Up the Rhine

Hood, Thomas

London, 1840

The flower and the weed

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more uninteresting as, in getting over this "ground-swell," you do it at a walk. German horses object to go up hill at any other pace; and German postilions prevent their trotting or galloping down—by which hearse-like progress we at last looked down on the slated roofs of Langen Schwalbach or "Swallow's Brook." Whereby hangs, an't please you, a swallow tale.

THE FLOWER AND THE WEED.

A LEGEND OF SCHWALBACH.

"YES," said Mr. Samuel Brown, gently closing the book he had just been reading, and looking up cheerfully at the ceiling, "yes, I will go to Germany!"

Mr. Samuel Brown was an Englishman, middle-aged, and a bachelor; not that the last was his own fault, for he had tried as often to change his state, and had made as many offers, as any man of his years. But he was unlucky. His rejected addresses had gone through nearly as numerous editions as the pleasant work under the same title; his heart and hand had been declined so frequently that, like the eels under another painful operation, he had become quite used to it. It was even whispered amongst his friends, that he had advertised in the *Herald* for a matrimonial partner, but without success. As he was well to do in the world, the obstacle, most probably, was his person;

which, to tell the truth, was as plain and commonplace as his name. Be that as it may, he was beginning in despair to make up his mind to a housekeeper and a life of celibacy, when all at once his hopes were revived by the perusal of a certain book of travels.

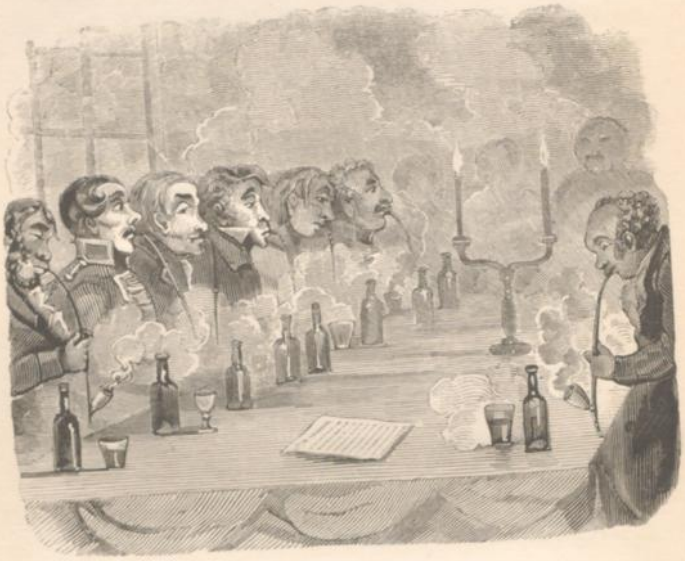
"Yes," said Mr. Samuel Brown, again opening the volume wherein he had kept the place with his forefinger, "I will certainly go to Germany;" and once more he read aloud the delightful paragraph, which seemed to him better than the best passage in the Pleasures of Hope. It ran thus:—

"*It is this, said one of the ladies, which makes the society of foreigners so much too agreeable to us. A mouth, uncontaminated by a pipe, may win with words, which, if scented with tobacco, would be listened to with very different emotions.*" *

"So much too agreeable!" repeated Mr. Samuel Brown, briskly rubbing his hands with satisfaction—"an uncontaminated mouth; why, I never smoked a pipe in my life, not even a cigar! Yes, I *will* go to Germany!"

A single man, without encumbrance, is moved as easily as an empty hand-barrow. On the Saturday, Mr. Samuel Brown locked up his chambers in the Adelphi, procured a passport from Mr. May, got it countersigned by Baron Bulow, engaged a berth in the Batavier, sailed on Sunday, and in thirty hours landed at Rotterdam. The very next morning he started up the Rhine for Nimeguen, thence to Cologne; and, again,

* Mrs. Trollope's Western Germany.



"LA BELLE VUE!"

by the first boat to Coblenz. To most persons the greater part of this water progress is somewhat wearisome; but to our hero it was very delightful, and chiefly so from a circumstance that is apt to disgust other travellers—the perpetual smoking. But Mr. Brown enjoyed it; and with expanded nostrils greedily inhaled the reeky vapour, as a hungry beggar snuffs up the fumes of roast meat. If anything vexed him, it was to see a pipe standing idle in a corner of the cabin; but he had not often that annoyance. If anything pleased him, it was to see a jolly German, with an ample tobacco-bag gaily embroidered, hung at his button-hole, puffing away lustily at his meerschaum. But his ecstacy was at its height when, on entering at night the Speisesaal of the Grand Hôtel de Belle Vue, he found above a score of cloud-compelling Prussians smoking themselves and each other, till they could scarcely see or be seen.

The seventh day found Mr. Samuel Brown established at Schwalbach—a selection he had prudently made to avoid any rivalship from his countrymen. In fact, he was the only Englishman in the place. It was the height of the season, and the hotels and lodging-houses were full of guests, old and young, sick and well, gay and sober, gentle and simple. What was more to the point, there were shoals of single females, beautiful Fräuleins, German houris, all ready of course to listen to a foreigner so much too agreeable, and with lips never contaminated by a pipe. The only difficulty was, amongst so many, to make a choice. But our Samuel

resolved not to be rash. To ask was to have, and he might as well have the best. Accordingly, he frequented the promenades and the rooms, regularly haunted the Weinbrunnen, the Stahlbrunnen, and the Pauline; and dined, in succession, at all the public tables. In the mean time, he could not help noticing, with inward triumph, how little chance the natives had of gaining the hearts of their fair countrywomen. A few, indeed, merely whiffed at a cigar, but nine-tenths of them sucked, unweaned, at that "instrument of torture," a pipe. He saw officers, tall, handsome men, with mustachios to drive any civilian to despair—but they had all served at the battle of Rauchen,—and in the Allée often verified the description by Mr. Brown's favourite authoress:—

"*The ladies throw their bonnets aside, leaving their faces no other protection but their beautiful and abundant hair. The gentlemen, many of them military, sit near, if a chair can be found; or if not, stand behind them like courteous cavaliers as they are; excepting (oh horror of horrors!) they turn aside from the lovely group, and smoke!*"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Samuel Brown, quoting to himself—"*to expose these delicate, sweet-looking females to the real suffering which the vicinity of breath, infected by tobacco, occasions, is positive cruelty!*" It was his topmost pleasure to watch such offenders; and when the operation was over—when the tobacco-bag was bulging out one coat-pocket, and the end of the tube was projecting like a tail from the other, with what

gusto used he to walk round and round the unconscious German, sniffing the stale abomination in his clothes, in his person, in his hair! Better to him was that vapid odour than all the spicy scents of Araby the Blest: eau de Cologne, otto of roses, jasmin, millefleurs, verbena, nothing came near it. As a baffled fox-hunter once cursed the sweetest of Flora's gifts as "those stinking vi'lets," so did our wife-hunter choose to consider one of the nastiest smells in nature as the very daintiest of perfumes!

