assume about the significance and aptness of an idiot’s tale. Marriage, it would appear, comes under the category of words prohibited by the Church to be used in the presence of gentlemen of tender age ; and all the answer I got from one of the Fathers whom I questioned relative to the excisions and alterations perpetrated in the dialogue was, “Maxima debetur pueris reverentia.” What a treat it was to look at the fresh young faces, and listen to the bursts of ringing, happy laughter with which even the dullest jokes were greeted ; and how heartily the fine lads, whose ancestors were very likely in the genial habit of stabbing or poisoning one another “wherever met,” cheered any of their comrades who made a successful hit. There were few of the great baronial Roman families unrepresented at Mondragone—Orsini and Colonna, Caetani and Massimo, Buoncompagni and Ottobuoni construed irregular verbs, and played “pallone”

together, altogether oblivious of blood feuds, transmitted hatreds, and hereditary *vendette*.

The school itself stood upon the brow of a height some two hundred feet above the town of Frascati, and was approached through leafy woods and avenues of venerable trees, many of which were planted three centuries ago by Cardinal d'Altemps, who built the villa and laid out the grounds. It commanded a magnificent view of Rome and the Campagna, the coast, the Alban, and Sabine hills, Soracte, Monte Cimino, Monte Porzio, Monte Cavo, Monte Pila, Castel Gandolfo, Grotta Ferrata, and Marino, with a glimpse of the Volscian mountains afar off, towering above Monte de Fiori, Mentana, and Monte Rotondo. The chief residence, or "casino," was an enormous quadrangular building, very much resembling a cavalry barracks in reduced circumstances; it was pierced for no fewer than three hundred and seventy windows, and its central courtyard, used as a playground for the boys, was nearly as large as Lord's. Adjoining the Casino was the garden loggia, designed by Vignola, the portico of which, though much dilapidated, was still a magnificent specimen of sixteenth-century architecture. It was executed in travertine, and liberally ornamented with the dragon and eagle of the Borghesi. Facing it was a noble tilt-yard, terminating in a fountain that, like everything around it, was gone to rack and ruin. Fragments of mosaic still adhered to the face of the terrace opposite the portico, and might be discovered, under the thick mantle of moss, lichens, and saxifrage that Time had gathered round the stone basin, once teeming with limpid water, and now half filled with its own *débris*. What could have induced so

proud and wealthy a family as the Borghese to suffer this splendid villa to fall into such a lamentable state of decay? But for its enormous solidity of construction it must, long before I visited it, have tumbled into a heap of ruins; nor had the Jesuits done much to repair or set it in order.

It may interest some of my readers to make acquaintance with the daily routine of life observed by young Italian patricians in a model college belonging to the great Order. Rise at 6, in the summer months at 5; no tub, washing being considered unhealthy. Religious exercises till 7. Breakfast—coffee, bread, and butter—at 7.30. Mass, 8. Morning Mass, 8.30 till noon. Dinner at 12—five courses, pint of wine, and fruit. Recreation till 2. Afternoon class, 2 till 3.30. At 3.45, large slice of bread, apple or pear, and cake of chocolate. Studies with masters (extras) till 7. Supper at 7.15—soup, two sorts of meat, pasticceria, and wine. Bed at 9. The regular studies were Italian, Latin, Greek, philosophy, Church history, and theology; a little geography, and less mathematics. Extras comprehended French, German, English, music, and drawing, and were pretty expensive; indeed, each boy cost his parents about £130 a year—a large sum for schooling in Italy. The usual duration of each pupil's stay at the college was from five to six years, during which he was not allowed to go home for holidays. The boys were treated with the utmost kindness and consideration, although very strictly looked after, and appeared to be sincerely fond of their reverend instructors—the Grand Rector, Count Ponza di San Martino, a courtly and accomplished Piedmontese gentleman, being an especial favourite

amongst the collegians. As we drove up the hill from the railway station, which nestles in a tufa hollow some 600 feet beneath Mondragone, we encountered the main body of the upper school, under the care of two Fathers, enjoying a wild scamper in the woods that separate the villa from the town of Frascati. One of the latter gentlemen wore a beautiful black eye, conferred upon him during a war of snow-balls by a young Australian belonging to what we should call the sixth form, and the cock of the school in the matter of athletic exercises. There was a sort of football played on high days and holidays, but no "scrummages" were allowed, and the two sides were kept from actual contact by ropes stretched across the play-ground. Another game in great vogue consisted in "putting" a large hollow sphere through an iron ring just large enough to admit its passage; and this, to the scorn of the two or three English boys belonging to the college, was called *crickete*. There was a riding-school, too, attached to the loggia, but it was not much patronized by the Roman scholars, and the Fathers discouraged equitation as "dangerous." Every boy distinguishing himself in the monthly examinations was decorated with a handsome cross, suspended to his breast by a light blue ribbon, which he wore until some other fellow surpassed him in the specialty for which he had been rewarded; and no soldier could be prouder of his *croix d'honneur* than were those bright lads of their Order of Merit.

