



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

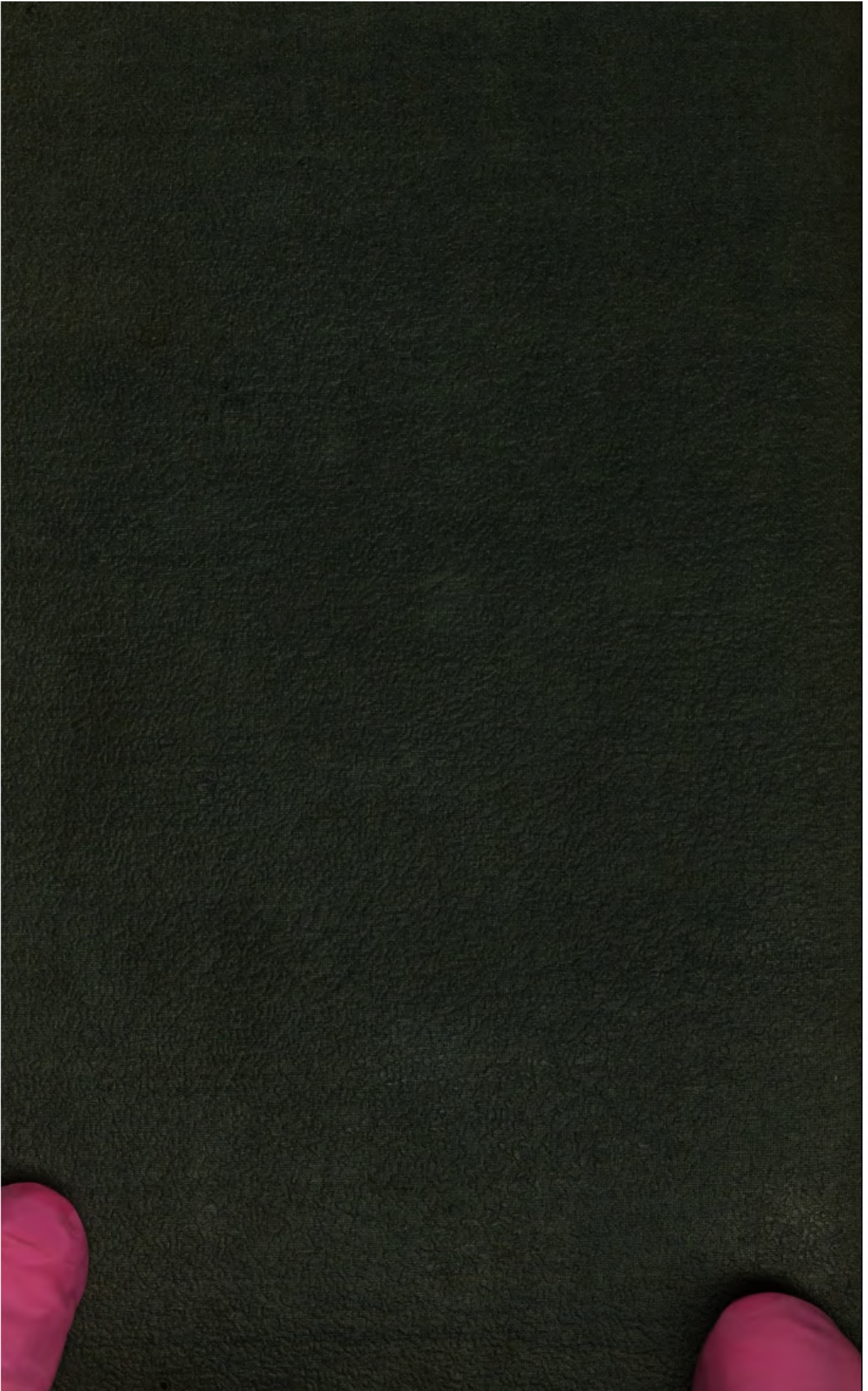
This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

