

Memories

from

North, South, East, West.

published

**for the benefit of the Evangelical
church property in Venezuela**

by the authoress of

“O love, as long as thou canst love”.

[Countess Leonie v. Kleist]

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Foreword

North, South, East, West,
At home is best.

In this most people will surely agree with me: "At home is best." Yet I would not wish to miss them, the bygone times in North, South, East, West,—at the home hearth, in a quiet hour, in wintertime, then upon silent soles comes remembrance and conjures picture upon picture back to me from those days. And I would now recall that New Year's Day when the new Evangelical church community assembled for the first time in Venezuela's capital for divine service, conducted by its first pastor Ramin, who had just arrived. Since then the little community has twelve times gathered again on New Year's Day. Hard times, however, has it had to live through. The civil war, which almost constantly ravages this lovely land, cripples trade and traffic, so that it is often very hard for the congregation to raise the necessary means for the salary of its clergyman, for the rent of the prayer-hall, etc. Self-sacrificing love from the homeland has supported it, and thus it could, though often with difficulty, continue to exist. With the gracious permission of the "Schlesische Zeitung," in whose feuilleton these recollections once appeared, I have united them in this little book. The proceeds thereof shall be a little stone toward the further building of the church community in Venezuela. Innumerable such little stones are indeed still needed in order to secure the congregation a lasting existence. Much has, of course, since then changed in the lands and places of which these leaves tell, but the kindly reader will perhaps yet find in it this or that which attracts him and which is not known to him, and, keeping the purpose in view, he will receive the little booklet not critically but kindly, and recommend it further.

January 1906,

The Authoress.

Contents.

	Page
1. The Land and People in Portugal	1
2. The Visit of the Spanish Majesties to the Portuguese Court	24
3. An Exhibition in Lisbon	52
4. The Baptism Celebrations at the Swedish Court	58
5. From Stockholm	64
6. Autumn Days in Sweden	72
7. From the Stuttgart Imperial Days	89
8. The Celebration in Stuttgart	92
9. The Civil War in Venezuela 1892	112
10. From Venezuelan Politics and Society	124
11. Memories of Venezuela	130
12. Winter Stay in Carlsbad	141
added:	
About the Authoress	158
Recollections of her youngest son Diether-Dennies	160

Land and People in Portugal.**1882.**

It is now almost a year and a half since I left dear German fatherland to found myself a home in distant Portugal for an indefinite time. Portugal, once so flourishing a land, that land of the old world which first almost exclusively held in its hands the commerce with the newly discovered parts of the world, in which art and science attained the highest development, has to-day almost wholly disappeared from the stage of great events. Of the land and its people, the manners and customs of the present day, one knows well-nigh nothing. It is not my intention to give a scientific description of Portugal, but perhaps it may interest the kindly reader to follow the observations I have made in the course of my stay in Portugal's capital.

In haste I made the journey hither a year and a half ago. To get to know Paris, still wholly strange to me, I had to reserve for a later opportunity;—the one day I stayed there the rain poured from the heavens, and so I left the glittering metropolis without having been able to gain of it even the smallest impression. After a journey of 38 hours I arrived in Madrid, where I likewise stayed too short a time to be able to tell of it, and so I reached at last, on a wondrous April morning, Lisbon, the goal of my journey. I too could confirm the impression almost every traveler receives, that upon crossing the Pyrenees one has the feeling of having left Europe. Quite dreary is the journey from Madrid to the frontier station Badajoz through the bare plains of the Mancha and the desolate heights of the Sierra Morena. Since, alas, there is now only a single train that connects Lisbon with the remainder of the world, and since this reaches Badajoz toward 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having left Madrid the evening before, I could enjoy only a short time the pleasant change of view that begins with the Portuguese frontier. The iron road leads through the provinces of Alemtejo and Estremadura, offering to the eye everywhere cultivated fields and pleasant little townships. It may have been about 3 o'clock when I awoke,

and my gaze now rested with delight upon the landscape before me. Close along the line stretches the broad bed of the Tajo (Portuguese Tejo), sown with countless little boats, bordered by smiling shores with luxuriant southern vegetation. After gray, cold Spain the sun here smiled upon me so kindly; perhaps, too, it was the thought of rest after the fatiguing journey; in short, I left the railway carriage with the most agreeable sensations, and when soon thereafter I stood at the windows of the Hotel Braganza, I had to confess that before my eyes there spread a surprisingly beautiful panorama. Involuntarily I thought of Naples, and if its gulf in its eternal beauty cannot be compared in detail with the Tajo, yet Lisbon as a city decidedly carries off the victory over Naples. It is very hard in a short time to gain a survey of the city. In endless extent it draws itself along the river bank; already a hundred paces from the latter the streets that lead to the inner city go uphill, and from there on it is up and down, which, before one has grown accustomed to it, is exceedingly fatiguing. Very prettily laid-out squares bring variety into the conglomerate of houses. The principal square is the Rocio (also called praca de Dom Pedro); into it debouch the three parallel main streets rua d'ouro (Gold Street), rua da prata (Silver Street) and rua Augusta. Just before it stands the teatro Donna Maria, to the left thereof the great market square (praca da Figueira). This square is bordered with trees, in the center the statue of Dom Pedro, and, what especially strikes every stranger's eye, paved in a parquet pattern in white and black. The three streets named lead to the praca do Commercio (Commercial Square), which one reaches, proceeding along the rua Augusta, through a mighty triumphal arch. In the middle stands the statue of Joao I. Before one lies the Tajo, on whose opposite bank a pleasant landscape spreads itself; to right and left two rows of stately buildings, containing all the ministries, the post, the Alfandega (customhouse), etc. Right at the landing-place of the ships (Caes do Sodré) lies the "Hotel Central," much frequented by ship passengers arriving and traveling on again because of its convenient situation. It is, however, by far not so well situated as the "Hotel Braganza," which, lying on the height, combines a fairer view with a healthier situation. In the possession of a joint-stock company, it is managed by a German, and it is

due to him alone that the “Hotel Braganza” is in every respect one of the first in Europe. One finds here rooms of solid elegance and cleanliness, an excellent table d’hôte, and thoroughly reasonable prices. Next to these two hotels worth mentioning are the “Hotel Durand” (Largo do Quintella) and “Street’s Hotel” (rua do Alecrim), conducted after the fashion of the English family hotels. From the landing-place, along the shore as far as the suburb Belem, runs a kind of promenade—called the Aterro—the Chiaja of Lisbon. Several rows of little trees show the good intent of an embellishment; but the soil is so sterile, the sun so glowing, that the little trees will scarcely ever grant a real shade to the longing stroller. Besides, the Aterro is strongly affected by the vapors that at the time of ebb rise from the Tajo (caused by the outflow of the canals that debouch at this point), and is therefore with good reason considered unhealthy. Often a single walk suffices to carry away a fit of fever. Moreover, the atmosphere is further vitiated by the fish market, which has now received a fine new hall. Patriarchal, or praca do Principe Real, is probably the prettiest square; bordered by handsome new private buildings, with the view upon the Tajo, lying high above the city, it possesses very well kept plantings with mighty palms, cacti, araucarias, etc. I must mention yet another small square, namely on account of the statue upon it of the great poet Camoens, the immortal creator of the *Lusiada*, whose name it also bears. From there one reaches the busiest street of Lisbon, the Chiado; apart from some fine shops, I have often asked myself wherein its power of attraction may consist. It is nothing other than the might of habit that here exerts the charm, for from early till late in the evening one may see the young gentleman-world wearing off the corners of the Chiado, twirling the ever-present cigarette in fingers adorned with inch-long nails that are rather unclean. The cigarette is the attribute of the men, as the fan is that of the women. As the latter is not lacking even to the beggar woman, so the cigarette is lacking to no ragged corner-lounger or to the little lads who lead the fore-team of the horse-tram.

Of the theaters here, the opera house Dom Carlos, situated in the middle of the city, is to be noted, then the playhouse Donna Maria, the Teatro da

Trindada, the Teatro do Gymnasio, in which last this spring “Bismarck em (in) Varzim” was given. Whoever let himself be enticed by the name of the great Chancellor was, like the Englishman in the piece, taken in, for it turned out that a place Varzim in Portugal had given cause for the confusion. An extraordinary power of attraction is exercised by the arena, in which bullfights take place every Sunday. To my taste this spectacle—as I already mentioned in my descriptions of the great festivities on the occasion of the Spanish-Portuguese exhibition and of the visit of the Spanish Majesties in Lisbon—is not at all a pleasure in which one here, still in the 19th century, diverts oneself in so high a degree, and after a single visit I felt by no means induced to repeat it. The proper home of the bullfights is Spain; those here are considerably more harmless. The bull receives balls on the horns, whereby horses and men are protected from being ripped up, and thus one is spared the ghastly sight, recurring every time in Madrid, of seeing horses, with bellies slit open and entrails protruding, writhe upon the ground. Often enough, even here, a mishap occurs; most frequently the picador, seated on horseback, who goads the bull with his pointed lance, sustains, when the latter flings him with the horse high into the air and to the ground, an internal, mortal injury. Peculiar it is that here—yet more, to be sure, in Spain—it is especially the women who, appearing in their boxes in exquisitely costly toilette (in white mantilla with a petticoat of red or yellow silk), work themselves into enthusiasm for this cruel diversion. I know delicate ladies, otherwise most soft and tender, who, fanatically enamoured of it, let no bull-fight pass by.

Lisbon possesses in truth no really beautiful promenades; in the centre of the city lie two gardens, much frequented, the Passeio publico and the Jardim da Estrella; as, however, when there are no concerts, they are closed at 8 o'clock, they are precisely at the hour unusable at which in summer one might go walking. The public conveyance—there are no one-horse cabs—is very dear; the drive costs 300 reis, and unless one be a simple passer-through, one can scarcely give less than 200 reis (which together

makes 2.25 marks in German money) as gratuity, with which the coachman is nevertheless not content. Therefore the horse-tram, whose rail-network extends over the greater part of the city, is also much used by the higher ranks. The price is comparatively high, 50 reis, equal to 20 pfennigs per person within the inner city; as soon as one reaches the suburbs one pays the same sum once again. Through the suburbs Belem, Olivaes, Alcantara, Bemfica, etc., the city gains an endless extension.

Of the forty-two churches of Lisbon the great basilica (Estrella) is the fairest; then follow San Roque and Santa Maria. The old royal castle, the Necessidades, is an ugly, styleless, red edifice, at present inhabited in the main wing by the father of the king, Dom Luiz, King Dom Fernando, and in the side-wing by the brother of Dom Luiz, the Infante Dom Augusto. The palace-garden is large and fair, but open to the public only once a week. The reigning king dwells in Ajuda, a great castle lying upon a sallow hill outside the city. Were it not that from thence one has a delightful view of the sea, one might in truth have the deepest compassion for the royal inhabitant. As late as last year the place before the castle resembled a heap of rubble; now they have planted some miserable little trees.

Surrounded by small, poor houses, at the end of a road literally without ground, Ajuda wears anything but a royal appearance. The greatest sight of Lisbon is decidedly the church and monastery Saint Cyrc in Belem (Bethlehem). Monastery and church, held in part Moorish, in part Gothic style, belong to the fairest buildings of the city. The monastery, built at the beginning of the sixteenth century, is now abandoned as such and serves as an orphanage. Several years ago its newly built tower, which had entailed endless cost, collapsed shortly after it had been finished. They say the master-builder, who had foreboded the disaster, died of grief a few months thereafter. By good fortune, during the fall the wing which serves the orphan girls as dwelling was by chance unoccupied. Since last year, on the occasion of the Camoens-festival, the remains of Vasco da Gama rest in the cathedral of Belem. Wags assert, to be sure, that the corpse was that of an old nun and

not that of the great circumnavigator of the globe; the majority of the people, however, fetched Vasco da Gama with great pomp from his previous modest resting-place and lowered him into that splendid tomb.

Fair, old palaces adorned with magnificent coats of arms testify to vanished splendour. In many cases there are now shops or warehouses in the lower stories, and the blind, broken window-panes show that the proud building stands empty, a nest of rats and an asylum of cats. The rents are, in comparison with those in other cities, very low, and moreover one has the advantage that, save in the very centre of the city, one generally either inhabits a house alone, or that the first and second floors have entrances so wholly separate that one believes oneself to be living in a house of one's own. Most houses have little gardens, which make the dwellings very pleasant. Almost all the windows are provided with balconies; peculiar to the first glance was the outer clothing of many houses with coloured tiles, white, blue, and yellow, called *azulejos*. These *azulejos* are also found in the interior of the houses, where they reach up to a third of the height of the wall and, in continued sequence, represent entire landscapes and genre-pictures. The tiles in many old buildings have real value; the fairest are doubtless to be found in the palace of the Marquis Fronteira in Bemfica. The terms of notice for rents are 25 May and 25 November. There prevails here, moreover, the custom that, if one wishes to move, one does not give notice, but instead sticks to every window of the dwelling a white square slip of paper. On the days named whole families then go wandering about to look for lodgings, so that one is scarcely safe for one's life; old and young run, heads thrown back, blindly against every obstacle. When the dwelling is found and rented, the papers are torn down, so that on the evening of such a day the streets often look as though it had snowed paper. In many cases the houses have, as entrance, a paved antechamber. The floors mostly show bad, rough deal-boards, which therefore even with the poorest people are covered with plaited straw mats. A peculiarity of Lisbon is that everyone possesses his own iron cooking-stove, which is lugged along from dwelling to dwelling. Water is obtained by means of a water-main; it is, however, very

dear, and I know garden-owners who, in order to keep their plantings in some degree fresh, must expend monthly for water five to six pounds sterling, that is, about 100 to 120 marks. People to whom the water-main is too dear buy the water in small casks from the so-called aguadeiros, men specially appointed, who at the same time perform the fire-brigade service. These aguadeiros one hears all day long utter the monotonous cry a-u (shortened from agua).

For persons ailing, Lisbon is no suitable place; from the earliest morning hours the streets resound with the unceasing cries of the hen-wives, fish-women, fruit- and vegetable-sellers, water-carriers, sellers of lottery tickets and lists, etc., each striving always to outshout the other. To this is added the braying of the asses and the screeching and chatter of numberless parrots. Everything, save meat and colonial wares, can be bought in the street. The sellers have their quite definite calls, often even little melodic songs, so that after a short time one recognizes the several sounds. Thus particularly harrowing to my nerves is a pescadora by her shrill voice, whereas a young poultry-seller with his little ditty always affords me much pleasure. All these people present themselves so punctually that one could wind and set one's watch by their appearance. Most pernicious to the people are the lotteries (the Spanish and the Portuguese), the tickets for which are likewise cried in the streets. The poorest man, aye, the beggar, surely lets no drawing pass without buying a ticket, which are to be had from 30 reis upward—ah, and how seldom he wins! Peculiar is the manner in which people call to each other here. With us one would name the person concerned by his name, whereas here one first emits a wholly inimitable sound, "Pst," drawn-out and sustained, and then beckons the person, when he has heard it, to come up, indeed with the very hand-motion which with us signifies a dismissal, a sending away, that is to say expresses precisely the contrary. At first I laughed much at this manner of beckoning; now I do the same. What would the German housewives say were I to tell them all the tribulations of a household here. How untrue would it sound to them—and

yet everything is, alas, only too true.

As regards the Portuguese themselves, one cannot in general call them a handsome race. Small, dark, either very stout or very meagre, they can on the average be designated downright ugly. They say that in the north, near Oporto, the inhabitants are very pretty, and hence the fishermen here are drawn from there, among whom one indeed finds fine figures. The women of the people carry everything upon the head and therefore have an erect and extremely graceful carriage. Folk-costumes are not seen here, save with the fisher-women; these, however, wear for the most part black pleated skirts, which under the waist are bound up by means of a kerchief, together with black, broad-brimmed felt hats or ordinary kerchiefs for the head. Upon the head itself lies a round cushion on which the object to be borne rests. The other women wear with preference long, wide, trailing skirts, which, naturally, in consequence of their length are always dirty, a large shawl in summer as in winter, and upon the head a coloured kerchief, which they call *cache-nez*, doubtless in the firm belief that that is a Portuguese word. Hats are seldom worn by ordinary women, at most on high days and holidays; the mantilla is little seen, and only women of Spanish descent or those of no good repute wear it daily. Old women one often beholds still in great cloth wheel-mantles with double collar, as in general the clothing of the women in high and low ranks alike is dark in hue and consists of warm, thick stuffs. Linen and batiste are scarcely worn at all. In the house the dress consists of a coloured skirt over which a long or short white jacket, plain or embroidered, is worn according to the circumstances. In this negligent, uncomely attire the Portuguese woman lives; in this costume she lies for hours at the window behind the lowered, propped shutters. To the peculiarities of the manner of life belongs also the predilection for passing one's days behind closed window-shutters. Particularly in summer one is in many cases fairly condemned to so great a seclusion. Strangers then seize the first moment, when the sun has disappeared, to open door and window; the Portuguese, however, even then lets the light but sparsely stream into his

rooms. Often have I asked myself with horror how the atmosphere in these barred chambers may be constituted, and of what kind the occupation may be to which the inmates in their dark dwellings may be devoting themselves.

The men wear, as a rule, thick woollen bands around the body (called cinta), a habit that one finds, I believe, everywhere in the south; as head-gear the Phrygian cap or round felt hats. Among the country folk I often saw quite becoming short jackets worn, which fit closely to the waist and show in front on either side commonly three golden clasps connected by silver chains. Wealthy peasants also wear watch-chains and buttons of 5-, 10-, and 20,000-reis pieces (gold coins). With these jackets go a close, dark small-clothes, the never-failing black or coloured cinta, and a round felt hat. These people look very well, in any case a thousand times better than the young men of the higher ranks. In baggy, loose trousers, which allow only the extreme tip of the foot to be seen, with great cuffs that fall down upon the hands, they cut an indescribably ridiculous figure. Full beards are, on the whole, little seen. The Portuguese is very lazy and little intelligent, and withal extraordinarily full of himself.

Given the great fruitfulness of the soil everything might be excellent, fruits, vegetables, etc.; but where everything grows almost of itself, it would indeed be most superfluous to lay hand thereto that it might become better still. Work, therefore, is not the Portuguese's affair; his beast of burden is the Gallego (Spaniard from the province of Galicia), who comes to the Portuguese capital to earn his money laboriously and then returns to his homeland. From these people are recruited valets, coachmen, cooks, kitchen-boys (adjudante da cozinha), etc. Peculiar is the career of the cooks; these are hardly ever trained as such from the start, but were for the most part first coachmen. My kindly readers can therefore readily divine the excellence of the culinary enjoyments. The Gallegos also fill the post of porters, for a valet never carries the least parcel, just as he never goes in

livery.

The manner of life of the Portuguese is very simple, nay scant; they nourish themselves chiefly on fish and rice. Portuguese domestics, in the service of foreigners, make enormous pretensions; if one proposes, for example, to set sardines before them, one hears the remark that these are only for the cats, whereas in truth the people live on scarcely anything else. Thus the stranger must also pay very high wages, while the native Portuguese gives almost nothing. In the more distinguished families one keeps thirty to forty servants; if one pays calls, however, there is surely no one there to open the door. This swarm of parasites is composed of whole families, of whom naturally only the head is paid, and that with a ridiculously small wage, while the others receive as pay only meagre board. Thus there also prevails the bad custom that one may change one's domestics at any hour of the day, whence it follows already that they are in general good for nothing. No rule, of course, without exception; on the average, however, at the slightest reproof one hears forthwith: "vou me embora do seu serviço" (now then I leave your service). Every Portuguese understands everything excellently, knows everything better, and hence it is hard to get on with them.

When once I complained of it, I was answered: "If one sets forth to a servant exactly why one wishes to have a thing, he is excellent." As I already mentioned, the people are lazy; it lies not at all in their nature to earn; if one orders something, one is kept for weeks and months with the constant answer: *tenha paciência até amanhã* (please have patience until to-morrow), a favourite catch-phrase of the Portuguese which characterizes him better than anything. This "Have patience until to-morrow" one hears from the minister as from the labourer.

In dealings the Portuguese is polite and obliging, good-natured and soft-hearted. Thus the father has a veritable monkey-love for his children, who, moreover, are far prettier than the adults. One really often sees charming little creatures in the most primitive costume, children up to ten or

twelve years old; but then it is also over with the beauty. Real religiosity does not exist; it is all more appearance, as indeed everyone here is more or less a comedian. In truth every Portuguese is a republican, without at bottom knowing what republic means and is.

When I came here, I was told the depravity of morals, especially of the higher ranks, was very great; however, I cannot confirm this. If a young man pays court to a girl, he stands beneath her window until late into the night; if the fair one is well disposed toward him, she appears at the same, and thus the loving pair spend many hours in soft whispering. In the other case, particularly by day, the pair make themselves understood by a sign-language created only for lovers, as well as by the exchange of tender glances; especially when the adored one lives on the third or fourth floor, which, however, does not diminish the endurance in looking up. Even in pouring rain the lover stands there, to be sure unpoetically enough, armed with umbrella and waterproof, and thus, pressed close to the wall, not seldom resembles a wet bat. If the pair are now happily betrothed, the bridegroom does not stir from the side of the bride, who now also goes out in his company and here and there dances with him. Round-dances the bridegroom, and likewise the husband, does not permit, since they hold the encircling of their wives by a stranger to be improper.

As to the higher ranks, it is precisely they who have suffered greatly from the civil wars and have forfeited their property. The oldest noble families belong to the Miguelist party and live poor and withdrawn in the provinces, particularly in the north. Peculiar it is that the father's title does indeed pass to the son, but the latter must pay so and so many conto (1 million reis = conto de reis = 4440 marks) for it before he makes use of it. Often circumstances do not permit such an expenditure, and so the title that rightfully accrues is dropped. Thus the native also must pay for the Portuguese order conferred upon him; naturally every decoration here is purchasable. Every family has innumerable names; father and son are always called differently, as are the brothers among themselves. It is therefore similar to England, only with the difference that the women retain their

maiden names. If a woman was married several times, she often keeps her maiden name, or the name of the first husband as widow of the second. Thus it is indeed very hard to find one's way in this tangle of names. Noble Portuguese, called *fidalgos*, who "keep a house," there are almost none. A diplomat who has been here twelve years once made the excellent remark that the only invitation which the stranger receives from the natives is that to the funeral. Upon a death the custom prevails that the chief mourner in a darkened room receives during eight days the calls of the nearest relations and acquaintances; he never rises to greet the newcomer, to whom the place beside him is invariably assigned. A widow does not leave her house for a month after the death of her husband. One might thus think that the Portuguese is serious in his mourning; but, as I said, it is all only appearance, for I have several times seen people dancing who two or three months before had lost their parents. The interior arrangement of the houses is tasteless and stiff, despite the splendid old furniture one finds here. (I shall return to these later.) I can, however, very well say that I have made the acquaintance of some very pleasant families, and that their apparent want of hospitality for the most part had its ground in their reduced circumstances. French is spoken by almost every educated Portuguese, often also English. Striking and characteristic of how greatly the esteem of our German nation is rising is likewise the fact that German governesses are much sought after in Portuguese families.

Portugal has, with the islands, 4,560,699 inhabitants, of whom 546,288 fall to the towns. Only 798,995 persons can read and write. A regular administration such as we have at home is unknown here. Letters and newspapers one often receives only the next day "because the official forgot them." Such was the answer a highly placed foreigner received to a complaint directed thereto. The duty on imported goods is extraordinarily high; thus, for example, a gentleman had six little footstools covered with linen sent from Paris at 3 francs each and had to pay 3 pounds or 60 marks duty for them, whereby the piece, apart from purchase price and transport, came to cost 10 marks. In this proportion stands everything, and one must

therefore not be astonished at the often quite ludicrous prices. Moreover, one has the additional comfort that very often the chests one has sent, and for which one often has to wait for days, are stolen, and then there is no thinking of a recovery.

Of the military I can judge little. Last year I attended a parade which to my German eye indeed appeared like the parody of one. Bearing and march of the troops are negligent and slouching, the columns without regular intervals, at wheelings the ranks out of line, artillery and ambulance trains partly at the walk, partly at headlong gallop, so that everything resembled a motley confusion. Very good to look upon are the sappers with their white leather aprons and high bearskins, and becoming and neat is the interim dress of the soldiers, consisting of green trousers and a short, close-fitting jacket. Strange has always seemed to me that, although the sun here requires special protection for the head, the soldiers wear with this dress little caps after the fashion of the “Cerevis” of the German students. A good troop is the municipal guard, a kind of city police, which by night, both on foot and on horseback, performs the security service of the city. On foot they patrol, stepping noiselessly one behind the other, presenting a spectacle that looks very comical. Honours are rendered by the soldiers in the most negligent manner, no trace of the brisk salute of a German soldier. State-paid night-watchmen there are none; therefore a society has formed itself, the “gardo notturna,” to whom every tenant pays 500 reis monthly.

After a ministerial crisis which took place in February, the Regenadores (Conservatives) came to the helm. The minister of foreign affairs and at the same time of public works is on his grandmother’s side of German descent; he is called Hintze Ribeiro; the name Hintze is naturally a hard nut for the Portuguese tongue. All the legations, as for example is also the case in Rome, bear the arms of their countries above the doors, and, with the exception of Turkey, all the more important countries are represented by envoys or minister-residents.

And now a word about the royal family. The reigning king Dom Luiz succeeded his brother Dom Pedro V, who died childless in 1861. The latter

had been married to the amiable Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Both monarchs, particularly the young beautiful queen, still live to this day in the friendly remembrance of the Portuguese; I have often seen old, dried-up courtiers blaze up completely when they spoke of the former queen.

Dom Luiz is now forty-three years old; small, stout, fair, with blue eyes, he looks friendly, but always somewhat hurried. He possesses an extraordinary gift for languages and commands, as his mother tongue, the German, the Italian, the French, the Spanish, and the English language. The last-named he employs with preference. The King has furnished some excellent translations of Shakespeare, plays the violoncello, and also paints. He always wears naval uniform. The Queen, Donna Maria Pia, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, came to Portugal as a fifteen-year-old princess, too young to bear the burden of a crown. Her delicate, narrow face is framed by reddish-brown hair which, arranged peculiarly high and broad, lends her an interesting appearance. Her figure, in consequence of her very delicate health unfortunately somewhat over-slender, is truly royal. Always extremely tasteful and richly attired, the Queen is a very sympathetic apparition and decidedly more beloved among the people than the King. Two Infantes have sprung from this marriage, Dom Carlos of Bragança and Dom Afonso, Duke of Oporto, fair, fresh lads. Dom Carlos, the Crown Prince, who already has a light down upon the upper lip, is to make his *début* in the world next winter. These are the personages of the court of Ajuda. In the Necessidades dwells Dom Fernando, Prince Consort of Queen Donna Maria II., who in a first childless marriage had been wedded to a Duke of Leuchtenberg. Dom Fernando, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Kohary, received the title "King" during the regency for his minor son Pedro. As hated as he was in those days, so beloved is he now. A tall, chivalrous, somewhat gaunt figure with grey moustache, affable toward every man. In the somewhat slow, nasal mode of speech one still hears the Austrian dialect. The King is now morganatically wedded to Countess Edla, née Hensler, a former singer.

Dom Augusto, Duke of Coimbra, the youngest son of this King, is unmarried, and would be by no means an ill appearance, were it not that his extremities, in consequence of a poisoning, had remained clumsy and stiff. This Infant is commander of a cavalry brigade.

Life in the royal apartments is exceedingly monotonous. In these days, when almost all other monarchs of Europe travel the world like private persons, the King of Portugal is constrained to obtain the permission of the Cortes in order to be able once to leave the land. The permission is, to be sure, not refused, but travelling is made more difficult by this condition. For the Queen too a journey abroad is bound up with so great a ceremonial and outlay that the costs are shunned unless the journey be an absolute necessity. In winter two court balls are usually held, at which one would have nothing to censure save the unpunctuality of the Majesties. When at nine o'clock, by express command, the halls fill, the court does not appear until eleven and often still later. Besides New Year there are thrice in the year gala receptions, at which the Queen takes part only on New Year's Day and on the 31st of October, the King's birthday. At the beginning of September the court goes to a sea-bathing place three miles distant, where usually two fêtes take place. As nothing further is to be reported about this bath, I interpolate here that at these fêtes there are no table-services at the supper, but the dishes are served spitted upon toothpicks. This arrangement seemed to me indeed very antediluvian, and when I asked for explanation, I was told it was done because table-services had often been stolen. I remark that only diplomats—who surely cannot be suspected—and the Portuguese nobility are invited to these suppers. In winter the court lives at times in Villavicosá, whither then distinguished Portuguese and the Italian envoy, as Minister of the Household, receive invitations with their ladies. Should the other envoys wish to accompany the King, this stands free to them, but they must provide for lodgings, etc., themselves. At gala performances in the theater the court is accompanied by a detachment of cavalry. King Dom Fernando dwells in summer always at his fair castle in Cintra, which I hope later still to describe; there likewise has Dom Augusto a summer residence. So much

about the royal family, whose members without exception are exceedingly gracious and benignant in intercourse. Through King Dom Fernando the royal house is related to England, Belgium, Coburg, Saxony, and with the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. The Infanta Donna Maria is wedded to Prince George of Saxony, and the Infanta Donna Antonia is the consort of the Hereditary Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.

In no land of the world, I ween, is there a comic paper which proceeds so mercilessly as one here, which just lately, through its publications, has aroused general indignation. This paper is the “Antonio Maria,” whose editor one cannot deny a great talent for caricature drawing. One lets it pass, at a pinch, when the ministers and foreign envoys—which, indeed, already oversteps at times the measure of what is permissible—are cavilled at and made ridiculous. Quite out of place, however, does it appear when, as is very often the case here, the “Antonio Maria” not only turns into ridicule the unfortunate figure of the Duke of Coimbra, but also presents the King in all manner of distortions. As to the press conditions otherwise, the principal newspapers are the “Diario do Governo,” a sort of official gazette, the “Jornal do Comércio,” and the most widely spread, the “Diario das Noticias,” which, as mixed up as may be, brings political despatches, family notices, clearance sales, situations wanted, etc.

The Portuguese language is unmelodious to the ear and has the peculiarity that it sounds the uglier the better it is spoken. With a reminiscence of the Italian tongue, by means whereof one can make oneself barely understood, it is yet worlds apart from the same. The many irregular verbs, the pronunciation, and also the poverty of words render the learning of it very difficult. As proof of the last-named the remark that for cooking and sewing—yet very different notions—there is only one word. In Brazil, the daughter-land of Portugal, Portuguese is naturally likewise spoken, however with a difference in pronunciation. The hatred between Brazilians and Portuguese is almost as great as between the latter and the Spaniards, of whom neither grudges the other the air to breathe.

By its colonies alone Portugal might be rich; yet these cost far more than

they bring in, because they are ill administered. The new Minister of the Colonies and likewise of the Navy, however, strives, like his predecessor, to raise the Portuguese colonies in Africa. From the same many blacks, true negroes and mulattoes, have moved over to Portugal, who make quite good domestics. From the island of Madeira there come extraordinarily handsome and cleanly executed embroideries, peculiar cane-plaits for benches and garden chairs; pineapples, which, however, in no degree have the aroma of our forcing-house fruits, and then above all the excellent Madeira wine.

As to the products of the land, wine must be named in the first rank, of which, however, only the port comes into commerce. It is impossible for me to name all the sorts—perhaps twenty and more—which almost without exception are excellent in their kind. There is the Collares, a red country wine, which yields nothing to the light Bordeaux, and whose best sort costs 160 reis, that is, 70 pfennigs. Then the Arinto, the Setubal, the Carcorellas; it seems, however, that these wines are not suited for export; at least I have never heard that they are sent abroad.

How high Portugal already stood in culture long ago one recognizes from the industrial products of earlier time, from the splendid old furniture that one still finds here. Unfortunately English and French dealers have already carried off the greater part, and yet, what treasures can still be acquired if one has money and sets thereto a little pains. There one finds high arm-chairs with artfully pressed leather seats, the piece at three to six pounds (equal to 60 to 120 marks); cabinets in variegated-stained ivory and inlaid with metal; magnificent solid carvings of pau santo (holy wood, called by us palisander), and thus one could recount many another thing. Of the results of the former voyages testify the beautiful Chinese, Japanese, and Indian porcelains. In recent times they make at Caldas da Rainha faïences in most peculiar forms. Also fine old embroideries are still to be found, altar-vestments and coverlets artfully woven, in which a great luxury seems to have been indulged. And all these splendors leave the Portuguese cold; he prefers modern trash and throws heedlessly away what the stranger for much money laboriously acquires from the dealers in antiquities. Among these

Lisbon assuredly has a specialty unsurpassed in the whole world. One of the richest shopkeepers in this line is the brother of a count, even the friend of King Dom Fernando, and yet I myself have haggled with him as with a Jew; I told him that he was a cheat, and on that very evening I met him in the first society. Since most fidalgos are in debt, true treasures often come into trade, pieces on which one can well perceive that they have been for centuries in the possession of a family. Thus one can buy splendid old wrought silver, lace and the like. The court balls exhibit an over-rich profusion of diamonds and the finest points of all kinds; when then I meet that old gentleman, I fancy he is already reckoning the profit that he will earlier or later still have from the jewels here displayed. Particularly noteworthy, further, are the ornaments of the peasants of Oporto, consisting of great heavy gold chains adorned with amulets and hearts—more peculiar than beautiful.

Imports lie chiefly in the hands of England, France, and Germany. As one can gather from the latest statistics, imports from Germany have increased considerably. It is a proud feeling for every German to see how his fatherland grows everywhere in esteem and power. The Portuguese is far too lazy to work; with regulated, continuous, measured occupation he collapses entirely. Hence it comes that he imports everything, and that one often cannot buy the simplest article—or, if one can, only at enormous prices. Among the foreign merchants the English and the Germans predominate. England exercises a great pressure in politics and in trade, for which the quantity of English money furnishes proof. Next to the English pounds (per £ = 4500 reis) and half-pounds (= 2250 reis), which circulate in large amounts and correspond to our coins of 20 and 10 marks, there are 2000, 5000, 10,000, 20,000-reis pieces in gold, which in mintage and fineness are excellent. The designations for certain small sums are innumerable—20 reis *une vinten*, *patacou* 40, *testaô* 100, *crusados* 400 reis, etc.—and precisely these are those most usual among the people. Especially in the latest time England has made itself very unpleasant by the projected treaty of Lorenzo Marquez, and the Portuguese begins to find the guardianship burdensome. Perhaps in his childish mind there dawns the thought that John Bull may be

going about with the plan of making of Portugal, which is, as it were, created for trade, an English colony. An old proverb already says that “even the worm writhes when it is trodden upon.” The English have here several churches, schools, a burial-ground, a legation-hotel (the only one of its own, whereas the other envoys occupy hired dwellings), and a large, handsome naval hospital—in short, the beginning of a completely organized colony. The English fleets, which from time to time run into the harbor, now oftener than ever, are by no means welcome guests.