At length Mr. Samuel Brown made his election. The Fräulein Von Nasenbeck was of good family, young and pretty (a blonde), with a neat figure, and some twenty thousands of dollars at her own disposal. Why, with such advantages, she had never married, would have been a mystery, if Samuel's favourite book, which he always carried in his pocket, had not hinted a sufficient reason. "*In the same country, where the enthusiasm of sentiment is carried to the highest pitch, and cherished with the fondest reverence, the young men scruple not to approach the woman they love with sighs, which make her turn her head aside, not to hide the blush of happiness, but the loathing of involuntary disgust.*"

"Of course that's it," soliloquised the exulting Samuel, "but *my* lips have not been sophisticated with tobacco, and she will listen to volumes from me, when she would not hear a single syllable from one of your smoke-jacks!" The difficulty was to get introduced; but even this was accomplished by dint of perseverance; and, fortune still favouring him, one day he found him-

self tête-à-tête with his Love-Elect. Such an opportunity was not to be lost; so, thrusting one hand in his pocket, as if to derive inspiration from his book, and gently laying the other on his bosom, he heaved a deep sigh, and then began, partly quoting from memory, in the following words:—"It's a pity, my dear miss, it's really a pity to witness *so glaring a defect in a people so admirable in other respects.*"

"It is how?" said the puzzled Fräulein.

"I allude," said Samuel, pointing to a group of Germans, "to your young countrymen. *To behold their youthful faces one moment beaming with the finest expression, and the next stultified by that look of ineffable stupidity produced by smoking, is really too vexatious!*"

"Ach!" ejaculated the fair Fräulein, with a slight shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

"Oh," exclaimed Samuel in a passionate tone, pressing his right hand on his heart, and looking with all the tenderness he could assume at the young lady—"Oh! that indeed is a face *whose delicacy is better fitted to receive the gales of Eden, than the fumes of tobacco!*"

"Did you never smoke youself?" asked the Fräulein, in her pretty broken English.

"NEVER!" said Samuel, with as much solemn earnestness as if he had been disclaiming a murder. "Never!—and so help me God! I never will!"

The Fräulein dropped the cloth she was embroidering, and stared at the speaker till her light blue eyes seemed to dilate to twice their natural size. But she did not utter a word.

"No!" resumed Samuel, with increasing energy; "this mouth was never contaminated with pipe-clay, and never shall be! Never will I fumigate the woman I love with sighs that make her turn her head right round with disgust!"

"Do you tink to smoke is so bad?" inquired the Fräulein, with all the innocent simplicity of a child.

"Bad!" echoed Samuel. "I think it a vile, abominable, filthy, dirty practice!—Don't you?"

"I never tink of de matter at all, one way or anoder," replied the placid Fräulein.

"But you consider it a hateful, loathsome, nasty habit?"

"Habit? oh no!—For de Germans to smoke is so natural as to eat, as to drink, as to sleep!"

"At least," said Samuel, now getting desperately alarmed, "you would not allow a smoker to approach very near your person; for instance, to whisper to you, much less to—to—to embrace you, or offer you a salute?"

"Why for not?" inquired the lovely Fräulein, with unusual vivacity. "I have been so accustomed to since I was borned. When I was one leetle child—a bibi—mine dear fader did smoke whiles he holded me on his two knees. Mine dear broder did take his pipe from out his mouth to give me one kiss. Mine cousin, Albrecht,—do you see dis piece of work I am making?" and she held up the embroidered cloth—"dis shall be one tobacco-bag for mine good cousin!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed Samuel, his voice quiver-

ing with agitation—" Born in smoke ! nursed in smoke ! bred in smoke !"

" It is all so, everywhere," said the quiet Fräulein.

" Once more !" cried the trembling Samuel. " Excuse me, but if I may ask, would you bestow your hand—your heart—your lovely person, on—on—on—on a fellow that smoked ?"

" I am verlobt," murmured the pretty Fräulein, blushing and casting down her light blue eyes. " That means to say I am one half married, to my cousin Albrecht."

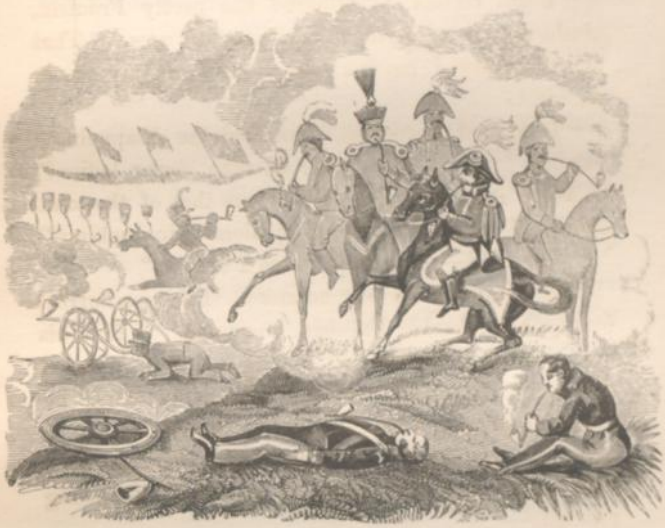
" Betrothed, I suppose," muttered the disappointed Samuel. " And—and, other German young ladies ?" he asked in a croaking voice—" are they of the same opinions ?—the same tolerant opinions as to smoking ?"

" Ja wohl !—yes, certainly—so I believe."

Poor Samuel could bear no more. Taking a hurried leave of the adorable Fräulein, he jumped up from his chair, dashed along the Allée, climbed the hill, plunged into the woods, and never halted till he was stopped by the stream. Then taking a hasty glance around to make sure that he was alone, he plucked the fatal book from his pocket, and repeated aloud the following passage :—

" *Could these young men be fully aware of the effect this habit produces on their charming countrywomen, I am greatly tempted to believe that it would soon get out of fashion.*"

The next moment the leaf he had been reading from was plucked out, torn into a hundred fragments and



THE BATTLE OF RAUCHEN.

scattered to the winds. Another, and another, and another, followed, till the whole volume was completely gutted; and then, with an oath too dreadful to be repeated, he tossed the empty cover into the Schwalbach!

In five days afterwards Mr. Samuel Brown was back in his old chambers in the Adelphi, and in five more he had engaged a housekeeper and set in for an Old Bachelor.

At Schwalbach I dined with a solitary companion, who was carried into the room, like a child, and seated at the table. By his physiognomy he was a Jew, and in spite of his helpless, crippled condition, so good-humoured and so cheerful, that I felt a blush of self-reproach and shame to think that, with good health and the use of all my limbs, I could be accessible to spleen or impatience. Ere re-entering the coach, which by rights should carry no outside passengers, I saw our merry Cripple carried up a ladder and deposited in a low chair of peculiar construction, which was fastened on the roof, and not a few jokes were bandied between him and the spectators on his unusual elevation. As soon as he was secured, the little fat postilion raised his horn with its huge tassels to his lips, and after blowing till his red face turned purple and the whites of his eyes to pink, there came out of the tube a squeak so thin, so poor, and so pig-like, that I involuntarily looked round for the Schwein General, his huge whip, and its victim. Few persons would believe, on hearsay,

from such an instrument, that the Germans are a musical people, or that there is a Royal prize or pool of a silver watch, or the like, for the performer who "plays the best trump." To hear a postilion taking advantage of the long Rhine Bridge, where, by law, he must walk his horses, to play a solo on this impracticable instrument to the *mocking* echoes from the neighbouring mountains, you not only think that he must be a crazy Fanatico in music, but that his trumpet is *cracked* too.