# MONARCHS I HAVE MET.

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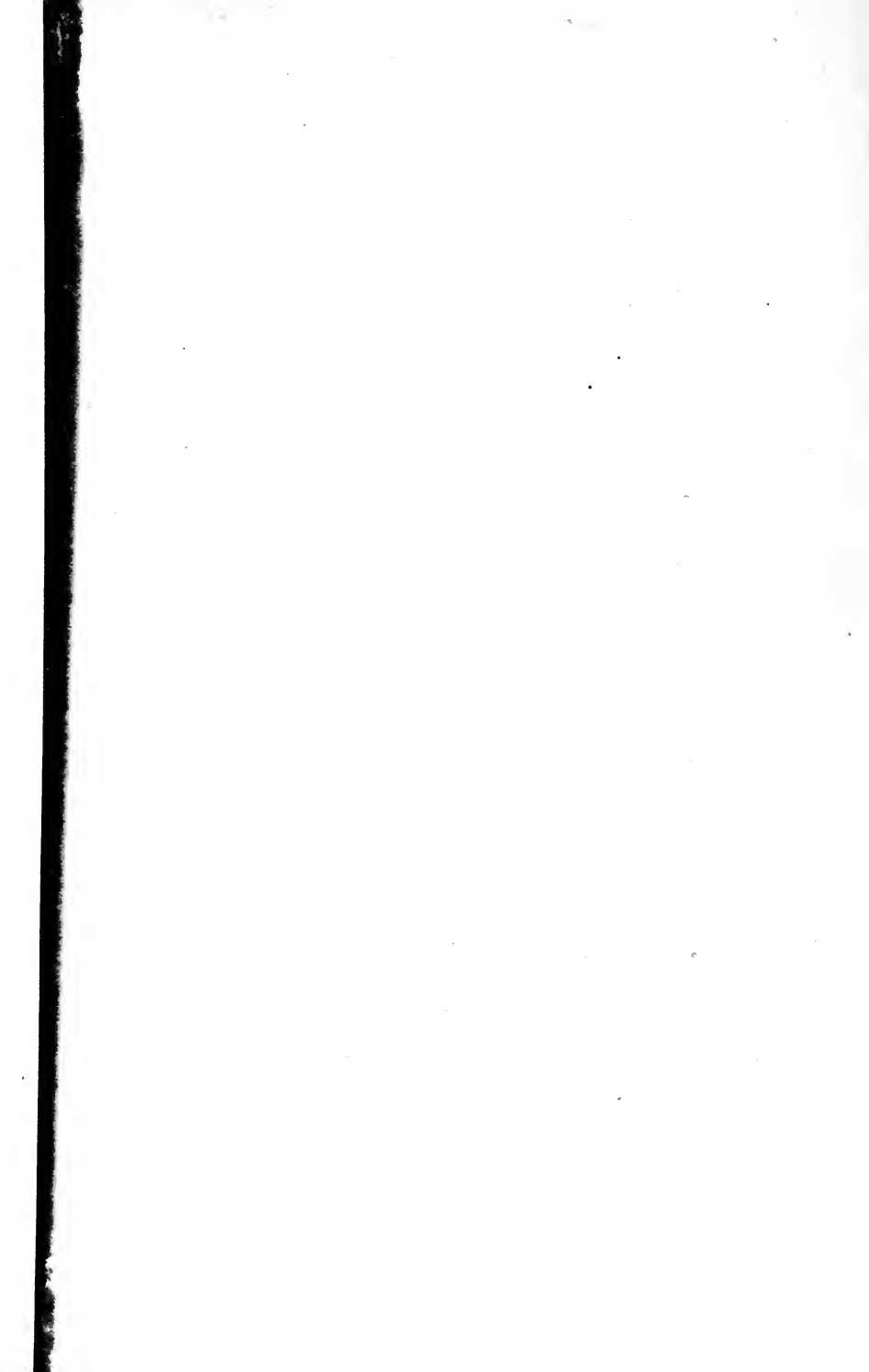
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