There are very many Germans here, of whom, indeed, the greater part is probably naturalized. The German Protestant chapel lies on the Praça das Necessidades. It seldom takes in more than twenty to thirty hearers, among whom are Swiss, Dutch, Swedes, and also Danes. The clergyman, Pastor Wernicke, lives in the house in which the chapel is situated and which belongs to the congregation. Comforting and ever ready for sacrifice, Mr. Wernicke is a pastor in the true sense of the word. Through his high scientific culture, his artistic musical talent, he is not only in German families—whom he has doubtless already in joy and sorrow all faithfully assisted with counsel and deed—a dear, welcome guest, but also in high Portuguese houses. This clergyman is salaried by our government and therefore also bears the title of “Embassy-preacher.” On the birthday of our all-beloved Emperor a portion of the congregation assembles to pray for the life and well-being of the dear father of the land. The German Protestant cemetery lies on the Largo de Montero; on entering it one believes oneself to be in a garden. Only the tall cypresses remind one of its destination, while the graves themselves, completely covered with roses, geraniums, and flowering climbing-plants of all kinds, resemble flower-beds.

The burying-ground stretches down a little hill and affords a delightful view of the Tajo, where it is already almost to be called sea. When I was at this place for the first time, I had the feeling as though the loved ones resting here, whose graves look ever toward the sea, were bound to the homeland, as though the yearning look might once from far away more easily find it. Fair as this friendly spot is, yet those are infinitely to be envied who on returning

home have to leave none of their dear ones here behind.

Among the Germans living here there prevails in general little social intercourse, since the same is very much impeded by the enormous distances. There is a German club in the brewery of Jansen, which, however, is visited mostly only by young men. The so-called German beer brewed there, *cervéja allemão*, would hardly be acknowledged as such in Germany. Some of the Germans can be designated as very well-to-do; these belong with the most respected merchants. The Dutch Consul-General and at the same time agent of the Hamburg-South American Packet Steamship Company—a German—stands in great esteem. Obliging toward every traveler, he often procures poor Germans a free return to the homeland. In contrast to the passing English and French, who never omit to present themselves in the first instance at the Legation, the German does this only in case of need. He holds it superfluous to pay to the representative of his nation a courtesy that, after all, is not for the person but for the office; but if he loses even but an umbrella or the like, he surely at once finds, demanding assistance, the way to the Legation, and on his return to the homeland complains of the small obligingness of the authorities. A drastic example was furnished by the anthropologists' congress and the literary society last year, which was, indeed, visited by our greatest capacities. Not one of the gentlemen left a card at the Legation; only when they learned that they would not be invited to the dinner in Ajuda without the mediation of the envoy did they hasten to present themselves. That, as happened in the case of Englishmen and Frenchmen, no fête was given them at the Legation is thereafter readily intelligible.

Now, in conclusion, a word on vegetation, the animal world, and the climate. Unfortunately I have no botanical knowledge at all and am therefore unable to name fully and properly for the kindly reader the fair growths that here delight the eye. To begin with the trees, one sees above all the slender pine, the broad-branched *araucaria*, whose highest and fairest specimen is said to stand in the quinta of the Duque da Palmella at Lumiares; then holly and fan-palm—*pinus Austria*; olive and the pepper-tree with its fine little leaves

and delicate green; eucalyptus, the lilac-tree; orange and lemon must not be forgotten; indeed camellia, pomegranate, cacti, oleander, which are known to us only as pot-plants, are here medium-sized trees that diffuse a delicious fragrance. The geranium runs riot here partly as a tall bush, partly as a climber, likewise heliotrope and bougainvillea, clothing the walls with fantastic adornment. Roses in size and beauty such as I have never seen, the little monthly rose as a tall shrub, dispensing its delicate blossoms all the winter long, the datura shrub with its almost stupefyingly fragrant white bell-flowers; the *boa noite*, flaunting upon one and the same shrub in all colours and scattering a sweet perfume—all this growing almost wild and presenting a vegetation already approaching the tropics. Because, however, everything grows wild, nothing is done toward the cultivation of the soil. Hence fruits and vegetables stand far behind the products of our homeland in aroma and flavour. Asparagus is here, as in Italy, only raised as little green stalks, and the cauliflower is without taste; the peas are eaten when they have reached the size of cannon-balls. Innumerable of our kitchen-herbs are quite lacking, such as chives, horseradish, dill, etc.; if one plants them, they degenerate within a short time. Lawns there are none; the glowing sun would soon have burnt them to dry heath; to keep them even tolerably green large sums are necessary. Apples have the most agreeable flavour, whereas peaches in particular only dazzle by their fair exterior, but have hard, tasteless flesh which does not loosen from the stone and must be cut off. Tomatoes and olives belong to the favourite enjoyments here, not to forget the bananas, which, however, mostly come from Madeira, and, of course, oranges and tangerines.

Of fishes, which form a principal article of food for the Portuguese, I am no friend, and can name but few: turbot, sole, lamprey, cuttle-fish, sea-pheasant, salmon, sardines. The people, above all else, give the preference, over fresh fish—which, moreover, is comparatively dear—to the dried bacalhau, which, fried in fat or bad oil, diffuses an abominable smell. Soles and lobsters there are none, but mussels and oysters are very cheap, though they must not be compared with Holstein or even English oysters. Salmon occur

in winter, but are rare and dearer, and by no means so delicate as Rhine salmon.

For draught and carriage the mule is much used, not only for wagons and horse-trams, but also for equipages. Thus, for example, the court equipages drive with them; mules proper one sees but few. For the transport of vegetables, fruit, etc., asses and a small strain of country horses are mostly employed. Really fine animals are the oxen, and it is a joy to see a heavily laden wagon with a four-in-hand of these powerful, large, well-fed creatures. The meat is in general bad, since it is eaten too fresh, and the butchers do not understand the cutting up. Mutton has without exception a repulsive taste, and the pork, which in summer is held to be unwholesome, is dark and tough. The living pig, with its black smooth skin, looks repellent already. Portuguese hams are, to my taste, uneatable. At Christmas whole herds of turkeys are driven through the streets for sale, and at Easter little lambs. Hens, ducks, geese are always to be bought at the market and in the street, likewise tame and wild rabbits, hares, partridges, quail, snipe, wild ducks, etc. Deer occur only in the royal parks. The hares and the other game named have by no means the savour they have with us, and the dainty red-legged partridges cannot at all measure themselves with ours. Besides, there are here numberless rats and mice—the former always, in the bright sunlight, peacefully eat with my hens out of one dish—snakes, many lizards, and a kind of venomous creature of the size of the latter but otherwise more like the crocodile, which lives chiefly in the walls. The mosquitoes, too, are a great plague.

Were it not for the ifs and buts, one could call the climate faultless, and as such I found it in the past summer. Except for a few days in September, it was, though hot, yet, thanks to the evening sea-breeze, quite bearable. At the end of October, however, the rainy period began, which, with short interruptions, lasted until the end of April. During the months of December, January, and February the rain was so continuous (which naturally, as always in such cases, was represented as an exceptional case) that the dwellings were completely soaked through; little streams trickled down the

walls; tables and other furniture were always damp, yea the linen in the drawers, the garments in the wardrobes, were penetrated by the perpetual wet, the footwear covered with mould—in short, a dry article of clothing one knew only by name. One has, to be sure, the convenience that, as soon as the rain, though it be a cloud-burst, is over, within the next half-hour one can go walking without getting a wet foot. The thermometer almost never falls below three to four degrees above freezing, and there is hardly a day on which one does not have at least one window open. In the past summer one suffered, it is true, much from the heat, which, however, was held to be not normal. All in all, one may describe the climate as favourable; apart from the fact that it exerts a relaxing effect upon the nerves, it is not unwholesome. Fevers prevail at times; yet where is there a place where no illness prevails?

Taking everything together, the little miseries of the household deducted, one may well say that one can live quite well here. When in the evening I stand upon my balcony, the little garden below me filled with the scent of blossoms, and my eye roves over the city lying at my feet with its countless heights and hollows toward the Tajo, which, like a broad silver band, covered with numberless steamers and ships, spreads itself before me, the hilly, though pretty barren, opposite bank forming at any rate a background; above it the clear heaven sown with sparkling stars, mirrored in the river's flood; thereto the moon pouring his silver light over stream and town, lending to the whole a bewitching, infinitely poetical charm—then I can well say that Lisbon is one of the fairest cities of the world. I cannot resist the spell which the poesy, the luxuriance of the South exercises upon the Northlander, and I cannot look my fill upon it. But when day breaks, and a majestic steamer glides past me, strongly cleaving the flood and making for home, I should like to stretch out my arms in longing and call out to it to take me with it, for in the German homeland, the German fatherland, it is, after all, a thousand times fairer. There the spirit strives and labours unceasingly to create great and lovely things, to raise land and nation high above all others. And there the hearts still beat in love and loyalty, even unto death, for the aged hero-emperor and for their German fatherland.

The Visit of the Spanish Majesties to the Portuguese Court.

January 1882.

Visits of monarchs are now the order of the day, and so at last such a one, too, rouses us from the eternal monotony. At the beginning of November the kings of Portugal and Spain met upon the frontier of the two countries for the opening of the railway line leading directly from Madrid to Lisbon, whereby the journey is shortened by eight hours. In Cáceres the two monarchs renewed the mutual friendly relations, and King Don Alfonso accepted the invitation of King Don Luiz to attend, ere long, the opening of the exhibition full of art-antiquities in Lisbon. The Portuguese press did, to be sure, its utmost to mar this understanding; in blind, petty envy the sanctioned visit was made to taste bitter—nay, Don Luiz was accused of having betrayed his land to Spain, so that the prospects for the realization of the visit at last seemed wholly vanished. Fortunately the opening of the exhibition was, with the Portuguese's own quiet, indeed indolence—*tenha paciencia amanha* (have patience, to-day it is not, to-morrow it is—and then still not yet); it should have taken place at the end of November, and is now fixed for the 12th of January. In this time, however, nothing else has been talked of than the Spanish royal visit. The most comprehensive preparations have been making for months, for here there is lack of everything.

The royal palace of Ajuda, the palace in Belem, where the visit is to reside, were newly fitted up, twelve Hanoverian horses assigned for the royal stables, and every idler was informed by the press exactly how many conto de reis the Queen squandered upon her toilette, whilst the people starved. Aye, they went so far as to say that Don Luiz knew well enough his royal neighbour would not come; he was only making use of the opportunity to refurnish his palaces, etc., at the cost of the state. The lot of monarchs is nowadays not always to be envied, but that of the King of Portugal least of all. In consequence of complete freedom of the press he is exposed to the grossest injuries, so that the “Antonio Maria” (Kladderadatsch) brings out

no number without bespattering the monarchs with filth.

At length the day for the opening of the exhibition was fixed, and thereby also definitively the day for the arrival of the Spanish visit. If one had grumbled beforehand, now one knew not how to puff oneself up with pride; and heedlessness reached its height when it proved that Queen Maria Christine would accompany her illustrious consort, which had first been called in question by her delicate state of health. The programme of festival-days is so overfilled that I ask myself how the Majesties, how we all, shall endure the fatigues. Therewith the boundless disorder, unpunctuality; no man knows aught, and so I hope you will credit it to your reporter if the news arrives slowly, but then at least exactly. One must indeed not think of Portugal as a European land; at the Pyrenees Europe ends, and the longer one lives here, the more painfully does one feel the utter lack of everything that belongs to the amenities of intellectual and material life—everywhere the noblest *dolce far niente* blossoms. Does not the Portuguese himself say, when someone comes from England, France, Germany, etc.: “came out of Europe”—and thus it is surely permitted to a real European to make the remark that here he does not have the feeling of being in Europe.

But enough of that; I will endeavour to set before the kindly readers as much as possible the bright sides of Portuguese life. That is, however, difficult. The whole administrative mechanism functions so badly, the officials, from the highest court-charge to the commonest labourer, know their duties so little, that at occasions like the present, where it comes to the strictest fulfilment of duty and routine, there is entirely lacking that dovetailing wherein our German administration is so great. The gravest imprudences are committed, whereby the temper of the people, ill-disposed toward the monarch as it is in any case, is roused to the uttermost against him. Revolution ferments within; the dream of the people is a republic, and often it needs but a single little pebble that loosens itself to set the avalanche in motion. It had been better to omit the parade appointed for the 14th of January. The troops are not drilled enough to be able to stand such a test. The garrison is so small that troops had to be drawn from the provinces.

Things that anger the people and make the latter appear ridiculous; but if one then asserts one's rights, as has now been done, the damage is a thousand times greater than the matter is worth. Usually there is here on the 24th of July a parade, which the Queen views from the balcony of the theatre Donna Maria II, lying on the praça San Pedro. The fairest ornament of this square is a triple row of trees which for thirty years have formed the pride and joy of the people. As the troops, however, as said, are wholly untrained, every parade fails at the short wheelings that must be executed close before the balcony, the King with his staff taking up position opposite. To avoid these wheelings a tribune has now been erected on the long side of the square, for which at least fifty trees must be sacrificed, which have been felled in the night. The mob could scarcely be restrained from throwing the windows in of the Prime Minister Fontes de Mello. It is vandalism, true; the place is now spoilt; the trees will hardly grow again in the midst of the city, and the whole was in any case needless, since the racecourse at Belem and the praça do Commercio would have been much better suited to the military spectacle.

From the provinces people have thronged hither in masses; even from Paris Portuguese and Spaniards living there have arrived. The inns are overcrowded, prices everywhere enormous. As the days are so taken up and the distances so great, one must have a carriage for the day if one would not run the risk of being left without conveyance. The hackney-coachmen demand per day not less than 100 francs, that is 75 marks. For the protection of the public against overreaching the prices have been fixed by the municipality; what should we otherwise have paid? Perhaps the double.

In what follows I give the programme for the festive time from the 10th to the 16th of January. For it I can give, however, no guarantee that it will be kept, for here one is, indeed, incalculable. Fixed is at least the following: on the 10th at 1 o'clock arrival of the Majesties; at 8 o'clock dinner in the palace of Aguda for 120 covers. On the 11th, in the forenoon, horse-races in Belem; in the evening great ball at Aguda. On the 12th, in the forenoon, opening of the exhibition, then bull-fight, and in the evening gala opera in San Carlos. On the 13th the Majesties' drive to Cintra, déjeuner dinatoire

upon the Pena, King Don Fernando's pleasure-castle; in the evening illumination of the Tejo, in which five warships specially summoned thereto will take part. On the 14th of January parade; in the evening ball, given to the Majesties by the merchants in the Palais San Sebastiano. On the 15th bull-fight and gala performance in the theatre Donna Maria II. On the 16th departure to the hunting-castle Villa Viçosa.

10 January.

While I write these lines, Lisbon is already in the greatest excitement. To-night the Spanish envoy, Señor Valera, set out to meet the Majesties, accompanied by the Portuguese court-charges serving on the royal visit, Donna Gabriela Sousa Continho, Conde Ficalho, General Teineiro Rebello and Major Visconde de Seisal, as well as the Prime Minister Fontes de Mello and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Serpa Pimentel. At three o'clock in the morning the greeting at the frontier takes place. The Spanish Majesties are accompanied by a very numerous suite: Marquise Santa Cruz, Mistress of the Household, Marquise de Molins, lady of honour; Sagasta, Prime Minister; Marquis de la Vega d'Armijo, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Marquis de Alcanices, Master of the Household; Marquis de Santa Cruz, Master of Ceremonies; Conde de Serrallo; General Terreros; Marquis Villapaterna; Conde de Sepulveda; the generals Sonni and Barjes; Count Morphy, secretary to the King; León y Llerena, secretary to the Prime Minister; Dr. Camison, physician; Don Eusebio Pages; Don Bagnes; Don Diaz y Readó, etc. In Santarem, where their Majesties changed their dress, there was an hour's halt.

I have but now returned from the entry. The railway station was richly adorned with banners, carpets, and garlands. In the hall a group of flags formed the centre-point of the decoration, in whose midst the arms of Portugal and Spain showed themselves, to right and left those of Italy and Austria. The court was so closely packed that it was scarce possible to get

through. The members of the Spanish colony appeared, of course, as did the whole Spanish and Austrian legation. At half-past twelve King Don Fernando (father of the reigning king) appeared, accompanied by his adjutant, General Sousa Pinto. On one side stood the band of the municipal guard—here the best troop—on the other that of the Philharmonic. Ten minutes to one King Don Luiz of Portugal appeared with the Crown Prince Don Carlos. At three minutes past one the royal special train drew in, greeted by the Spanish national hymn and the salutes fired by the corvette “Bartholomäus Dias,” which had taken up station opposite the station. The station, namely, lies close upon the Tejo. When the train halted, Don Luiz hastened toward the alighting Spanish King Don Alfonso; the monarchs greeted one another with hearty embraces, whereupon Don Luiz gallantly kissed the hand of the Queen of Spain, Donna Maria Christine, and the greetings on the part of Don Fernando and Don Carlos took place. Offering the Queen his arm, Don Luiz conducted her to the waiting-salon, where the greeting by the legation and the presentation by the municipality, etc., took place. Two little girls of the Spanish colony handed their Queen splendid bouquets.

It was nigh upon two o’clock when the procession set itself in motion: at the head a squadron of Uhlans of the regiment Victor Emanuel, followed by three four-in-hand gala carriages, drawn by mules, with a part of the suite, then six six-in-hand gilded gala equipages with the higher charges, thereafter the golden royal coach—eight-in-hand, the manes of the horses interwoven with red and yellow ribbons (the Spanish colours). To the right the Queen, in dark-blue atlas adorned with velvet, rich in front with white Spanish lace, wearing a white lace-hat; beside her Don Alfonso; opposite the Queen, the King Don Luiz, and beside the latter the Crown Prince.

Men ever say the German is phlegmatic, cold-blooded—though what a difference on such an occasion between German and Portuguese public! No hat was waved, no hurrah sounded, so that the train resembled more a funeral than aught else. To right and left of the coach rode General Visconde de Sayres, divisional commander, and Don Augusto, the brother of the

reigning King, chief of the cavalry brigade. Then followed, in motley disorder, six hundred riders, partly Uhlans of the Queen's regiment, partly of the fourth cavalry regiment; thereafter the six-in-hand gala carriage of King Don Fernando; the carriages of the Spanish and Austrian envoys, etc. The day had been rather dull, but at the hour of the entry the sun broke forth behind the clouds, a good omen for the Spanish-Portuguese alliance; and thus the drive along the Aterro close by the Tejo made, I think, a friendly impression upon the Spanish Majesties. At three o'clock the procession reached Belem, where Queen Donna Maria Pia with the princes, Don Alfonso with her, with her own grace and amiability, received the royal guests. After the usual greetings and presentations the Portuguese Majesties and princes returned to their palaces, to assemble again only then to come together again for the gala dinner taking place at 8 o'clock. The square Don Fernando lying before the palace of Belem is naturally incessantly besieged by the curious. The middle of the square is occupied by a triumphal arch, richly adorned with flags and coats of arms. This evening the same will be illuminated electrically, whilst the band of the First Infantry Regiment will bring the Majesties a serenade.

Opposite lie the five warships, which are illuminated every evening.

At eight o'clock punctually those invited to the dinner assembled; the interior of the palace was illuminated with electric light, the place before the same, however, as ever but sparsely lighted by a few gas lamps. To the dinner were invited the entire Spanish legation, otherwise from the diplomatic corps only the heads of mission with their ladies, respectively their *chargés d'affaires*—England and Germany being at the moment represented by *chargés*—and thereafter only the highest court-charges with their ladies. That punctuality is the politeness of kings is a matter unknown at this court. It may have been a full hour gone by when at last the longed-for rap of the Lord High Marshal's staff made itself heard. With only a slight bow the Majesties then passed on into the banqueting-hall—the King Don Luiz leading Queen Maria Christine of Spain, whilst the King of Spain gave

his arm to Portugal's Queen. The train was completed in that King Don Fernando offered his arm to the Marquise Oldoini, the wife of the Italian envoy and at once doyen of the diplomatic corps, whilst the Crown Prince led the Marquise de Molins, and Don Augusto the Marquise Santa Cruz. It would lead too far were I to name for you the following persons—only a word yet concerning the toilettes of the Queens.

The Queen of Spain in any case outshone by elegance and taste the Portuguese Queen, who otherwise always dresses with extraordinary good taste. Donna Maria Christine wore a dress of pale blue satin, trimmed with a wide border of open embroidery in silk, the waist throughout embroidered. In her hair the Queen bore a splendid ornament forming a wreath, a diamond diadem; about her neck likewise there sparkled a costly collier; pale rose-coloured roses adorned hair, breast, and gown, which, held by a wondrous diamond agraffe, displayed the white and rose ribbon of the Portuguese Order of Saint Isabel. Queen Maria Pia of Portugal wore the Spanish colours. A tablier of white satin, trimmed with red satin sashes, thereto a train of gold brocade upon white satin ground. Across the breast the white and dark violet ribbon of the Spanish Order of Maria Luisa. The Queen, who otherwise shines in brilliants, wore in her hair only a narrow diamond band and some scattered stars; around her neck, however, there glittered a truly magnificent collier of brilliants and rubies. Don Alfonso wore at his neck the Golden Fleece; across his breast the dark blue ribbon of the Order *torre e espada*; Don Luiz the ribbon of the Golden Fleece and the chain of the said *torre e espada*. The King of Portugal as well as the Crown Prince wore naval uniform.

To the strains of the Spanish hymn the Majesties entered the hall; it is the former throne-room. On the right hand of King Don Luiz the Queen of Spain took her place, to her right the Crown Prince, then the Marquise de Molins, the Nuntius, Monsignor Aloisi Masella, then the Spanish ambassadress Madame Valera. On the King's left the Spanish Mistress of the Household, Marquise Santa Cruz; to her left Don Augusto, then the Duchess of Palmella, first lady of the Portuguese *fidalgos*, then the Cardinal of Oporto,

the Marquis Oldoini, etc. On the right of the Queen the King of Spain, on his right the Mistress of the Household, Countess Sousa Continho; then a Spanish grandee—on the Queen's left the King Don Fernando, the Marquise Oldoini, a Spaniard, etc. The table, placed in a straight line, was richly set with splendid silver and gold plate. Along the walls there stood, right and left, about eight buffets, adorned with sumptuously chased silver bowls and vessels. For amateurs I share the menu herewith: Crème d'orge perlée à la Royale — Potage aux trois filets. Hors d'oeuvre — Friture à l'italienne. Relevés — Saumon à la régence — Filet de boeuf à l'andalouse. Entrées: Filets et bécasses à la Talleyrand — Cotelettes de chevreuil à la purée gibier — Aspic de purée de volaille à la Reine. Punch à la Impérial. — Rôtis. — Dindons à la Périgueux — Jambon Asturien à l'espagnole. Entremets: Asperges à la sauce blanche, Pouding Gormanston, Coupe en nougat à la Chantilly. Glaces, vins, liqueurs.

The conversation was very lively, especially on the part of the King of Spain. In the midst of the dinner the King Don Luiz rose to give the toast; his first words he spoke so softly that they were intelligible only to those sitting nearest. The King, who has always to struggle with an unfortunate embarrassment, spoke French. The sense of his speech was as follows:

“On the occasion of the opening of the exhibition the privilege has fallen to us and to our land to welcome here the King of Spain and his consort. We bid you welcome in our house and in our land, and we drink to the health of the King of Spain and of the Queen of Spain.”

After a short pause Don Alfonso replied with quite indescribable graciousness. Looking frankly into the eye of his illustrious neighbour, he answered in the same language approximately as follows:

“By the exceedingly friendly reception that has been accorded to us we are so moved that we can find no words to give expression to our feelings. It is our innermost wish that the friendly relations between the King and the Queen of Portugal, as well as the Crown Prince and us, may continue, that the two countries on both sides may remain in friendly accord, preserving

each its independence. Gentlemen, we drink to the health of Her Majesty the Queen, to the welfare of His Majesty the King of Portugal!"

It is indescribable what an extraordinarily favourable impression this truly royal speech made. One may but wish that the Portuguese people may take to heart the passage, expressly and very pointedly emphasized, touching the independence of both countries, and not always, through petty mistrust, disturb the good understanding of two neighbouring peoples, who, by their situation, are destined to be friends. To the strains of the Portuguese hymn the Majesties left the dining-hall; in the present throne-room coffee was then partaken of. In order to grant the high travellers some repose, the reception of the diplomatic corps by the royal couple in the palace at Belem before the dinner had been dispensed with. After the same, Her Majesty the Queen of Spain received the ladies, His Majesty the King the gentlemen, and the official reception of the diplomatic corps was appointed for the 11th at 9 o'clock in the evening, to take place before the court ball in the palace at Belem. Though the Spanish Queen is not a strikingly beautiful apparition, yet she has something sympathetic and entirely queenly. With great grace the Queen made her circle, almost always addressing the lady concerned in her native tongue, whereupon the Queen of Portugal, with her no less peculiar grace, followed suit. The court withdrew; the splendid rooms soon emptied, and every one, to the highest degree fatigued, betook himself to his couch.

11 January.

This forenoon there was a fork-breakfast at the Spanish legation, after which the Majesties betook themselves to the horse-races toward Belem. I used the time, while in the Spanish legation palace the reception of the Spanish colony was taking place, to send you these lines. In the capital and residence city of Lisbon we have, indeed, only a single daily communication with the remainder of the civilized world. My next report will tell of the horse-races, the ball, the opening of the exhibition—until then, até a manha!

Lisbon, 11 January.

I begin to-day's report with the court ball at Ajuda, instead of with the horse-races, which the Majesties, from fatigue, did not visit. The reception of the Spanish colony in the legation hotel had taken up so much time that the Majesties, after Countess Edla, the morganatic consort of King Don Fernando, had been presented to them, retained but a short interval to make their toilette and to dine. At nine o'clock there took place with the royal couple in the palace at Belem the reception of the diplomatic corps, at which occasion the Spanish Prime Minister Sagasta gave not a little offence by continually making use of a toothpick, standing in the midst of the hall—an attitude truly not befitting a court. It was toward eleven o'clock when at Ajuda the Lord High Chamberlain Count Rio Maior announced the arrival of the Majesties. The really handsome rooms were filled to crushing; upward of 3,000 invitations had been issued, and assuredly no one was wanting. To the right of the throne the diplomatic corps took up position, to the left the high court-charges and fidalgos.

The Spanish hymn sounded; with kindly greetings to all sides the Majesties entered the throne-room, which at the same time serves as dancing-hall. The Queen of Spain, on the arm of King Don Luiz, appeared in a gown of satin of navy-blue watered silk with a train shot with blue; garlands of flowers adorned the robe; her head was decked with a most modest diamond diadem of about four fingers' breadth, set pavé. Queen Maria Pia, whom Don Alfonso led, appeared in a toilette of yellow Chinese satin stuff, from which dark wreaths of leaves and gay birds with long tails stood out effectively; in her hair a diadem of brilliants consisting of stars. It was truly a lovely sight, whilst during the dancing the two queens could be observed, each in her appearance uniting grace and majesty. Even Paris would have found it hard to award the apple; I divide it down the middle and hold myself to be just. At the strains of the first quadrille the Majesties danced the same in the very grouping in which they had entered the hall. The King Don Fernando with the Marquise Oldoini, the Crown Prince and Don Augusto with the two Spanish maids of honour. The remaining couples were composed of the

gentlemen of the Spanish suite, and the heads of mission and their ladies.

The round of the general dances was opened by King Don Alfonso with Frau von Kleist, the wife of the German chargé d'affaires, with whom he danced the first waltz. It is said the King waltzes with passion and very well. His dancer wore a dull-rose satin toilette with rose-coloured feathers in her hair and upon the gown. The dance-card here is very monotonous; quadrille, waltz, lancers alternate with one another. Characteristic is how little importance is attached here, even in dancing, to order and exactness. Thus the first lancers brought about so much confusion that their Majesties remained incessantly in laughter. Whoever has otherwise taken part here in a court ball could, by the way, observe that the Spanish visit exercised, after all, a favourable influence upon sociability. The Spanish royal couple unites with dignity and majesty so much natural amiability and youthful cheerfulness that even the Majesties here were carried along thereby. The two queens watched the next dances from the throne, while King Don Alfonso, untiring, mingled among the dancers. The hall displayed a wealth of fair, elegant apparitions from the circles of the fidalgos; among them distinguished themselves especially: the Countess Noroguha, a slender young woman with noble features, in a light-blue satin robe trimmed with points de Venice volants; in her hair a blue feather-panache. The feather in the hair is, in general, at the moment the sovereign of fashion. The Countess Villa Real, a strikingly beautiful Greek head; the Marquise Oldoini, despite two grown daughters one of the most engaging apparitions. This Marquise, married to the Italian envoy, is a Portuguese by birth, sprung from one of the noblest houses. Among the ladies of the diplomatic corps, in the indicated direction, no one especially struck me. The Portuguese ladies had naturally unfolded a rich splendour of toilettes; I refrain from describing to you the precious stones and laces upon which the connoisseur's eye could feast. The Countess Portolovo, for example, the richest lady in Portugal, was, in the full sense of the word, covered with diamonds.

When the last strains resounded, I, familiar with the conditions here, left the

hall in all haste, in order to escape the crush and the disorder; how well I did so is proved by the circumstance that, whilst I sought my couch toward four o'clock, very many did not reach home until toward six.

12 January.

On the opening day a numerous crowd had assembled before the exhibition building; the fairest sunshine, mild, warm weather was gracious to the poor, who had doubtless stood there three to four hours. Your reporter had succeeded in obtaining entrance—although the chosen were but very few. The palace is rented for the purpose of the exhibition and completely fitted out. To the famous statesman, Marquis of Pombal, it was given by his sovereign; the riches which he acquired for the state and for himself—they are gone: the state coffers empty, and the great-grandson himself near to bankruptcy. From the high, splendid hall two mighty marble staircases lead upward into the hall lit from above, in which the opening took place. Upon a small elevation stood the arm-chairs for their Majesties.

It may have been half-past two—thus an hour and a half later than fixed—when the court appeared. Queen Christine on this occasion wore dark-brown velvet, with a white satin tablier embroidered with pale-rose roses, thereto a cream-coloured little lace hat with rose-coloured roses; the Portuguese Queen amber-coloured satin, likewise trimmed with roses, a rose-coloured satin hat with high aigrette and panache, thereto a brown velvet mantilla edged with Spanish lace. King Don Fernando, by whom, indeed, the exhibition had really been called into being, read an address. Unfortunately his nasal voice renders understanding quite extraordinarily difficult. The sense of the speech was that it was to him a great satisfaction to see the success of the exhibition so brilliant. The same affords the proof what high culture and developed industry Portugal already possessed centuries ago. The speaker desires that the exhibition of these works of art may fulfil its purpose, namely to give anew an impulse to lead Portugal back to its former splendour. Thereupon—this time in clear, very distinctly

spoken words—the King, Don Luiz, expressed his thanks to the entrepreneurs, as also to the King of Spain, that he honoured the exhibition with his presence. The Minister of Public Works, Hintze Ribeiro, then declared the exhibition open.

I may to-day not even make the smallest attempt to give you a description of the exhibition. It surpasses in truth every conception one had formed of it. One hall is dedicated to Spanish industry, things of which one knows with certainty that they have been in Portugal over a hundred years. One hall is filled entirely with the pieces belonging to King Don Fernando. Another contained only gold and silver vessels set with the costliest precious stones, which belong to the chapel of San Roque. In all there are seventeen halls. To be able to appreciate everything properly requires downright a study. I must confess, it affected me almost sadly, the Then and Now. What wealth, what industry this land possessed, how far its name, its arm reached in power and renown! It appropriated to itself the treasures of India before ever another European foot had trodden that wonderland, and now—unwillingly, when one sees how this land, once so flourishing, decays, one remembers the melancholy words in “The Minstrel’s Curse”: “Only a lofty pillar bears witness to splendour long since fled—this too already rent, may fall in a single night!”

But away with these gloomy thoughts—the blue, cloudless heaven seems, indeed, to mock me, and the sun sheds her golden light; she makes ready to go and already dips her radiant countenance in the blue waves of the stream, upon which the gaily pennoned ships rock merrily. Already the strains of the Portuguese hymn sound upon my ear, admonishing me that the glittering train with the court is already leaving the exhibition, to hasten to the bull-fight. Though it was half-past four, the sojourn in the arena could therefore be only a very short one, I hastened to the Campo Sant’ Anna, a drive which alone takes almost twenty minutes. It was a brilliant picture that offered itself to my eyes; the walls of the arena are tastefully clad with green foliage and flowers, between which there show themselves picturesque groupings of Portuguese, Spanish, Austrian, and Italian flags and coats of

arms. I reserve for myself the description of the bull-fight, in which this time amateurs took part and at which the court will be present from the very beginning. The boxes are closely filled—the costumes of the capinhas gleaming in blue and silver, red and gold. Repellent as the spectacle appears to us Germans, it is yet not without interest to be present here at one of these bull-fights, since it is the only moment at which the Portuguese throws off his indifference and comports himself as a fiery Southerner. Nay, even the most delicate female beings are transformed—and ever more frenzied becomes the jubilation, the more the poor animal is tormented. Then kerchiefs are waved, flowers thrown, there is shouting, stamping with the feet, hissing—in short, an enthusiasm indeed somewhat coarse and unintelligible, yet—rustically decorous!

Like a motley serpent the royal train wound through the streets at half-past five, in advance a detachment of cavalry, then the golden gala-carriages—the servants in red and golden livery—then again cavalry—I turned into a side street to get home more quickly—for already the eighth stroke of the clock summoned us to the gala performance in the opera-house São Carlos.

Although everyone knew exactly that the performance would not begin punctually, yet at the appointed hour the theatre was already closely filled with a select public. Partly driven by curiosity, partly to escape the crush, people were in exceptional fashion punctual!—for me the power of habit prevailed which commends punctuality to every German as a first duty. Because the military, the officer, never wears uniform here unless he be on duty, the outward splendour of the crowded house was thereby impaired. On the left, in the proscenium box, Countess Edla had taken her place—the great middle box and the right-hand proscenium were still empty—otherwise, one could hardly have dropped an apple to the floor. To the left of the middle box the heads of the legations in uniform had taken their places with their ladies in three boxes that had been converted into a single great one. The ladies in the first tier were everywhere low-necked, sparkling in rich diamond ornaments. Twice the public rose because a stray

bird had given the mot d'ordre—aye, the curtain was drawn up, and meanwhile we could feast our eyes upon the court of the Danish king. For the opera “Hamlet” had been chosen!—“because it goes best”—was the answer I received when I expressed my surprise at the choice. If not the music, yet the subject is too tragic—murder and deep brooding, madness and death do not, in my opinion, fit for a gala performance. As, however, one deemed it superfluous to let the curtain fall, they let the poor king finally sink, amid peals of laughter from the public, majestically upon the throne. Scarcely had silence set in when the court in truth appeared, the national hymn of Spain resounded—and standing the public awaited the entry of the Majesties. In the lead Don Luiz with the Queen of Spain, then Donna Maria Pia on the arm of King Don Alfonso. Kindly greeting to all sides, the Majesties took their places. Queen Maria Christine in dove-grey satin with grey sheen; in the hair and upon the bosom pink feathers with comparatively little jewellery; the Queen of Portugal in red satin garnished with points d’Alençon, a diadem of brilliants and sapphires in the hair, a many-rowed collier with the same stones around the neck. The rear part of the box was filled with gaudy uniforms, among which the Spanish stood out especially brilliant. A very fair sight was afforded by the side proscenium boxes with their abundance of aristocratic beauties. Present were twelve ladies of honour of the Queen of Portugal, in white satin dresses with the blue court-train upon the arm, and white and blue feathers. The court-trains of the Spanish ladies were dark; their colour I could not distinguish. An ill habit is that the court leaves the box at every intermission, whereby the public is actually in permanent motion. The conversation in the royal box was a very lively one, and it interested me particularly to observe King Don Alfonso. His large eye surveyed his surroundings with keen attention, while he conversed most earnestly with the gracious King Don Fernando. At half past eleven the court, bowing to the public, left the opera, while the band played the hymn “Don Luiz.” Like ourselves, many others left the theatre—the principal attraction had vanished.