Our postilion, however, whatever his merits on the horn, was a good, kind-hearted fellow, and paid great attention to his paralysed passenger, repeatedly turning round in the saddle to point out to him what was worthy of notice on the road: at last, with a very justifiable pride in his country, he fairly pulled up on the summit of a hill called the Hohe Wurzel, which I presume to translate the Turnip Top—commanding a superb view over the Rheingau, in all the glory of its autumnal colouring, and, like other beauties, greatly enhanced by its meandering blue veins, the Rhine and the Maine. I will only say of the view that five minutes of it justified the whole tediousness of the journey. It was still glowing in my mind's eye when we entered Wiesbaden, where we suddenly passed under an archway, like those that admit you into the yard of some of our London inns. I was struck, on turning into the gateway, by the very hilarious faces of the bystanders; and finding, on alighting, a similar circle of grinning men, women, and boys, with their

eyes cast upwards to the roof of the coach, I looked in the same direction, and saw our merry Cripple laughing as heartily as any of them, and re-adjusting himself in his lofty chair. It appeared that his good friend the Postilion, unaccustomed to outside passengers, and doubly engaged in guiding his vehicle into the town, and blowing a flourish on his horn, had totally forgotten his lame charge on the roof, who only saved himself from destruction in the archway by an extraordinary activity in prostration! We left the *patient* Patient at Wiesbaden, most probably to make trial of the baths; and he had so won my heart by his sweet cheerful resignation, that I could not help wishing an Angel might come down and trouble the Waters, like those of Bethesda, for his sake.

The mere glimpse I had of Wiesbaden produced in me a feeling the reverse of love at first sight. It looked to my taste too like an inland Brighton; and I was not sorry to get away from it by even an uninteresting road, lined with fruit trees on each side. It was dusk when I arrived at Frankfort; so, having supped, I booked myself onward, by the night coach. The Prince of Thurm and Taxis, a sort of Postmaster-general, has here his head-quarters, and nothing could be better than his travelling regulations, if they were only enforced. Thus by one article it is forbidden to smoke in the public vehicles, without the consent of the whole company, whereas, instead of regularly publishing the banns between himself and his pipe, I never yet knew a German proceed even so far as the first time of

asking. Imagine, then, the discomfort of sitting all night with both windows up, and five smoking, or smoked fellow-travellers in an un-Rumfordized Eilwagen! Nothing, indeed, seems so obnoxious to German lungs as the pure ether, and I can quite believe the story of a Prussian doctor, who recommended to a consumptive countryman to smoke Virginian tobacco instead of the native sort, just as an English physician in the like case would advise a change of air.

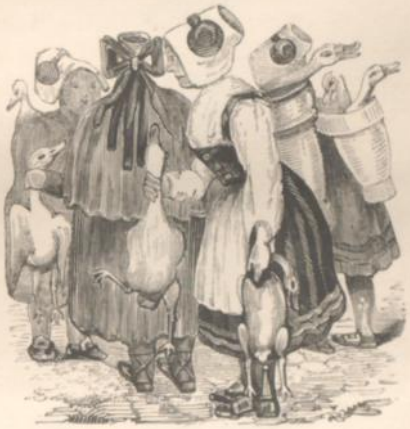
I suppose it was the effect of the narcotic, but though I certainly breakfasted bodily at Saalmünster, my mind did not properly wake up till we arrived at Fulda, an ecclesiastical city, with a Bishop's palace, a cathedral, and a great many beggars. The old religious establishments, like our old Poor Laws, indubitably relieved a great number of mendicants, but made quite as many more—as witness, Fulda and Cologne. One little beggar had planted himself with his flute by the roadside, and, with a complimentary anticipation of English charity and loyalty, was blowing with all his might at "God Save the King."

And now for a little episode. One of our wheelers chose to run restive, if such a phrase may be applied to standing as stock-still as if you had said "Burr-r-r-r-r-r!" to him; which, by the way, is a full stop to any horse in Germany. The postilion could make nothing of him, for the Germans are peculiarly and praiseworthily tender of their cattle; so out jumped the conducteur, a little, florid, punchy man, and first taking a run backward, made a rush at the

obstinate horse, at the same time roaring like a bear. That failing, he tried all the noises of which the human organs are capable;—he hooted at the obstinate beast; he howled, growled, hissed, screamed, and grunted at him. He danced at him, anticked at him, shook his fist and his head, and made faces at him. Then he talked to him, and chirped to him. But the horse was not to be bullied or cajoled. So the little man, losing patience, made a kick at him; but owing to the shortness of his own legs, came a foot short. Finally, he stood and looked at the brute, which unexpectedly answered; for when he had looked long enough, the horse began to move of his own accord. But the conducteur bore the matter in mind. The next stage, having a steep ascent to face, we had six horses to our team, and several persons alighted to walk up the hill; amongst the rest a Russian Baron and the conducteur. The latter, with an obstinate brute in his head, went straight up to the hedge, knife in hand, to cut a cudgel against the next stoppage,—but whether, wearing no blinkers, the six horses saw the operation, or whether, the German being a horse-language, they overheard and understood his threatenings,—before the little man could cut his stick the animals cut theirs, and took the heavy Eilwagen up the hill at a gallop. Luckily they stopped near the top of the ascent, and allowed the Russian to run up, "thawed and dissolved into a dew," followed by the panting, puffing conducteur, but without his unnecessary bludgeon.