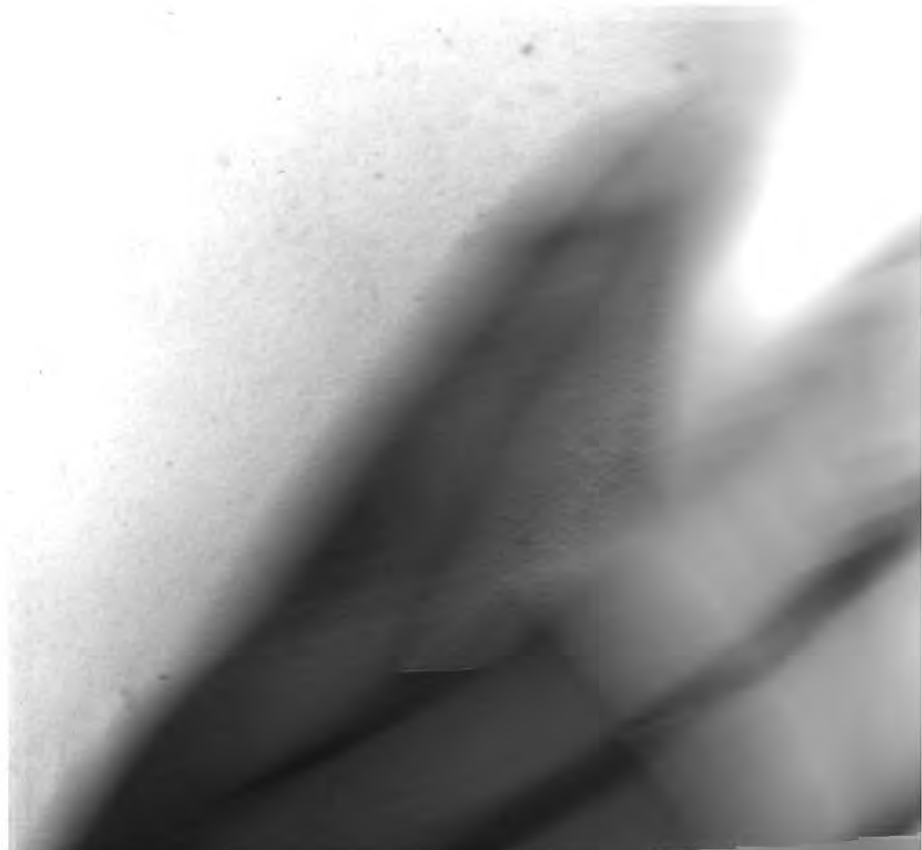




600042844S

34.

284.



PRINCE."

capricci,
e i pasticci."

Goldoni.

VOLUMES.

No. I.



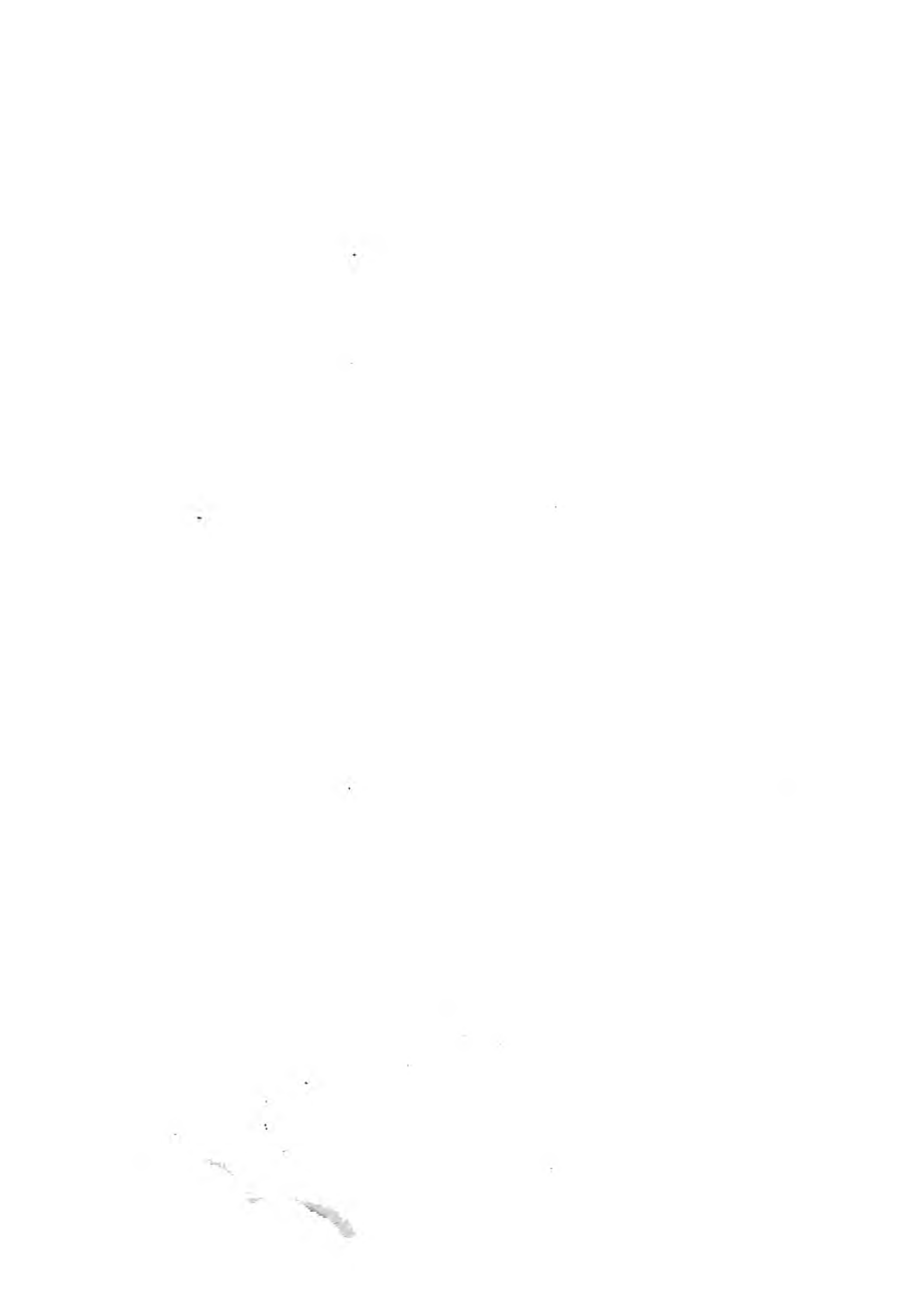
LONDON:

H AND CO.

PUBLISHERS TO HER MAJESTY,
1, SOHO SQUARE.

1834.

284.



TUTTI FRUTTI.

VOL. I.

LONDON :
C. ROWORTH AND SONS, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

TUTTI FRUTTI,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“THE TOUR OF A GERMAN PRINCE.”

Prin...

“ Diversi son degli uomini i capricci,
A chi piaccion le torte, a chi i pasticci.”

Goldoni.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:

BACH AND CO,

BOOKSELLERS AND PUBLISHERS TO HER MAJESTY,
21, SOHO SQUARE.

1834.

284.

INTRODUCTION.

It is not pleasant to pen a reflexion which a man feels convinced has been said a thousand times before, and said a thousand times better than he can pretend to do ; yet, admitting the triteness of the remark, what author ever attempted to write an Introduction who did not feel it to be the most difficult part of the book ?

If this be true of an author, with how much greater force is it applicable to a translator ; who, sheltered behind the re-

sponsibility of the original writer, trembles at the idea of pleading guilty at the bar of criticism, not only to the manner, but the matter.

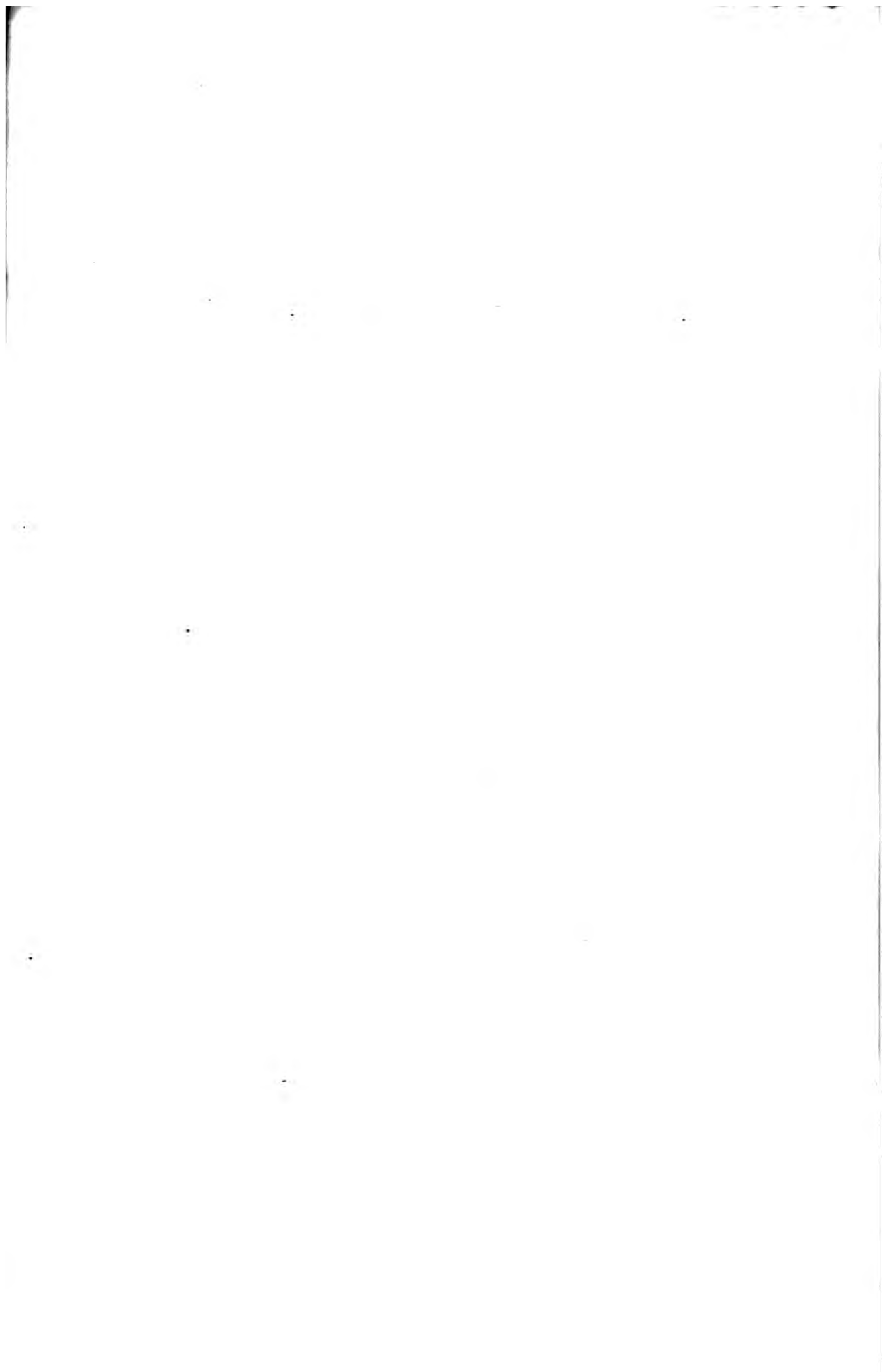
In translating the present work, I have endeavoured to render it into English, as nearly as the different constructions and idioms of the two languages will admit. It embraces the romantic, the descriptive, the serious, and the playful; for the author never pursues a subject to satiety, but flies from flower to flower, like the coquetting butterfly. Lengthened disquisitions, wire-drawn arguments, and elaborate discussions, are studiously avoided.