13 January.

The fairest sunshine favoured to-day's excursion to Cintra; of it and of the illumination of the Tejo more to-morrow.

The Spanish festal days are truly favoured by heaven, for while the normal weather at this season is pouring rain, there now spans above us a deep-blue, cloudless sky, and the golden rays of the sun lend to the landscape that wondrous, airy charm which on pictures seems unnatural to him who knows not the South. The air is indeed fresh, yet in the sun the paletot soon becomes burdensome, and he whom the fresh breeze deceives may easily, if he does not protect himself against the sunbeams, carry away a slight sunstroke. To-day may surely be accounted the most successful of the festal days. For its programme the beauties of nature which Lisbon and its environs have to offer stand the visit to the Pena in Cintra and the illumination of the Tejo in the most splendid stead. Already at eight in the morning hour glittering equipages bore away from the residence, which itself, wrapped in morning mist, still lay as if dream-bound. Unspeakably tedious, monotonous is the three hours' drive, and he who has driven from Rome to Tivoli may, on the road to Cintra, without any special effort of fancy, think himself in the Roman Campagna. Aye, even the lofty arches of the aqueduct accompany us, and the hideously crippled beggars are lacking neither there nor here. Now the mist parts, and Madam Sun shows her radiant countenance—changing the scene as with a stroke of magic. The unstrung, still sleep-laden mortal, awakening, deems himself to be in a land of fairy-tale. Vanished is the bare horizon; yonder mountains clad in glorious green pile themselves up, and majestically, darkly, like an enchanted castle, the mighty pile of the Pena rises high upon the summit against the blue ether. Ever nearer draws that which at first one had taken for a fata morgana, and now the carriage rolls along the first row of houses; upon the mountain ridge, picturesquely scattered, numberless villas and dwellings—deep down in the valley the royal castle and the town of Cintra. One truly believes oneself to be in Switzerland—in one of those charming, shady Alpine valleys. Unnumbered masses of people had gathered here

likewise.

With the stroke of eleven, punctual as always, rolled along the equipage of the royal host Don Fernando; beside him sat his consort Countess Edla. The King is very popular; though his gaunt figure involuntarily recalls Don Quixote, he is yet a distinguished apparition. From his German one recognizes without fail the Viennese; his nasal mode of speech does nothing to beautify the Portuguese language, already so ugly. Don Fernando is, however, assuredly one of the most amiable gentlemen; he has ever a friendly word for everyone and therein differs greatly to his advantage from King Don Luiz, who, in consequence of his unlucky embarrassment, never knows what to say.

Some fifty donkeys stood ready at the foot of the Pena; the drive up the steep mountain would have been too much for the tired horses. Besides the royal guests and their respective court-trains only the entire Spanish legation was invited, as well as Baron Dumreicher, the representative of Austria, who has already been here more than twelve years. Toward noon the court arrived. King Don Luiz, who was severely hoarse, had had to refrain from taking part in the drive. Soon the cavalcade was in motion. Pity only for the fair toilettes of the ladies. Donna Christine wore slate-coloured velvet, Donna Maria Pia dove-grey, Countess Edla yellow-brown velvet. King Don Alfonso bestrode a small, brisk dark-brown donkey, called *la pulga*, the Flea.—Master Long-ear must have let it go to his head that he had the honour to carry a royal rider, for suddenly he broke out of the rank at a tearing gallop, and now the King had all he could do to master the runaway animal. The laughter would not end; both Spanish Majesties possess so much fresh humour that the court here becomes infected thereby. And so one could truly not see in this frolicsome cavalcade that it consisted of monarchs and princely heads.

To describe the garden of the Pena would rob me of too much time; it takes hours before one has wholly seen it. The King has had the happy idea of leaving nature almost entirely to herself—only here and there the gardener's hand provides a well-kept path through the camellia-grove; yonder stands a

Chinese pavilion, there a kiosk; here, between the two mountain summits, with unspeakable toil a little lake has been dug, upon which a small skiff rocks—while swans, in proud grandezza, cleave the waters, in which, in fairy fashion, the blue heaven and the battlements of the castle mirror themselves.

The camellia-grove is, I ween, the fairest thing that fancy can picture to itself; though not yet in full blossom, hundreds of red, rose, and white buds covered the shrubs and trees, whose trunks I could in many cases not clasp round. The ground was strewn with thousands of fallen blossoms—offering a splendid contrast to the deep green of the leaves.

But I must hasten; already the train of the high visitors, who have now left the donkeys, is proceeding along the great valley-path—and now the platform is reached, and an involuntary “Ah!” escapes the breast—the eye knows not whither first to turn: what wonderfully fair remnant of Moorish architecture is that oriel, that portal—wherever one looks, a work of art of human hands! But further the eye strays—there the ocean stretches itself in its illimitable expanse; roaring, foaming, the waves beat against the rocky shores, as though they were wroth with them because they are powerless to grumble against it—the sun pours golden light upon sea and land, and, overwhelmed by all the glorious things the eye beholds, the spectator finds no words to give utterance to his feelings. That oriel has seen how Portugal’s rulers leaned thereon, looking out for the ships that bore Portugal’s power forth into foreign parts of the world, into which as yet no European had set his foot; looking out whether they might not already return, richly laden with treasures, to add a new leaf to the book of history. Yea, like Polycrates, could once Portugal’s rulers say, surveying land and sea far and wide: “All this is subject unto me; confess that I am happy!”

But on, on — I banish the dreamings, for the roaring waves tell further of a shattered armada—of war and death and murder—humiliation—captivity! Do thou, golden sun, shine and drive the gloomy thoughts away!

The art-loving Don Fernando has transformed the interior of the castle into

an exhibition, and though the choicest pieces are at the moment lacking, there is still much that is fair and precious. The great dining-hall is under repair; therefore a large tent had been erected upon the terrace, where the high guests are now partaking of a *déjeuner dinatoire*. Strengthened, the ride is continued to the ruins of the old Moorish castle; then it goes down into the little town to visit the royal palace. The Pena is the private property of King Don Fernando, who built it out of the ruins of a Moorish castle, the remains of which form a strong part of the palace. But when one has seen the Pena, all else appears colourless and dull by comparison; and as the programme of the day was not yet exhausted, one was urgently reminded to return, and yet it was seven o'clock when the high guests reached their palace.

Day and night seemed to have wished to vie with one another to-day. Behind us lay a sunny, exquisite day beneath blue heaven in one of the fairest spots of God's fair earth, and now the night pressed forward to assume its rule and to contribute likewise its portion to the festal gifts. Darker and darker it grew. Then it began to glow, and a wonderfully beautiful sight unfolded before us. Vienna has lately had its royal days, and its balls and other festivities have surely remained unsurpassed in Lisbon; but such a day as this the fair Danube city could not offer its guests. For thereto Cintra is needed with its Pena, and the sea, and the sky, and the blooming camellia-grove; and to fashion such a night as my eye beheld, there is lacking there the Tejo with its picturesquely hilly shores—the Tejo, which here is no longer a river, but already the sea—upon whose flood countless merchantmen rock, and whose waves fondly lave the giant forms of stately men-of-war. I had received a billet of entrance to the exhibition building, to a place close beside their Majesties, where I had the advantage of viewing the illumination from the centre. Toward ten o'clock the grand spectacle began. The opposite hills were illuminated in the most tasteful manner, in arched lines here and there interrupted, by pitch-fires; the farther bank likewise glowed with a double row of pitch-fires. Before the exhibition building lay five men-of-war, Vasco da Gama, Rainha de Portugal, Rio de Lima, Bartholomäus Dias, and Don Fernando. The Vasco, one of the fairest

and most serviceable ships that exist, lay in the middle. The hither quay of the Tejo, called the Aterro, was, from the suburb Belém as far as the landing-bridge at the Arsenal—about half an hour in length—illuminated with triple gas-arches; between them whole buildings, like the horse-tram pavilion, the market-hall, etc., shone in gaslight. A thousand smaller boats with gaudy lanterns floated upon the sea, which resembled a smooth mirror. The outlines of the five men-of-war were wholly lit with little lamps and offered a magically spectral sight. The arrival of their Majesties, announced by cannon-salutes and the Spanish national hymn, was the signal to begin the fireworks. The men-of-war, which till now had lain there in white light, suddenly changed their illumination and seemed as though set in precious stones. Little lamps glowed in turn white, blue, red, green, yellow; great bouquets of fire-balls, shining in all colours, were sent up against the black night-heaven, and, slowly, trembling—the air was almost motionless—sank into the dark flood; golden sheaves of fire, wheels, suns—in short, a fairy-tale out of the *Thousand and One Nights*. A charming sight was afforded by a flotilla of perhaps a hundred little boats, each differently illuminated, in changing movement ever forming new lines and shapes, winding to and fro among the other ships. The closing tableau was a burning sailing-ship, a dreadfully beautiful sight.

15 January.

My last lines—the report on Cintra and the illumination—will, I hope, have come into your hands. As the post lies a good hour distant, I am constrained to avail myself of the letter-box, and it would be in no way to be wondered at if, in this hurly-burly, someone once forgot to clear the box. I had almost wished to have closed my report with a description of the exceedingly successful illumination; as it is, however, I must, conscientiously, still tell you of the parade which one might really call a parody of what we in Germany call a parade.

I had already told you that it would take place upon the Rocio, also called

Praça San Pedro. The tribune has turned out quite well, draped throughout in blue and white, the Portuguese colours; in the middle the box for the two queens, to which, right and left, carpeted stairways lead up—on the right the tribune for the diplomatic corps, on the left for members of the Cortes, municipality, journalists, etc. The central box was richly adorned with flags and exotic plants. The ceiling was ornamented partly with the Spanish, partly with the Portuguese colours. The legations had been asked to request billets for their countrymen, and so I found myself toward one o'clock on the right-hand tribune, where I witnessed a most unpleasant scene. This tribune had been simply called “do corpo diplomatico,” but no places had been reserved for the same. When now the envoys in uniform with their ladies appeared, not a place was free. The Russian envoy immediately left the tribune and drove home; and only the utmost exertions of the Austrian envoy succeeded in persuading his remaining colleagues to stay and in preventing a scandal. The first rows were cleared by court-officers; yet the incident remained most disagreeable, and the Queen saw herself constrained to express her regret at it. If one but look a very little about one, one can scarcely wonder that such things can occur. The sappers of the municipality, who, by the way, look brilliant in their white leather aprons and high bearskins, formed a cordon before the tribunes. Although King Don Fernando had already appeared, they calmly stepped out of the ranks to smoke their cigarettes; nay, I myself saw the Chief Master of Ceremonies, Marquis Ficalho, standing for half an hour talking with a sapper out of the ranks, both, naturally, smoking. The court-officers puffed away to their hearts' content in the royal box, and when the outriders announced the approach of the queens, everyone rushed to his place—flinging away cigar or cigarette, no matter whither.

With the grandezza that never leaves him, Don Fernando received the royal ladies. The Queen of Spain, in dark-blue velvet with a white hat, mounted the box upon his arm, while the youthful Infante Don Alfonso conducted his mother, who wore a dull-green silk dress with dark-green velvet borders, together with a white hat with pink feathers. Of the simplicity, nay,

downright poverty of the equipages that brought up the queens one can hardly form a notion. The great ladies had come in a landau lined with brown leather, whose youth belonged to a long-surmounted stage of development; the four-in-hand, whose gilded harnesses were not even blacked, but looked blind and dreary, could in no wise measure themselves with those that on the corso-drives or at the races in the capital of Silesia shine. Still sadder were the two four-in-hands with the Spanish suite; as for the pairs that then followed, let me be spared the description—the rest the singer's courtesy keeps back.

Fortunately the coming of the monarchs tore us away from more detailed observations. To the right of King Don Luiz, who has no more unfavourable moment than when he is on horseback, rode Don Alfonso. His slender figure is that of a born sportsman; his kindly, large eye, as it were in astonishment, glided over the dumb multitude. Greeting their consorts, the monarchs rode toward the end of the square, where Don Alfonso took the salute. Behind the kings rode the Infante Don Carlos, the Crown Prince, who took part in the parade for the first time. It had almost cost him tears that he had had to sacrifice his fair, curly beard and his locks—I could only congratulate him, for his appearance has gained considerably. At his side rode the Prime Minister Fontes, then the suite. After the King of Spain had taken up his position, Don Luiz galloped back in order personally to present the troops to his royal guest. They were said to be 10,000 men, first the pupils of the military school, then sea-battalions, engineers, artillery; Uhlans and chasseurs on horseback under the command of Don Augusto, Duke of Coimbra; detachments of infantry of various regiments, as well as chasseurs, train and Red Cross.

The march-past lasted about an hour and a half. Lucky for the Portuguese that in my place not Count Moltke exercises the criticism, lucky for the commanders, the officers—it is scarcely exaggerated when I say that not a single company passed which could measure itself with German recruits who have been six months in service. Of direction not a trace, the front of every detachment formed a serpentine line, one helmet sat on the neck—the

other on the ear; while one soldier looked this way, the neighbour looked in the opposite direction,—beside the company chief there stepped now and again, as adjutant, a loafer—with the cigar in his mouth,—in short, a truly comical sight. A little six-year-old Brazilian who stood beside me (his parents have just come from Vienna) said to his mother: “You, Mama, in Vienna it is surely finer”—out of the mouth of babes, etc.! I think such a neighbour need inspire no fear in King Don Alfonso.—One cannot listen permanently even to the fairest melody, yet I must say that the monotonous, tuneless Spanish hymn, with which one band relieved another, acted downright depressing upon the nerves. I was glad when the kings, kindly, giving greeting, had passed by with their suite and the last court-coach, drawn by sluggish mules, rolled away—for I was heartily fatigued by a spectacle which the Lisbon press described as the most brilliant parade that has been held here. Lucky for him, thought I, when I read it, who did not live to see the others.

But with that the programme of the 14th was not exhausted, and at the stroke of ten I drove toward the Palácio San Sebastiano, in which the merchant body offered the Majesties a ball—to express myself Portuguese. The palace lies at the extreme end of the city; despite *livro transito* it was only after almost an hour’s drive that I succeeded in breaking through the line of carriages. The entrance-hall had been transformed into a mighty palm-house, for which the plants had come from Oporto, from the gardens of a Mr. José Marques, who is the most important flower-grower of Portugal. That the wealth in this country is in the hands of the merchants this ball has proved, which as to luxury and splendour left nothing to be desired.

To right and left adjoining the entrance-hall were halls with permanent buffets, at which from the beginning tea, ices, as well as cold roasts, jellies, mayonnaises, port and red wines as also Madeira and champagne, etc., were to be had. The one hall only for ladies. The gentlemen and ladies of the committee were recognizable by little ribbon bows. Ground floor and first storey were destined as festal rooms; in the latter three halls for the dancers with a band apiece. The view upon the garden magical—the carpet-beds and

fountains surrounded with small coloured lamps, here and there electric flames; in the middle a mighty candelabrum stretched out its arms, in which coloured lanterns rocked. The whole resembling a great Christmas-tree.

Toward midnight the Majesties appeared—the Queen of Spain in blue satin with lace, Donna Maria Pia in dull-blue satin embroidered with gold, both queens in rich diamond jewels; the kings in dress-coat.

Unfortunately I could not learn all the names of the ladies and gentlemen with whom the Majesties danced—Madame Santos and Madame Burney—and the gentlemen Chamisso and Santos danced in the first quadrille, naturally all members of the committee, which had, at the very beginning, been presented to the Majesties. The room in which the royal supper was set up was appointed with the utmost taste. Blossoming camellias and roses, palms, plashing fountains reminded of oriental splendour. At 3 o'clock the court left the ball, and now comes—one could almost say revolution—murder and manslaughter. It proved that the cloak-room attendants had been downright irresponsibly disorderly, no paletot, no mantle to be found; therewith an icy wind whistled through the hall downright deadly after the heating in the glowing atmosphere of the ball-rooms. The invitations too will probably not have been issued with the due caution; drunken fellows behaved in the most brutal manner—bursting open the cloak-room door—ladies lay in a swoon or in convulsions—in short a wild hurly-burly. Innumerable drove home without mantles or with other people's property, and to-day the newspapers swarm with advertisements on account of exchanged and lost mantles, paletots, kerchiefs, jewels, etc. The sixth hour had struck when the last left the palace, with wrath and resentment in their hearts, and possibly—no, in all probability—a pneumonia in prospect. This last scene I had described to me by eye-witnesses, for advisedly I had, indeed after much trouble and after an hour and a half of searching having found my things, hastened home yet before the Majesties, well foreseeing what would follow. We still had, indeed, a festal day before us, for which one had to husband one's strength.

When your reporter had the honour to be presented to the King of Spain, he mentioned in the course of the conversation (the King, by the way, speaks German very well and, as they say, very willingly) that he intended to inspect the ship “Vasco da Gama.” Already an English admiral has told me that this armoured ship is one of the most excellent men-of-war that there are—in popular parlance it is called *pim paô*, which signifies as much as: the undaunted, the brave. Sunday morning the inspection of the *pimpaô* was then in prospect. At the stroke of twelve a cannon-shot announced that the royal galley with the eighty oarsmen clad in white and blue had left Belém. A swarm of boats and steam-barges accompanied the royal boat—gaily fluttered in the sunlight the flags of Portugal and Spain, offering a cheerful, glittering spectacle. Time was measured, and after scarcely an hour-and-a-half’s sojourn the royal galley steered for the landing-bridge at the Arsenal, where almost at the same moment the two queens drove up in carriages, who had not accompanied their consorts. After a short stay it went farther to the Campo Sant’ Anna, where the arena lies, for to-day there offered itself to us, namely, the brilliant spectacle of a second bull-fight, and that one conducted by *fidalgos*. This bull-fight was arranged by Mr. Alfredo Anjos, who in consequence has become a viscount and has been decorated with the commander’s cross of the Spanish Order of Charles III. The Portuguese knows no pleasure if he does not know what it costs—and so the costs that Senhor Anjos has are assessed at 10 conto de reis = about 40,000 marks. The boxes of the first rank he had placed at the Queen’s disposal. I must confess that the arena lately in its blossom and flower adornment was almost prettier than to-day, where the walls showed themselves draped alternately in blue and white, red and yellow.

Three bands made an almost stupefying din when the Majesties appeared; they played the Spanish hymn, whereby one was always at least one beat ahead of the other. Now the middle gate opened, and a rider, Don Julio Costa Batelho, in black velvet and lilac satin, appeared, followed by two little exceedingly lovely pages at most five years old, clad in pink and blue satin. He asked and obtained the permission of the Majesties for the

beginning, whereupon six cavalleiros, also called fapadeiros, in great gala entered the arena. One really believed oneself transported into the Middle Ages, the time of the tournaments; the noble steeds with gold and stones beset, with nodding plumes upon the head, velvet saddlecloths, glittering with gold and silver embroidery, the riders themselves in satin and velvet, richly stitched. Especially striking to the eye was the entrepreneur Senhor Alfredo Anjos, in blue velvet with silver. Now a variegated scene unfolded. Into the ranks of the riders stepped the bandarilheiros, who are experts at their craft and among whom Alfredo Tinolo is the darling of the public. Their costume is exceedingly tight-fitting: stockings and shoes, then the knee-length breeches embroidered in velvet and metal, the gaudy centa, thereto the short Spanish jacket likewise embroidered in velvet and metal, and the black Spanish hat. Their task is to distract the bull from the rider with the capa, the short Spanish mantle, which of course need not be red here; then step in the Mocos di Forcado, who lead the bull back when the spectacle is at an end, and finally the Campinhas, in truth peasants, though now also hidalgos, who perform the so-called pega. At the close, namely, one of these Campinhas throws himself between the bull's horns, whilst the others at that instant subdue him. This is exceedingly dangerous, for at the slightest clumsiness wounds may occur that bring instant death in their train. The pega is therefore now wholly forbidden, and to-day an exception was made. The bullfight in Portugal is for the enthusiast naturally not what it is in Spain, but I must confess, if I had to choose, I should prefer it here. For the bull bears brass balls upon his horns, whereby he is prevented from goring horses and men, and yet mishap happens often enough. In Spain, however, the enthusiasm is at the highest the more horses are torn asunder, whose entrails are then dragged about by the bull—an abominable sight! In Spain, too, the bull is killed, whereas here he is only wounded by the farpas. These are sticks wrapped in gold and gaudy paper, which have an iron point about 15 ztm. long. The task is now for the cavalleiro to thrust the farpa into the bull's neck, but only at the moment when he is attacked by the bull. More dangerous are the little farpinhas, significantly shorter sticks, but for the most part handled only by the bandarilheiro. The capa is particularly

favorable in Spain; the Portuguese, however, never learn its proper use. The Spaniard lets the capa fall even in mortal peril; holding it out in front of him, he rouses the fury of the bull, who, thrusting downward with his horns, comes upon it. This moment is used to deliver the death-thrust to the animal.

The names of the cavalleiros were as follows: Carlos Relvas, Antonio Velliz Caldeira, Don Antonio de Mello e Castro Salvaes, Don Antonio de Portugal, Henriques Martins, and Alfredo Anjos. Fourteen bulls the programme promised us, and we worked our way through them happily. The spectacle wears by its length; once one has seen a bull, one has seen them all. Most interesting is the pega; the dexterity with which the campinho flings himself between the bull's horns is downright admirable. Their Majesties bestowed lavishly magnificent bouquets with long satin ribbons, bonbons, cigars, &c., gifts in which, to be sure, the public took part. Senhor Anjos above all was overwhelmed with a veritable shower of flowers. Great merriment, indeed phrenetic jubilation, arose when a bull leapt over the barrier, and whereas we, who were safe, could laugh, for those who were in the narrow passage and, to be sure, quite without authorization lingered there, it was not without danger. Luckily the bull himself was in such a case too startled to think of the attack, and so it was highly comical to see how all the gentlemen tumbled over the barrier into the arena. It is said that one of the Campinhos was injured, and a horse had its sinews torn despite the balls. I found the public, however, in general more reserved than is otherwise the case.

At 6 o'clock I left the arena, as their Majesties also departed; it took me over half an hour to drive to my dwelling, and duty called me in the evening to the gala performance at the Theatre Donna Maria. "A mantilha de renda" (lace mantilla) and the translation of "Le monde où l'on s'ennuie" were given. Alas, the piece proved only too true, for the boredom, owing to the bad acting, was universal. At 10 o'clock their Majesties appeared, the Queen of Spain in rose-coloured satin with white lace, the Queen of Portugal wore the toilette of the gala-dinner. As the high guests entered the box, a fine golden rain fell from above, which greatly amused the Queen of Spain, less so the seated public, which was naturally gilded for the whole evening.

Another, quite foolish, notion was that little goldfinches were let fly, at whose tiny feet the colours of both countries fluttered in long streamers; the poor little birds were thereby of course hindered, and so many found their death in the gas flames. A little fellow flew straight to Queen Marie Christine, who lifted him up and kissed him. To my mind that was the prettiest moment of the evening.

At 12 o'clock their Majesties left the theatre. A dense yet mute crowd formed a lane, and every one hurried home as quickly as might be, in order to be able to send, the next morning, yet a parting greeting to the departing royal pair. As the steamer that goes to Villa Viciosa puts off from the opposite bank, the Bartholomaeus Dias conveyed their Majesties thither. Golden sunshine lay upon the river and upon its banks, offering the departing guests a lovely spectacle. Dull boomed the cannon-shots, and, graciously greeting, the exalted guests vanished from our sight, leaving behind in our hearts a friendly remembrance. May the friendly relations be enduring, to the welfare and blessing of both lands!

An Exhibition in Lisbon.

Lisbon, the 23rd of April, 1882

When months ago I promised to send you a detailed report upon the exhibition here, I did not think it would prove so hard to keep my promise. Were I to wait for the completion of the catalogues, as was at first my intention, the merry month of May would in all likelihood meanwhile arrive, and with it the close of the exhibition. The task I have set myself is, I fear, beyond my strength. In part I am not sufficiently versed in the several subjects to give to each his due, in part an exhaustive description requires daily study, for which unfortunately I have no time. If you and the kindly readers will allow me to report to you, in amateur fashion, upon what has passed, I will attempt it. I will endeavour to give you a small overview of what the *exposiçao ornamental* offers.

The taste with which the objects are presented to the eye leaves nothing to be desired, but the survey of the exhibited objects is greatly impaired in that everything is jumbled together. At first there seems to have been an intention to assign special rooms to the several classes of objects; thus sala A and C are devoted almost exclusively to fabrics and embroideries, sala B only to the Spanish exhibits, sala D, the hall in which the opening took place, to porcelains and majolicas, sala F exclusively to the objects that are in the possession of King Dom Fernando. Thereupon, however, all order ceases. I must therefore beg you to accompany me back to sala A, H, C.

The walls of these halls are covered with so-called *colchas*—*colcha* is a coverlet, table- or even bed-cover, for the most part of heavy satin or linen. Upon this ground the most splendid embroideries in gold, silver, and open silk are executed, partly native work, partly of Indian origin. At times the stuff is so richly embroidered that one can scarcely tell of what material the ground consists; on other pieces, by contrast, single figures or groups stand out from the coloured ground. Next to the *colchas*—of which I would particularly single out one belonging to Count Mesquitelle, a blue satin ground upon which, in satin-stitch, at least thirty to forty Chinese in the

various costumes of that people, each 10–12 centimetres high, are represented; this cover dates from the seventeenth century, yet is still wonderfully preserved in all its tones of colour—these halls contain mass-vestments, church vesture, gentlemen's and ladies' garments from the last centuries. Exceedingly beautiful is the curtain that veils the Sanctissimum in the cathedral of Braga. The curtain represents the twelve apostles in gold and many-coloured embroidery, surrounded with intertwined bands and flowers, angels, birds, &c. Lacking, alas, are the precious stones and corals that were formerly stitched in. The curtain belongs to the sixteenth century. The richest mass-vestments come from the church of São Roque here. Some variety is offered by the male and female costumes from the last centuries, yet none of the figures exhibited is particularly to be singled out. Nor do the laces in sala C offer anything remarkable; I have seen far finer pieces at the court balls.

I do not recall whether I told you at the time that the exhibition contains not only objects of Portuguese industry, from the kingdom and the colonies, but works of art from all countries. The condition precedent of their exhibition is that they must have been at least a century in Portugal, and it has been very judiciously forbidden that any piece be sold abroad. That Lisbon would otherwise have been flooded by the agents of the Rothschilds and other Semitic princes of the Bourse may easily be imagined. It is much to be regretted, however, that so little is known of this exhibition abroad; the various governments ought to have sent experts, for these often magnificent products of centuries-old industry may, as regards taste and solid execution, exercise the best influence upon the present-day production of the applied arts. With us in Germany too, we have for some time now been striving to work with more style in furniture and utensils, yet, as I have said, there is very much to be learnt here.

Sala H is, as I have already mentioned, devoted in particular to Spanish industry. Most of these objects were exhibited in the Kensington Museum. While one of the cabinets contains artfully wrought weapons of every kind, from the finest Toledo blade to the massive sword of old Moorish work,

another shows splendid Moorish ornaments wrought in massive gold, among them a bracelet about 10 cm broad and surely 1 to 1½ cm thick; for the delicate wrists of to-day's ladies' world in truth no ornament any longer, but an intolerable fetter. Further, fine Moorish faience bowls and other vessels, armours, harness, exquisite liturgical vessels wrought in gold and silver, crucifixes, &c. Among enamels, particularly noteworthy are six pictures, copper enamelled, of which four belong to the fifteenth and two to the seventeenth century, and two fine bowls from the thirteenth century. Very peculiar are several large gobelins, excellently preserved in colours and workmanship—especially remarkable through twisted columns plastically projecting on both sides. From the National Library several magnificent codices are exhibited. The great hall that follows (the hall of the opening) contains only porcelains, majolicas, faiences, chiefly Chinese and Japanese. In the centre stands a long étagère table with Meissen porcelain exclusively. Even the finest pieces of Japan and China here exhibited do not, however, equal those possessed by the Japanese Museum in Dresden.

Among the richest and most beautiful pieces is sala F, which is filled only with objects that belong to King Don Fernando, the high protector of the exhibition. Here in this hall one finds everything that the other rooms offer in multiplied specimens. There are the artfully carved pieces of furniture in pau santo (falsely called by us "polysander"), the high-backed chairs of pressed leather, bordered off from the pau-santo framing by crown-piece-sized brass studs; then leather chairs likewise high-backed, printed with gold and bright colours; costly contadore (these are cabinets or chests upon high frames or specially made tables, with numberless drawers of diverse sizes), of pau santo: Indian ones inlaid with white and coloured ivory, forming the finest arabesques, the loveliest groups and landscapes; Arabian contadore with heavy metal mountings resting upon velvet or cloth. Opened—for they close with a flap that falls down—they produce for the most part, through their golden columns and little columns, arches and niches, the impression of a little chapel; caskets and little caskets of ebony, inlaid with silver and ivory, or wrought wholly of beaten silver; others again

entirely of ivory, of enamelled copper—in short, a splendour such as one dreams of when one transports oneself into the tales of the Thousand and One Nights. Two mighty cupboards are filled alone with the loveliest objects of gold and silver: tankards, beakers, dishes, bowls, ewers; among them the delicate chalices of old Venetian glass-making, old German crystals, &c. There a group of eleven fans attracts us, belonging to the eighteenth century, representing fondling pairs of lovers, surrounded by roses and amorini, while the stands, carved in the most artful fashion in ivory, gold, or silver, are richly set with precious stones. Here again heavy golden armlets, chains, crosses, dainty spoons, oddly shaped cutlery, massive silver washing utensils, cups, jewels, &c. But how should it be possible to describe all the splendours that have been seen; it is too much, and one can only now and then single out a piece. The catalogue that deals with the contents of the first halls is in my hand, yet in vain does one seek therein any indication whence this or that piece comes. What the catalogue says I alone can see—for it contents itself with giving the object a number, and as sole explanation, for example No. 25—sala F: “Iron casket adorned with angels, human figures, festoons of flowers, &c. German work, probably of the sixteenth century.” From whom it comes, not a word; and so it is with almost every single piece.

The sala G that follows sala F contains certain objects belonging to the reigning king. To describe hall by hall would be impossible, and so I will only single out a few objects more, as for example in sala K a bed of ebony. The same is 2.56 m long, 2.04 m broad. The four posts are twisted columns, 2.97 m high, which at the same time carry the canopy. In the head- and foot-board, as well as in the columns, enamelled pictures, representing subjects from mythology, are inlaid and divided from one another by massive silver rings and frames. The largest picture is a group representing the nine Muses, as well as Jupiter, Leda, Vulcan, and Venus. At the head-end is affixed the escutcheon of the Count of Sabugal. A count of that name received it in the eighteenth century as a gift from a pope—I have striven in vain to learn his name. The finials of the columns were formed by four heavy silver figures, 40 cm high. These have unfortunately disappeared

in the course of time. The bed itself is at present in the hands of a dealer who acquired it from the Count of Sabugal for 40 pounds, i.e. the count had raised sums of 4–6 pounds upon the bed up to a total of 40 pounds; then the dealer kept the bed back. This story is authentic; I have it from the lips of the count's cousin, who had also known the silver figures. Such things happen daily and give a clear picture of the sad decay of the Portuguese nobility. Already 400 pounds have been offered to the present owner, yet he intends, and with good reason, to obtain at least double that sum. During the Spanish festivities objects to a total value of 800 contos—that is, approximately 3,600,000 marks—have been pawned, and it is as good as certain that scarcely a single piece of these will be redeemed by the former owners.

But I have strayed from my original theme and hasten to a close, that I may not too greatly weary your readers. Particularly noteworthy is a large set, united in a chest, in beaten silver, consisting of all the toilet utensils, from the mirror to the shaving brush, wash-basins, coffee- and tea-service, candlesticks, &c. This chest, of extremely tasteful repoussé work, is of the last century and belongs to the Visconde de Esperança in Évora. The last hall contains indisputably the costliest objects of the exhibition: crucifixes, chalices, indeed all the vessels for the adornment of a Catholic altar, in massive gold, thickly set with enormous precious stones in every colour. These objects belong almost without exception to the church of São Roque here. Of marvellous beauty is an enormous sanctuary lamp in heavy silver, held by silver angels. I could well wish that a pen more practised than mine had told you of all these splendours; I am well aware of having reported most inadequately, yet there is truly needed a very many-sided expert knowledge, in order to do justice to one and all, and a thorough study extending over weeks.

One day in the week the exhibition is open free of charge, whereas the ordinary price otherwise is 200 reis per person. On two days, by contrast, one pays 500 reis—the same price also in the evenings when there is electric illumination. The exhibition shows to wonderful advantage in the white light, and the eye is, as it were, dazzled by the radiance of the sparkling

jewels. Before long the exhibition will no doubt be closed, for the mild, quite dry winter has been followed by a hot spring. Even now one asks oneself: "Where will you abide in the summer?"—and longingly the cry sounds within: "To the North, to the North"—yet who knows? Happy he who is master of his fate; as yet there is naught but to bear patiently the burning sun. Yet not the good God's golden, fiery sun alone is beaming, confounding the Portuguese brains at present; no, another sun has risen, to whom all pay homage in the dust—Sarah Bernhardt, the youthful bride, makes Portugal's capital happy upon her wedding-journey—with fanaticism more than one has pawned his last farthing to be able to say that he at least once saw and heard the diva. The newspapers can tell of none but the divine Sarah. Well then, if one has followed the Jumbo-reports, one sees indeed to what extravagances the human spirit is capable, and one ceases to wonder thereat. You will therefore forgive your correspondent for not having attended a performance of the great heroine of advertising in order to tell you of it. So there remains for me at the close nothing further than to send a greeting to fair Silesia and its friendly inhabitants—could I but say with certainty: "A speedy meeting again!"

The Christening Festivities at the Swedish Court.

Stockholm, 26 November 1882.

It was on the 11th of November, at 6 o'clock in the evening, when 84 cannon-shots announced to the Swedish people that a future king had been born to the land, the king's first grandson. In the autumn of 1881 the Swedish Crown Prince had wedded at Carlsruhe Princess Victoria, eldest daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, granddaughter on the mother's side of our Emperor. Bright joy shone on all faces, and the clear winter sun of Sunday morning seemed to share in the glad stir among the populace. Young and old, high and low thronged to the churches to join with full hearts in the *Te Deum*, which at 12 o'clock was held in the chapel of the palace in the presence of the Court, the Court States, and the highest dignitaries. Thanksgivings rose heavenward for the beloved mother—so popular in the land—and for the newborn Prince Ludwig, Oscar, Friedrich Wilhelm, Olaf, Gustav Adolf, Duke of Schonen. It is ever a glad event for the whole country when an heir to the throne is born. In this case the joy was a double, particularly well-founded one. If God preserves the little Duke of Schonen in life, he will one day ascend the throne of Sweden as Gustav VI Adolf, and thus the old Swedish royal blood comes anew into its rights, the stock of the Vasas again continuing. While the Crown Prince, as is known, is a Bernadotte, Crown Princess Victoria is on her mother's side sprung from the House of Vasa. The mother of the Grand Duke of Baden was the daughter of Gustav IV Adolf of Sweden.