On reaching the crest of the hill, we had a fine view

across a woody ravine, of the castle of Wartburg; and then descending to the left, came under banks of such a ruddy soil, that I could not help exclaiming mentally, "Heaven shield us from the Vehm Gericht!" a secret tribunal, whose jurisdiction, you know, extended over the "Red Earth." Excuse the haberdashery phrases, but it was really maroon-coloured, trimmed with the richest dark-green velvet turfs. In a short time we entered Eisenach, one of the most clean-looking and quiet of towns; yet it was a poor scholar of its free school, who had begged from door to door for his maintenance, that was doomed to out-bellow the Pope's bulls, and out-preach the thunders of the Vatican! From Eisenach, passing some of the neatest, cleanest, and cosiest brick-built cottages I have ever seen out of England, we rattled into Gotha, which verily seemed the German for Gandercleugh! It was market-day, and the whole town was in a hiss and a scream with St. Michael's poultry. Everybody was buying or selling, or trying to buy or sell, a goose. Here was a living snow-white bargain being thrust into a basket;—yonder was another being carried off by the legs;—a third housewife was satisfying herself and a flapping grey gander of his weight avoirdupois, by hanging him by the neck.—Saxon peasant girls were thronging in from all quarters, with baskets, like our old mail-coaches, at their backs; in which dickey one or two long-necked anserine passengers were sitting and looking about them like other travellers in a strange place. The females were generally fair, fresh-coloured, and good-



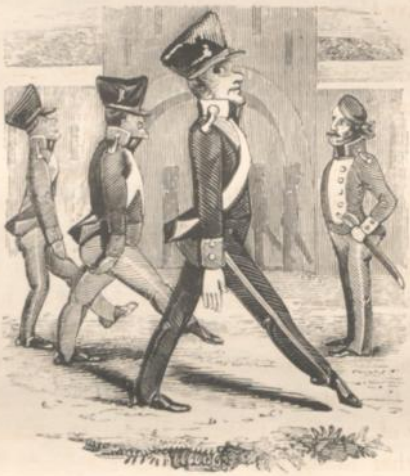
BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER.

looking; and the variety of their head-gear, in caps, toques, and turbans, was as pleasant as picturesque. Some of them were quite oriental; and even a plain straw bonnet was made characteristic, by a large black cockade on each side.

I dined at Gotha, at a table-d'hôte. Just before the soup, a little Saxon girl came in, and modestly and silently placed a little bunch of flowers beside each plate. It seemed to me the prettiest mode of begging

in the world; nevertheless, one ugly fellow churlishly threw the humble bouquet on the floor; an act the more repulsive, as great kindness to children is an amiable trait in the German character. How I wished to lay before him the chapter of Sterne and the Mendicant Monk!

A circumstance which occurred here caused me some speculation. Mine host, during the dinner, was at great pains to converse with me in my own language, but with little success. In the meantime the guests successively departed, save one, who, directly we were tête-à-tête, addressed me, to my surprise, in very good English. The same evening another gentleman who had allowed me to stammer away to him in very bad German, was no sooner seated snugly by me in the coupé of the diligence than he opened in good Lindley Murray sentences, and we discoursed for some hours on London society and literature. Perhaps the Police had on them a fit of "fly-catching," as subsequently we were detained for two hours by a very rigorous examination of passports. From some informality, my own was refused the visé; but I took the matter as the German doctor treated my uncle's symptoms,—"Has he any appetite?"—None at all. "*Bon!*—Does he sleep?"—Not a wink. "*Bon!*—Has he any pain?"—A good deal. "*Bon!*" again. So I said *Bon*, too; and beg to recommend it to travellers as a very serviceable word on most occasions. Thenceforward, however, my conversible companion fought very shy of me; for he had been a refugee in England on



THE FIRST OF MARCH.

account of his opinions, and had only just made submission, and been reconciled to the Prussian government. For my own part, I did not hear a single word on politics, from Erfurt to Halle, but a great many on the famous hoax of Sir John Herschel's discovery of Lunar Angels; a subject which, like any other, with plenty of moonshine in it, took amazingly with the speculative Germans.

On alighting at Halle, I found my friend the Captain at the coach door, who speedily introduced me at the regimental head-quarters. The officers welcomed me with great warmth and friendliness; and I soon found myself seated beside a jovial bowl of Cardinale, and for the first time in my life in an agreeable mess. On inquiry, I was quartered, where many a sheep and bullock had been, in Butcher Street,—where for sixpence, in a very decent bed, I had five hours of remarkably cheap, deep sleep. At four the next morning, I rose, by trumpet-call; breakfasted, mounted, and between the tail of the 9th and the head of the 10th company of the 19th Infantry Regiment, was crossing part of that immense plain which surrounds Leipzig. Ere we had gone far, one of our longest-legged Lieutenants suddenly ran out of the road and brought captive a boy with a tinful of hot sausages. In a few minutes, his whole stock in hand was purchased off and paid for at his own price; and I was simple enough to be rejoicing in the poor fellow's lucky hit, and to take the glistening in his eyes for tears of joy, when all at once he burst into a roar of grief and blubbering, and

sobbed out that he wished, he did, instead of a tinful of his commodity, he had brought a cartload!—

"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

If one could suspect Nature of being so unnatural, the vast flat we were traversing seemed intentionally laid out for nations to fight out their quarrels in; some idea of the extent of the plain may be formed from the fact, that at the great Battle of Leipzig in 1813 the cannon fired on one wing could not be heard at the other. As we passed through the villages, my civilian's round hat caused some curiosity and speculation amongst the natives, all practically acquainted with what was the correct costume. One man called out, "There goes the Doctor!" but from a certain gravity of countenance and the absence of moustachios, the majority set me down as the Chaplain. At all events, so much of the military character was attributed to me, that the toll-keepers forbore to make any demand, and allowed me to decide that disputed problem whether cavalry can successfully cope with the *'pike*. The foot marched on merrily, occasionally singing, some fifty or so in chorus, in excellent time and tune; and about noon, at the little town of Brenha, near Bitterfeld, the regiment halted—dismiss—and in ten minutes not a soldier was visible in the streets. They were all dining or enjoying a sleep. Not being fatigued, I amused myself with a volume presented to the Captain by a clergyman at whose house he was quartered in Nassau. The worthy pastor had, no doubt, served in his youth,

and, with a lingering affection for the "sogering" (a pattern rubbed in with gunpowder is not easily rubbed out again), had made a Collection of German War Songs. The following, of which I give a literal translation, may, I believe, be attributed to his own pen. It smacks of the very spirit of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, and seems written with the point of a bayonet on the parchment of a drum!

LOVE LANGUAGE OF A MERRY YOUNG SOLDIER.

"Ach, Gretchen, mein täubchen."

O Gretel, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,
My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,
O hear me, my mild little Dove,
In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,
Is always attentive to Love's parole and watchword;
Your picture is always going the rounds,
My Gretel, I call at every hour!

My heart's Knapsack is always full of you;
My looks, they are quartered with you;
And when I bite off the top end of a cartridge,
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

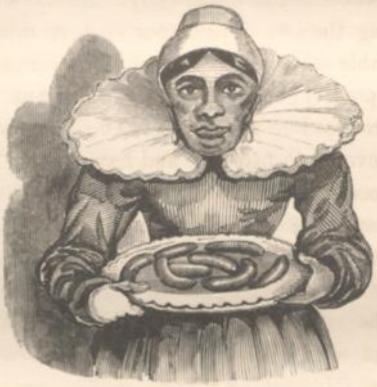
You alone are my Word of Command and orders,
Yea my Right-face, Left-face, Brown Tommy, and wine,
And at the word of command "Shoulder Arms!"
Then I think you say "Take me in your arms."

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,
Yea, they wound like Bombs and Grenades;
As black as Gunpowder is your hair,
Your hand as white as Parading breeches!