The mother of the high-lying patient had already arrived some time before, and the news was received with great joy that the Grand Duke also would come hither for the christening festivities. As the Grand Duchess desired to return as soon as might be, the baptism was fixed for the 25th of November, whereby, however, the young mother was prevented from being present. A heavy fall of snow gave rise to fears that the Grand Duke's journey might be delayed; it passed, however, without disturbance. On Tuesday, the 21st of

November, at 9 in the morning, the royal special train arrived at Lilienholm, whither the Grand Duchess and the Crown Prince, with suite, as well as the Imperial German Envoy at this Court, Herr von Pfuel, and Legation Secretary Dr. von Kleist-Tychow, had gone to meet the Grand Duke. Her Royal Highness presently left the train for Stockholm, which shortly thereafter drew into the richly adorned station. To the reception there assembled the King, the Dukes of Gotland, Westgotland, and Nerike, the Court States, Ministers, &c. After the high guest had been greeted with the heartiest welcome, he reviewed the front of the 2nd Life Regiment, which had taken up position with music and colours. The generally excellent appearance of the Grand Duke was gladly observed, and thus one may hope that the severe illness which he had passed through in the course of the year is now wholly overcome. The streets were festively adorned, and everywhere the six-horsed gala coach in which the high guest, His Majesty the King, and the Crown Prince had taken seats was cordially received. That day there was a family dinner with their Majesties; on the 22nd with the Crown Prince. On the 22nd in the morning there further arrived the Emperor's General Adjutant, the General of Cavalry Count von der Goltz, to represent as Extraordinary Envoy His Majesty the Emperor at the christening festivities. By an illness which suddenly befell the high infant on Wednesday the festival joy threatened to be disturbed. Fortunately a decisive improvement soon set in. At the gala dinner held on the 23rd, besides the Court States and the high Swedish and also Norwegian dignitaries, invitations were issued to Count von der Goltz as well as the Imperial German embassy. While Her Majesty the Queen and almost all the ladies present wore the Swedish court dress—black gown and black train—the Grand Duchess appeared in a lilac satin toilette richly adorned with flowers. The two high ladies took their seats side by side in the middle places at table. On the Grand Duchess's right sat the King, then the Crown Prince and the Dukes of Westgotland and Nerike. On the Queen's left sat the Grand Duke of Baden and beside him the Duke of Gotland, opposite the King Count von der Goltz. In his speech at table the King laid stress upon the special joy which it must bring to His Royal Highness the Grand Duke that

his first grandson should be born beneath the same roof where the mother of His Royal Highness first saw the light of the world. The Grand Duke, for his part, emphasized that not only in the land had the birth of the little Prince been greeted with joy, but that all Germany had taken cordial part in this glad event. For the little Duke of Schonen is the youngest great-grandson of our much-beloved Emperor.

Your readers may perhaps be interested in what there was to eat and drink on this festive occasion; I therefore subjoin the menu:

Potage à la Princesse, Petits pains à la d'Orléans, Cabillau frois à la Hollandaise, Filet de boeuf à la Sadard, Dindonneau à la Providence, Escalloppes de renne à la Varenne, Chaud de froid de homards à la Parisienne, huîtres. Punch à l'Impériale. Gelinottes rôties. Salade. Fonds d'Artichauds à la Lyonnaise. Pouding à la Châtelaine. Gelée Moscovite Fromage Beurre Cahes. Vins. Hérès, Vin d'Oporto, Madère, Chateau d'Yquem 1874, Chateau Dalue 1874, Chateau Lavitte 1868, Champagne Crémaut, Hochheimer 1868, Tokayer. Dessert. Glaces assorties, Compôtes, Petits gâteaux, Fruits, Bonbons.

What struck me as peculiar was that the Rhine wine was served last and that during the dinner they served beer!

On Thursday and Friday afternoons the Grand Duke of Baden received the chiefs of the diplomatic corps here.

On the evening of the 25th, at 6 o'clock, a curious crowd thronged the portals of the royal palace, whose great snow-covered quadrangle, long rows of carriages with richly attired men and women within, and gendarmes riding up and down with lanterns in their hands made a brightly animated, picturesque scene, overarched by the shifting light of the moon gliding majestically through the drifting clouds in the dark firmament. In glittering toilettes the ladies swept up the broad stairs, and wherever the eye turned, gold- and silver-embroidered uniforms flashed. Close by the door of the hall in which the christening festivities were to take place there formed up about thirty yeomen in the yellow livery of Charles XII as a lane of honour. The

benches placed in the centre and at the sides were covered with black cloth hangings embroidered with golden royal crowns. Before the middle window, at the narrow side of the hall, the altar was set up; upon it stood a simple black crucifix, and on either side three silver candelabra. The seats to right and left were assigned to the high state officials, the diplomatic corps, i.e. the chefs de mission, and the German embassy; opposite the altar the chairs for the royal family. There reigned model order; each found his place by means of a card laid thereon. Before the altar stood the splendid silver font, about 1 metre long and $\frac{1}{2}$ metre wide, a shell borne by three angels. The whole stands a little over a metre high. One is touched by something strange when one sees for the first time the garb of the clergy. The Evangelical Church in Sweden has retained the usages—or at least many of them—as they were in Luther's time in the Catholic Church. Thus there are still archbishops, and the clergy do not wear the talar, but simple overgowns fastened on the shoulder with silk trains. The Archbishop had put on several order-chains.

The advancing court usher announced the approach of their Majesties. He wears the livery of the runners under Charles XII, conspicuous especially by a black berretta with three yard-long ostrich plumes standing upright like candles. Then came the chamberlains, masters of ceremonies, adjutants, and thereafter His Majesty the King appeared, leading the Grand Duchess of Baden. The high lady wore, with a cream-coloured satin front, a scarlet, richly gold-embroidered velvet train (yellow and red, the Baden colours), borne by the ladies of the Grand Duchess. Thereafter followed the Swedish Crown Prince, the Grand Duke of Baden at his right, General Count von der Goltz at his left; behind this group the Dukes of Westgotland and Nerike. The King took his place opposite the altar; to his right the Grand Duchess, the Crown Prince, the Duke of Westgotland, to his left the Grand Duke, Princess Eugenie, the King's sister. The Princess, being indisposed, had not joined the royal procession but had taken her place directly. Beside the Princess sat the Duke of Nerike and Count von der Goltz. Before the royal infant the same cavaliers to whom they had been assigned advanced—the

Court States of the Queen and of the Duke of Gotland. Next the Queen appeared, wearing with a cream-coloured satin front a dark-red velvet train edged broad with ermine. In her arms the high lady bore the infant—supported therein by the Duke of Gotland on account of her delicate health. Her Majesty's train was borne by the ladies who had charge of the infant's train, appointed thereto by the Crown Princess's ladies. The Queen took her seat to the right of the altar. The sponsors of the high infant are: their Majesties the King and Queen of Sweden, their Royal Highnesses the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden, the Duke of Gotland, their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Germany, the Queen of Saxony, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden, Princess Eugenie, the Duke of Nassau, the Princess Dowager of Wied, the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of the German Empire, the Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, Prince and Princess Wilhelm of Baden, the Queen of Roumania, the Crown Prince of Denmark, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and the Empress Dowager Eugenie. The christening service began with a chorale, followed by the baptismal address, of which I can unfortunately report nothing, as it was naturally delivered in the Swedish tongue. After this the sponsors present approached the font, among them Count von der Goltz as representative of His Majesty the Emperor. To the Archbishop's question to the royal child whether it promised to remain faithful to the Evangelical faith, His Majesty the King answered with a loud Yes. At the close the chorale "Now thank we all our God" was sung, accompanied by a dull roll of drums, while cannon-shots proclaimed that the holy act was over. In the same order as they had come, the Court left the hall.

About ten minutes later their Majesties, as well as the Crown Prince, received the felicitations of the diplomatic corps in the apartments of Her Majesty the Queen. Your reporter succeeded in joining the glittering throng which then proceeded to the hall where the little Duke of Schonen received his first homages. Beneath a magnificent canopy of state stood the gilded cradle in which Charles XII had deigned to rest in his childhood; at the head

sat the ladies-in-waiting of the Crown Princess and their cavaliers; to the right, upon tabourets, lay the insignia of the Seraphim and St. Olaf Orders, which were bestowed upon the Duke of Schonen at his baptism. To satisfy the curiosity of your kindly lady readers, let it be remarked that the high infant—though deprived by his indisposition of the joy of the baptismal act, albeit he was awake the whole time—is a very sturdy, well-formed little child. The little head was covered with a small lace cap, the eyes seemed to me very dark, the little hands moved upon the white-yellow christening robe of drap d'argent. As I looked up, I saw the moon, which looked full through the high panes. It seemed to me as though he imagined that the wardenship over the high baptized had been entrusted to him. Good moon, to-day you may lay it aside without anxiety; but into a king's life there come also many a dark night—then think upon your nursling, part the clouds in triumph, and lead him through night into light.

It is still quite uncertain how long the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden will remain here. It is surmised that the departure will take place on Monday, the 4th of December.

From Stockholm

1883

When one thinks of a winter in Sweden, one commonly imagines unremitting, bitter cold. That, however, is by no means the case; on average we have -5 to -6 degrees Celsius, a temperature at which one feels very well. There were, to be sure, a few days of thaw, then severe frost—but since the middle of November the snow has not quite forsaken us. I believe the only difference from the German winter lies in the length of the season here. They say that the snow still lies in April, indeed often in May, until then a few days of sunshine melt the snow-cover away—and the fresh leaf- and blossom-buds hasten to slip forth, after long striving in vain to rid themselves of the icy shell. And then—almost from one day to the next, summer is there, and the northern Venice flaunts itself in full bloom.

Yet for the present stern winter holds sway, and as one should strive to win the cheerful side from every matter, so here one pays homage to all manner of winter pleasures. Festivities among the citizen and merchant class always begin with the ball of the Order of Innocence, attended by the royal family as well as the high aristocracy and the diplomatic corps. This year it took place on the 13th of January and was honoured by the presence of the King and the Princes. The Queen, by reason of her delicate health, can never take part in private festivities, and this year too the youthful, winsome figure of the universally revered Crown Princess was missed, whose re-entry into the world was first to take place at the Court Ball.

On the 17th of January, at 12 o'clock noon, the solemn opening of the Riksdag took place by the King in the presence of the entire Court, the diplomatic corps, &c. To the act in the Throne Hall there had preceded a church service, after which a breakfast was served to the members of both Chambers. As the opening of the Riksdag here is performed with special pomp, and this time moreover the act of the oath of fealty and homage on the part of the youthful Duke of Nerike was connected therewith, I sought to

procure a card so as to be able to send you a little description. At the narrow side of the hall, beneath a canopy of dark-blue velvet, stands a massive silver throne, a gift of Count La Gardie to Queen Christina; to right and left two arm-chairs each for the Princes. To the left of the throne the Queen and the Crown Princess, with their suites, took their places in an open box, behind them the consorts of the Swedish and Norwegian Ministers. In the opposite box the diplomatic corps had taken their seats. Both high ladies wore the Swedish court dress, black velvet edged with ermine; likewise all the other ladies entirely black toilettes with court-train and coloured flowers or feathers in the hair. The temperature in the hall was rather cool, so that the ladies wrapped themselves, shivering, in their *sorties de bal*. Every one felt more or less uncomfortable and was conscious that the noon hour is not the most advantageous for full dress. Opposite the throne the members of the two Chambers had taken their places on two galleries separated by an aisle. The latter gradually began to fill with halberdiers, about thirty in number, in the original costumes of Charles XII. These were followed by twelve pages, then eight chamberlains, generals, ministers, &c. Below the throne stood four tabourets, the places of the Prime Minister Count Posse, of the Marshal of the Realm Count Sparre, of the Ministers of Sweden, Baron Hochschild, and of Norway, Kierulf. With a chamberlain preceding each, the princes now approached. First the youthful Duke of Nerike, upon his head the prince's crown, from his shoulders falling a dark-blue velvet mantle embroidered with golden crowns and edged with ermine, the train of which was borne by two cavaliers. At his entrance the assembly rose, returning his bow, whereupon, before he took his place to the left of the throne, he bowed deeply before the royal ladies. Before his seat stood a lectern upon which lay the open Bible. Following him, in like attire and observing the same ceremony, came the Dukes of Gothland and Westgothland, as well as the Crown Prince, who took his place to the right of the throne. Thereupon, announced by the Marshal of the Realm, the King appeared in full uniform, upon his head the splendid jewel-studded crown, in the purple mantle, with the sceptre in his hand. The Queen and the Crown Princess rose at his entrance and, bowing deeply, returned his salutation. It cannot be denied that

the whole procession appears somewhat theatrical; as, however, it is an ancient custom and is carried out by the participants with great dignity, it fails not to produce a certain solemn and imposing impression. The music, which had played a march from "Aida," now fell silent, and the thrice tapping of the marshal's staff announced the beginning of the throne-speech. The monarch begins it with the words: "Good gentlemen—and Swedish men," and therein first commemorates the events in his family, the celebration of the silver wedding, the birth of the first grandson. He commemorates the affection and sympathy which, on these occasions, the country has shown to the royal house. Thereafter the King commemorates the good harvest of the land, the plentiful revenues in the iron and timber industries in recent years, and then announces bills concerning the levying of land-taxes, a reorganisation of the defence system, a thorough tax reform, especially regarding the land-tax, a new stamp ordinance, higher taxation of spirits manufacture. The budget closes on the revenue side with 81,441,000 kronor and shows a surplus of 1,700,000 kronor.

After the Prime Minister, Count Posse, had read an overview of the activity of last year's Riksdag, and the presidents of the two Chambers had addressed the King, the Riksdag was declared open by His Majesty.

Thereupon the Duke of Nerike rose. Removing the crown from his head, he stepped to the lectern and, laying his hand upon the Bible, took the oath of fealty and homage, which the Prime Minister dictated to him. The young Prince spoke well, clearly, and calmly. Replacing the crown, he approached the throne in order, kneeling, to kiss the hand of his King and father. The King, however, stretched both arms out to him and kissed him lovingly upon the brow. The ceremony was now at an end, and the Court left the hall in the same order in which it had come, with the difference that the King remained to the last and thereby a sort of *défiler* was connected with the leaving of the hall, at which the two Chambers and the diplomatic corps were present standing.

As at all festivities here there prevails exemplary order, I soon found myself, without having come into the least crush, outside the palace. Before it, and

over the bridge, one saw the white plumes nodding, and the bright winter sun sportively mirrored itself in all the glittering gold and silver braids and embroideries. It scarcely occurs here that a gentleman drives in full uniform or evening dress. One simply makes use of large galoshes and goes unconcernedly on foot, without being in the least molested by curious glances or even escorted by a suite of street-boys. The friendly winter's day was so enticing that I bent my steps toward the Djurgården and watched the lively life upon the ice. That one here skates universally is understandable, as one strives to shorten the length of the winter in every way. Thence I turned toward Kastelholmen, a portion of the ice-runs which belongs to the royal skating club. The King and all the members of the royal house pay homage to this sport. In order to be admitted to this club one must be presentable at Court; as a member one receives the statutes of the club and—a sort of order, at a dark-blue ribbon representing a small silver skate. All that sounds like childishness, and yet upon the little patch of ice by Kastelholmen many a political thread has been spun, many an earnest word of import exchanged, while the skate drew dainty circles and arcs upon the smooth surface. Here it is not youth alone; no, elderly ladies and gentlemen, high dignitaries, grave ministers, all hasten out to enjoy the pleasure of skating. Aye, even the envoys of foreign lands “where the golden orange blooms,” and where skating is known only by hearsay, cannot here resist, and whoever sees the beautiful dark-haired and dark-eyed Spanish ambassadress glide over the ice like a bird, at the hand of the northern King, would never believe that the fair senhora were a daughter of Hispania. It strikes one peculiarly, to be sure, when one has shortly before seen the King in crown and purple as a veritable, real king, such as the child's fancy paints him, to see him an hour later speeding over the ice like a simple citizen upon the sharp steel. Alas, it grows all too quickly dark now, and when the fourth hour of the afternoon is past, the place, but lately so animated, is solitary and empty, and the moon, who hastened thither likewise to take part in the general pleasure and cheer, makes great eyes in vain—at most he still sees a couple of laggards, who too are hastening homeward, to warm themselves in the cosy room.

On Saturday, the 20th of January, the first Court Ball took place. When I entered the fair rooms of the palace shortly after 9 o'clock, they were already thronged close, and it hummed and buzzed within like a beehive. There rustled the most splendid silk robes, here diamonds, uniforms, and orders from all the lands glittered. I had thought it would produce a monotonous impression to see the ladies' world only in black and white: svart hofdrägt med släp, and white without court-train for the dancing ladies. Yet that was by no means the case; on the contrary, the impression was thoroughly harmonious and by the gay flowers sufficiently enlivened. I know not but I ought actually to recommend it as practical, for in that the gown must be black or white, a curb is set upon the tastelessness that so often offends our eye, though doubtless also the unfolding of more varied colour-charm is denied to good taste. After their Majesties had received the presentation of some strangers and had held in the salon adjoining the ball-room a cercle for the diplomatic corps, the lofty folding doors opened and, the Lord Chamberlain leading, the King led the Crown Princess, the Crown Prince the Queen, into the hall. Her Majesty wore a toilette of yellow satin, the front richly adorned with lace which, wholly interwoven with diamonds, produced an exceedingly brilliant effect. The bodice was covered with large diamond bouquets; a splendid diamond diadem encircled the head, confining a white veil shot with gold, which fell in graceful folds down to the train. The Queen bowed graciously on all sides, but, by reason of her exceedingly delicate health, for whom the presentations already held had been too much, she had at once to withdraw. I was obliged likewise to observe, after I had already often heard it, that the Crown Princess, since the birth of the little Duke of Schonen, is still not entirely in possession of her full health. Her fine kindly eye is still faint, and the somewhat slender cheeks lack the rosy glow of full health. Her slender, tall figure is excellently suited to bear the purple. It must everywhere in Germany be gladdening to hear what warm a reception the granddaughter of our aged Emperor has found in her new home, how she is revered by high and low alike, indeed that the Princess, after the King, is by far the most popular person at Court. The high lady's toilette consisted of a rose-coloured satin

gown, over which a mantle of drap d'argent was draped, from which a rose-coloured train fell fanwise, held back in three tiers by red velvet lappets. Diadem and collier consist of large diamonds and sapphires, surrounded by solitaires, which held upon the left shoulder the ribbon of the Turkish ladies' order, the Shefakat (Order of Piety), which was but lately conferred upon the Princess. The first princess who received this order is our Empress, after whom it was granted only to the Empress of Austria and the Queen of Holland, who received it after the Crown Princess. The Crown Prince and his brother took lively part in the dance, while the Crown Princess took part only in the quadrilles. In the stair-hall beside the saloon, with orange-trees and other hothouse plants, cosy little spots, arbours, and walks had been contrived, and along its long side a buffet had been set up, where tea, orgeat, and confectionery were offered, as well as champagne, seltzer-water, &c. The heat was truly dreadful, and the throng in the rooms so great that one was glad when one had found a hidden little spot where one could rest a little. It was almost 12 o'clock when that moment came—so hotly wished for by most—when the Court went down to supper. It has ever amused me to observe what a crush arises at such moments. In the greatest haste every one pressed forward, and it was in truth highly comical to observe with what long faces many couples returned. They had taken a wrong way; they had to endure the torments of Tantalus and leave the richly laden table; for the pitiless staff of the master of ceremonies drove them—like the sword of the Archangel Gabriel when he banished the first human pair from Paradise—to that buffet standing on another floor, to which according to their rank they belonged. A kindly fairy furnished me with a cap of invisibility, and so it was possible for me to elude the Argus-eyes of the chief master of ceremonies and slip into the smaller hall where the Court, the heads of mission, and the Excellencies supped. At the door I ran straight upon the Cerberus of etiquette as he was politely showing out an unlucky attaché who, out of ignorance, had ventured into the lions' den. I had to laugh aloud when—as was, of course, quite contrary to etiquette—I, poor scribbler, thus passed the scrutiny of the star-bedecked gentleman, who let his suspicious glances roam over the gathering to discover some malefactor.

But I slipped on unimpeded: there sat the Crown Princess at a small table, at her right an aged Excellency, at her left the wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baroness Hochschild; opposite her Frau von Bille, the Danish envoy's consort, doyenne of the diplomatic corps. The King and the Princes supped standing, helping themselves at the buffet. Hardly had the last strokes of midnight died away—and thus the 21st of January begun—when the Crown Prince lifted his glass and drained it with the words “Hans Konungens Majestät skol” (the health of His Majesty the King), whereupon the King embraced his son and drank to all present. Soon thereafter the Court returned to the ballroom, and the beginning of the cotillon indicated that it would be prudent and wise to think of going home before the crush had begun. The King and the Crown Princess had left the ball directly after supper and thereby gave many the signal for departure. I cast one more look upon the glittering surging throng and hastened along the long enfilade of rooms, everywhere encountering people who were still regaling themselves at the buffets standing in the adjoining rooms, or those who had paid sturdy tribute to the gifts of the richly spread tables and now were comfortably taking their ease, perhaps, like me, longing to send the blue haze of a Regalia into the clear winter air. Soon the snow crunched beneath my feet, and crossing the Norrbro Bridge I looked back: the vast, brilliantly lighted edifice stood out dark against the clear night sky; beneath the bridge the waters of Lake Mälär roared, which wash the front of the palace. The moon kissed the little foam-crests of the waves that fell back into the flood like mighty drops of diamond, as though he would make merry over the glitter of the stones inside there behind the lighted windows; with magic light he illumined Sweden's capital in her winter beauty, and involuntarily I had to think with ardent longing of the summer in which Stockholm is like a fragrant garden.

As on the 28th their Majesties depart for Norway, two more festivities will take place in the coming week: on Monday the 22nd at the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and on the 24th the Order of Amaranth gives its annual ball. The Order of Amaranth was founded under Queen Christina; its members

belong exclusively to the nobility. The introduction of a new member is carried out in very solemn fashion; a married couple can only be introduced by another married couple, i.e. the gentleman by the lady and conversely, while unmarried gentlemen are introduced by young ladies and these by young gentlemen. Each new member is dubbed a knight by the Grand Master and receives a decoration—a grand cross. The gentlemen are obliged to give bouquets to the ladies they introduce, which here is always an expensive diversion; the ladies for their part must always appear in a new toilette. Supper and entrance fee reckoned together, the price at which one purchases the Grand Cross of the Order of Amaranth is, after all, a quite considerable one. The order itself is very pretty—indeed, people tell that a representative of some power at another court, for lack of a real grand cross, wore that of the Order of Amaranth—until the origin was discovered.

But I must hasten to send you these lines; the sky looks so grey—who knows, perhaps one of those snowstorms threatens us which, so far as the post is concerned, sometimes cut us off for many days from the rest of the world.

Autumn Days in Sweden.

1883.

There is hardly anything more beautiful than warm, sunlit autumn days. Nature seems to summon all her powers in order to show herself in her full beauty, to leave man a richly coloured picture before she throws off her many-hued shimmering garment and, shivering, wraps herself in her grey winter dress, to slumber, sheltered beneath snow and ice, and dream anew of spring's fragrance and spring's green. And it is splendid autumn days that now delight us in far Sweden, and a brilliant picture of the most richly coloured natural beauty is offered by the northern capital, Stockholm. Like arrows the little fishing boats, the steam launches, the larger pleasure steamers glide across the water-surface; soon they too will begin their winter sleep, and so for the present it is time to work—and to look. Golden sunshine woke me on Sunday morning—and I resolved to undertake a long-intended excursion to Upsala. Soon I found myself amid the motley bustle in the halls of the station; soon I was speeding with the snorting steam-horse towards Sweden's Alma Mater.

Upsala—the genitive of “Upsalir,” which means “the high halls,” as Baedeker teaches us — is a very pleasant little town of about sixteen thousand inhabitants. As the tourist traffic there is very slight, only a single cab swarmed before the station, of which I at once took possession. Involuntarily one always makes comparisons, and as during the railway journey I had remarked that the seats of the first class could, for softness, rival those of the third class at home, so upon arrival I made my reflections upon the difference of military conditions here and in the fatherland. At departure I had noticed the divisional general, Count Lagerberg, with a small military suite, and gathered from the gentlemen's conversation that they likewise were going to Upsala to inspect the troops garrisoned there. I therefore expected to see on the station officers in attendance upon the high chief, orderly officers, &c.—of all this not a trace. I had requisitioned the only cab, and so the general and his gentlemen were obliged to tramp into the town on foot, which did not seem to afford them any particular pleasure.

Now my driver drew up before the Stadshotellet—City Hotel—and after I had ordered a Lucullan meal, I bent my steps towards the cathedral, only a few minutes distant. It dates from the end of the thirteenth century, is three-aisled with rows of chapels which after the Reformation were used as burial vaults, and has transept and choir-aisles. Fine in workmanship is the pulpit, carved after a drawing by Tessin; to the right of the altar, the silver, gilded coffin of King Erik IX, the Saint, who is held to be Sweden's patron—he was put to death in the twelfth century by the heathen Norwegians. The largest chapel lies behind the high altar and serves as the burial vault of Gustav Vasa. In the middle stands the sarcophagus representing the recumbent figure of the King; at his side his first two wives, Catherine of Lauenburg and Margaret Lejonhufvud, while his third wife, Karin Stenbock, is interred separately. The frescoes which represent scenes from Gustav Vasa's life were executed by Professor Sandberg at the beginning of this century. In the side vaults there is, among other things, the marble monument of John III, wonderfully worked at Rome. When it was to be sent from Danzig, the ship sank, and only after long wanderings did the monument reach the place of its destination. The remaining vaults belong to the famous noble houses of Sture, Brahe, Horn, Oxenstjerna, de Geer, Lejonhufvud, &c. Almost at the last vault my eye fell upon a familiar escutcheon, a female figure within a stag's antlers—the arms of the Burgraves of Dohna. I had not deceived myself—here rests Field-Marshal Count zu Dohna, whose consort was Countess Anna Oxenstjerna, the daughter of the great Chancellor. In a small vault there are further shown some splendid precious objects, mass-vestments, church vessels of gold and silver set with precious stones—all German work—"gifts of such-and-such a town." In truth, however, simply things taken from Germany, for which one has then the more agreeable-sounding turn of phrase "gifts."

Baedeker had indeed informed me that the Carolina Rediviva is open on Tuesdays and Fridays — but as he adds: otherwise by the "waktmästare," I had believed, although it was, as I said, Sunday, that I might nevertheless undertake the journey—for it was the Codex argenteus above all that had

lured me to Upsala. By “waktmästare” in Sweden one understands hired servants, office attendants, castellans, &c. The Carolina Rediviva is a newer, very handsome building that contains the rich library. On all four sides there are doors, at which I for a long time knocked again and again, rang—nay, very disrespectfully thundered and rattled. In vain—the great building lay so still and lifeless in the surrounding Caroline Park that I was indeed reminded of the tale of Sleeping Beauty. Very vexed, and bestowing little courteous titles upon Baedeker, I turned my steps toward the near-by castle, hoping thence for rescue in the person of the “waktmästare.” The castle lies upon a little height and is a rather unadorned red building. It is inhabited in part by the Landshöfding, a charge equivalent to our Landrat. When here too I had rung and knocked in vain, I boldly set out upon voyages of discovery which led me to the kitchen of the Landshöfding, where the presiding culinary genius and a black-coated servant stared at me as at a supernatural apparition. After long parleying it resulted that said “waktmästare” exists only in Baedeker’s imagination, and that the treasures of the library are shown only by the librarian himself. Angry, I returned to the inn and there learned that the librarian was in Christiania. Now good counsel was dear, but see the Codex I would, and I must needs remain eight days in Upsala. For to-day nothing more was to be done; luckily it occurred to me that I could boast of the acquaintance of a student. To him I proposed my intention, with the request that he would intercede for me with one of the professors. Meanwhile I took a very good midday meal in a little arbour in the hotel court. Of these there were several, and ere long merry toppers had assembled for an afternoon glass, among whom I already saw many a moss-grown pate. Just as in our dear fatherland, the sparrows here too believe themselves to be the principal persons; quite trustfully the little fat gentlemen take their places upon my table, pecking at everything, and then with squabbling and twittering they again flutter away.

What now to do? Aye, to find a way out was rather hard. Carolina Rediviva was to open to me her holy portals only on the afternoon of the next day—so

ran the answer of my young friend—and thus I resolved to visit Gamla Upsala. With some trouble I procured a carriage and rolled toward Gamla Upsala—Old Upsala—which lies about a small hour’s distance away. Gamla Upsala was the residence of the Swedish rulers in grey antiquity; to-day, however, the only things worth seeing are the three mounds—Kungshögarne, kings’ hills—which are named after the Norse gods Thor, Odin, and Freyr. After I had climbed these and, let us say, either satisfied or not satisfied my thirst for knowledge in that direction—let it be left undecided—I betook myself to the small, friendly inn wholly hidden among trees, in order to sip mead from the famous horn of Charles XIV John; but here again I was to remain one experience poorer. I had not reckoned with Swedish law and had not considered that on a Sunday no such beverage may be served. I tried everything—the customary silver handclasp—entreaty; I tried, in the most persuasive fashion, to explain that I was a stranger, that a single draught would suffice me. In vain—and so I had to depart with my errand unaccomplished and with the everlasting, unappeased wish merely to have moistened my lips with the refreshing mead, and must live on. Cruel fate, yes—so I sighed when I returned home and boredom began to spin grey threads about me; but for all that I insisted that I would see the Codex!

With violence I roused myself and turned my steps toward the Caroline Park, where the Upsalians, more content with their lot than I, were still rejoicing in the fair autumn day. And I grew glad with them; this harmless life and stir did my strained heart good. Here a troop of merry children were gambolling, there a group of young people diverting themselves deliciously with “Turn yourself round—the knapsack goes round”—while in the broad alley the dainty hoops of the croquet game were set up, and the eyes of the players followed, intent and eager, the croquetted ball—evidently there were maidservants and young folk belonging to the working class, who were thus enjoying themselves in innocent fashion. There on that bench an old married couple sat and looked with contentment upon the life and bustle of the young; here wandered, arm in arm, wholly sunk in one another, a young pair.

Carelessly over the yellow leaves they walked, which the autumn wind had shaken from the trees and which now shone golden in the evening sun; so they wandered dreamily along, not thinking that they too some day will sit yonder on that bench old and weary of life, and that other young couples will again walk on—and that all, all returns, only that beauty and youth are for ever fleeting—for him who has not drunk from the fountain that grants both Time and Eternity.

Following a troop of merry students, I went to the zoological garden—called by the students Flüstret (the Whisper)—thus is the flight-hole on the beehive named. For Upsala the Flüstret is what the Liebigshöhe is for Breslau. From afar merry strains sounded toward me—and partly still outside, partly already in the hall, there sat cheerful folk with the inevitable punch bottle. I myself was astonished that I succeeded in bringing the day to so pleasant an end, and I rejoiced that I had pinched the grey figure, Dame Boredom, on the nose. As the Monday morning was still at my disposal, I resolved to make an excursion to Skokloster—properly called Skogkloster (forest castle)—which was said to contain rich treasures. I reached the steamboat just as a shrill whistle announced that it was the highest time. As the passage lasts over two hours, I sought myself a cosy little spot in order to smoke my morning pipe and now regarded my travelling company. I was just witness of the heart-rending leave-taking of a young, scarcely full-grown girl from a young man; again and again the little tear-wetted kerchief waved; pitilessly the ship steamed farther toward Stockholm, which it reached only after a weary five hours. We were still in the narrow canal, into whose yellow, thick water one looked with melancholy enough, and so I had leisure to ponder how different, indeed, the fates of men are—here a young creature's heart is well-nigh broken by the pain of parting—because it is going from Upsala to Stockholm—and I, my gipsy life has already led me from almost the southernmost point of Europe to the most northerly without its having made any special impression upon me. With dry eye I should leave my home—to pitch my tent among the palms of India—why—aye, that must the kindly reader himself guess.

Now we are upon the waters of the Mälär, and right charmingly the scene changes; now our way leads us through little bays, now the lake spreads itself into a far-stretching shining surface—everywhere, however, the shores are bordered by dense forests, here and there a wooded rock formation and little villages, single houses and castles and small châteaux. Now I am at the goal of my voyage; still half concealed by trees that already wear a quite autumnal garb, the battlements of Skokloster lift themselves up. The castle, with a round tower at each of the four corners, offers a truly imposing sight. It was originally a Dominican convent and was given by Gustavus Adolphus to Field-Marshal Count Wrangel. His son rebuilt it after the model of the Aschaffenburg palace and filled it with the spoils taken in the Thirty Years' War. Through his daughter it came to the Counts Brahe, in whose possession it remains to this day. Imposing is the impression made by the hall borne by eight Ionic columns of white marble, a gift of Queen Christina. Broad stairways lead up to the state apartments, whose walls are covered with costly gobelins and brocades. Mighty chimneys adorn the rooms, and one involuntarily thinks of the valiant champions who stretched themselves before them, resting from the hardships of war and the fatigues of the noble craft of the hunter. And what treasures of German art and industry the castle houses! From mighty old cupboards, splendidly carved or most delicately and artfully inlaid with metals, there is gradation down to the daintiest caskets; there stand whole rows full of the most delicate Bohemian crystals, exquisitely wrought ivory caskets, crucifixes—all, of course, "gifts" of the city of Nuremberg or Augsburg to the great Field-Marshal. 'Tis a crying pity that all these treasures are so hidden here, for how seldom does the foot of a stranger come to the little woodland isle washed round by the waters of Lake Mälär—a dead capital in truth, for the present owner, despite the riches these walls contain, scarcely has a sufficient income. The castle with all its treasures is untouchable, an entail, and even the attempt to acquire the entire rich collection for the State had to be abandoned. Highly interesting are the armouries, which display weapons of every kind, among others the armours from that of Field-Marshal Count Wrangel of the Thirty Years' War down to the cuirass, helmet, and broadsword of the Prussian Field-Marshal Count

Wrangel—"the Father Wrangel of Berlin's youth." A particularly splendid piece is the shield of the Emperor Charles V (said to be by Benvenuto Cellini), likewise carried off from Prague. For this shield the largest sums have in vain been offered by an Englishman and by Rothschild—sums which in themselves represent a small fortune. Very well satisfied with what I had seen, I left the castle and only regretted that all these treasures spring from the fatherland and are lost to the same.