Yes, you are the Match and I am the Cannon;
Have pity, my love, and give quarter,
And give the word of command "Wheel round
Into my heart's Barrack Yard."

In the evening I joined a party of officers, and played Whisk, and then more cheap deep sleep—I fear it will cause a run upon the place to quote my bill; but dinner, supper, bed, and breakfast, seven groschen!!!

Trumpet at four. Rose and dressed in the dark; my own fault entirely, for giving the captain a little bottle of cayenne pepper, wherein his servant, unacquainted with the red condiment, groped with his matches for half an hour, in the vain hope of an instantaneous light. After a longish walk, arrived at Kremnitz, a village near Grafenhainchen, where I found my dinner waiting for me at a country inn: the captain quartered at Burg Kremnitz, three or four hundred yards distant. I soon had an invitation to the chateau. The baron was absent, but his major-domo or castellan treated us with great hospitality. It was a large country-house, with a farm attached to it: the first living object I met being a pig afflicted, poor fellow, with rheumatism, which I am apt to have myself, only I do not walk about on three legs, with my head stuck on one side. There was something in the plan and aspect of the whole place that vividly reminded me of mansions familiar to me in Scotland, and the impression was confirmed by the appearance of the Castellan and Land Steward, who looked quite Scotch enough to have figured in a picture of Wilkie's. It seemed to me as if



A SHE RUFFIAN.

even their unintelligible language was only a broader Scotch than I was accustomed to. But the illusion was dispelled by another personage quite foreign to the picture, and I lost some of my pity for the stiff-necked pig in looking at a female who had voluntarily fixed her head in almost as irksome a position. In honour of the strange guests, she had donned a large Elizabethan ruff, which, being fastened behind to the back of her cap, forbade her to look to right or left, without a corresponding wheel of the whole body. As she wore this pillory during the two days of our visit, it must have been a tolerable sacrifice of comfort to appearance. We supped on poultry, carp, and jack, and drank a very fair wine, produced on the estate. The next day being a rest, we devoted to fishing; and having had but indifferent success at the mill, the castellan, after a shrewd inspection of our flimsy-looking tackle, gave us leave to fish in a piece of water in the garden. But his face very comically lengthened between wonder and anxiety, as he saw jack after jack hoisted out of his preserve, and was evidently relieved when we gave over the sport: indeed, he told us, half in earnest, that if we came again, he should set a guard over the ponds. He then went to fish himself, in a wooden box or lock, through which passed a small running stream; in this receptacle, having little room for exercise, the huge carp thrive and fatten like pigs in a sty. As a sample of an ill wind, the land-steward told us of a gale that blew down no less than forty thousand trees on the estate,—stopped all the roads in the vicinity, which

took fourteen days in clearing; and the whole of the wreck is not yet removed! More deep cheap sleep, and a bill. What a difference between the charges of the byewaymen and the highwaymen of Germany!—amounting to "almost nothing." The villagers here very generally returned to the private soldiers the five groschen per day allowed by the king, and gave them a glass of schnaps into the bargain.

At four o'clock, blown out of bed again; breakfasted, and stumbled through the dark towards a certain spot, where, by dint of flint and steel, the soldiers of the 10th company were sparkling like so many glow-worms. This early starting was generally necessary to enable us to join the main body on the high road. About noon we crossed the Elbe, by a thousand feet of wooden bridge, and entered Wittenberg. A friend of the Captain's here met us, and by his invitation, we dined with the officers of the garrison at the Casino: the same courteous gentleman kindly undertook to show me what was best worth seeing in the place. Of course my first local association was with Hamlet, whom Shakspeare most skilfully and happily sent to school at Wittenberg—for the Prince-Philosopher, musing and metaphysical, living more in thought than in action, is far more of a German than a Dane. I suspect that Hamlet is, for this very reason, a favourite in Germany. My next thoughts settled upon Luther, to whom, perhaps, Wittenberg owed the jovial size of the very article I had been drinking from, a right Lutheran beer-glass, at least a foot high, with a glass cover.

In the market-place, under a cast-iron Gothic canopy, stands a metal statue of the Great Reformer, with a motto I heartily wish some of the reformed would

adopt, instead of dandling and whining over Protestantism, as if it had been a sickly ricketty bantling from its birth:

> "If it be God's work it will stand,
> If it be man's it will fall."

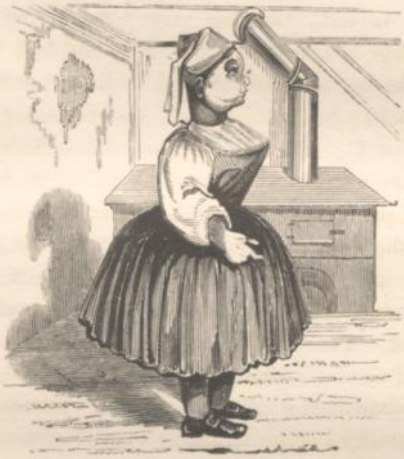
The statue itself represents a sturdy brawny friar, with a two-story chin, and a neck and throat like a bull's. To the reader of Rabelais there cannot be a truer effigy of his jolly fighting, toping, praying Friar John; a personage I have little doubt was intended by the author for Luther. Motteux suggests as much in his Preface, but abandons the idea for a more favourite theory. Rabelais and Luther, both born in the same year, were equally anti-catholic in their hearts, and attacked the abuses of Popery precisely according to

their national temperaments—the witty Frenchman with banter, raillery, and persiflage, the German with all the honest dogged earnestness of his countrymen. Just turn to the memoirs of Luther compiled from his own letters, and compare the man with friar John, the warm advocate of marriage, in his counsel to Panurge, and described as "an honest heart; plain, resolute, good fellow: he travels, he labours, he defends the oppressed, comforts the afflicted, helps the needy, and keeps the close of the abbey."

Luther's residence in Wittenberg is now a theological college, much given, I was told, to mysticism.

In the evening, accompanied by Lieut. Von J., we drove for an hour through deep sand to our quarters, passing by the way a well, miraculously discovered by Luther when he was thirsty, by a scratch on the ground with his staff: a miracle akin to that at the marriage at Cana, in Galilee, would have been more characteristic. At Prühlitz, a very little village, the captain found his appointed lodging, in a room used as the church; my own dormitory was the ball-room. To my infinite surprise I found in it a four-post bedstead!—however, by way of making it un-English, the bed was made at an angle of about thirty degrees, so that I enjoyed all night much the same exercise and amusement in slipping down and climbing up again as are afforded by what are called Russian Mountains.

Our next day's march was across country, often through deep sand, and over such a desolate "blasted heath" that at every ascent I expected to see some deso-

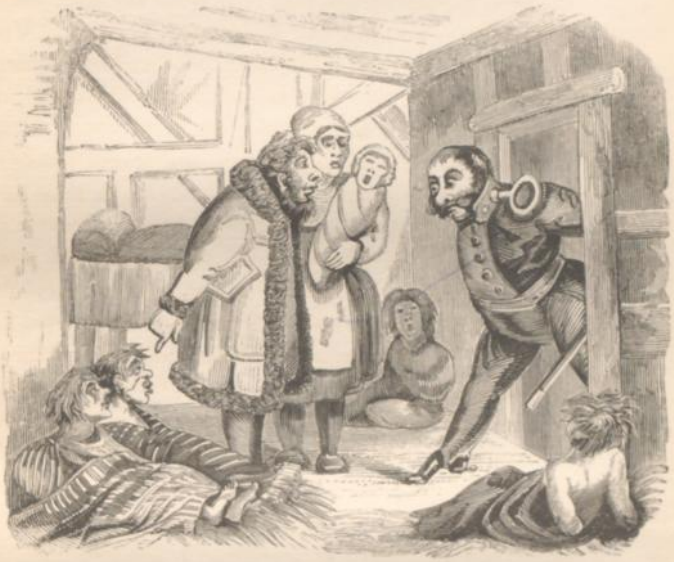


MRS. SCHULTHEISS.

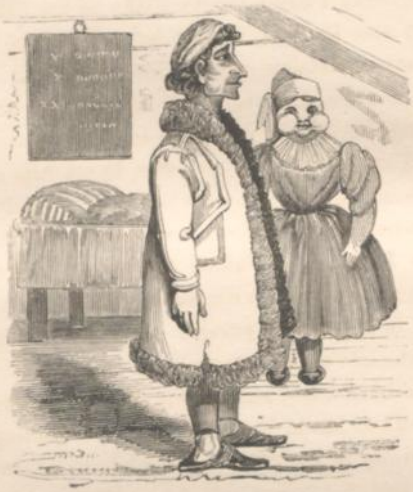
late sea-coast. We halted at the general rendezvous, and breakfasted, à-la-champêtre, in the Mark of Brandenburg. No wonder the Markgraves fought so stoutly for a better territory! To judge by the sketches produced by the officers, there had been but sorry quartering over-night. One officer had such a tumble-down hut assigned to him, that his very dog put his tail between his legs and howled at it: a second had slept in a pigeon-house, and was obliged to have the birds driven out before he could dress in the morning; and our friend Von C., by some mistake, was billeted on the whole wide world! Our march lasted eight hours with a grand parade, as a rehearsal, for Potzdam, by the way; but the country being thinly peopled and the villages few and far between, the actual walk was enormously added to by digressions on either side of the main road. Thus having arrived at a vast heath, the tenth and eleventh companies were recommended to the accommodations of a village at an hour's distance,—whilst the unlucky twelfth had to go to another as much beyond. So we started on our own steeple chase, and at last marched into Nichol, through a gazing population of married women in red toques, single women in black ones, and benedicts and bachelors in sheepskin pelisses with the wool inwards. Our host, a sort of Dorfmeister, or village mayor, was in a robe of the same fashion. The mayoress had a round head, round forehead, round chin, two round cheeks as red as Dutch apples, a round bust, that seemed inclosed in a bolster, and a round body in a superfluity of blue petticoat.

The captain of the eleventh called very politely to see how I was off for quarters, before he visited his own, and in a short time after his departure I saw him walking up and down outside like a chafing lion: having been billeted by our host to sleep in the same room with a man, his wife, and their seven children. Unluckily there were no more lodgings to let in the place, and the captain was fain to occupy a shake-down on the forms in the village school-room.

I doubt if Captain Cook's first appearance amongst the Sandwiches caused more curiosity than mine did amongst the Nicholites, a party of whom kept watch in front of the house, and stared at me through the window as if they had actually been sheep all through, instead of only in their skins. However I contrived to give them the slip towards evening, and took a walk in the village, where I witnessed a sight akin to some so admirably described by the Blower of the Bubbles. Possibly some Schwein General had dismissed his army at the outskirts, but one long-legged pig after another came cantering or trotting into the village, and went with military regularity to his own quarters. If the door of the yard or garden was open, in he went; if not he stood and grunted and at last whined for admittance. For there is a sense of "no place like home" even in a pig. Number one, at whose gate he waited, was only a mean hovel, whereas number two was comparatively "a cottage of gentility," and the yard door stood invitingly open; but piggy stood true to the humbler tenement. Better bred swine I have certainly seen in



"WE ARE SEVEN!"



MR. SCHULTHEISS.

England, but none so well taught. I almost thought the Prussian system of universal education had been extended to the lower animals. After the pigs came the geese, and behaved in the same orderly way.

On leaving Nichol I had a hearty shake of the hand from our Host and Hostess, with a hope I had been satisfied with my entertainment and the charge for it. If I had not, I must have been an Elwes. On the point of starting, his Worship begged to avail himself of my extended knowledge as a traveller, to set him at rest as to a word he had read or heard of, namely, Flanders,—" whether they were a sort of money, like Florins?" So I briefly explained to him a matter which, as travellers seldom visit such an out-of-the-world village, had perhaps puzzled its worthy chief magistrate for the last twenty years.

From the specimen I had seen, during the last march, of the country of the Mark, it seemed rather surprising how such a territory as the present Kingdom had accumulated round such a nucleus. But has Prussia done growing? In the various petty states I had previously passed through, each had its peculiar money, its public liveries, and its striped boundary posts of its proper colours. But at the same time, they had all embraced the Prussian commercial system; in some cases even enforced by Prussian douaniers; they were all traversed by royal mails, bearing the arms of Frederick William, and his coinage was current throughout. In short, a process of amalgamation is quietly going on, founded, it is quite possible, with ulterior views, for the

Black Eagle has never shown any disinclination to become a Roc.

Another march, with another grand rehearsal by the way, brought us to Belitz, a garrison town, into which I had the honour of helping to lead the regiment. The truth is, in attempting "to go ahead" to the post-office, my horse refused to pass the big drum, and the road narrowing over a little wooden bridge, I had no alternative but to charge through a crowd of children of all ages, or ride behind the band, cheek by jowl with the major in command for the day. My humanity preferred the last, at the expense, I suspect, of a grand breach of military etiquette. Quarters at Schlunkendorf, a village to the left, at a miller's, whose parlour floor, by its undulations, plainly reminded us that it was a house built upon the sand. The moment, indeed, you stepped abroad you were in sand up to the ankles, and some two hundred yards distant stood the mill, in an Arabian waste, as remote from corn as the traditionary Mill of Buccleugh.

Here ended my marching; for next day being a rest, and the country being so unattractive,—moreover, not having been regularly sworn to the colours, I deserted, and made the best of my way to Potzdam. I should be grossly ungrateful not to mention the uniform urbanity and friendliness of all the officers with whom I came in contact—howbeit we were seldom on speaking terms (some who had even "been to Paris" did not speak French)—nay, a large proportion being Poles, I could not always call my best friends by their

names. Of the men they commanded, common justice bids me say that not a single complaint was made against them, nor a punishment inflicted throughout the route. It is true that in Prussia, where every mother's son and husband must be a soldier, and every man's father or brother was, is, or will be, in the army, a kindliness and fellow-feeling will naturally prevail between the troops and those on whom they are quartered; but independent of this consideration, the good conduct of the men seemed in a great degree to be the result of their temperament and disposition. They bore their long and fatiguing marches with exemplary patience; none the less that every step brought them nearer to their homes in Poland and Silesia. One poor fellow, who had not been under the domestic roof during nineteen years, was agitated by very conceivable feelings, and quite touched me by his recurring apprehensions that "he should not know his own good mother from any other woman!"