After a little collation I was just able to catch the ship coming from Stockholm and to present myself punctually at the hour appointed to me before the doors of the library. At the stroke of three there appeared my young friend in the company of Dr. So-and-so, assistant librarian. The said gentleman had studied at Berlin and Leipzig and spoke German quite well. So I stood at last at the goal of my wishes before the little oaken cabinet which, behind numberless cunning locks, shelters the *Codex argenteus*. There it lay before me in octavo—upon 188 parchment leaves—the ground red, the writing gold and silver. The *Codex argenteus*, the translation of the four Evangelists into Gothic by Bishop Ulfilas, second half of the fourth century, is of the greatest importance for us Germans, since it is the oldest monument of our tongue. Of special moment is further the circumstance that the *Codex* is by no means written, but is a kind of print. It is thought that the single letters were cut into little wooden sticks and transferred to the parchment by means of charcoal. It does not speak for Queen Christina's understanding of art that she presented the *Codex* to her librarian Vossius, who took it with him to Holland, where it was again bought up by Count de la Gardie. From the Count the *Codex* received the silver binding. As a matter of course the *Codex argenteus* is the greatest treasure of the library, which contains over 230,000 printed books and 7,000 manuscripts. I must openly confess that, as a layman, the library in Stockholm almost pleased me more. That contains splendid manuscripts, thus the *Codex aureus*, the famous Devil's Bible, likewise carried off from Prague, &c. With my friendly guide I fell into a little dispute. I declared to him how much I regret that in Sweden they now make use of the Latin script, although about 30–40 years ago they

still wrote and printed with German letters, as indeed is for the most part still the case in Norway to-day. Dr N. objected how burdensome it is if one must learn double characters, and that there are many German scholars who write with Latin letters, and that one hopes that the German learned world will wholly adopt this usage. I must say that I grew quite hot with anger at this presumption which the foreigner once more ventures toward us Germans, relying upon our only too well-known weakness and pliancy. I hold that we Germans should be proud that we need not deck ourselves with borrowed plumes, that we can render the sounds of our fair tongue in our own characters. What the German learned world achieves for art and science stands far too high to be done without by foreigners. Therefore, you German scholars, do not surrender your right to speak and to write with a German tongue—for it is a great piece of Germanhood that would there be squandered and trodden under foot. We will not, with a stroke of the pen, cease to be Germans—Germans through and through. Right satisfied with my excursion, on which I had seen very much that was fair and instructive, I returned home. The fine autumn days seem to be over—for to-day the sky looks very grey, and a fine rain seems minded to turn into a dense autumn country rain, which then quickly hands us over to the strict regiment of the Winter King. The Court, that is, the King, the Queen, and the unmarried Princes, still tarry in the lovely Drottningholm (Queen's Island), while the Crown-Princely couple inhabit the summer residence of Tullgarn. Soon, on the 11th of November, the Duke of Schonen will celebrate the first anniversary of his birth, and this will assuredly be a day of joy for all Sweden and Norway. The future ruler of Scandinavia is, as they say, a strikingly sturdy, strong child. For some days past one sees in the bookshops' windows pictures representing Emperor William, holding upon his knees his great-grandson, the Duke of Schonen.—It really seems as though the last sunny warm days were gone; the wind shakes pitilessly the crowns of the trees and plays its game with the falling leaves; the foliage falls from the trees—the green summer foliage—life with its dreams—crumbles into ashes and dust—so at least the saying goes. So it is year in, year out. Soon the trees are bare and the earth cold and rigid, and a

white cover then veils her long, long from the eyes of men; then, however, there comes a new regiment, and the warm breezes of spring breathe upon the stiffened earth, warm sun-rays kiss slumbering Nature awake. New life begins, new merry life, and the birds twitter of spring and of love, and all goes its wonted course, though not all are any more there who watched the bustling of the autumn leaves with their eyes. In their stead many others have come in everlasting change, and Nature goes her course unhindered, without concerning herself with the coming and going of earth's inhabitants.

From the Stuttgart Imperial Days.

1885.

Stuttgart, 19 September.

As early as to-day Stuttgart has surely not been astir for a long time. At 7 o'clock already many closely filled carriages rolled toward Ludwigsburg, and the later it grew, the livelier was it everywhere. The barometer had fallen so yesterday that one was by no means astonished to see to-day, instead of the splendid sunshine, a grey, overcast sky. After half past 8 there fell a light precipitation so fine that, after the hot days, it was a veritable refreshment. Zuffenhausen, Kornwestheim were thickly beflagged—the rural folk everywhere in festal dress, adorned with cornflowers. Four-in-hand peasants' wagons, the boards on the outside clad in black, white, and red, the horses hung with bows of the same, numberless riders, unending masses of foot-passengers—everything presses toward the parade-ground. Besides this, eighteen double extra-trains bring up the main contingent of the "manoeuvre-strollers."

After I had passed a regular wagon-fortress, I reached my place on the stands. An enormously long, but extremely primitive stand had been erected opposite the spot where their Majesties were to take their position; in the middle some rows were reserved for the diplomatic corps and the Court dignitaries. The fine drizzle continues without any one troubling himself about it; it is so trifling that no one thinks of opening an umbrella. According to the programme, at half past 9 the Crown Prince with suite, as well as the other princes and the officers of foreign sovereigns, drives off. Ten minutes later the departure takes place of the two rulers, of the Queen and the princesses. The crush to see the Emperor is almost as great as on the previous day at the arrival. Ah, now at last—there is the Crown Prince, surrounded by a glittering suite—far across the field the white plumes, the red coats of the English, the red trousers of the French gleam. The Crown Prince appears in Prussian full general's uniform, with the ribbon of the

Württemberg Crown Order, Prince William of Prussia as a Guards hussar, Prince William of Württemberg in the uniform of his dragoons. Already from afar one hears the hurrahs; from troop to troop it echoes on, mightily it swells, well-nigh deafening, and thereto the bands strike up: "Heil dir im Siegerkranz." Now the carriages draw near, foremost, drawn by four splendid Trakehnen stallions, the Emperor and the King. The Emperor, in his capacity as supreme war-lord, in Prussian full general's uniform, with the red ribbon of the Württemberg Crown Order; at his left King Charles in Württemberg general's uniform with the orange ribbon of the Black Eagle. In a two-horsed gala equipage the Queen, sitting to the left after Russian fashion, to her right the Duchess Vera, opposite the twin daughters. In the following carriages came the Princess of Weimar with daughter, the little Princess Pauline of Württemberg, and the Court dignitaries.

After the fronts had been driven past, their Majesties took position directly opposite the stand; unfortunately, however, the interval was after all a very considerable one. His Majesty the King now mounted his own equipage, and the two rulers took the parade standing in the carriage. One can scarce grasp how our hoary Emperor was able to stand almost the whole time—full three hours; only quite at the last did the two Majesties sit down. And now the troops defiled with martial music—first the eight infantry regiments, then the four cavalry regiments; Prince William of Württemberg led his dragoon regiment past the Emperor in person. Then followed artillery, then the train. Even to a layman it must have been striking how excellently the troops marched past. At every pause—thrice—the Emperor left the carriage and strode quickly and with sure step to the equipage of the Queen. When for the first time he left the carriage, the public greeted this chivalrous homage with lively hurrahs. Meanwhile the rain had ceased, and during the parade the sun broke through the clouds for a short time. After the critique had been held, one saw that the Emperor gave his hand to the commanding General von Schachtmeyer, which the latter in vain sought to raise to his lips. Thereupon their Majesties drove along by the veterans' associations which had taken their position by the stand. A hoary veteran, ninety-four years old, who had

taken part in the Wars of Liberation, had had to be carried out. When the Emperor halted by him, it was impossible for him to understand the old man, and quickly, without any help, the Emperor left his carriage and addressed to the old warrior a few friendly words, giving him his hand in farewell. With never-ending jubilation the Emperor was greeted on his return. The breakfast contemplated on the programme had had to be omitted, in order not to fatigue the Emperor overmuch.

I am just now returned from a round through the streets, which indeed only to-day are in their full array. The Schlossplatz, where the fountains splash merrily and whose plantings by their juicy green and the splendid carpet-beds make one wholly forget that we have the end of September, is not empty of sightseers throughout the day. Round about the palace, by the Königsbau and the Hotel Marquardt, the throng stands densely packed, among them many peasant onlookers in country dress. In the Königstrasse individual shops attract notice by tasteful adornments. Particularly fine is the decoration of the general command. At the entrance splendid groups of plants are set up; from above there hangs a mighty imperial crown, from which in the evening electric light streams, whereby it looks quite as though formed of ruby and diamond.

While I write these lines, the parade-dinner is taking place; at half past 8 is tattoo. Light white clouds cover the sky; it is fresh, and no drop of rain falls. Everywhere the lights rise up, here and there one already sees a gleam of the illumination beginning.

Stuttgart, 20 September.

This Sunday morning is indeed favoured by the weather—golden sunshine and yet no heat. As I drove through the richly flagged streets to the palace chapel, the throng again stood densely packed before the palace. With regard to etiquette in church, they were so strict that in the end many places remained empty, whereas every one had believed that the church would be overfilled. By degrees the highest personages appeared in the royal box: the

Prince of Weimar with consort and daughter; the Duchess Vera, who, however, is of the Greek confession; the princes appeared in full number, except for Prince Arnulf, Duke Albrecht, and the Duke of Urach, who attended divine service in the Catholic church. Now the King comes, and at the stroke of ten the Emperor appears. Slightly bowed, but altogether sure of step, the Emperor proceeds to his place and, after prayer is ended, gives the King his hand. I could now see the Emperor at the closest quarters; it is astonishing, how much he has recovered—he is more vigorous than in the past autumn. Court-Prelate von Gerock had chosen for the text, “Give God the glory,” and expounded the same in a simple manner that went to the heart. After divine service was ended, the Emperor conversed a few moments more with the King, so that one could contemplate the two rulers at leisure. Even though the Emperor holds himself more bent, yet, if one considers the difference in their years, he makes scarcely an older impression than the King. Once more their Majesties were greeted with lively acclamations.

After church one saw the Emperor, accompanied only by an aide-de-camp, drive out to pay a visit to Princess Marie, which the chivalrous lord would not omit. After one o’clock the crush once again increases incredibly, for it is a question of seeing the progress through the city to the Stadgarten. At 2 o’clock the Emperor set out, who drove with the King in a gala carriage drawn by a pair. In the street where the great entrance gate of the garden lies, there stood mast by mast, from which German and Württemberg flags waved down. The Stadgarten in truth needs no special decoration; it is laid out splendidly, maintained so sumptuously, that in effect it is always in festal attire. From afar already one heard the hurrahs. Here comes the Lord Mayor, who opens the procession; after him the riding club; now at a short trot the royal carriage drives into the garden. In slower tempo, accompanied by the jubilant shouts of the multitude, it proceeds farther to the central place, where the festival maidens present the bouquets. Meanwhile the Crown Prince has appeared on foot, accompanied by the other princes. After receiving the bouquets, their Majesties make another circuit and then leave

the garden. The Crown Prince has offered his arm to the Princess of Weimar and now conducts her into the festival hall, where refreshments are set forth. The festival hall is adorned in exceedingly tasteful fashion; here too cornflower garlands on the chandeliers, &c. In the suite there were also the gentlemen and ladies of the Prussian legation. The Crown Prince, in his well-known affable manner, held conversation, had the gentlemen of the committee and numerous others presented, spoke with the festival maidens, and was in general in an exceedingly cheerful mood. He wore the uniform of his Silesian Dragoons. The two Princes William were in hussar uniform. Meanwhile the Queen too had driven through the garden, but had soon thereafter left the same again. Amid lively calls and hurrahs the princes now likewise left the festival hall. Time pressed, for a little hour later the dinner in the Königsbau began, which Prince William gave in honour of the Emperor. Long after the Court had left the garden, the masses still surged therein in festively elevated spirits. On leaving the garden the Crown Prince thanked the committee and said he felt in Stuttgart no longer at all a stranger, but rather a regular habitué.

The table in the Königsbau was laid for eighty covers; at the dinner there took part the Emperor, the princes—the King had declined by reason of fatigue—the suite, the Prussian legation, the ministers, the general officers, &c. The splendid great hall was adorned in the most sumptuous fashion. At the two ends of the hall stood the busts of the Emperor and of the King—quite surrounded with lofty greenery; in the middle of the left narrow side the life-size portrait of the Emperor, a three-quarter length, likewise framed with greenery, and on either side two great complete suits of armour. The whole hall was richly decorated with shields, weapons, and other warlike emblems: a mighty Iron Cross stood out especially. When the Emperor appeared, a bouquet was presented to him by the Prince's little daughter, Princess Pauline. The Emperor, who is so fond of children, was greatly pleased with the homage of the youthful donor. His Majesty thereupon took his place in the middle of the table, to his left Prince William. While the Emperor took the midday meal with the Prince, the

officers of foreign sovereigns dined with the commanding general.

Now carriage after carriage rolled toward the theatre; at half past six the gala performance of “Oberon” began. But the sight-seers would still have to wait a good while; for, as the invited guests had appeared at the dinner in undress uniform, they had first to go home to change. At half past seven the whole house was filled. While the front seats were almost without exception taken by ladies, the gold-embroidered uniforms of the gentlemen formed a brilliant setting to the wreath of fair and lovely women. The foyer was opened, and the foreigners’ boxes were annexed to the great court box. Shortly after half past seven—the curtain had just fallen for the first time and the house was resplendent in the radiant light of the electric illumination—the Court approached: the whole house rose from its seats, and when the Emperor stepped to the rail, the court actor, director Pauli, cried: “His Majesty—long live our German Emperor!” A thousandfold cheer thundered through the crowded house, and the national hymn burst forth with a roar. Before the beginning of the fourth act all who had been presented at Court, and were seated in the first tier, were ordered to the foyer. There the Prussian ambassadress and acting doyenne, Countess Wesdehlen, née Countess Pourtalès, presented the ladies of the diplomatic corps to the Emperor. The lady of the bedchamber, Baroness von Massenbach, presented the Prussian officers’ ladies and the native Prussian ladies. After the Emperor and their Majesties had held a further cercle, the Emperor took his place at the tea-table at the Queen’s side. Countess Wesdehlen was summoned to the tea-table. There the Emperor conversed with her in the gayest and most gracious manner.

Stuttgart, 21 September.

To-day we have truly delicious autumn weather—it is sunny and fair without being hot, thus the best weather for manoeuvres. At half past eight the Crown Prince, the Duchess Vera, the princes, and the foreign officers had betaken themselves by special train to the manoeuvre field near

Hochdorf-Ditzingen. Half an hour later the Emperor likewise set out thither and returned safe and sound at five minutes past two. Wherever the Emperor shows himself—the crowd of spectators is always equally great, although Stuttgart wears to-day a relatively everyday face, as the shops are open again. The Crown Prince, returned from the manoeuvres, visited to-day the exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Association. At half past five the high and highest personages assembled for the dinner at the Queen's, to which but few invitations had gone forth. Among those bidden were the members of the Prussian legation, Count and Countess Wesdehlen, as well as Mr. and Mrs. von Kleist, Field-Marshal Count Moltke, Prince Dolgoruki, Count Perponcher, Herr von Bülow, His Excellency von Wilmoswky, the Minister of War Bronsart von Schellendorff, and the gentlemen of the minor service. The Emperor had taken the place opposite the King, to his right the Queen, to her right the Crown Prince, &c. To the Emperor's left the Duchess Vera, Prince William of Prussia, &c. To the King's right sat Countess Wesdehlen, Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Frau von Kleist, Count Moltke. To his left Frau von Bülow, Prince Arnulf of Bavaria, &c. After the dinner their Majesties held a cercle. The Emperor was in the gayest spirits and declared how grateful he was for the people's enthusiasm. The King looks quite much tried; walking is very hard for him; one misses in him the liveliness and active participation such as the Emperor always shows.

After the dinner the Emperor betook himself to the theatre, which again was packed, and was then, by the farce "Ten Girls and Not a Man," put in the gayest of humours, to a small company at the Princes' and the Princess of Weimar's. The soirée set down in the programme for this evening, as well as that for Tuesday at Count Wesdehlen's, had been given up, in order not to over-fatigue His Majesty. To-day the company consisted only of 30–40 persons, from the members of the Prussian legation, some native Prussian ladies, &c. Shortly after ten the Emperor left the company unobserved.

To give a slight notion of the share which the whole country takes in the Imperial Days, the following figures may serve. At the parade alone 11,272 members of the veterans' associations took part. The number of spectators is

estimated at well over 100,000. Despite the colossal traffic on the railways not a single accident occurred. On Saturday evening, between 9 and 10 o'clock, eighteen double-trains and two court trains went out of Stuttgart toward Ludwigsburg and Kornwestheim. In all 16,000 passenger tickets were issued; thereto came the twenty special trains that had come in from the country, besides the scheduled trains, which count as double-trains. On Sunday the ordinary trains did not suffice, and ten special trains were used. At the Emperor's progress through the city 12,800 schoolchildren formed a lane, likewise the various associations, &c.

Stuttgart, 23 September.

Despite Monday's exertions the Emperor was up very early yesterday and at 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ o'clock received the report of Privy Legation Counsellor von Bülow. Toward ten o'clock the Emperor left Stuttgart by special train, arrived at half past ten on the manoeuvre field, and took up position by Hemmingen. Everywhere the people left their work and hastened, if only from afar, to see the Emperor. The enthusiasm beggars all description; the of itself phlegmatic folk is scarce to be recognized.

After the close of the manoeuvre the Emperor and his suite returned to Kitzingen. First there had arrived thither several officers of foreign sovereigns, who, standing near the station building, awaited the Emperor's arrival. When the Emperor appeared, the numerous crowd broke into enthusiastic cheers. The Emperor alighted from his carriage without any sign of fatigue and, in a very affable manner, conversed with several of the foreign officers. He then betook himself to the train in readiness, which departed at once. Returned to Stuttgart, the Emperor allowed himself but brief repose. At the stroke of five he went to the dinner at the commanding General von Schachtmeyer's. All along Friedrichstrasse and in the Kriegsbergstrasse, where the general command lies, great crowds had gathered to greet the Emperor. At a quarter to five the arrivals began—one of the first was Prince William of Württemberg with his adjutant; then

followed Count Moltke, General von Albedyll, Count Goltz, Prince Albrecht of Prussia, Prince Arnulf of Bavaria, the Prince of Weimar, Princess Radziwill and Dolgoruki, Prince Reuss, &c. Hurrahs announce the Emperor's approach. Scarcely does the carriage halt, when General von Schachtmeyer opens the door and greets His Majesty, kissing his hand. How vigorous His Majesty is is shown by the fact that he mounted the two flights up to the dining-hall without further fatigue. The address which the General delivered to the Emperor at table ran about as follows: he assured the Emperor, as the supreme war-lord of the Empire, of the army's most heartfelt veneration; the presence of the supreme war-lord in Württemberg was to every officer, non-commissioned officer, and soldier anew an incitement to heightened zeal in the fulfilment of his duty for the fame and honour of the fatherland. Inspired with such feelings, those here assembled deemed themselves worthy to drink to the Emperor's health, which God might long preserve and bless. "And so I cry: His Majesty the Emperor—long may he live!" With enthusiasm all present joined in, whilst the fanfares of the music pealed and the national hymn was played. The Emperor at once spoke a few moved words of thanks. When, at dessert, the Germania standing in the middle of the table was removed, there rose in its place, driven by an invisible mechanism, a splendid imperial crown of cornflowers, resting upon a white cushion and wreathed with laurel. The Emperor took great pleasure in this ingenious surprise. It was already three-quarters past seven before the Emperor left the festal rooms, again greeted with enthusiasm by the crowd which had awaited the whole three hours and meanwhile had swelled tenfold. Whilst the Emperor took his meal with General von Schachtmeyer, the Crown Prince dined with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, von Mittnacht. On Frau von Mittnacht's right sat the Crown Prince, on her left Count Wesdehlen. About thirty persons were invited. The Minister von Mittnacht toasted, in a most brilliant speech, the Crown Prince as the increaser and protector of art; the Crown Prince toasted the King and the royal family. Prince William of Prussia dined with the generals, in so far as they were not with the commanding general—with the Dukes Albrecht of Württemberg and of Urach, and with the Minister of War

Bronsart von Schellendorff—at the Minister of War von Steinheil's. For the evening the Emperor had promised a visit to the theatre as well as to the Prussian legation; returned from the dinner, however, His Majesty felt too fatigued. The Crown Prince, by contrast, appeared at the house of Count Wesdehlen—whither only about thirty persons had received invitations—in order to excuse his illustrious father; thereafter Prince William of Prussia likewise appeared.

To-day (the 23rd) is now the last of the imperishably fair Imperial Days, which will remain for the Swabian land one of its fairest memories. To-day it is a question of seeing the Emperor for the last time, and so the throng streamed irresistibly out upon the manoeuvre field. At 10 o'clock the Emperor was to arrive on the field—he had gone by rail to Ditzingen—but it became 12 o'clock and later, and the Emperor had not yet appeared. Afterwards one learned that the Emperor had been present at the development of the manoeuvre on the farther side. At 12 o'clock the bells of Münchingen announced the Emperor's approach. The engagement is in fullest course; the Emperor takes his stand to view the cavalry attack.

After the critique the Emperor said, at leave-taking: "Well then, we shall scarcely see one another again!" Loud and distinctly the commanding general returned the words: "Our prayers to God for Your Majesty are silent; the expression of our soldierly hearts, however, is loud: Long live Your Imperial Majesty!" With enthusiasm the assembled officers of the whole army corps fell in with their hoary leader's cheer. The Emperor gave thanks, moved, and appointed the general chief of the Pomeranian Fusilier Regiment No. 34. Thereupon all the higher decorated officers rode up to the Emperor's carriage and kissed the supreme war-lord's hand. At Zuffenhausen the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and Prince William of Württemberg boarded the train to return to Stuttgart, where it arrived shortly before 2 o'clock.

Already the glad festal mood begins to wane, as one now hastens from farewell to farewell. Prince William of Prussia is the first to leave the Swabian capital—straight from the manoeuvre field he had taken the railway to catch the train for Vienna. At a quarter past three the Crown Prince

departs with suite for Homburg. One can scarcely break through the mass of people in order to reach the station; from the palace to the station-hall men stand pressed close, man to man. The Crown Prince had indeed begged to be excused from any official leave-taking, yet some gentlemen had nevertheless appeared.

With the utmost affability the Crown Prince—who wears his dragoons' uniform—takes his leave; with him at the same time depart Prince Albrecht and Field-Marshal Count Moltke. Amid the acclamations of the crowd the train leaves the hall. An hour later the whole station is covered with glittering uniforms; official leave-taking is indeed not desired, yet it is a matter of course that whoever possibly can has come to wave the departing Emperor a farewell greeting. The cries of the crowd greet the approaching personages of princely rank. Now comes the King, greeted warmly—him there follows, amid the jubilation of the multitude, the Emperor. Vigorously, visibly moved, the Emperor passes along the platform, here and there extending his hand and uttering words of farewell. Thereupon the Emperor takes leave of the royal family; the King conducts him to his carriage—muffled by emotion the hurrah resounds through the hall, and slowly the train rolls out of the station. Till we meet again—God willing!

Jubilee Festivities in Stuttgart.

1889.

I.

Days of jubilee everywhere—and for Swabia’s lovely capital such days, too, stand at the door. For on the 25th of June it will be five-and-twenty years since the highly revered and beloved King Wilhelm, after eight-and-forty years of beneficent rule, closed his eyes in his pleasure-castle of Rosenstein, and since his only son, the now-reigning King Karl, ascended his father’s throne. Five-and-twenty years — a quarter of a century — cannot but bring much manifold matter, joy and sorrow.

Vicissitudes such as human life of itself carries with it, from which neither any people, nor Emperor or King, nor the poorest subject can escape. Yet however it came, King Karl and his land have borne together what God sent. When Germany awoke from her long sleep and arose as one man to cry to the over-bold neighbour, sword in hand: “You shall not have it, the free German Rhine”—then the Württemberg people and their King were there also, and Swabia’s valiant sons, united with the brethren of all German provinces, with their goods and blood helped to found the new German Empire. And upon the long years of peace that followed the great war King and country may look back with mutual thanks and blessing. Luxuriant tilth, richly tilled fields, vine-wreathed hills, stately towns, a thriving industry everywhere—whithersoever the eye looks, a rich, happy, well-blest land. Who could fail to comprehend that for months past all Swabia has been thinking how to celebrate worthily the five-and-twentieth anniversary of its King’s reign.

When the North German thinks of travelling, he searches right laboriously upon the map whither he might direct his steps this year. It is, alas, peculiar to us Germans that the foreign, what is foreign, has for us the greatest charm and the strongest allurements. And so here as well—how seldom will it occur to any one to make a journey to Württemberg, and yet there is there so much of the good and the fair. How few Germans know Swabia’s glorious capital,

which appears winsome and attractive even to the eye that is pampered by all manner of foreign enticements. And yet this land ought to awaken the warmest interest of every German. We are here upon historic soil—nay, more: here stands the cradle of our imperial house, and our young Emperor emphasized at his presence in the autumn “that Swabian blood, too, runs in his veins”—an utterance which found a well-understood enthusiastic reception. Even now our imperial pair are making ready to take part in the jubilee days here; and that the Empress this time accompanies her illustrious consort not a little heightens the general joy.

The jubilee festivities have in part already begun long since. Thus at Easter we had a jubilee garden exhibition in the wide, airy halls of the Gewerbehalle. Wonders fair were there achieved, especially by tasteful binding. On the 12th of June the annual children’s festivals of the various societies and associations took place, which this year had united into a great jubilee procession. At present there is in the Gewerbehalle a graphic jubilee exhibition, which offers an infinity of fair and noteworthy things. First place is taken by the Kröner publishing house—which now also includes the Cotta house and Ernst Keil’s bookshop—as well as by the Deutsche Verlagsanstalt. If the arrangement of the latter offers a polychrome, many-coloured whole, yet it is cast into the shade by the Kröner exhibition, whose simple, distinguished equipment in blue and white is particularly telling. It is attractive and instructive for great and small alike to see how on the one side the white paper is laid into the great rotary machine and how on the other the finished printed sheet appears. The little bindery, too, is endlessly interesting; how seldom does the layman, when he takes a fine finished book in his hand, know through how many hands it has passed and how much skill its making has required.

As to the course of the first festive days, the telegraph has already reported what is needful. On the 25th the imperial couple arrive in Stuttgart; forthwith thereafter the parade takes place on the Cannstatt Wasen, to which a fork-breakfast at Rosenstein Castle is appended. In the afternoon follows the festive procession of the cyclists’ club, and the banquet at Prince

Wilhelm's; in the evening tea at the Queen's and a torchlight procession. On the 26th the imperial couple depart again, after having taken a fork-breakfast with Princess Friedrich and attended the garden-fête at the Wilhelma. The close of the great series of festivities is made on the 27th by a concert in the Stiftskirche. On Sunday, the 16th of June, the Neue Singverein, the Orchesterverein, and the Lehrerengesangverein together gave a homage concert in the Liederhalle. Their Majesties were unfortunately unable to take part in the celebration, as at the same time a festal service was being held in the Russian chapel, which, since King Wilhelm's marriage, has been in the residential palace. In the past week several jubilee festivities fell on each day, thus in the various gymnasia, in the Realschule, in the Polytechnikum, festive "Kommerse" of former corps students, of the students of the Technical High School, celebrations in the royal Katharinen- and Olgastift, in the Katharinenpflege, &c. &c. And at all these celebrations, of course, one hoped to see the royal pair appear. Truly an infinity is demanded of the same, particularly if one considers the condition of both Majesties, who have been ailing for years. As soon as rough autumn winds blow, the King must go to the South, and not until spring has taken up its abode can he return home. Up to the present both, King and Queen, have shown themselves everywhere, greeted always with warm acclamations. Queen Olga, a daughter of Emperor Nicholas of Russia, thus a great-aunt of our present Emperor, is in truth the mother of her people. By great private means at her disposal she practises the works of mercy in the deepest and noblest sense of the word. Although years-long sufferings have engraved deep traces upon her noble features, once in youth truly beautiful, the Queen is still to-day, after three-and-forty years of marriage, an imposing figure. Some five-and-twenty years ago the Queen took to herself her niece, the Grand Duchess Vera of Russia, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine and sister of the Queen of Greece. To the Grand Duchess Vera Württemberg became a true home in that she wedded Duke Eugen of Württemberg, and she has grown deep into the heart of the Württemberg people; wherever she appears with her twin daughters, the Duchesses Olga and Elsa, she is always tumultuously welcomed. Despite her Russian descent she is the best

conceivable German and is attached to the Swabian land with the warmest, truest love. Next to the throne stands Prince Wilhelm, son of Prince Friedrich of Württemberg and Princess Katharina of Württemberg, the King's elder sister and eldest child of King Wilhelm from his second marriage with Queen Pauline of Württemberg. Prince Wilhelm is therefore the presumptive heir to the throne. He is wedded to Princess Charlotte of Schaumburg-Lippe. His only child, Princess Pauline, is from his first marriage with the late Princess Marie of Waldeck. The Prince inhabits in winter the Wilhelmspalast and in summer the country house Marienwohl near Ludwigsburg. The widowed Princess Friedrich lives partly here in the so-called Prinzenpalais, partly in her villa near Rorschach. To the royal family there further belongs Duke Albrecht of Württemberg, a member of the Catholic Württemberg line living in Austria, to which the crown would fall were Prince Wilhelm to leave no male heirs. A well-known and beloved personage is Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, whose consort is the King's youngest sister. Four sons and two daughters—of whom the eldest is the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Weimar—have sprung from this marriage. Prince Hermann takes part with full interest in all associations and undertakings that promote the benefit and welfare of the land. Finally there is to be named the widowed Duchess of Urach. She has two sons, the Duke and the Prince of Urach.

II.

That all Stuttgart has long been in feverish excitement may be imagined. Weeks ago already one had to order carriages for the festal days. The stock on hand here by far does not cover the need, and so the owners of conveyances are having vehicles brought from Karlsruhe, Ulm, Reutlingen, Esslingen, &c. The prices are accordingly: the carriage costs 35 marks, the same whether one uses it an hour or the whole day. The prices of provisions likewise reach a dizzy height.

As, as usual, the preparations had been begun too late, one was, despite the

mustering of all forces, not ready with the adornment of streets and squares on the first festal day, the 22nd. The station has pretty nearly put on its festive dress and shows in tasteful groupings the flags of all countries represented at the festival. The mighty portal of the Post opposite is veiled entirely by great black-red curtains with Württemberg's escutcheon animals, lion and stag; from the niches above it gleam forth the busts of the jubilee pair. Although the black-white-red flags predominate, very many black-red ones are to be seen this time as well; between them such in the city colours, black-yellow. The embassies and consulates then bring some variety with their national flags, and the rich floral adornment shows best that we are in the fairest season of the year, the month of roses. The number of princely guests arrived here is a very great one. Thus, accompanied by their suites, there have arrived: the Duchess Eugenie of Oldenburg and her son, Prince Peter of Oldenburg, the Dukes Wilhelm and Nikolaus of Württemberg, Duke Philipp of Württemberg with family, the Hereditary Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the Duke of Teck with his son, the Hereditary Prince Heinrich XXVII of Reuss junior line, the Hereditary Prince of Waldeck, Prince Eduard of Anhalt and Prince Friedrich of Schaumburg-Lippe. On Sunday the Grand Duke Heir Apparent of Russia and the Crown Prince of Greece arrive, likewise the Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Ludwig of Bavaria. The Orient Express brings, on the 25th in the early morning, Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Este. At 9½ o'clock the Emperor and the Empress arrive with a large suite; their Majesties will take up residence in the residential palace, in the so-called Oldenburg rooms. With the same train comes also King Albert of Saxony. In consideration of the late arrival of the Most Highest Personages the parade has been postponed to 11 o'clock. On Friday all the extraordinary envoys and those accredited here, but resident partly in Berlin, partly in Munich, arrived. All these gentlemen, who had to present to their Majesties congratulatory letters from their sovereigns, were received on Saturday at 1 o'clock. At 2 o'clock there took place the congratulatory "Kour" of the diplomatic corps here, to which there then appended itself a gala dinner for all the diplomats and envoys. The table was arranged in horseshoe form in the so-called Black Marble Hall and showed sixty-nine

covers. On the inner side of the middle table sat the King, opposite him in the middle of the outer side the Queen. The King had put on the full general's uniform with the ribbon of the Württemberg Crown Order, with the star of the Württemberg Military Merit—and of the star of the Friedrich Order, as well as the war medals. The Queen wore a most tasteful toilette by Worth: dove-grey silk, the front and side pieces richly, yet in light forms, embroidered with silver; two yellow silk revers, lined with grey and silver, divided the train, broad below, narrower above. The high lady's head-dress was adorned with a white lace veil, held by a wondrous diamond diadem. About the waist—which, on account of the Queen's delicate health, is always high—were wound several rows of cherry-sized diamonds, while a clasp of water-clear stones, which set a wondrously beautiful ruby, bounded the waist. Despite the exertions she had already undergone in these days, the Queen looked well and spoke with each person in her own gracious and kindly manner. Diplomatic gala tables always have something unspeakably monotonous; the enlivening music is lacking. Tasteful menus with illustrations of the villa at Berg, of Peterhof, the Queen's home, and of the residential palace promised a rich succession of dishes. In the middle of the meal His Majesty rose—with him all present—and proposed the following toast in the French tongue: “Je bois à la santé des souverains qui ont eu l'aimable et la cordiale attention d'envoyer des représentants pour le Jubilé.” This is the moment that characterises the diplomatic meal: a silent drinking-to-one-another is all that follows upon this toast, and each resumes his place. When the meal was ended, their Majesties still held a cercle, while coffee was handed round, and toward half past four the festivity was at an end. Patiently the crowd had for hours awaited the spectacle of the invited guests now departing. It was indeed a variegated picture through the red royal liveries and the equipages in which all the foreign diplomats and envoys drove. These gentlemen in their various, richly embroidered uniforms now betook themselves to the remaining princely personages here present, by whom they were received in audience.

Only short is the time of rest measured out. Again the rolling of carriages

begins. This time the goal is the Liederhalle, where the “Liederkranz” gives their Majesties its homage concert. The whole official world, the mediatized princes, the Court society—everything is invited, has appeared. The Liederkranz members fare badly, to be sure; for them there remains only one ticket each. The concert is to begin at 8 o’clock, yet already shortly after 7 the hall is almost filled. Opposite the main entrance rises the most richly adorned podium. The centre is formed by the busts of their Majesties. To the right of the entrance, in the middle, is the royal box under a purple baldachin; opposite the royal box the box of the mediatized princes and of the diplomatic corps as well as of all foreign guests. In the middle between both boxes the Court society took their places. The high, splendid hall, in its fair festal array and in the radiant sea of light, offered a brilliant foil for the choice public. The ladies had appeared in light, elegant, short toilettes with light, closed hats, the gentlemen in tail-coats, naturally without orders. Punctually at 8 the loud cheers of the crowd waiting outside announced the approach of their Majesties. The same had just come with their princely guests from the city park, where by their presence they had gladdened the jubilee festival of the Landwehr officers. When King and Queen had stepped beneath the baldachin, the president of the Liederkranz, former Director of Posts Steidler, greeted them with a few warmly felt words; in the cheer for their Majesties that concluded the address the assembly joined enthusiastically thrice. Now the orchestra played: “Hail to our King, hail,” which song was listened to standing. The programme pointed, among other things, to: a festive cantata for male chorus and orchestra by J. H. Mayer; the aria “Il re pastore” by Mozart, rendered by Fräulein Leisinger, royal Prussian court-opera singer; choruses and songs by Engelsberg, Schumann, Brahms, and Schubert, the latter rendered by Frau Rosa Papier-Paumgarten of Vienna; “The Song of the Spirits over the Waters” (for eight-part male chorus and string orchestra) by Schubert; duet from the opera “The Marriage of Figaro” by Mozart (Frl. Leisinger, Frau Rosa Papier-Paumgarten). The singing of the two great artists—by the way, Fräulein Leisinger began her career here—came out most beautifully in the duet, where the two voices—each in her kind splendid—adapted themselves wondrously to one

another. The temperature was, alas, a glowing one, and in some measure impaired the enjoyment. While I send these lines, a splendid rain refreshes nature; the cool night air exerts a reviving effect upon the exhausted spirit.