The fusileer who had acted *pro tempore* as my servant, with a manly frankness offered me his hand at parting, and respectfully expressed his good wishes for my future health and prosperity. Of course I gave him a solid acknowledgment of his services; but took especial care not to bid him "drink my health," having witnessed a whimsical proof of the force of discipline. The captain, then living at Ehrenbreitstein, one day made his servant a present of a dollar, at the same time saying metaphorically, "There's a bottle of wine for you." The soldier, however, took the words as a

literal command—saluted, wheeled, marched off straight to the nearest wine-house, and in double quick time drank off a bottle, at a dollar—which, as he was of particularly temperate habits, took unusual effect, and sent home the obedient soldier to his astonished master as blind and staggering as Drunken Barnaby!

Thus ended my practical connexion with the gallant Nineteenth. But I shall often recal my chance quarters—my provident morning foragings against a jour maigre—when a *search*ing wind might have found a roll of bread-and-butter in one pocket, and mayhap a brace of cold pigeons in the other—the cheerful rendezvous—the friendly greetings—and the pic-nic by the road-side:—I shall often hear in fancy the national "Am Rhein! Am Rhein!" chorussed by a hundred voices—the exciting charge, beaten at the steep hill, or deep ground—and the spirit-stirring bugle, ringing amidst the vast pine woods of Germany!

Neither shall I forget the people at whose tables I had eaten, in whose dwellings I had lodged. Perhaps the force of blood had something to do with the matter, however distant the relationship, but my liking inclined particularly to the Saxons. Yet were the others good creatures to remember. Even in the desolate country I had lately passed through, the absence of all loveliness in the scenery had been atoned for by this moral beauty. Nature, scarcely kinder than a step-mother, had allotted to them a sterile soil and a harsh climate—the pecuniary dust was as much too scarce as other sorts of dirt were over plentiful—spoons were often deficient—occasion-

ally even knives and forks—and at times their household wants were of a very primitive character—but the people were kind, honest, hearty, humble, well-disposed, anxious to please, and easily pleased in return. Their best cheer and accommodations were offered with pleasant looks and civil words, and I cannot recal a single instance of churlishness or cupidity.

As to Potzdam—it vividly reminded me of that city in the Arabian Nights, whereof the inhabitants were all turned into marble: at least, I am sure, that on entering it I saw far more statues than living figures. On my left, in the Palace garden, was a Neptune, with his suite, without even the apology of a pond: farther off, a white figure, and a Prussian sentry, jointly mounting guard over a couple of cannon—on my left a dome, surmounted by a flying Mercury. But the grand muster was on the top of the Palace, where a whole row of figures occupied the parapet, like a large family at a fire waiting for the ladders. To my taste the effect is execrable. Silence, stillness, and solitude, are the attributes of a statue. Except where engaged in the same action, like Laocöon and his sons, I never care to see even two together. And why should they be forced into each other's company, poor things, blind, deaf, and dumb as they are, and incapable of the pleasures of society?

Possibly, in the absence of living generations, the great Frederick, like Deucalion, peopled his city with stones *ad interim;* for you cannot walk through its handsome streets, so silent, and with so little stir of

life, without feeling that it is a city built for posterity. Of course I visited its shows; and first the Royal Palace, in which, next to the literary traces of Frederick, I was most interested by a portrait over a door, of Napoleon when consul, in which methought I traced the expression of an originally kind nature, and which the devotion and attachment he inspired in those immediately about him seemed to justify. But power is a frightful ossifier, and in many other instances has made a *Bony part* of the human heart. Sans Souci pleased me little; and the conceit of a statue of Justice so placed in the garden, that Frederick at his writing-table "might always have justice in view," pleased me still less. His four-footed favourites lie near the figure; but whether the dogs were brought to Justice, or Justice went to the dogs, is not upon record. In short, Sans Souci inspired me with an appropriate feeling; for I left it without caring for it—and disappointed by even the famous statue of the Queen. The spirit of the place had infected it too. With much sweetness, and some beauty in the countenance, the face was so placid, the limbs so round, with such a Sans-Souci-ism in the crossed legs—an attitude a lady only adopts when most particularly at her ease—that instead of any remembrance of the wrongs and sufferings of the heart-broken and royal Louisa, my only sentiment was of regret, that so amiable, fair, and gentle a being had been called so prematurely (if, indeed, she were dead, and not merely asleep) from the enjoyment of youth, health, and happiness. The New Palace I

shall like better when it is a very old one. You will think me fastidious, perhaps; but I saw nothing *very* extraordinary in the Peacock Island; nor yet in the Prince Royal's country-seat, except the boldness of attempting, in such a soil and such a climate, to imitate, or rather to parody—with pumpkins *pro* melons—an Italian villa.

The Garrison Church is hung with sculptured helmets, flags, and military trophies, appropriate enough for an Arsenal, but hardly fit "visible and outward signs of an inward and spiritual grace." The interior is well furnished, too, with captured flags, and eagles, and graven lists of slain warriors; but it contains one very striking Ratification of Peace. Frederick the Great, and his most rumbustical royal father, who could never live together in the same house, are here tranquilly sleeping side-by-side under one roof! Somehow, I could not help thinking of the Grasshopper of the Royal Exchange coming to lie with the Dragon of Bow Church!

The king reviewed the 19th, on its arrival, in front of the Old Palace. He stooped a little under his years; and, remembering his age, I could not help wishing that he would make a solemn gift to his people of their long, overdue Constitution. No monarch has been so practically taught the vicissitudes and uncertainty of human affairs; and his experience ought to urge him as far as possible to "make assurance doubly sure, and take a bond of fate." The benefits he has conferred on his subjects he ought to secure to them,

by placing them in their own keeping: whereas, should he delay such an act of common prudence and common justice till too late, the world may reasonably infer that he was less anxious to perpetuate a system said to be marked by profound wisdom and paternal benevolence, than to transmit his absolute authority unimpaired to his successor.

There have been so many journals, ledgers, and waste-books written on Germany, that a description of the Prussian capital would relish as flat and stale, as a Berlin fresh oyster. I shall, therefore, get over the ground a little quicker than a Droski, which is a peculiar vehicle, with a peculiar horse, with a peculiar pace. The truth is, that contrary to the principle of our trotting-matches, he is backed, at 20 groschen an hour, to go as few miles as possible in sixty minutes. In consequence, with as much apparent action as the second hand, he goes no faster than the short hand of the dial. The other day a butcher hired a Droski, to take him to a distant part of the city, for which he was charged 20 groschen by the driver, who appealed to his watch at the same time, owning that it perhaps went a little too fast. "In that case, then," replied the butcher, "I'll thank you, my friend, the next time you drive me, to put your watch in the shafts, and your horse in your pocket."