III.

23 June.

During the past night it had rained abundantly, and thus nature and men were refreshed and in a cheerfully uplifted temper. The sky was indeed still veiled with grey cloud, but that in no wise impaired the ever more swelling human throng. Already in the earliest morning hours there prevailed everywhere the liveliest life and stir, which naturally found its climax before the station and on the Schlossplatz close adjoining. A picturesque impression was made by the high, festively adorned peasants' wagons which had brought participants in the veterans' procession into the city. Four- and six-in-hand they came, the horses highly harnessed with broad brass bows, richly decked with ribbons and fresh green. Among the men peeped out buxom peasant lasses in motley skirt and wide white puffed sleeves. The festive decoration of the streets had been completed at daybreak. Individual adornments were positively surprising in beauty and artistic execution. Yet the whole would make a splendid impression even without these showpieces, for Stuttgart is not a grey sea of houses with high, narrow alleys; the streets are broad, the houses not over-high, and everywhere one finds dense foliage, lusty in the sappy green.

Now the carriages of the festival-participants begin the drive to church; the red liveries of the court gleam now here, now there. As the space in the palace church is not very large, the confessions have, as far as possible, divided themselves among their own churches for the festal service. In the Eberhardt Church the nuncio, Archbishop Agliardi, had already in the early morning celebrated mass. At the stroke of 10 o'clock the brilliant assembly in the palace church is complete, and with the stroke of the bell their Majesties enter the court loge, in which the princely personages here present

had already gathered. The chorale "Praise the Lord, my soul" opened the divine service, whereupon the congregation joined in: "Praise the Lord, the mighty King of honour." Court-Prelate Dr. von Gerock delivered the fest-sermon on the text given by the King, 1 Samuel 7, 12: "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." In spirited, deeply felt words the sermon set forth what the last twenty-five years had brought to the land, and that, in retrospect of the centuries-old history of Württemberg, there is no time to record in which the land had been in equal measure happy and blessed. The address closed with a prayer of thanks and blessing for the King, the Queen, and the royal house. The divine service was ended by the antiphonal singing of choir and congregation: "Lord God! Thee we praise." On going out the high personages were greeted by stormy jubilation.

During the service a heavy shower had threatened to impair the following celebration of the unveiling of the monument to Duke Christoph, but at the last moment the sun broke through, to remain victor for the whole day. Military and constabulary formed a lane all round the Schlossplatz. Like green velvet carpets the many-folded lawns spread out, everywhere adorned with tall palms and other exotic plants in artistic groups. The whole festal company now entered the inner circle before the still veiled monument; chairs stood ready for the high and highest personages, while for the diplomatic corps and the foreign envoys a main stand, covered with Persian rugs, had been erected. The royal family likewise came the few steps on foot, while the royal couple in a pair-horse gala equipage, amid stormy acclamations, drove slowly up to the lawn. The King was in full general's uniform; the Queen wore a toilette in dark lilac atlas with lace trimming, parasol, hat, and mantle of the same colour. Master of the Household Baron von Wöllwarth stepped forward and begged His Majesty to give the sign, chosen by him for the jubilee-days, for the unveiling of the monument erected to his ancestor. At the sign, and at the same time under the thunder of the guns, the coverings fell, and the bronze statue became visible. The Duke stands, leaning upon the left leg, holding in the right a parchment roll, while the left grasps at the sword; the gaze is directed toward the residential

palace. Prince Waldburg-Zeil, president of the chamber of the mediatized lords, now stepped forth and in the name of the land thanked for the royal gift and at the same time raised a cheer for the King; the national hymn struck up, and endless, stormy shouts of jubilation pierced the air. The statue is by the sculptor P. Müller and was cast by the chief founder Pelargus. The high personages now walked round the monument, greeting the artists with their recognition and, here and there, addressing a gracious word to those standing by. Then the carriage brought their Majesties back to the palace, whither the festal assembly followed, to witness from the balcony the march-past of the veterans' associations.

Shortly before twelve o'clock the head of the procession became visible, whose music of the Uhlan Regiment King Karl opened; then followed the city guard on horseback. Now came the actual festal procession, at whose head, as federal honorary president and in the uniform of the Yellow Dragoons, walked Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, at his side the president and the recording secretary of the association. Arrived before His Majesty, the Prince, with drawn sabre, brought the cheer to the King. Thereupon followed the associations of the four districts with their flags and badges—in all 15,000 men—who greeted their King with jubilation. Very fine, in particular, looked the people who had come in their national dress—thus the wealthy Black Forest farmer in high boots, yellow leather breeches, blue velvet jacket, red waistcoat, the latter two richly adorned with large, massive silver buttons. With great enthusiasm was the news received that the King had endowed a flag for remembrance. In exemplary order the procession went by. It was highly amusing that the Persian envoy among the spectators on the balcony believed that it was always the same people who circled the square—something like in great theatre productions. Mirza Reza Khan aroused, in general, great attention; he is a highly educated man who speaks excellent French. His uniform—red, gold-braided trousers and white coat—resembles the Austrian general's uniform, only the black lamb-fur cap, which the envoy and his attendant always keep on, whether at table or in church, recalls their Asiatic origin. The secretary, moreover, is a German.

The afternoon was again filled with various festivities, such as the jubilee target-shoot, which Prince Wilhelm honoured with his presence about three o'clock, and the Cannstatt jubilee regatta. The sun blazed upon the tribunes set up at the finish. For the Court and the diplomatic corps, however, a very tastefully covered tribune had been erected; white and red striped cloths covered the whole, and the comparison that it looked like a gigantic bathing costume was not quite wrong. Toward four o'clock the Duchess Vera appeared with her little daughters, then Prince and Princess Wilhelm with their guests; their Majesties, however, had to forgo participation in both festivities on account of over-fatigue. If one is not thoroughly initiated into this sport and knows no one taking part, the charm is actually slight. But the weather was fair, nature especially fair on this riverbank spot. The many smart folk, the throng of vehicles and pedestrians—everything united offered, in and for itself, a pretty picture. Unfortunately it became so late that, probably, few could attend the distribution of prizes, which the Prince of Weimar, on the King's commission, had undertaken. On the return, the coolness in the shady palace gardens acted infinitely refreshingly upon the over-tired nerves. Their Majesties, however, did not forbear to show themselves to the public and drove for a long time through the festal streets. The King in particular is in very elevated spirits; the love and veneration which the people so visibly bring him touch him most joyfully.

IV.

24 June.

On Monday the forenoon was devoted to various receptions; these lasted from 10½ to 1 o'clock, which was an immense exertion for the royal pair, all the more as the King stood the whole time. The afternoon brought ever new princely guests, among them the heirs apparent of Russia and of Greece. At 7 o'clock the festal play was to begin, which the Society for the Promotion of Art had arranged in the theatre; it had been prescribed that by 6½ every one must have taken his seat. At first this measure seemed to me harsh, but,

arrived on the spot, I found it quite right and proper. On entering the theatre there prevailed such a confusion that one could scarcely think that this billowing, jostling, pushing crowd would ever come to rest. But the president of the society, Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar, had his eyes everywhere, and thus it succeeded to restore order shortly before 7. The decoration of the festal hall had in the best wise succeeded. The parquet had been raised so far that it formed one level with the stage. At the great royal box the parapet had been opened and provided with a grille; sixteen steps covered with red velvet led down into the hall. The first gallery was adorned with giant palm fronds, green-bronzed, with golden tips and interwoven with blossoming cherry twigs. By its solid simplicity this adornment was of the greatest effect. The second gallery was decorated with garlands, the third and fourth chiefly with flags and pennants in the most varied national colours. All present had of course attired themselves as festally as possible; as the performance was to be followed by a ball, the young world appeared in ball toilette. As the price of a reserved seat was 35 marks, that of a standing place 20 marks, only a select society could be present. For the living pictures persons from all circles of society had been chosen. Punctually at 7 o'clock their Majesties entered the house. As soon as they had reached their places, the Prince of Weimar stepped to the parapet of the royal box and, waving his helmet, gave a cheer—enthusiastically received—for the King and the Queen. The purport of the festal play was roughly the following. A wanderer steps upon the stage. From his words speaks deepest weariness of life, bitter pessimism. He believes not that there are anywhere happy men. Then “Enthusiasm” appears and seeks to convert him; she calls “Humour” to her aid—yet in vain. Now they conjure up before him four pictures from the present, pictures from Swabian folk-life: (1) A spring morning—Love-greeting in the Swabian upland—staged by Professor Kappis. (2) At summer noon—a wedding at Betzingen—staged by Professor Rustige. (3) On an autumn evening—grape harvest in the Neckar valley—by Professor Grunenwald. (4) In the winter night—torch-sledge in a Black Forest village—by Professor Igler. The wanderer admits that here joy and good fortune prevail, but he is still not converted. Then

“Württembergia” enters and tells of the royal pair that for twenty-five years have ruled mildly, justly, and in blessing over the land, making land and people happy; she tells him of a princely line that for centuries has achieved great things. United with “Enthusiasm” and “Humour,” she now conjures pictures from Württemberg history: (1) “After God’s ways it goes”—Count Ludwig of Württemberg as protector and counsellor of the Empress Dowager Irene in the time of distress 1208. (Court-theatre painter Plappert.) (2) “Attempo” (“I’ll wager it”)—Count Eberhard the Bearded founds the state university of Tübingen, 1477 (Professor Beller). (3) “Here goes Württemberg all the way!”—Prince Christoph, the later Duke, whose statue was unveiled on the 23rd, as victor at the French court, 1537 (Professors Stier and Huthsteiner). (4) “Provide et constanter” (Foreseeing and steadfast)—Duke Karl of Württemberg celebrates in the presence of Carl August of Weimar and Goethe the ninth foundation-festival of the Hohen Carlsschule, 1779 (set by von Gaupp). “Fearless and faithful”—episode from the battle of Champigny, 2 December 1870 (Major O. von Faber du Faur). Württemberg and “Enthusiasm” alternately explain the pictures to the wanderer; “Enthusiasm” praises Württembergia’s loyalty, Württembergia, however, says: “Without thee, Enthusiasm, we had not celebrated Champigny.” Then Germania enters and extols Württemberg’s brotherly loyalty to Emperor and Empire: she comes, in the name of all German princes, to be present at the homage which Württemberg brings his King. Now at last the wanderer is convinced; so much greatness, so much loyalty have proved to him that he was in the wrong. He reveals himself as the “Spirit of the Time” and does homage in well-chosen words to the jubilee pair. The conclusion was formed by the homage-picture of Professor Schraudolph: around the colossal bust of the royal couple the princely virtues grouped themselves—Justice, Wisdom, &c. Very effective were the songs that accompanied the pictures. The whole was exceedingly successful, and their Majesties were most deeply moved; at the picture of Champigny the King had tears in his eyes. In the foyer, a very fair great hall adorned with splendid flowers, the highest personages let the homage-procession—composed of all participants in the living

pictures—defile before them. A charming sight it was when the festal procession, coming through the King's box over the steps covered with velvet, entered the hall. At the same time the curtain opened and showed the stage space, which meanwhile had been transformed into a gleaming ball-room. The youth did not let itself be asked long, and soon, on the arm of an old-German knight, the Betzingen peasant girl flew away, while the Empress Irene reached her hand to a Tübingen scholar for a quadrille. The chestnut avenue adjoining the theatre, which, barricaded on both sides, served as buffet-room, shone in fairy illumination; thousands of coloured little lamps cast magical sheen upon the fantastic costumes. Midnight was long past when merry revellers still let the glasses clink to celebrate the dear jubilee pair.

Delicious, sunny weather the young day brought once more. When at 5 o'clock Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria-Este arrived, thousands of people already stood at the station to greet him. The Orient Express brought the Grand Duke of Baden. The culminating point of to-day, however, was formed by the arrival of the German imperial pair. At 9 o'clock all the princes assembled at the station, now for the most part in Prussian uniforms, at their head Prince William of Württemberg in the uniform of the Guards Hussars, as well as the court states, the general officers, &c. The ladies of the Prussian legation, Countess Wesdehlen with daughter and Frau von Kleist, likewise appeared, as did the lady of the court appointed to honorary service, Baroness von Wöllwarth, while the gentlemen of the legation had gone early at 7 o'clock to Bietigheim to greet the imperial pair there. It was 10 o'clock when at last the longed-for signal was given that the train was approaching; the guard of honour presented arms, the drums rolled, the national hymn resounded, mingled with the endless hurrahs of those present. The Empress first alighted from the carriage. She was attired in cream-coloured silk, the skirt almost plain, trimmed with broad insertions of lace of the same colour. Over her shoulders lay a brown mantle embroidered with gold; the white hat was adorned with gold. Prince William greeted their Majesties in the name of the King, who this time had had to forego

appearing at the reception. After the Emperor the King of Saxony alighted. After a brief greeting of the personages of princely rank and of the staff of the legation, Prince William conducted the Empress to the royal waiting-room, while the Emperor with the King of Saxony reviewed the front of the two guards of honour. Into the first carriage entered the imperial pair and Prince William. The enthusiasm of the unending multitude knew no bounds. Only a short time of rest was granted to the high personages, for outside on the Cannstatt Wasen, in almost African heat, the troops drawn up for the parade were waiting. The way from the palace to the tribunes was lined by a throng such as had never yet been seen here; there were over 50,000 people, who often stood ten deep. The cheer that propagated itself with a roar proclaimed the approach of the princes. The King drove in a pair-horse carriage; at his right side rode, upon a noble bay, the Emperor, beside him the King of Saxony. The Emperor wore the uniform of his Württemberg regiment, the King that of his Life Regiment; both rulers had donned the Grand Cross of the Württemberg Crown. In four-horse carriages followed the Queen with the Empress, the former in lilac, the latter in white, then Princess William with her daughter Princess Pauline, the Duchess Vera with the Duchess de Leuchtenberg, &c. To the King's carriage there joined the princes and the glittering military suite on horseback. A many-coloured picture unrolled itself before the spectator: in the background the green hills, the shimmering ranks of the troops, the gold-embroidered uniforms of the suite gleaming far and wide, the carriages with the ladies in their richly tinted toilettes, the densely filled tribunes, and above the whole the deep-blue, cloudless sky. After their Majesties had driven—respectively ridden—down the front, they took up position immediately before the main tribune. The parade was formed by a combined brigade, which stood under the command of General von Wölckern. Unending cheers arose when, at the double march-past of the troops, the Emperor placed himself at the head of his regiment in order personally to lead it past the King. After the parade had ended—which, owing to the limited space, was a veritable military tour de force—their Majesties drove along the tribunes; the Emperor now sat beside the King in the carriage. The air almost trembled beneath the hurrahs of the

multitude, which accompanied the highest personages without ceasing as far as Rosenstein Castle, where the fork-breakfast was taken.

V.

25 June.

After the parade the personages of princely rank betook themselves to Rosenstein Castle, in whose festal hall the table for the gala breakfast was laid. The imperial pair found their places between the King and the Queen; to the right of the latter sat the King of Saxony and Princess William of Württemberg, to the left of King Karl the Duchess of Oldenburg and the Grand Duke of Baden. Toward the end of the meal the King rose and spoke: "To His Majesty the Emperor and to Her Majesty the Empress, and to all the princes here assembled who have granted Me the great joy of gladdening Me to-day with their presence, I express My heartfelt thanks. Long life to you all, and in particular to His Majesty the Emperor and Her Majesty the Empress—long life! and again long life! and for the third time long life!" Exultantly the assembly joined in. Hereupon the Emperor replied: "Permit Your Majesty that I, in the name of the cousins here assembled of Your Majesty, express Our heartiest, most fervent thanks for the health just drunk to Us. It is a prerogative of the German people that the German tribes with their ancient princely houses share joy and sorrow. In particular it is the faithful people of the Swabians who in these days, with Your Majesty and Your House in intimate union, celebrate a fair festival. Following the example of the nations, We princes have hastened hither from all sides, since we, where one of Us experiences a joyful festival, feeling Ourselves in solidarity with Him, rejoice to be able to celebrate it with Him. I speak in the name of My relations and cousins when I exclaim: God protect, God bless Your Majesty and Your whole House! May it be granted Your Majesty that Your people, firm, fearless and faithful, may hold to You and Your House into the most distant centuries. I raise My glass and drink to the welfare of His Majesty the King and of Her Majesty the Queen and of Your whole

House. Long life! and again long life! and for the third time long life!”

Whoever has ever heard the Emperor speak will know how kindling and inspiring his speeches are. The great, frank eye speaks so convincingly with him that there can be hardly any one who is not moved to the depths. And so here too; enthusiastically all joined in the Emperor’s health. A toast to the army proposed by the King brought the meal to a close.

At 3 o’clock the cyclists’ procession began. A four-horse carriage brought the band, which took up its station outside the castle court; then came the cycling clubs of Stuttgart and the environs, Esslingen, Pforzheim, Karlsruhe, Heilbronn, &c. Even five ladies in many-pleated skirts rode along deftly on dainty tricycles. Soon this homage-procession too had gone by, but the high personages had no time left them for the needful repose. As I left the castle, the members of the royal family were already driving up to pay their respects to the imperial pair. I further learned that the King had bestowed upon the Empress the Olga Order, whereas the Emperor had conferred the high Order of the Black Eagle upon Prince Hermann of Saxe-Weimar as well as upon the Minister of State, Baron von Mittnacht. At half-past six the royal family and all the guests assembled in the Wilhelmspalast at Prince William’s for the banquet. Later in the evening the imperial pair betook themselves to the Court Theatre, where a repetition of yesterday’s pageant took place. Daylight still prevailed, when again wagon after wagon brought guests from the palace. Those invited to tea with the Queen were: the court states, the diplomatic corps, the extraordinary envoys of the foreign powers, the mediatized lords with their consorts, and the officers detailed to honorary service. By degrees the Emperor, the Empress, and all the remaining personages of princely rank likewise appeared. With the utmost graciousness the high personages permitted numberless folk to be presented and had for each a kindly word. It was remarked that the Empress’s mistress of the household, Countess Brockdorf, wore a black lace veil after the Spanish fashion; on inquiry I was told that this was the prescribed dress. Scarcely had darkness fallen when the beginning of the torchlight procession was announced, which had assumed very great proportions since the news had

spread that the imperial pair would be present at the festival. Upon the great balcony the whole court society had assembled; yet the illuminated apartments of the Queen, in which the high guests were visible, attracted almost more attention than did the procession itself. And yet this latter—so ran but one voice—had been something hitherto unseen. It was especially to be acknowledged that in no wise was one annoyed by smoke. Torches glowing red, magnesium light shining white, balloons changing into all colours followed one another in variegated order. The procession, in which 10,000 persons took part, consisted of eight different groups, the numerous vehicles carrying ingeniously devised and splendidly executed tableaux and allegorical representations, as well as gorgeously appointed transparencies and Florentine illumination-decorations.

How pleasant it is, when one leaves the hot rooms that glow in the lustre of light and now inhales the balmy perfumes of the night. I still lingered long upon the Schlossplatz, whose fountains, in the moonshine, flickered like liquid silver and whose gentle plashing and murmuring sang a lullaby to the sleep-needing race of men. It was a magically fair night; fantastically moonlight and electric light mingled and cast ghostly shadows upon the broad corridors that were gradually emptying.

26 June.

Once more Dame Sun showed her golden face to-day and let it shine radiantly over the festally adorned residence. In the forenoon the Empress visited the Olga Infirmary and spent more than half an hour in this children's hospital; in company with the Duchess Vera, who represented the Queen, she inspected the whole extensive institution—nay, she stepped to each sickbed and had a kindly word for every little girl in distress. At 12 o'clock the imperial pair returned the visits paid to the members of the royal family, and at 1 o'clock all the personages of princely rank met at Princess Friedrich's for the midday meal. For the garden-festival at Rosenstein and at the Wilhelma some 4,000 invitations had gone out to the court society, the

diplomatic corps, the members of the town councils with their families, the estates, &c. Great buffets were set up everywhere, and refreshments of every kind were handed round. It was granted to me, walking in the train of the Empress and the Queen, to overhear many a little word from the converse of the high ladies and to convince myself of their exceedingly cordial intercourse. The Queen, with the care of a mother, looked after the Empress, that she might not be too much incommoded by presentations; she took her arm and herself led her to the fairest spots of the splendid, wide park of the Wilhelma. Then suddenly Prince William came on with his little daughter, forcing his way, as it were, through flower-beds and lawns, to present his little one to the Empress. Now King Karl and the Emperor likewise joined them; soon thereafter the high personages entered the carriages to drive from the Wilhelma back to Rosenstein, where the imperial pair then took leave of the high personages here. For an ordinary mortal it is in such a case no small matter to obtain a carriage, and as I wished to be present at the imperial couple's departure, I took my leave of the Moorish palaces, of the merry company that, chatting and jesting in the sunshine, surged round about, and was happy too to reach the station in good time.

This time the King, despite every exertion, would not deny himself the honour of conducting the imperial guests in person. In the station were assembled the guard of honour and the Prussian legation; individual personages of princely rank had likewise come to take their leave. Here in Stuttgart I had for the first time the good fortune to see our young Empress, and I cannot comprehend that there is not a single portrait that does her even approximately justice. Her tall, slender figure is fashioned in the fairest symmetry; an indescribably winsome play hovers about the mouth, and with every moment the countenance seems fairer. The Empress to-day wore a dress of white, soft silk with broad falls of silk embroidery, a white hat, and about the neck a string of cherriesized pearls. Now it is farewell; a last handclasp to the Prince and Princess William, and slowly the mighty iron steed puffs out of the dusky hall into the glow of the evening sun; resounding cheers receive and escort the imperial train far beyond Stuttgart's

bounds; for the train passes by Rosenstein, where the festal rejoicing still rings. It grew almost gloomy in the station-hall, as though light and sunshine had flown out with the youthful figures of the imperial pair—the hope, the pride, and the happiness of the German fatherland. Here at this spot my eye had also followed the train which, four years ago, after a five days' sojourn, bore away the aged Emperor William. May his beloved grandson yet many a time find the way to Swabia's capital, where loyal German hearts met him with hot enthusiasm, full of warm love.

The Civil War in Venezuela, 1892.

For a traveller merely passing through it is naturally impossible to gain a wholly correct conception of the land and its people. As, however, circumstances have detained me here longer than I originally thought, I am at any rate in a position to report something concerning the present situation in Venezuela. That we find ourselves in the midst of a very lamentable civil war is known, the reason perhaps not so exactly. Every two years the Republic of Venezuela elects a president; only General Guzmán Blanco succeeded in being elected repeatedly. It is ungrateful and unjust if each and every one does not acknowledge that the country has to thank the government of Guzmán for what it has become. That he ruled violently, with an iron fist, that the land trembled before him, is true—but at every better institution in town and country one says: that was done by Guzmán. Yet it would lead too far were I to set down all the pros and cons; I can only lament that Venezuela has lost Guzmán.

On the 20th of February of this year the time had come for President Dr. Anduezo Palacio to lay down his office. As a wholly penniless man who lived for rent in a small cottage and often scarcely had his daily bread, he ascended the “throne” of the Republic. As a many times millionaire—people speak of twenty millions—as owner of a marvellous town house, fitted throughout with Paris furniture, which he has built at great pomp and unending cost, of a quinta at Antímano and of the Hotel Klindt, which he lately bought for 200,000 francs, he embarked on the 17th of June for Martinique. The president’s salary amounts to about 100,000 francs; but as every president has closed his two-year government with a similar success, one understands that the country has by degrees come to the view that the term of office should be prolonged to four years. Of Guzmán alone, who is naturally enormously rich, it is said that he never directly laid hands on the state revenue, but that he acquired his fortune by stock-exchange speculations—doubtless carrying these on with the maxim that the end sanctifies the means. When the Cortes should assemble, it was to be

resolved—after the governors of the various districts had made a representation to the government to that effect—that from the next electoral period onward, that is, from February 1894, the new four-year term was to be observed. Dr. Anduezo, however, opined that for the country's good and for his own interests it were better to introduce this term at once. For this reason he refused to lay down the government. General Crespo placed himself at the head of those thereby discontented and forthwith gathered a band of loyal men with whom he now declared war on Anduezo. Until the beginning of June it remained at continual skirmishes; Crespo had neither arms nor ammunition, which now, however, are said to have reached him by roundabout ways over Colombia or Trinidad. To be sure, the prices of provisions—already of themselves at a quite horrendous height—rose daily; to be sure, now and again a band of young fellows left the party of government and joined the revolutionaries, who, hardly unjustly, call themselves legitimists. The matter, however, became really grave only when General Monagas from the East joined Anduezo with about 2,000 men. This troop is composed of the scum of mankind. Characteristic of the conditions here is the report—and none doubts its foundation—that Monagas promised his troops, that is, the troops of the government party, that if they were victorious he would hand over Caracas to them for two hours' plunder. Very inconvenient to the government are the warships of the various nations, which for the most part lie by turns in the harbours of La Guayra and Puerto Cabello—especially the handsome German cruiser-corvette Arcona, which arrived at La Guayra on the 9th of June.

It at length became clear to the president that it was impossible for him to hold out any longer. The exasperation against him rose to the utmost; indeed men swore that he should not leave Caracas alive. Here they are very fond of bandying high-sounding words, but deeds are long in coming. As Dr. Anduezo was by no means sure of his troops, he attempted, as is asserted, to secure himself an asylum, and for this reason, too, offered his fine new house to the German minister-resident. That the Arcona should precisely on the 16th of June weigh anchor to go to Puerto Cabello was doubtless highly

unpleasant to him. Yet it cannot be denied that he carried out his departure in dashing fashion. On the afternoon of the 16th he took leave by card or dispatch of the various representatives and of his circle of acquaintances. Under, to be sure, strong escort he left Caracas on the 17th at 7 in the morning, to the beating of the garrison's drums, and at 9 o'clock embarked upon the *Liberador*, which fired twenty-one salutes. Like a triumphator and not like a fugitive, Dr. Anduezo Palacio left his fatherland, which through the most culpable light-mindedness he had plunged into wild tumult and fratricidal strife. The earthly tribunal has let him escape; how, however, before the highest Judge he can answer for the blood that now daily flows, how he can answer for trade and commerce standing still, for thousands of families being plunged into the bitterest distress—that must he know alone. On board the *Liberador* the president laid the government into the hands of the vice-president Dr. Tell Villegas. Thereby, however, matters were in no wise improved. Already in Anduezo's time the governor Carvajal had resigned; in his place came Mijares—a man to whom one can credit everything that is the crudest arbitrariness, cruelty, and baseness. Without pity he pressed into soldiery whatsoever seemed in any wise fit. By night his myrmidons broke into the houses to carry off the young men, and the representatives of foreign powers had their hands full in wresting their countrymen from his talons. It must, however, be particularly remarked that in the land of liberty and equality only the poor man is subject to such measures of coercion; the fine coat and hat protect their wearer, though otherwise he were never so well fitted for a soldier. In general it is most instructive to live in a free republic, and one can only advise all those to emigrate hither to whom the rein in our dear German fatherland seems drawn too tight. Into the merchants' stores Mijares's emissaries forced their way, demanding here a few hundred cobijas (these are dark blue blankets lined with red frieze, having in the middle an opening to pass the head through, and serving at once as cloak and coverlet), there saddles or alpargatas, the sandal-like shoes of the lower population. In this way about eight hundred men were newly clothed. The merchants indeed received vouchers, but it is doubtful whether they will ever receive money for them.

One might have thought that with the flight of President Anduezo peace and quiet would return. By no means; the situation grew ever more menacing. At the end of June one daily expected that Crespo would push forward to Caracas and lay the same under siege. The Imperial Minister-Resident Count Kleist-Tychow, who in Antímano, the summer resort situated higher and thereby more healthfully than Caracas, was inhabiting the quinta of General Guzmán Blanco, had likewise suddenly to break off his sojourn there and take a temporary dwelling in Caracas. Not only that a negro wished to assault the Count's children and, when the cook intervened, grievously wounded him with the macheta, the sabre-like knife which here every one carries, by a cut over the shoulder; the government troops too molested the German representative, although he, like all the other legations, had hoisted the national flag. The law of nations is unknown to these troops. In other countries, even in a foreign legation, quarters are assuredly willingly granted to the troops of the government in bad weather. Here this is excluded. It is impossible to tell how precisely the "high officers," who demanded admission to the legation, then bore themselves. The rank and file are almost better than their leaders. Among the generals there are several who are feared equally by friend and foe. One credits them downright with the worst. Caracas itself in those days presented the picture of a city that had decked itself festally—I say had, for the glad excitement before the feast is lacking. Nevertheless the countless flags give a festal stamp, almost every foreigner has hoisted his national flag, and it is the Spanish and the German colours that show themselves preponderantly. For days neither the droschkas nor the carretes (wagons of burden) ventured forth, for the governor took horses wherever he could lay hands on them. The larger shops had closed their stores, and each slunk dejected through the streets. But Crespo did not come, and by this tarrying lost a host of adherents. No one here is able to say: the conditions lie thus or thus. Even the quite official reports are untrue; all are bolas—that is what one here calls what with us is called a "canard." At last it was reported: Dr. Rojas Paul is coming. Rojas Paul has behind him, as president, a time of government that was not very fortunate for Venezuela; nevertheless, as Crespo's ally, he was seen as the peace-maker, and thus men

greeted him with jubilation. While the people, at his arrival in Caracas from La Guayra, whither he had come from Trinidad, unharnessed his carriage for enthusiasm, no one else seriously believed in a speedy clearing up of the situation. Crespo has to this hour rejected all proposals of peace; he demands the evacuation of the capital and the assembling of the Cortes under his direction. In the first days of July there were some days of armistice, to which then there followed some very bloody engagements. One saw and heard the fighting from Caracas. When namely the government sent off a *parlementaire*, he was stopped by the government general Monagas; the letter of the minister of war was by him simply torn up, and he caused the fight to begin two hours before the expiry of the armistice—whereby, naturally, the utmost exasperation was aroused in the adversary. It is an idle consideration what, for such an action—which in the case of such a one is unthinkable—would have befallen a German general. Here it cost only hundreds their lives, and the general may with impunity repeat the like on the next occasion. Since Rojas Paul is there, negotiations are being continually prosecuted, up to now wholly without success. To be sure, it was said that Crespo could not attack because he had not sufficient arms, which, however, he is supposed to have received since then. Every three to four days the report comes: to-morrow Crespo will enter; then reports again arrive of fighting—but whether an end is in sight, of that no one can form a picture.

Had Crespo, on the day after Dr. Anduezo had left Caracas, stood before the gates of the capital, as was generally expected, he could have taken it almost without a fight. Unfortunately he is very ill informed by his adherents in the city, who made him believe that he would find great resistance for the overcoming of which his military force did not suffice. Men say that he wishes absolutely to spare Caracas. In consequence of the dreadful distress that prevails everywhere, Crespo too has had again to draw back more into the interior. To his troops everything was lacking; but in particular hundreds perished through want of salt. This war, which with the most sacrilegious light-mindedness, from motives of the most sordid self-interest, has been

called forth, has injured a flourishing land for decades to come. The remembrance which the name Anduezo Palacio leaves behind in the history of this land is written therein with bloody letters; the brother's blood flows through the otherwise fertile plains, which now appear forsaken, because the tillers are partly dead, partly in the war. Trade, which was in fairest bloom, lies prostrate. I myself have heard it from the mouths of merchants that from the books of their businesses, which in this land have flourished for almost a century, it can be shown that the country itself was not so injured by the five-year revolution in Guzmán's time as is now the case. The government exercises acts of violence which make the import and export of goods impossible. Since its chief revenue is the customs, which now yield nothing, it is bankrupt. In Valencia, Ciudad Bolívar, La Victoria, there reigns almost famine; here in Caracas the already enormous prices rise to dizzy heights. If one considers that a hundredweight of potatoes costs 60 francs—and withal the pound here has but 400 grammes—one pound of bad meat 2 to 2½ francs, one pound of black beans, the chief food of the population, 75 centimes, that for 1 franc one gets three, at most four eggs, that a pound of sugar costs 1 franc, a bottle of milk, which is so bad that in Germany no one would drink it, likewise costs 1 franc—then one asks oneself how long this can last. Aye, one finds it intelligible that the land is already everywhere flooded with bands of robbers, and that these know no consideration of any kind and, with macheta and pistol in hand, press forward pillaging and murdering. And even if peace were concluded to-day, it would take months before in this regard order is established.

It is not the war alone that lays waste the land now; enormous damage has been done by the cloud-burst-like rains of the last weeks. The line between La Guayra and Caracas, which belongs to an English company, suffers almost unceasingly from rock-slides. This line was built under Guzmán on contract. The short time-limit of nine months was indeed kept; but after three months already the line was for months out of operation. That the work is slovenly even the layman sees; the difference as against the solid construction of the "Gran Ferrocarril de Venezuela," which belongs to a

German company, is very great. This line leads from Caracas at present to Antímamo, Las Adjuntas, and Los Teques. Within a short time another station, En Canto, was to be opened; but the operation has suffered interruption for some weeks. About a kilometre from Antímamo, reckoned from Caracas, the Río Guayre — at ordinary times one can almost call it only a brook — has caused a breach in the dam 300 to 400 metres long. The higher officials of the line, almost without exception Germans—the directors included — at once, in unremitting labour, laid an emergency track, so that traffic as far as Antímamo was again set going after eight days; as far as Los Teques forty-four landslips, greater and smaller, blocked the line, yet they now hope also to have this section soon cleared. From Los Teques the line then leads over Tijerías, the next great station, which is to be opened by the middle of next year, to La Vittoria, which they hope to reach at the end of 1893. From there it goes on over Valencia to Puerto Cabello. The connexion between these places already exists. The completion of this line will be of great importance for Venezuela, for it signifies for trade and for daily life the facilitated supply of export articles and of foodstuffs from the rich interior. At present everything is transported either by the company of the *carreteros* (two-wheeled wagons of burden upon which, however, one can load but very little) or with asses. A return for the joint-stock company can only then result in full measure when it is in possession of the conveyance of freight, for passenger traffic is, after all, small. That the prices are much higher than with us goes without saying. Thus, for example, 100 centners of freight cost per kilometre 1 bolívar (equal to 80 pfennigs).

But I have digressed farther than I intended. Perhaps I may later tell you something about the truly interesting line, if it should be granted me to carry out the excursion I have planned to the German colony of Tovar by La Vittoria. But thereto, before all, belongs: peace—and so far, alas, we are still long from it. Precisely by Antímamo the otherwise so sleepy-looking Guayre has wrought great devastations. Broad maize-fields, that stood in fullest splendour, lie prone, thickly covered with mud and gravel; at General Guzmán Blanco's quinta the river has widened its bed by at least 20 metres,

in that it has torn away the whole opposite bank set with tall bamboo and has destroyed the maize-field lying behind. To the proprietress of this field, naturally, great damage has thereby been done: not only is the maize gone, but also the whole soil. The state budget annually throws out large sums for river-regulation, road-improvements, &c., but who can say whither these sums flow? That they are not applied to their ends is attested by the yearly inundations and by the condition in which the country roads find themselves. Thus, for example, a drive from Caracas to Antímáno is almost neck-breaking—and yet this road was described to me as being in the best condition. Quite lately gentlemen of very calm and by no means malicious temper said to me: “In this war it is not a matter of political opinions; every one wants to get to the helm in order to increase his own revenues.” Even the old Dr. Tell Villegas, regarded as thoroughly upright and very pious, who at the moment plays the part of head of the state, has since the 16th of June, the day when Anduezo Palacio laid the sceptre into his feeble hands, saved so much that in these last days he has bought three houses. How exceedingly modest men here are when it is a question of forming a judgment upon the honesty of a president is proved by the circumstance that what is praised in Rojas Paul is that he took only the surpluses from the state chest and never laid hands upon that chest itself. I return to what I said at the beginning, that I have been here too short a time to be able to pass judgment upon land and people; but this I already know, that a land like Venezuela, which has eternal summer, ought to be a paradise, a gold-mine. To that end, however, there belong a consistent husbandry and, alongside the not bad core of the population, a strong percentage of European labour. Caracas is unhealthy only because its drains are not in order; the climate, the situation are the most favourable conceivable. I have up to now not suffered a single day from excessive heat, and if at midday the degree of warmth was somewhat high, one refreshed oneself by a cool evening. The nights here have not by far the oppressive sultriness under which one often suffers in hot summer nights in Germany. Thereby it is not meant to say that the whole of Venezuela has these delightful temperature conditions. There are, of course, terribly hot, unhealthy regions, which, however, considering the size of the

land, can easily be avoided. A settlement of Germans—supported by one of the two governments, and the one here is very accommodating in this matter—carried out on a considerable scale, would have to become a great, profitable enterprise. One can scarcely comprehend at first that in this land absolutely no vegetables are grown; beans, asparagus, yellow carrots—everything comes as preserves from Europe, which necessarily means that, for example, a tin of peas that costs 1 mark in Germany stands here at 2½ to 3 francs. Butter is not made here at all; the milk yields no cream; the most palatable, but dearer, is goats' milk. Butter is made solely and exclusively in the German settlement of Tovar, and then only by the pound, so that it does not come into consideration at all. Thereby only the proof is furnished that, when the cows are properly fed, they also give better milk. It is gratifying that the Germans in Venezuela are held in high esteem. Unfortunately, however, they here fall into the same error as everywhere: they lose their nationality with extraordinary rapidity. Scarcely has a German been here a month when he surely answers with *sí* and *no*; I would say the German makes it his aim to merge as quickly as possible into other nationalities. To this there contributes infinitely that Protestants as well as Catholics are entirely without clergymen. While the latter can at any rate attend divine service, the Protestants lack all ecclesiastical exhortation, every ecclesiastical bond. That is a want that makes itself felt in the whole German colony and whose remedy is much to be desired.

The war-tragedy, which in a manner began as a farce and in whose seriousness at the outset no one wished to believe, is at an end—so at least it has the appearance; but as here all is incalculable, it may just as well be that only the curtain has fallen upon one act. The country itself, however, is exhausted, war-weary. After twenty years of peace it has felt this war more grievously than the earlier ones; indeed the horrors, the acts of violence, as every one says who has known the land for forty years and more, were greater than ever before. The land will have to bear the consequences for ten years to come. It depends only upon whether the exiles—such as Generals Sarria, Monagas, Pulido, Dr. Rojas Paul, &c.—have sufficient means and

confederates in the land to begin the struggle anew after a short pause, and whether they will make common cause.

On the 6th of October, toward five o'clock, Dr. Villegas Pulido, the last president ad interim, fled Caracas by special train, after he had previously set his ministers and the troops on the road to La Guayra. From hour to hour the entry of the Crespist troops was expected. It was no wonder that bands soon formed which went from street to street and exercised lynch-justice upon the houses of Ex-President Andueza Palacio, his successors, and adherents. The bureaux of the organs of the government, the "Opinion national" and the "Granucho," were stormed, and even eight days later one waded on Bolívar Square through wastepaper. The presses and all the appliances were smashed to pieces, and of the houses themselves only the bare walls stand. The arsenal was broken into, and soon one saw hundreds of young men and boys departing laden with rifles and ammunition. Shots were fired here and there, to which harmless people fell victims. From hour to hour the excitement grew, until toward half past eight the first troops marched in. At once the streets were cleared, by patrols, of the roaming, jeering, plundering bands. The soldiers were seconded by heaven, for toward midnight there began one of those tropical downpours that scarcely anything can withstand. The palace-like house of Andueza offered a dreary sight. Doors and windows had been smashed in, the costly furniture and hangings torn and shattered; a little heap of keys was the remainder of a splendid Steinway. With the greatest unconcern one saw quite respectably dressed people carrying off furniture, presumably guided by the thought: as you to me, so I to you. One must consider what excitement and embitterment had long prevailed, and thereto came the circumstance that for almost four hours the city was without any authority caring for security.

General Crespo, who entered on the 7th toward ten o'clock in the morning, was, despite the devastation, greeted with the liveliest acclamations. Caracas was seized by a veritable frenzy of joy. Little by little peace and order return. General Crespo has requisitioned most of the houses of the former government as barracks. He also intends to confiscate the goods belonging

to all those people and with them to settle claims. Zealous work is being done on the repair of the streets, whose condition, however, defies all description. The dreadful rain of the 7th of October has caused damage amounting to millions. In Caracas itself the fair Puerto de Hierro, the iron bridge, collapsed; the lines from La Guayra hither and the Gran Ferrocarril de Venezuela (the German railway) have had to suspend traffic until the 23rd. In Antimano the great railway bridge has simply been washed away by the wild billows of the otherwise so tame Guayra. On Sunday, the 9th of October, General Martin Vegas passed Antimano with his troops. As a personal enemy of Guzmán he used this opportunity and gave the order to destroy the fair Quinta Guzmán. Quite lately the German flag had waved protectingly over this roof, yet, in order to expose the inviolability of the flag to no danger, the German representative gave up his residence there, which proved a very good measure. For who could vouch that the people who had lived for months in the llanos and in the mountains would pay regard to a foreign flag at the moment when they entered as victors. Indeed, the previous government had not scrupled to hold the consuls of several European governments, who are at the same time representatives of great houses, in custody for several hours. One could wish for the country that a settled government might be assured it for years to come. General Crespo, who calls himself Jefe del Poder Ejecutivo (Chief of the Executive Power), intends to convoke the Cortes and with them to create a new constitution. This is assuredly the best course, for he who has taken upon himself the business of clearing up does well to see to it at once from the very foundations. New appointments are announced daily; the choice of Señor Rojas as Minister for Foreign Affairs has given agreeable satisfaction. Rojas speaks English and French and has already represented Venezuela abroad.

On the 26th of October a great concert in the Teatro Municipal took place in honour of Crespo. The 28th of October is for Venezuela, as the name day of Simón Bolívar, in and of itself a day of rejoicing; this time, however, it was quite especially so, since the celebration of Crespo's taking possession was united therewith. In the cathedral a High Mass with a Te Deum was

celebrated. The Bank of Venezuela thereupon gave the victor and liberator a banquet, to which a ball then appended itself. The decoration of the festal rooms with flowers alone cost 3,000 pesos or 12,000 francs. Here they go in for flowers with an altogether unheard-of luxury, and the prices of the same are enormous. The total costs of the ball are estimated at 10,000 pesos, that is, at 40,000 francs.

From Politics and Society of Venezuela.

Caracas, 25 January 1893.

The newspapers at home report great cold and snow. Here one can scarcely imagine such a thing, here where the temperature is pretty much the same the whole year round. Since the end of November we have had cooler mornings and evenings; the dry season has also set in, though not yet in full measure, for precisely at Christmastide we often had rain. The midday hours, however, are always very warm. Nevertheless the weather here is always agreeable, for in Caracas one can hardly complain that it is ever unbearably hot. For some months now, however, the city has decidedly been unhealthy, and very frequently there are cases of yellow fever, as, indeed, all manner of bad fevers prevail. The fevers are probably caused by the street improvements. For months the streets were in a frightful condition; now everywhere the pavement is being torn up and repaired. Through the often weeks-long lack of water last summer, filth and uncleanness have grown to the utmost extent in every direction, and thus whole nests of bacilli will presumably be laid bare in the new paving.

The year 1892 closed relatively quietly, after the civil war had devastated the flourishing land from March to October. The country was exhausted to the utmost, utterly weary of war. Already in November the powers represented here had recognized General Crespo as the head of the executive authority; by and by the troops were discharged, although not yet all the provinces had submitted. Only toward the end of December did the last generals return, and as a New Year's gift General Crespo announced peace to the country by a proclamation.

On the 1st of January a brilliant ball was held in the Yellow House, to which the diplomatic corps in uniform with ladies and a large part of Caracas society had been invited. The ball, for local conditions, was quite extraordinarily well arranged and would have done honour to any court marshal's office. The costs amounted to 110,000 francs, a sum that appears

enormous to a European. A part of the so-called “better society” held itself sulkily aloof, yet I do not believe that General and Frau Crespo even noticed it. Both received the arriving guests very graciously; although for the General—who otherwise at 9 o’clock in the evening is in bed (to be sure, he is already up again at 5 o’clock)—social gatherings are an abomination. He is neither a gourmet nor a drinker, so that he cannot even indemnify himself by such enjoyments for the sacrifice to society. The music was excellent; it was the same that the General had with him during the war; it had, so he said to me proudly when I expressed my appreciation, played at all the “battles.” Nor does the General like to make speeches, and therefore it had to be reckoned particularly high that he, albeit quite briefly, yet himself proposed the toast to the friendly monarchs, countries, and their present representatives. Marquis Monclar, the French envoy and at present doyen of the diplomatic corps, returned thanks in the name of his colleagues in fluent Spanish. A ball here does not make the impression of what one understands by a ball with us. No special room is reserved for the dancers; rather the couples turn slowly, yet at any rate gracefully, among the onlookers through all the opened apartments, whose floors are naturally laid with carpets. One finds the manner of dancing here very beautiful—indeed, for the climate it may be suitable—but there is so absolutely no temperament in these movements. One grows sleepy from looking on. Very popular is the walking up and down in pairs through the rooms. Peculiar is it that the Venezuelan, who in the evening always drives in an open carriage—the ladies in ball dress, indeed, even in wedding dress—will on no account in the afternoon put back the carriage hood. Then gentlemen and ladies drive either in closed landaus or in half-carriages whose hoods go as low as possible. Whereas it is considered improper to sit on the box-seat or on the back seat of a victoria, three to four people often sit in the rear of the carriage.

Whether now the political situation is secured after all the sacrifices of the civil war is a question that can scarcely be answered. The greatest reef is the financial distress in which the government finds itself. There will be few who doubt the upright intentions of General Crespo. That from 1884–86 he

was president is indeed known, likewise that his time of government was an unfortunate one. Crespo was then a partisan of Guzmán Blanco. The latter placed him upon the presidential chair on the condition that Crespo act in his sense, so that he was in fact president only in name. That in this, too, he followed the example of his predecessors—that he improved his pecuniary circumstances, which, moreover, were very good even before—is undeniable. After the expiry of his time in office Crespo went abroad; he travelled, and indeed with profit. Since then he has recognized how poorly he did his business at that time, and is penetrated by the firm, earnest will to do it better now. As Minister for Foreign Affairs he called Pedro Ezequiel Rojas, an altogether upright, experienced man, who has travelled much and also speaks English and French tolerably. Less happy was the choice of Pietri as Minister of Finance and Silva Gandolfi as Minister of Education. The former is of Corsican parentage and cannot disavow the adventurer; the latter is despised by respectable people of his fatherland. Why Crespo chose these two can be explained only by saying that he wished to reward them for services rendered during the war. Pietri is a man who will not shrink even from the most daring financial operations—operations to which possibly the whole trade and welfare of Venezuela may fall a victim. The diplomatic debt from May 1892 is still not paid; the officials receive half pay because ready money is lacking, yet the government buys houses daily, pays for them in gold, and distributes them as gifts to its adherents. Thus, for example, Pietri has received one for 400,000 francs and General Caravagno one for 150,000 francs.

It is natural that the temper in the country is thereby not improved. Here and there one already hears it said: “Well then, in two to three months it will start up again.” In a few weeks the days expire which Crespo has set as a term for the claims that the country has to put forward for the damages caused by his troops. He has said that these claims shall be met. Then, however, the foreign representatives have in the first line to demand the discharge of the diplomatic debt, due for months, and now the claims are in preparation for the damage that the previous government caused.

Innumerable people have been ruined by it, for the most part foreigners; for Venezuela, in order to render the endless expanses of land arable, must draw as many foreigners as possible into the country. The Spanish colony alone numbers thousands, for the most part small folk, husbandmen who with the greatest industry had acquired a few cows, perhaps a horse, and from whom the troops have taken everything, so that the poor people are almost dying of hunger. It is said that Pietri has uttered the pronouncement that not a single bolívar would be paid; if that were so, the representatives of the powers accredited in Venezuela will, it is to be hoped, not allow it. The moment would be exceedingly favourable to show to a country like Venezuela, which lays claim to civilisation, how men proceed in such lands. By a joint sharp procedure of all the powers interested therein Venezuela would have the experience that a war so bloody and fateful as the last was cannot be waged unpunished. Not only the foreigners living here, the country itself would be served thereby if it were withdrawn from the possibility of being the plaything of personal interests. It is always regrettable when countries are represented only by consuls who, even with the best will, cannot in greater cases act with vigour. Thus, for example, on the 15th of December of last year the engineer Baier, employed on the great Venezuelan railway (a German enterprise), was murdered in a quite hideous manner and succumbed to his wounds on the 18th. The German representative at once pressed for the arrest of the murderer and also carried through that the Jefe Civil was likewise imprisoned, since in every respect he had assisted the murderer. Unfortunately it later turned out that Baier was indeed German by birth, but a naturalised Austrian. It is naturally impossible for the Austrian consul to act so vigorously in this sad matter as a diplomatic representative, and thus it is generally feared that a further satisfaction or punishment will not be obtained. This would be most regrettable, as it is already the second case in two years.

At present much is said about the evening gathering which the German representative is giving for the Kaiser's birthday. Although that in and of itself is an event which naturally ought to lead to the cohesion of the

Germans abroad, yet in Caracas it is the first festivity of the kind for almost twenty years. The predecessors of the present minister-resident were unmarried. The German colony unfortunately holds together but little, and it is therefore gladly welcomed that the Kaiser's birthday for once unites it. A hopefully very effective and lasting bond will be the planned founding of a Protestant church congregation. At the suggestion of the minister-resident, who was very well supported by most members of the colony, the assembling for the congregation took place on the 4th of January. As I hear, the young congregation has charged Count Kleist, who was elected honorary chairman, to convey congratulations to the Kaiser on the 27th of January in its name. For the time being the congregation very sensibly feels the lack of a German Protestant clergyman. The Venezuelan government is very well disposed toward the undertaking, which is natural, since great immigration plans are on foot and the German element is very welcome. They are occupied with working out a new immigration law, yet this draft too offers as yet so little security that the governments whose subjects are therein concerned will hardly pledge their support unless great alterations are made. Without this, however, immigration is of no use for Venezuela. On the 1st of May the constituent assembly meets. General Crespo has called upon the various provinces to send deputies in order to give the country a new constitution. This was the only right thing, for he who undertakes to set in order a disorderly household does best to clear the house from the very foundations. Had Crespo now set himself up as president, he could according to the constitution at present existing have remained in office only until the 21st of February 1894. The constituent assembly will now fix the term of government for a president at at least four years and will confirm General Crespo, until the convocation of the new Cortes, which will take place in February 1894, as provisional head of state. In this way, reckoned from the 6th of October 1892, the day when the general entered Caracas, until the 21st of February 1898, Venezuela would be governed by Crespo. If the general remains true to his good intentions, one could only wish the country happiness for this prospect, for the personal impression which General Crespo makes can be described only as winning and

confidence-inspiring. Crespo is tall and stately; in uniform, which however he wears only on special occasions, he appears more heavy than he really is. The white Panama hat belongs to his personality as the slouch-hat to Prince Bismarck. His complexion is fairly dark, wherefore too some mocking conjectures about his descent are voiced. Yet *honni soit qui mal y pense*—at the least he would share the fate of most of his countrymen, and I believe that the number of those would be pretty small whom, in an examination for mixed blood, one would find pure. General Crespo has an exceedingly sympathetic, mild eye, large and dark, and his glance is agreeable. He is calm and dignified in his bearing, and it tells favourably that he has neither the stilted mode of speaking of his countrymen nor the affectation peculiar to most Venezuelans. Their ideal for the most part is to pass for a boulevardier of the purest water, whereby however usually only the *rastaquouère* comes out. Just as little as General Crespo lays claim to being a man of the world does his consort lay claim to be regarded as a lady of the world. She is a simple, amiable, and very sensible woman, who is before all things wife and mother. Frau Crespo reveres her husband as a divinity, and for his sake she has become a politician. Through her hand during the war ran all those threads which linked Crespo with his adherents in the country and in the capital. Her influence is always described as an exceedingly favourable one, and as Frau Crespo has a great aversion to Pietri, it is to be hoped that herein too she will exercise a favourable effect, that this evil spirit may be removed from Crespo's neighbourhood. In any case the household of the Crespos may be regarded as a model of a happy family life, which in this land, where depravity begins already in childhood, cannot be valued highly enough.

In all this one can only wish that Crespo may succeed, by a sure and confidence-awakening financial operation, in establishing his position permanently and soon. If this does not happen, then indeed a reversal cannot fail to ensue.

Memories of Venezuela.

1902.

Venezuela's time of splendour was the epoch when Guzmán Blanco was president. After the then fixed term of government of two years had expired, he understood how to occupy, until his re-election, the presidential chair with his adherents, so that the presidency was each time pretty well assured him. Thus all arrangements for better means of communication, road constructions, concessions for railways, bridge constructions, the Teatro Guzmán Blanco, &c., date from this time. Guzmán Blanco—"el ilustre americano," as his countrymen like to call him—at least knew how to bring money among the people, to promote the land, and not to forget himself in so doing. Almost all his successors, however, have thought only of their own enrichment and have sacrificed the land and the state treasury to their own benefit.

When I came to Venezuela in the spring of 1890, Dr. Andueza Palacio was president. Before he rose to his dignity, he inhabited a small rented house and lived in the simplest circumstances imaginable. Scarcely had a year elapsed when, in one of the streets lying above the Plaza Bolívar, there rose a stately palace. Every steamer coming from France brought new wagon-loads of magnificent furniture, carpets, &c. But two years are a short term, and so Dr. Andueza Palacio resolved to obtain through the Cortes a prolongation of the period of government of the president for the time being. Naturally, the beginning was to be made thereby that he should remain at the helm of state not merely until 20 February 1892, but until 1894. Forthwith there formed itself a counter-party under General Crespo—every better-situated man who is not a merchant is a doctor or a general—and so in March 1892 there again broke out a revolution, which in the autumn of the same year ended with Crespo's entry as victor. When I came to Venezuela for the first time, the German representative was Mr. Peyer, who, however, in March 1892 was replaced by Count Kleist-Tychow. Mr. Peyer was ten or

twelve years minister-resident in Caracas, a bachelor, and lived pretty quietly and withdrawn, so that the German colony felt it an agreeable change that the new representative brought his family with him and thereby revived lively life in sociability. Holland as well as England had at the time broken off their diplomatic relations with the Venezuelan government, and the interests of their nationals were represented by Germany. For the safeguarding of the same, Germany, England, Holland, as also France and America, had sent warships, which then in turn showed the flag in the Venezuelan harbours. Very gladly do the presidents, who no longer feel themselves secure, seek asylum on the foreign warships, whereby there sometimes arise unpleasant consequences for the governments concerned. We Germans were therefore heartily glad when we heard that the “Arcona” was suddenly sent from the legation to Puerto Cabello. Dr. Andueza could only cast a longing glance after the “Arcona” vanishing on the horizon. Luckily there was as yet no wireless telegraphy! It did, however, succeed with the president in the next days to embark, with a well-filled cash-box—he is estimated at 20 million bolívares (francs)—on the “Libertador.” The vice-president Dr. Tell Villegas tried for a few months longer to hold out against Crespo—but he too had to yield. Between the departure of the government and the entry of Crespo’s troops there elapsed, after all, about 8 to 10 hours, during which complete anarchy reigned. Within fifteen minutes the costly furnishing of Andueza’s palace had become a heap of ruins, and, yelling, stealing, and smashing, a horde of some hundreds of people went through the streets. General Crespo called himself, until the opening of the Cortes, “Jefe del Poder Ejecutivo” (Chief of the Executive Power); chosen by those for president, he now governed almost four and a half years. Naturally he then at once stood at the head of a civil war which broke out under his successor, and fell, as is said, by an assassin’s hand, in a small engagement.

In the summer of 1894 Count Kleist-Tychow left Venezuela. As chargé d’affaires Baron von Bodmann remained. With the year 1894 the Evangelical part of the German colony had attached itself, as the Evangelical

Church Congregation of Venezuela, to the national church at home, and Pastor Ramin was able on New Year's Day 1894, before a densely filled hall, to hold the first divine service. Count and Countess Kleist had bestowed their special participation upon this work. It was said they had set themselves the bringing-about of the church congregation as a task, and they could at least take home with them this satisfying feeling, that a good beginning had been made. In the same spring there was also opened a German school, which likewise was an urgent need for the colony. The church congregation as well as the school naturally suffer greatly under the unsettled political conditions. In the spring of 1895 there came the news that Count Rex had been appointed minister-resident. He encouraged the founding of the new German club. His successor was Dr. Schmidt-Leda, who is now represented by the chargé d'affaires von Pilgrim-Batazzi. It is hardly to be doubted that the greatest enterprises as well as the most important mercantile houses are in German hands—at least they were so in my time. On the 1st of February 1894 the opening of the Great Venezuela Railway took place; for the building of the same the Berliner Disconto-Gesellschaft had obtained the concession. It concerned the stretch from Caracas to Valencia, the second largest town lying in the interior of the land. The connecting line from the port of La Guayra to Caracas is in the hands of an English company, as likewise that from the port city of Puerto Cabello to Valencia. Whoever, like me, has observed the construction of the line almost from the beginning knows with what extraordinary difficulties the company, up to completion, had to struggle—difficulties which on the one hand were created by the climate, as for example the undermining of great bridges and embankments by the wild-surfing floods of the Guayre in the rainy season; then again the building material that had arrived from Europe could not be transported from La Guayra for weeks, because landslides had interrupted the English railway traffic—at least for freight—or the men working on the railway line were conscripted into the army by the one party or the other. A good part of German money lies there on Venezuelan soil—but also a lasting token of German diligence and German perseverance. What a difference between the German and the

English railway lines! Here everything only for the most makeshift use, there everything rounded off, cleanly carried through—truly an execution of which we Germans may be proud. Our Emperor then sent the training ship “Stein” for the opening ceremony, a proof that recognition was accorded this great enterprise at home as well. As I hear, since then a slaughterhouse has been built in Caracas and a brewery founded in Puerto Cabello; but I cannot say whether both are purely German undertakings.

Already at that time, when I came over, Venezuela had a heavy burden of debt to the various powers, incurred through the constant civil wars and naturally growing ever larger. It goes without saying that in such a war foreign property is dealt with just as pitilessly as that of the natives. If now once again there is a short time of peace, the various governments submit the claims for compensation which have in turn been asserted before them by their nationals. Weeks and months the negotiations are conducted, until one arrives at the result that Venezuela is willing to pay. But between willingness to pay and punctual payment there often lie years, whereby the sums do not become smaller. Millions they are, to which again millions join themselves—and then it is indeed comprehensible if the powers at last lose patience. In the spring of 1895 an artificial excitement against France, Germany, Spain, and Belgium was stirred up in Caracas by the publication from the Italian Green Book. It was announced that the representatives of these countries had delivered confidential notes to their governments, signed by each of these gentlemen, and in which it was set forth clearly that the Venezuelan debt would never be covered if the powers did not intervene. Since every new president used his term of government only for the exploitation of the country to his own advantage, any prospect of a change to better conditions was said to be utterly excluded. The representatives of the said powers therefore proposed that a commission be appointed whose members should consist of representatives of the various nations that had claims upon this debt, and this commission should have the customs offices under it—naturally for the purpose that a part of the customs revenues be set aside for the liquidation of the debt. A similar proposal has now been made

by General Castro to the powers, who have also accepted it. This proposal of the representatives—or this memorandum delivered by them to the powers—had likewise been received in copy, at his request, by the then absent Italian minister-resident, in order that he might submit it to his government as well. It cannot be determined upon whom the blame falls. The fact was that the Italian Green Book of 1894 published this memorandum. As is known, these political overviews are exchanged among the governments; the Italian Green Book had therefore long lain, half forgotten, in the Venezuelan Foreign Ministry, when an incident with the French representative—who in any case was not liked by the government—gave the government the idea of now making this passage from the Italian Green Book public. Thereby the temper became a very irritated one; the Venezuelan government mounted the high horse of moral indignation—how one could doubt, forsooth, that Venezuela would pay its debts. Adders, it was said, had been nourished at the breast under the guise of friendship, &c. The immediate purpose was achieved. The two representatives of France and Belgium, who had made themselves unpopular, received their passports, whereupon the surging waves of indignation at once subsided.

It has once been said that the South American republics have not yet advanced so far in their development as to have diplomatic intercourse with other countries. This utterance contains much that is true. When one considers what sort of men they often are who hold the helm of State, one cannot very well demand of them any absolute understanding for relations that are conditioned by diplomatic representation. The following little story is characteristic. Precisely the Italian minister-resident just mentioned paid a visit to the two secretaries of the French legation. His droschky had probably waited an hour, and although the coachman had driven into the shade, he had not been able to resist the blandishments of the god of sleep. The two young gentlemen now brought their guest to the carriage; one of them would roughly rouse the charioteer. “Liuad”—“Take care,” calls the Italian softly, “wake him gently; you do not know whether he is not a future

president . . .” But intercourse with the overseas compatriot colonies is likewise not so simple as it perhaps appears. A goodly part are people who spent almost their whole life over there, who adopted the habits and views of the land in which they live, and to whom it appears convenient only in times of war to hang out the flag of some foreign nationality which grants to them or their property a relative protection. Just so the intercourse of the diplomatic representative with the vice-consuls subordinate to him is often very difficult in business relations. These consuls are for the most part gentlemen who conduct the first businesses of the place. Not seldom an official demand made upon them brings them into conflict with their commercial interests. Also it is for them almost quite impossible to enter into the absolute effacement of the person in the position of an official. I mean, they cannot comprehend that the official is precisely only such, and no private individual. Should now differences of opinion arise between the diplomatic representatives and the consuls, the colony assumes, just like the consul himself, that the official acts on his own initiative, and that possibly the incident rests upon personal opinions and antipathies and views. A proof of this is that I read in various newspapers that the colony had suspected Herr von Pilgrim of having got himself so quickly aboard the warship. How could such censure be uttered, seeing that the best exculpation for the imperial chargé d’affaires is this, that he left his sick wife behind in Caracas, thus after all only broke off so quickly upon the insistent order to him concerning the diplomatic relations. How amply and how gravely such a step is weighed and how personal considerations therein do not at all come into account is in my memory from the summer of 1892. In the harbour of La Guayra lay seven warships. General Mendoza had risen as usurper against Dr. Tell Villegas. The situation was extremely critical. All the representatives had the permission of their government in their pocket to go aboard the warships. Of all the diplomats only the German minister had his family, consisting of his wife and four little children, with him; but despite all urging of his colleagues and their misgivings that he might possibly expose his family to great danger, he and the French envoy remained firm: “We must still hold out; nor may we damage commercial

interests by leaving our post.”

That the present conflict will not end without grave damage to trade is, to be sure, beyond doubt. But just as little is it doubtful that this intervention was in every way necessary. At Christmastide the wire brought the sad tidings that the colony, amid all the confusions, had to mourn the loss of Pastor Schneider as well. Since then further news has arrived that Pastor Schneider—who in Silesia had a parish before he was called to Venezuela by the supreme church council—has fallen a victim to yellow fever. “Ah indeed, does one have yellow fever over there too?” one often hears—it is that yellow fever rages there almost without ceasing. People speak only of it when a few cases occur in well-known circles. Nor is it any wonder, for the sanitary conditions are too disordered. In my time there was still no proper slaughterhouse; for days on end the entrails lay on the killing-ground, and hundreds of vultures circled this quarter of the town. Whoever knows the conditions over there and knows with what pecuniary difficulties and sacrifices the little church congregation maintains itself, knows that the death of the aforesaid clergyman is for the congregation almost a question of existence. Two years ago Pastor Schneider—stimulated by the lively interest which the legation secretary von Schwerin and his lady—he was then attached to the legation in Caracas—showed for the church congregation—organized a sale of coffee for the benefit of the church capital, which also achieved a very favourable result. What will now be, cannot at all be foreseen.

It is wonderful what charm life over there has, and though one often has lived under very difficult circumstances, met with much ingratitude and achieved relatively little, yet one says to oneself that one would like not to miss the memory of it. And despite sea-sickness and other ailments—who knows, had I not now founded my own hearth and were I not, through circumstances, so firmly bound to home—I would go straight back over. And how gloriously might the land blossom and prosper under a well-ordered government. What treasures it harbours within itself and what luxuriant vegetation this land has! Stretches of country—perhaps as great as

one of the largest Prussian provinces—lie untilled, scarcely has a human foot trodden them.

I recall the supreme delight of an excursion with friends which I made up to the Galipán. It is, they say, the highest mountain peak between Caracas and the coast. Before the sun had risen we were already high on muleback. This excursion on horseback—be the riders natives as well—was, to be sure, not to be thought of; we passed spots where only the sure foot of the mule could carry us. To the right a steep rock face, to the left a very considerable slope—not to say abyss—and between them the narrow path on which we rode. And with what admirable caution the clever animals set one foot before the other — the reins in the hand was a mere matter of form. After a ride of an hour and a half the clouds parted beneath us—Madam Sun sent us a shining morning-greeting, and at our feet, bathed in her rays, lay Venezuela's capital. Although the residence then had scarcely over 75,000 inhabitants, yet in its full extent it offered an imposing sight. Owing to the Moorish manner of building the houses and to the fact that there are no tenement-barracks and even the poorest family inhabits its own house, which often consists only of clay walls and a straw or else bamboo cane roof, the expanse, the surface area of the city, is very great. Goldenly the dome of the Theatro Guzman shone over to us, and the high, imposing palm avenue let us plainly recognize the puente de ierro (iron bridge), under which the Guayre wound itself along like a silver band. But soon the wooded mountain path withdrew from us the view of the wide valley at our feet, and now it was called: take heed. Soon a rushing forest brook wished to deny us the crossing, soon huge tree-trunks lay across it, but everywhere over and across our brave beasts of burden carried us safely. Ever higher we climbed, a deliciously refreshing air fanned us; we had all become silent—the fairy-charm of the primeval forest, through which only this narrow path had been hewn, encompassed our senses dream-like. Mysteriously the mighty palms rustled, and in answer the long fronds of the ferns—whose trunks often not even a man could span—bowed themselves, majestically inclining; and from tree to fern the orchids twined their branches and roots, as though

they wished to bind one to the other. Over us there rustled a flight of birds, which we soon recognized as green parrots, and butterflies in dazzling splendour of colour played their tricks about us. After almost a three-hour ride we reached the quinta of Señor H., where, after a Lucullan almuerzo (breakfast), we indulged in well-deserved rest. In the cool, darkened rooms hammocks had been slung, in which we also abandoned ourselves for a while to a *dolce far niente*. In Europe one uses the hammocks quite differently from over there, and as we have borrowed them from the overseas countries, one may well assume that our manner of using them is not the right one. The Venezuelans, namely, lay themselves crosswise in them, whereby one lies considerably freer and airier. After we had thoroughly rested, we climbed the last height, and involuntarily an ah of admiration escaped our lips. At our feet stretched the blue sea, over which an equally blue heaven vaulted itself, sea and clouds blending into one another. The eye could scarcely take into itself all the beauty of this wonderful, almost endlessly appearing panorama.

The old highway from La Guayra to Caracas—upon which, if I am not mistaken, Prince Heinrich still rode to Venezuela's residence—amounts to, I think, 15 to 18 kilometres, whereas the rail route of the English line is 38 kilometres long, at least three times as long as the German railway line, the building of which as far as La Vittoria (two thirds of the way), as I have already mentioned, is almost a wonder-work. When one considers that on this stretch 85 tunnels and over 100 iron bridges and viaducts have been built—one tunnel lies at an altitude of 1,250 metres—and that the iron pillars are up to 75 metres high, then one can form some conception of how grand the construction of the Gran Ferrocarril de Venezuela is. And all the material came from Germany, cement and iron, the elegant airy carriages, &c. How often German engineers told me how foot by foot the wilderness, the primeval forest, had to be wrested, and how in the hastily set-up night-camps the howler monkeys' wild chorus had been their lullaby. From La Vittoria to Valencia the railway goes through the plain, close along the

shore of the Lake of Valencia. The chief products of Venezuela are coffee and cacao, also sugar. Venezuela produces, apart from Brazil, the most coffee of the South American states, which in quality too is superior to that of others. Quite near to Caracas lie great coffee haciendas. They give the bushes mostly shade-trees, under which the former develop strongly. The gathering of the fruit is toilsome, since on one and the same stem ripe, half-ripe, and unripe berries occur simultaneously. Next to coffee, cacao is most cultivated, and the cultivation of the same is said to be less toilsome than that of the coffee. Here too the fruit hangs at the same time in different stages of ripeness, but directly upon the trunk, which looks quite peculiar. The sugar production does not at all come into consideration for trade. Gold and copper mines and the wide asphalt pits on the Orinoco still harbour inexhaustible riches. Nowhere did I eat strawberries more aromatic than in Caracas; they come high out of the mountains and have a quite outstanding fine flavour. Oranges, bananas, pineapples, melons are always to be had on the markets in abundance, and of a particularly fine taste is a pineapple with dark red rind; then the mangos, tarchitas, lejasas, guayanen, and countless other sorts of fruit whose names the course of time has blurred in my memory. Wide fields are planted with malocho, maize, which, however, is fed green. Yet I would not close without having mentioned San Estébar. On a business journey I came to Puerto Cabello, and a kindly compatriot carried me off after business hours to his paradisiacally situated home. San Estébar is a villa colony, used as summer resort by most business men with their families. It is in truth a little paradise; the villas are built in a fairly narrow valley between wooded mountains and the bed of the Estébar river. Upon its banks there now stand the splendid coco- and cycas-palms, whose mighty deep-green fronds show wonderfully against the azure-blue sky. Beside them, gleaming in juicy light green, the banana trees, the orange trees with their golden fruits, the marvellous ferns, and here I saw wild-grown orchids that can carry the connoisseur away in enthusiasm. In particular the butterfly-orchids have remained in my memory, whose blossom is really the most wondrous thing in delicacy that one can imagine. As I write down these memories, a veritable longing overcomes me for the paradise of Venezuela,

as San Estébar is called, and full of sorrow I consider that there too the war has raged destructively.

Winter Sojourn in Karlsbad.

February – March 1904.

“In winter to Karlsbad—what a dreadful thought,” was said on all sides when, in February, I made ready for the journey to Karlsbad. “There you will find no acquaintances at all; there is no theatre, not even concerts, and even longer walks are impossible.” I almost said, “that is just the charm, I want only rest and solitude,” but contented myself with saying: *vamos a ver* (we shall see).

As far as the Bohemian frontier the journey then went forward most agreeably and quickly. From Berlin I took the night train at 11 hours 20 minutes via Dresden, where I intended to make a short stay on the return journey; otherwise one goes perhaps a little faster via Leipzig.