A judicious valet-de-place would first take a stranger in Berlin, to the Old Bridge, whereon stands the bronze Equestrian Statue of the Great Elector. Of which statue, by the way, it is told that the Jews, with their

OPEN TO OBJECTION.

peculiar turn for speculation, offered to cover the court-yard of the Old Palace with dollars, in exchange for the verdigris on the figure: but, perhaps, fearing that they would scrape down the Great Elector into a little one, the bargain was declined. A judicious guide, I say, would place a stranger on the aforesaid Bridge, and then ask the gentleman which of the two Berlins he pleased to wish to see; for, in reality, there are two of them, the Old and the New. Knowing your taste, Gerard, I should take you across an elegant iron-bridge, to show you the beautiful front of the Museum: but I should be careful of taking you within it, lest we should not come out again, for it contains an almost matchless collection of the early Flemish School of Painting—such Van Eycks and Hemlincks!—to say nothing of a Titian's Daughter, not merely herself but the whole picture such an eye-bewitching *brunette*, that it still haunts me! Perhaps, in turning round to have another look at the façade of the Museum, you will run against an immense utensil, scooped out of a rock of granite; and, if you ask me what is its history, all I can say is, I believe it was the wash-hand-basin of the Giant in the Castle of Otranto.

That modest-looking house, too small for the great stone helmets stuck along its front, is the private residence of the Soldier-King, who thence sees a little to the right his Arsenal, and to the left his Guard-house. The horse-shoe, nailed up at one of the first-floor windows, is not, as you might suppose, for luck, but in commemoration of being cast up through that very

window at his Majesty—not by a two-legged regicide, but by an officer's charger—with what design, even Monsieur Rochow, and all his police, could never unriddle.

I have a ticket of admission for you, to the Arsenal —but stop! —look up at those two-and-twenty hideous colossal masks, representing the human face in all the various convulsions and agonies of a violent death! Was there ever devised a series of decorations, remembering the place, in such bad taste,—nay, to speak mildly, in such unchristian, inhuman feeling? Why, Jack Ketch, out of respect to our flesh-and-blood sympathies, draws a cap over the face of his victims to hide their last writhings—and what is War, disguise it as we may under all its "pride, pomp, and circumstance," but a great wholesale executioner? Its horrors would be unendurable but for the dazzling Bengal Light called Glory that we cast on its deluge of blood and tears: but for the gorgeous flags we wave, like veils before its grim and ferocious features—and the triumphant clangour of martial music with which we drown its shrieks and groans. But here we are disgustingly reminded of what we would willingly forget, that a Battle is a Butchery. Faugh! the place smells of the shambles! As yet we are only in the inner court, but we will go no farther. Those frightful masks shockingly illustrate that "War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slitting, art" —and who would care to see its murderous tools, however well-polished or tastefully arranged?

A cool walk under the fragrant Lindens is quite

necessary to sweeten such associations. We will admire the Brandenburg Gate as much as you please; but the street wide, and long, and handsome, as it is, does not satisfy me. The houses want character—in short, as a picture, Prout could make nothing of it. But look, off with your hat!—no, not to that white-headed good old General,—but to yonder carriage. It is not the king's, but contains a personage so in love with Absolutism, that one cannot help wishing him such a pure Despotism as was enjoyed by Alexander Selkirk:

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute—
> Not a creature objects to my sway—
> I am Lord of the Fowl and the Brute!"

The persons of all ranks thronging up those steps, are going to the Exhibition, and if you went with them you would see some Historical pictures, by German artists, well worthy of your admiration. In landscape they are not so strong: their views are deficient in what the moon wants, an atmosphere: to be sure the painters never saw one for the smoke; and, between ourselves, they have as little eye for colour, as nose for smells. Finally, instead of a catalogue raisonné, or consulting Dr. Waagen, you may go to any pipe-shop to know which are the best, or at any rate the most popular pictures, by the miniature copies on the bowls. Painting is fashionable in Berlin; and has both royal and plebeian patrons. Look at the shutter, or flap, over that victualling cellar (akin to our London Shades) with a loaf, a bottle of beer, a glass, a cheese, and a

dish of oysters, all painted to the still life! My heart leaps at it—and oh, would that I could make my voice reach to England and ring throughout its metropolis! Come hither, I would cry, all ye still-life portrait-daubers—ye would-be painters and would-not-be glaziers—ye Unfine Artists

"Come hither, come hither, come hither!"

for here are Unfine Arts for you and Unfine Patrons! Here you may get bread and cheese for painting them; and beer and wine by drawing them. You need not speak German. Ye shall make *signs* for sausages, and they shall be put in your plates. Come hither! In England you are nobodies and nothings to nobodies—but here you shall be all Van Eycks and Hemlincks; at least you shall paint as they did, on shutters. Impartial hangers shall hang your works upon hinges, and not too high up, but full in the public gaze, in a good light, and when that is gone they shall show you "fiery off indeed" with lamplight and candle. Instead of neglect and omissions, here you shall have plentiful commissions. You shall take off hats, brush at boots and coats, and do perukes in oil; and whereas in England you would scarcely get one face to copy, you shall here take the portraits of a score of mugs!

One sight more, and we will finish our stroll. It is the Fish-market. Look at those great oval tubs, like the cooling-tubs in a brewery. They contain the living fish. What monstrous jack and carp!—and species strange to us,—and one grown almost out of know-

ledge—prodigious bream! You may look at them, but beware what you say of them, to that old woman, who sits near them in an immense shiny black bonnet, very like a common coal-skuttle, for if you provoke her, no scold, on the banks of Thames, can be more fluently abusive and vulgarly sarcastic! Strange it is, and worthy of philosophical investigation; but so surely as horse-dealing and dishonesty go together, so do fish-fagging and vituperative eloquence. It would seem as if the powers of speech, denied to her mute commodity, were added to the natural gifts of the female dealer therein;—however, from Billingsgate to Berlin, every fishmonger in petticoats is as rough-tongued as a buffalo!

But farewell to the capital of Prussia. A letter of recal from my Uncle has just come to hand;—and I am booked again by the Eilwagen. Considering the distance, you will own that I have had a miraculously cheap ride hither, when I tell you that besides paying no turnpikes, I have disposed of my nag, at twenty shillings' loss, to a timid invalid, recommended to take horse exercise. I honestly warranted the animal sound, quiet, and free from vice: and have no doubt it will carry the old gentleman very pleasantly, provided he is not too particular as to the way he goes; for I shrewdly suspect, wherever soldiers may be marching, my late horse will be sure to follow in the same direction.

I have bought some black iron Berlin-ware for Emily, and with love to you both, am,

My dear Gerard,

Yours ever truly,

FRANK SOMERVILLE.