For me Dresden always offers a peculiarly attractive picture—and this time it seemed to me more charming than ever. I was standing at the window when the train thundered over the Marien Bridge—beneath me the Elbe rushed, in which the moon mirrored itself luminously, and gigantically majestic the splendid outlines of the Catholic Court Church rose against the night sky—while the greenish roofs of the Japanese Palace, bathed fairy-like by the moonlight, shone far and wide. Precisely at this spot old historic Dresden crowds closely together! But I digress—out of my fairest dreams the cry called me: “Bodenbach! Customs inspection!”—Freezing and in quite bad humour I followed the fellow travellers hurrying ahead into the inspection hall. The officials quickly convinced themselves of the complete harmlessness of my pieces of luggage, and, without duty paid, my then quite darkly misanthropic thoughts, too, slipped through. In Aussig and Komotau change of carriage with constant deterioration of carriage. In Austria they will still not bring themselves, despite the best accommodation on the German side, to grant also in winter to those travelling to the spas traffic facilitations by more favourable connections. All the same it is already a great convenience that one can use the return tickets valid for 45 days.

My amiable landlords had sent me a carriage to the railway, and soon I had reached my goal, the "Old Meadow," which, however, has not the slightest resemblance to a meadow. On the one side the houses stand close to the rock, while the bed of the Tepl flows along the other side; on the built-up embankments colonnades with booths. Almost in the middle of the Old Meadow stands the world-famous coffee house Elephant. In summer one sits at little tables directly in the street and takes one's morning coffee there. Despite the early hour, 9 o'clock, I already saw spa guests who had already finished their well-walk. As I then learned, the list of spa guests in fact shows nearly 120 persons since the 1st of "Jänner." Naturally there are but individual houses that even at this time of year receive spa guests, and only in the last days of my stay did more lively life begin to prevail—soon here and there the window shutters stood open, and also large wagons loaded with crates stood before the booths and shops—harbingers of livelier life. When I went to the well at 8 o'clock, after I had already had massage treatment at daybreak—then I really met already diverse spa guests, on whom I could see that they pitied me as a late sleeper. First one or two beakers of the Mühlbrunnen, then a beaker of the Neubrunnen, finally the Bernhardsbrunnen, which already has the respectable warmth of 49 degrees R.;—15 minutes' pause between each glass and half an hour after the last beaker. When the weather is bad one walks up and down, without taking part, in the colonnades, passing each other again and again. Little by little one knows, that is this one—and that is that one—and the cure proceeds favourably, and quite softly there awakens a slight interest in one's neighbour, whom up to then one had regarded only with the most indifferent glances. One makes combinations, sets up a supposed belonging-together, which, however, sometimes proves altogether false. Thus I was interested in a tall, well-built, dark-haired and dark-eyed Belgian woman or Romanian woman, whom a following of 5–6 gentlemen surrounded. I selected as her husband the one who seemed to me to suit her best, and was really annoyed when a small black ugly fellow, who hardly came up to her shoulder, presented himself as the lord and master of this Juno.

Really delicious tastes the breakfast in the “Elephant,” and if one has the good fortune to secure a window place, one may give oneself over to a feeling of complete comfort. After the cold morning walk one steps into the pleasantly warmed room, and the friendly cheerful coffee girls see to it most excellently that one gets one’s breakfast exactly as one wishes it,—Kreuzzeitung, Schlesische, Bohemia Bath Gazette, Presse, Fremdenblatt, Fliegende, Meggendorfer, the Week, the Day, etc., the girls bring them along, who soon come to know the taste of each one. And how merrily one chats with Marie, Minna, Paula, Elis’ and whatever they are all called; not immodest nor loud, they always keep themselves within due bounds, so that one really has one’s pleasure in it. But now it is a matter of thinking further of the cure; already Marie brings my coat, and now it goes to the New Bath into the Moor Bath. Sprudel Bath and Kurhaus are now closed for renewals and improvements in the bathing rooms, and the magnificent building of the Kaiserbad is always closed in winter, while the great general baths are alternately open. The first resolve to step into the black mush of the Moor Bath really costs an effort, but soon one feels almost comfortable in it. However, it takes a long time until one again has a clear skin colour, for despite the cleansing bath one retains for weeks the colouring of a copper-coloured Indian. Having come home, one stretches oneself comfortably upon the rest-bed and skims through the newspapers and letters that have meanwhile arrived. To answer letters, or even to devote oneself to a matter of business, is something one must avoid in Karlsbad as far as possible. — Now it is time to walk to the midday meal. Even at this season there are various open establishments: Hotel Anger, the Nürnberger Hof, and the Hopfenstock are the best known, and the last-named is probably the most frequented. At the beginning of February one still dined in a room on the first floor, but soon they moved downstairs. In the Hopfenstock regular guests mostly gather, who have their fixed tables, and it is also here that the well-known long Silesian table is to be found. Even if those dining at this table are not only Silesians, yet they absolutely have some sort of connexion with one of the Silesian winter regulars who, I would say, have become popular in Karlsbad, many of whom have been coming regularly for

20–30 years. — It suffices if the newcomer asks: “Where does Count So-and-so dine?” and he names the name of a Silesian magnate whom, as well as his grey-bearded body-huntsman, every Karlsbad child knows, then at once he receives a place at the well-known table. Now, it was not my intention either to renew acquaintances or to make any, and as the head waiter, who recognized me at once—it is astonishing what a memory for physiognomies these people have—knew this, I received my old little place at a small table by the window, at which I had already sat years before. Even if I had no one with whom I could exchange the observations I had made, it is still fun to look at the new arrivals and to discover in them old acquaintances, i.e. acquaintances by sight. — Thus I soon found at the Silesian table such acquaintances of whom I knew that they bore names of Silesian Prussian grandees, as well as high Prussian officers with and without wives, often less using the cure than resting from the burdens and toils of manoeuvres and the social winter duties; there too was the well-known married couple that already years ago had received the nickname “the little weather-house couple,” because namely the one party appeared an hour earlier at the well and also breakfasted earlier, on account of the baths, so that it mostly happened that when the husband came into the Elephant, the wife left it. Then it is entertaining to observe how acquaintanceships are formed: at first one eats alone, and by degrees a small sociable circle forms. The food is indeed everywhere according to the cure, the bill of fare states additionally which dishes are for diabetics. As I ate only in the Hopfenstock, I can mention only its excellent cuisine and the particularly always outstanding and popular “spitzbraten.” Herr Funk, the proprietor, as well as the head waiter vie with one another in obligingness, and it suffices that one, with longing desire, mentions a dish, i.e. a permitted one, for the menu to be sure to offer the same on the next day. In Austria one always finds the head or cashier waiter, the food waiter, and the piccolo or wine waiter. I insert here that I always prefer the country wine, the so-called “Pfiff,” to the bottled wines, which one gets in quarter-litre carafes. This threefold service naturally entails a threefold tipping tax, and in truth the tips in Karlsbad form a disproportionately heavy item in the expenses. For at the

baths too one pays 20–30 heller each to the bath-master and to the bath-woman. The moor-bath in any case already costs four crowns 30 heller, so that one can reckon each bath at almost six crowns. I have always observed that the appetite dwindles more and more with time, and whereas at the beginning I paid 4–5 crowns for my midday meal, in the end 3–4 crowns certainly sufficed. Even for a single person half a crown in tips does not suffice. In the evening naturally the same thing: the famous barley soups of the '60s and '70s of the last century as an evening meal are just as out of fashion as soup-eating in general. It is indeed said “after eating you should stand—or walk a thousand steps,” but I have found that a cigar, smoked in the quiet of my four walls, did me best. Only after the afternoon coffee, which of course one takes in the “Elephant” too, is a long walk in order. In the later hours of the forenoon, then in the afternoon and after 9 o'clock in the evening, the billiard table in the coffee-room of the “Elephant” is always much in demand. The somewhat narrow space in which the billiard stands is a niche of the coffee-room, and it is not pleasant even for the gentlemen playing when the coffee-drinkers sitting close by criticize the game. For a lady it must be still more unpleasant, especially when this is done by gentlemen who are known to her by name. Since last year the direction of the spa orchestra has been entrusted to the music director Spörr, to whom it has succeeded to bring the band back to its old, long-renowned height. In the days of old Labitzky the band, as is well known, enjoyed world renown. Three times weekly symphony concerts take place in the spa hall, and on Tuesday and Friday evening concerts with popular pieces. One is said to dine very well there; I preferred to take my modest evening meal likewise in the “Hopfenstock.” For the well-known table-circle a small room in “Stadt Athen” is reserved, where at times things go on exceedingly merrily. Into this time, too, fell the last days of “Carnival,” and the masked balls were also diligently frequented by spa guests. I always heard it praised how, despite all gaiety, the bounds of propriety are never overstepped. Yet neither concerts nor masked balls tempt an old, crabbed bachelor. For the evening I still let it pass, but the afternoons I prefer to spend in God's glorious nature. The kind reader surely thinks: what use to me is fair nature in winter! Unfortunately

most spa guests think so too—i.e. this regret holds for themselves—for to me, on my roamings through the mountains, the chief charm was formed by their complete solitude. The weather was particularly unfavourable—mostly dull, wet, and cold, and then again drifting snow and for some days perhaps a half-foot-deep snow-cover; unfortunately little frost and almost no sunshine. And yet—how I enjoyed the walks in the mountains. To be sure, one must from the outset renounce any sort of elegance in clothing: a stout leather shoe; rubber shoes are impossible on ice in the mountains; a weathered felt hat and a weatherproof fur-jacket—that is the right outfit. How toilsomely I crept, in the first days, up the narrow lane behind “Pupp” (Pupp is the largest and most elegant restaurant-hotel, which every year is enlarged by some lodging-houses and will soon form a small quarter of the town for itself) to the so-called Promenade Path. The same runs back above the Old Meadow, and if one lives there one can step straight out of one’s own house onto this Promenade Path, in that all these houses are connected backward with it over little yards or gardens by stone steps. When I climbed up there for the first time, I stood long at the foot of the crucifix, which is the foundation of an old Austrian count’s family—I believe the Keglevich. Even in the darkest nights the bright shining of an “eternal little lamp” looks down from there, and the inscription affixed upon a marble tablet, “God helps, God has helped, God will continue to help,” has surely already fallen, as a shining star of hope, into the dark night of many a sick person’s desponding heart who, disheartened and without comfort, has made pilgrimage hither. To me too it has been a guiding star; and when, strengthened, filled with new courage for life, with elastic step I stood here for the last time before my departure, then my lips involuntarily whispered: God helps, God has helped, God will continue to help!

If I were now to say, the Promenade Path leads to the Hirschensprung, that would be the same as when one says, “all roads lead to Rome.” Quite magnificently convenient are all the paths laid out; losing oneself is scarcely thinkable, for at the crossways, wherever one might be deliberating which way to take, boards are set up which in the most detailed manner designate

the places— not only one, but several—forward and back, that can be reached.

In the nearest surroundings of Karlsbad there are 90 kilometres of the fairest footpaths and 20 kilometres of carriage-roads, the maintenance of which, in the excellent condition in which they find themselves, must cost a small fortune. The Karlsbad chronicle reports that Emperor Charles IV founded the town of Karlsbad in 1349. The legend tells that a stag, which the Emperor was pursuing, fled from the mountain height—whence “the Hirschensprung” gets its name—down into the valley, and when the lucky marksman brought him down, this led to the discovery of the hot springs, in which Emperor Charles then also, in the year 1376, sought and found healing. Little known, to be sure, is that Karlsbad is one of the places in which Protestantism already in 1554 found a firm footing. The first pastor was named Andreas Hampisch, and the population remained almost exclusively Protestant until 1624, when at the order of Ferdinand II the Protestants were deprived of the church under their last pastor Johannes Rebhuhn, and therein in August of the same year the first Catholic sermon was delivered. — Great dangers were ever brought for Karlsbad by the roaring mountain-rivers Eger and Tepl, in particular the Tepl, which divides the narrow valley of the spa-town into two halves. He who sees the Tepl when no downpours or snow-melts supply to it its thundering masses of water, holds it for impossible that its floods have already gone up to the second storeys of the houses in the Old Meadow, bringing death and destruction and tearing down all that hinders their way. The last great devastating flood struck the town on the 24th of November 1890. In consequence of dam-bursts near Marienbad the force of the water was utterly unbridled. Enormous floods poured themselves over the Old Meadow. Some people who were in the booths of the Old Meadow could be snatched from death only with the greatest difficulty, and the universally beloved and esteemed mayor Knoll was struck down with apoplexy in consequence of the dreadful agitation thereover. One hopes that the measures now taken are of such a kind that a recurrence of such terrible

destruction is excluded. The number of famous personages who in the course of the centuries have visited Karlsbad is impossible to name. "Who counts the peoples, names the names, that met here in hospitality?" I would like to single out only individual names. Thus Peter the Great, who in 1711 and 1712 visited Karlsbad and dwelt in the "Red Eagle," Old Meadow. The houses "Oak," "Red Heart," "Red Eagle" are all in the possession of the Knoll family. It is told that Peter the Great had lively interest in all workshops, and, for example, in the near Pirkenhammer himself forged a horseshoe with his own hand. A tablet marks the spot where the house "The Peacock" stood, in which the great Tsar himself immured some rhymes, and into the cross situated on the "Hirschsprung" he engraved "M. S. P. I." At the same time the great scholar Leibniz too sought out the healing springs of Karlsbad. On the "Hirschsprung" there is also a tablet affixed which is dedicated to the memory of Austria's greatest sovereign, the Empress Maria Theresa. Below the "Hirschsprung," toward Fischern, lies the Jägerhaus, in summer a popular breakfast-place. Close by the Jägerhaus there are large wild-feeding places, and to an old huntsman like me the heart leapt at the sight of the roe-deer that here, trustful, come up into the nearest proximity of man. I often took carrots along and was glad when the deer had fetched them away at the spots protected from snow. A splendid walk is from the "Hirschsprung" over the Friedrich Wilhelm Square to the Franz Josef Height. The first-named square owes its name to the Prussian king Friedrich Wilhelm III, who here in the years 1816, 1817, and 1820 sojourned and sought recreation after the terrors of the Wars of Liberation, as a tablet referring thereto records. At the same time there sojourned in Karlsbad Prince Blücher, the poet-king Goethe, and the princes Schwarzenberg and Metternich. From the one side of the Franz Josef Height one looks down toward Karlsbad, and backward one has a most lovely view toward the Café "Kaiserpark" lying deep in the valley, through which the Tepl winds itself like a silver band. And numberless are the splendid viewpoints, all of which are to be reached on magnificently levelled paths: the cosy Catherine's Place enclosed in the midst of the forest by firs, the Bild, from there to the Aberg, whose observation-tower is closed in winter, from there to St. Bernard and

back over the Jägerhaus, or else from the Bild down the Taxis or Esterházy Path, or over the Priests' Path first up and then back to the Kaiserpark over the lower and upper Ploben Path, which now is called Bismarck Path, back to Karlsbad. Times change; who would in the year 1866 have held it possible that there would one day be in Karlsbad a Bismarck Path. The same, as also the Stefanie Lookout, lie on the far side of the Tepl. The "Kaiserpark," the "Friendship," and the "Posthof" are coffeehouses that are closed over the winter. At the end of February already, however, the "Friendship Hall" opens its rooms, and in the middle of March the "Posthof" follows, which belongs among the most popular establishments of this kind. Especially non-bathing spa guests gladly choose the "Posthof" as the end-goal of their morning walk and take their breakfast there. Everywhere coffee-service by girls, so that the Karlsbad coffee-girl is a kind of local celebrity. At the beginning of the last century the "Posthof" was sold for 5,420 gulden, and when the present proprietor Funk, a brother of the "Hopfenstock" owner, paid 400,000 gulden for it some years ago, people found that he had got it too cheaply. It is not possible for me to name all the springs. The best known are the Schlossbrunnen—probably the lightest and coolest—then the Markt- and Mühlbrunnen, Neubrunnen, Bernhardsbrunnen, Felsen- and Franz-Joseph-Quelle, and above all the Sprudel. At the Sprudel as well as at the Marktbrunnen there are colonnades, and the colonnade at the Mühlbrunnen likewise harbours the sources of the Neu- and Bernhardsbrunnen and of the Elisabethquelle, whose difference lies in the rising degrees of warmth. Besides the Kaiserbad there are the Sprudelbad, the Kurbad, and, apart from the baths in the Kurhaus, still such in the Militärbadehaus, in which, just as in Teplitz and Marienbad, after previous agreement of the governments the Prussian military receive accommodation and baths at reduced prices.

In memory of the 50-year jubilee of the reign the Franz Joseph Hospital was endowed and opened in 1899. — At the same time the Evangelical hospice in Westend was opened, whose administration lies in the hands of Pastor Feller. The attendance there is put at about 250–300 persons of all

confessions. In Westend, too, lie the English church built in the Romanesque style, as well as the Orthodox Russian church, shining far and wide with its golden cupolas. The Protestant church, built at first as a prayer hall in the year 1855, lies upon a narrow piece of land jutting like a tongue into the Tepl, in immediate proximity to the Kaiserbad. Behind the church, which, I believe, received a tower only in the eighties, lies the parsonage. For the founding of the Protestant church Herr Ludwig Ming, co-owner of the porcelain factory Hammer, as well as Count Kleist von Loß from Dresden, acquired great merit. For the clergy living in the diaspora the exercise of their official activity is truly not easy, and much tact and gentleness belong thereto, in order not to be drawn into the whirlpool of the “Away from Rome” movement.

Whereas in summer, of course, concerts are given everywhere, these now take place only, as already mentioned, as the sole entertainment for spa guests, in the Kurhaus. For the next winter, however, the bath administration has made an agreement with the theatre director, according to which the latter obliges himself to play twice weekly even in winter. Since, however, the performances in the very pretty municipal theatre might be too expensive through heating and lighting, the Orpheum hall has been envisaged for this purpose. These theatre evenings will surely be well attended; in any case it would be ungrateful were the spa guests not to show their recognition to the administration for this praiseworthy innovation.

Since the year 1844 the dispatch of water drawn from the springs into bottles has taken place. This drawing off can naturally only occur during the winter months. Thus, for example, at the Mühl- and Neubrunnen 4,800 bottles are drawn off daily. On 1 January 1877 the firm Löbl Schottländer took over the lease for the dispatch, namely to the amount of 75,000 gulden = 150,000 crowns. In January 1901 the lease was newly acquired by the same firm for 560,000 crowns. One of the oldest Karlsbad firms is Mattoni, and this name has become world-famous through the Giesshübler mineral water in its possession. A special source of income is naturally the pulverised Karlsbad salt and the Karlsbad pastilles. The former is very often added to the first

beaker of spring water in the form of a powder.

For the moor baths the town of Karlsbad has acquired large moor tracts near Franzensbad. The long transport explains, indeed, the high price of the moor bath. The industry of the town of Karlsbad and its environs is a very many-sided one. Thus the porcelain factories of Pirkenhammer and Fischern are world-famous, as are the glass-polishing works flourishing since the second half of the 18th century. Well known to ladies and popular with them are the Karlsbad sewing, pin, and knitting needles. The trade of the needle-maker has existed since 1699 and the export of insect pins in particular forms a chief export article to America. Highly esteemed too is the Karlsbad footwear, and it is a well-known fact that regular spa guests always supply their needs in Karlsbad. The number of shoemakers was given as only 150 to 160, yet this number is far surpassed by the tailors, of whom there are said to be just 100 more, therefore 250–260. Viennese fashion has long stood with Paris and London in a leading position, but as regards men's fashion, even the Viennese tailor now fashions almost exclusively according to American taste. The prices—at least those of the men's tailors—keep at the same level as Berlin prices. Of outstanding quality are all laundry articles, in which especially the firm Nastopil distinguishes itself. I know that a large part of the gentlemen procure from me day shirts and other laundry articles here. Of excellent quality, durability at quite reasonable prices are the stockings taken from Nastopil. Specially valued too are the Sprudelstein wares, the baked goods and wafers. From Sprudelstein not only little caskets, pictures, crucifixes, paperweights are manufactured, but also jewellery of every sort. Of world fame is Mannl's bakery, which, however, is closed over the winter; Karlsbad wafers are sent out very much and are gladly used as a "little souvenir." Naturally, Bohemian garnets are exhibited in the most tasteful settings in all jewellers' shop-windows, while the likewise original and pretty Eger metal fasteners and buttons are to be had only at Hochseder in the Marienbad Street. As he told me, the same are now made by only a single peasant tinsmith, who, according to his description, is just such an original as he himself. As he told it, he had given the man a

large order for America, and since it had not been finished at the stipulated time, he had made vehement reproaches to the man and demanded to know the reason for the delay. Thereupon the tinsmith laughed and said: “Gehe’s, mei’ Kuh war krank, da konnt i net arbeit’.” (“Go on, my cow was sick, so I couldn’t work.”)

For us Germans, however, the Austrian dialect has a great charm, but woe, if one attempts to imitate it! That sounds just as jolting as when one drives on a freshly heaped-up chaussée. The only thing not agreeable for the winter spa-guest is that naturally everywhere there is building and hammering. Streets are torn up, bridges closed, &c. For here too it is said: “Time is money.” As soon as spring draws near, the flood of spa-guests also pours itself forth, and then new buildings and improvements are out of the question. With the stroke of 5 o’clock in the afternoon work is stopped, and then on the Idler’s Path or by the Findlater obelisk one meets a troop of workmen who hurry home, presumably to Fischern or Pirkenhammer. Gladly I chatted then with them or with a solitary laggard, and one always receives polite, modest answer. The just-mentioned obelisk is consecrated to the memory of Lord Findlater, who, as also Count Bontoulin and Prince Rohan, acquired merit for the embellishment of the environs of Karlsbad. My special favourite, however, is the Friedrich-Wilhelm Square. Just there one stands immediately above the narrow valley, in the middle the Tepl, to the left the Old Meadow, to the right theatre, Hotel Anger, Golden Shield, &c. There I often stood long dreaming, sometimes stormed round by thick drifting snow, so that the sea of houses at my feet appeared veiled to my gaze as though through a veil, and then again I caught one of the few gleams of sun that February offered us. Then the cross from the Hirschsprung shone over to me and the dome of the Stefanie lookout blazed in golden sheen; then I had to bethink myself how for centuries into this narrow valley in a few months thousands of people press together, how much heavy sorrow and sickness is brought hither, how yet by far the greatest part returns home refreshed and healed—and who would there doubt God’s grace and omnipotence? And is it not like a special goodness of God that He has laid

these wondrous healing springs in so fair a piece of His glorious earth, as though He would thereby say: “Ye who come hither heavy laden with sickness, refresh body and soul.” And then again I had to think how often many of the great, the mighty, the rulers of the earth have tarried here, and how often from here the destinies of Europe have been guided: at many a piece of world-history the invisible threads of guidance would lead us back into this valley; and therefore Karlsbad does not without reason bear the name “world-spa.”

“Karlsbad, farewell—parting is sorrow.” “Au revoir!” cried the friendly coffee-girls of the “Elephant”; no merrily blaring post-horn any longer disperses the melancholy thoughts of farewell; in a prosaic droschka one rattles to the station—yes, yes, the times change. It will not be long before perhaps every spa-guest comes with his motor-car, if not indeed with the new improved flying-machine promised in prospect by Count Zeppelin. But the times of our forebears, who came with entire household, saucepans and kitchen personnel for a months-long sojourn—those are definitively overcome. For over 100 years now the spa-lists have been compiled by the bookshop Franieck. I recall by chance that the same showed in 1828 3,713 spa-guests, whereas in 1901 51,454. That naturally the political events have very much to say in the resort’s attendance is proved by the number of spa-guests for the year 1866, which is noted with 4,237. For this year too one fears the holding back of the Russians. Whereas otherwise already in January and February orders for lodgings from our mighty neighbours had come in, even in March everything still remained quiet.

Although my train already carried me off at 7 o’clock in the morning from Bohemian land, I nevertheless did not reach lovely Elb-Florence until after 1 o’clock, and luckily I still got an excellent place for the opera. What a delight the Dresden opera is. Magnificent is the unity of the orchestra’s ensemble. “Fidelio” was given; Frau Wittich took the title role, von Bary the Florestan. As the next day was a day of penitence for the Saxon land, this opera was particularly well chosen for the eve. I have seldom heard this glorious masterwork of Beethoven so excellently as this time. Magnificent

was the noble play of Frau Wittich, and uplifting the purity of feeling that wafts through the whole opera. Just now, when in literature, operas, dramas, and in life itself “misadventures of marriage” confront us everywhere, one feels oneself carried away by Leonore’s self-sacrificing wifely love.

To be sure, Herr von Bary’s voice came fully into its own only in “Samson,” and found in Fräulein von Chavanne a quite first-class interpreter of Delilah. The voice, the wondrous symmetry of the figure, and the measured, passionate nature of the revenge-thirsting Delilah—everything was perfect. Particularly kindly received in ensemble playing is always the married couple Burrian (Frau Jelineck), which this time delighted ear and eye in the “Bajazzi.” In the autumn I had heard “Mignon” with Frau Wedekind, and could therefore perhaps not quite impartially do justice to the performance of Fräulein Förster from Prague. Precisely as Mignon Frau Wedekind is indescribably charming in song and mimicry. In the “Tannhäuser” I had then seen Frau Wittich as Elisabeth, yet, although I have a special predilection for this truly distinguished artist, I must confess that Frl. Krull too satisfied me very much as Elisabeth. As I hear, after the expiry of her Dresden contract Frl. Krull will follow a call to the opera in Vienna.

I had used the last forenoon for an excursion to the “Weißer Hirsch,” resp. for a visit to a Lahmann patient. The establishment of Dr. Lahmann, originally self-contained, has for a long time no longer sufficed for the reception of the patients, and the same now find accommodation in nearby villas, which for the most part also belong to Dr. Lahmann. My friend lived in Villa Regia, from which one has a downright enchanting view over the lovely Elbe-Florence. As regards the Lahmann sanatorium, I would like to add that since then I myself spent three weeks there this summer for a cure. The month of June is indeed exceedingly favourable, because, as the diet-cure in the main rests upon vegetable and fruit diet, precisely this month permits a great variety. Dr. Lahmann had just died, but, as for several years he had already been too ailing to conduct the institution himself, one noticed absolutely no interruption. The direction is alternately in the hands of two physicians, of whom Dr. Noak is particularly known to me. Wonderfully

beautiful and convenient is the new gentlemen's bath. Excellent is everything that the patient receives, whether he be now assigned to the "normal," the "corpulent," the "vegetarian," or the "diabetic" table. The patient can live in the villas that belong to the institution, but he can just as well take a private lodging. Independent of the lodging each spa guest pays daily 9 marks for board, medical treatment, baths, massage. I would like to mention once more that everything is first-class, i.e., the whole arrangement is excellently organized. At times 5–600 people are to be catered for daily. Our housewives will have pity on the directress of the kitchen when they hear that at asparagus time 4 hundredweight of asparagus are eaten in one day.

The splendid Dresden heath offers the most beautiful conceivable walks, as in general a fair nature is a help by no means to be underestimated at a spa. Truly, the Saxons can be proud of their capital, which stands with all innovations and conveniences at the level of the great city and nevertheless has retained a peculiar charm of—I find no other designation—homeliness. Here there is lacking the ruthless haste of Berlin; where there the individual loses himself in the great generality, here the individuality remains. As gladly as I avoid foreign words, there are, after all, certain ones that have so passed into our very flesh and blood that one has the feeling that with the German designation—in this case "Einzelwesen"—one would, if perhaps not remain misunderstood, at least arouse astonishment.

In Berlin it is now not so easy to find a theatre into which one can take young people without exact knowledge of the piece. In the Court Theatre at a late hour one obtains only few good seats, and as I had young guests, I therefore chose the Little Theatre, with Gorky's "Nachtsyl." Although I now saw it for the fifth time, it still exercised upon me almost as strong an effect as the first time, and my young friends were deeply shaken. I had seen the "Nachtsyl" in the previous year with the original first-class cast and therefore had at times the feeling as though I missed this or that point. Most of the performers have changed; only Reicher, who also then played the actor, has, I would say, deepened himself yet further in this role. He is

profoundly moving in the place where Luka the pilgrim paints for him how there is a place where one is cured of drunkenness and where one then begins a new life. One hangs with Reicher upon the lips of the pilgrim; one sees in his glazed eye the glimmer of a new hope flicker up; one sees, as it were, how he wordlessly pictures to himself the new life; silently—breathlessly, I would say—the Berlin public, which otherwise truly is not wordless, looks and listens. Not a hand stirs when the curtain falls; it is as though from the stage there came the admonition: “Look around you and look into yourself.” And is it not a heart-piercing admonition when we are told: respect the human being in the human being; or is it not dreadful when the human being has become a beast and confesses that he has even forgotten that which was dearest to him—and when then the pilgrim calls to us: “You do not need to love the dead, one must love the living—the living!” can one there answer oneself: yes, I love the living? It is surely self-evident that thereby it is not meant that one should not mourn one’s loved ones. Is one perhaps still pursuing a dead ideal and letting the living at one’s side suffer need? And there are people who see in the piece only raw, crass realism! I do not wish to assert that the piece is intelligible for the great masses of the people, and would therefore with Hamlet say: “It is caviar to the general.”

It is said idealism, poetry is dying out, and yet whoever on the 10th of March follows the stream of people which this time, in golden sunshine, pilgrimages to the monument of Queen Louise, will scarcely be able to maintain this assertion. One believes oneself transported into a fairyland. Just now one still saw bare trees, ice-covered stretches of water—and lo, in a trice one sets foot in Aladdin’s wondrous garden. Great beds full of blooming lilies of the valley, snowdrops, violets, groups of rhododendron in all colours, snowball shrubs, Pontic azalea mollis, almond trees, tulips, lilac, crocus, hyacinths, primulas and tazettas—who knows them all, those lovely heralds of spring that, as if with a magic wand, suddenly bloomed forth here and in the bare nature still encompassed by winter’s poverty suddenly created a picture of spring. And what is the name of the magic wand? It is

the deep-rooted, never-extinguished gratitude of the Prussian people, of which the city of Berlin makes itself the advocate.

Never will the image of the noblest queen and at the same time the purest woman, at whose sight even a Napoleon was filled with awe and veneration, be effaced in the heart of the Prussian people. Spring's promise in the heart, I hastened to the home fields, and already the lark's song proclaims that spring is making its entry.

About the Authoress:

Countess Leonie von Kleist, née Countess Kospoth, youngest daughter of the entailed-estate holder Count August Graf Kospoth (1803–1874) and of Charlotte, née v. Necker (1812–1872), was born on 12 Sept. 1851 in Schön-Briese, Kreis Oels. On 22 October 1879 she married in Briese Friedrich Wilhelm von Kleist of the house of Wendisch Tychow, who was in the diplomatic service. He had received his first foreign posting in Rome. There he had got to know, in the house of the Bavarian envoy at the Vatican, the last Count Paumgarten, his later wife. Paumgarten was married to her sister Jenny, about 10 years older. Countess Leonie von Kospoth and Friedrich Wilhelm von Kleist had been engaged since 1878 in Rome.

Shortly after the wedding Friedrich Wilhelm von Kleist was transferred as Legation Councillor to the legation in Lisbon. After further diplomatic positions, which led him to the legation in Stockholm and the Prussian legation in Stuttgart, Friedrich Wilhelm received appointment as minister-resident in Caracas in Venezuela. Shortly before, upon the death of his father, he had inherited the property of Wendisch Tychow together with the title count; in 1894 he took his leave from the diplomatic service in order to take over the paternal estate.

Leonie von Kleist was a many-sidedly gifted, energetic woman who knew how to support her husband professionally. She spoke, among other things, fluent French and English and made her home in Germany and abroad into a centre of social life. She described her childhood in 1887 in “O lieb, so lang Du lieben kannst!”. About the time abroad she published in 1906 “Erinnerungen aus Nord, Süd, Ost, West”.

Four sons sprang from the marriage: Ewald, Sigurd, Gunnar, and Diether-Dennies. The daughter Edeltraut died very young.

She died on 27 February 1927 in Wendisch Tychow.



Countess Leonie von Kleist
Painter Arturo Michelena, in Caracas

**Excerpts from the recollections of Diether-Dennies von Kleist,
about 1954, concerning accounts of his mother,
insofar as this book is concerned.**

“Shortly after the wedding the parents travelled to Lisbon, where my father had become legation secretary. His superiors at that time were the envoys v. Schmidthals and v. Pirch. This time in Lisbon was probably the happiest of the parents. In the 4 years of their stay they travelled much about in the beautiful land and visited the many art monuments. Here with both of them the predilection for antique furniture formed itself, and here too was laid the foundation for the Tychow furniture collection. The country was at that time in an economic depression. Many old noble families went bankrupt and had to sell their possessions. An exhibition of historical furniture and objects of adornment gave an overview of the rich culture of the past. The time of the great discoveries and conquests was long past. Portugal could only with difficulty hold on to its possessions scattered all over the world, because its national strength was no longer equal to the demands. Out of these inheritances my father, with great skill and with the small means at his disposal, bought together by far the largest collection in Germany of Portuguese and Portuguese-Indian furniture, as, for example, the 8 leather-covered chairs with high backs in the great dining-room (about 1600), the two great sideboards with the Braganza arms in the small dining-room, the two great and heavy “Polisander” chairs in the playroom, covered with motley leather wall hangings of the 16th century, the Indian inlaid table from Goa of the 18th century, and the cabinets with intarsias of the early 18th century in the Red and Blue Salon.

In Lisbon the cohesion of the diplomatic corps was especially great. The parents were friends above all with the Hollander Jonkheer Tets van Goudriaan, later longtime envoy in Berlin and later foreign minister, and with the Englishman Sir Frederic [?], later envoy in Darmstadt and then ambassador in Petersburg.

King was Dom Luis I, Queen Maria Pia, daughter of Victor Emmanuel II of Italy. At the parents' presentation audience with the Queen, they had not been told that the Queen was so bashful that she was not in a position to open the conversation, which is self-evident with a sovereign. They sat opposite the Queen and waited for her address. The poor Queen did not bring out a word, but in her embarrassment picked to pieces her gloves, until my mother took heart and opened the conversation. Then everything bubbled forth.

A few months before Ewald's birth King Alfonso of Spain paid his visit at court. Since he had been brought up in Vienna, he danced the waltz passionately, which the Portuguese ladies could not do. So my poor mother always had to dance with him again, which, given her condition, was a true ordeal for her. And at that time the waltz was danced very fast. She whispered her condition to the King, which, however, did not disturb him at all.

In 1828 Captain Helmuth von Moltke, the later field marshal, lived for several months in Briese, since he was occupied there with the topographical land survey. He fell in love with the daughter of the house, but my great-grandfather August Wilhelm Kospoth refused his suit with the reasoning that he could not give his daughter to a completely prospects-less captain. In my possession there are still two poems (in copy) written by the field marshal, and L. in Hörne possess the original drawing of great-grandmother Julie by his hand. In the 'eighties of the last century the old Kaiser came to Stuttgart. At the court table my mother sat next to Moltke. Their conversation became so lively because of the memories of Briese that the then Prince Wilhelm, later Kaiser Wilhelm II, asked my mother after table in complete astonishment what she had done with the field marshal. Never had he seen him so talkative. He was after all known as 'the great silent one.'"