Perhaps, after all, it is best described by its title, which, borrowed from the fa-


vourite ice composed of different fruits so frequently met with in Italy, sufficiently indicates the varied character it displays. But I will not detain thee any longer, most indulgent reader, (how naturally our thoughts assume the form of our wishes,) from gathering the choicest specimens of **TUTTI FRUTTI.**

EDMUND SPENCER.

HIGHGATE, 1834.



A
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
PRINCE PÜCKLER-MUSKAU.



WHEN a veil is so carelessly worn that the hand of curiosity and rudeness is perpetually drawing it aside, may not its entire removal, even if a little gentle violence is used, be considered not as the act of an enemy, but a friend? We are the more anxious on this point, as we are solicitous to withdraw, not the airy gauze which veils the living, but the dark shroud which envelops the dead; and we feel assured that our readers will be gratified to learn that

the hand which penned the "Briefe eines Verstorbenen," (Posthumous Letters, translated into English under the title of "The Tour of a German Prince,") is not the tenant of the tomb, but has been again employed for their amusement.

As the author of the work I have alluded to has excited a considerable degree of public attention, perhaps a few particulars of his life may not be altogether uninteresting.

Herman, Prince von Pückler-Muskau, was born at the palace of Muskau, in the province of Silesia, on the 30th of October, 1785. He received the first rudiments of his education partly there, and partly at Dresden; in the latter city his father, Count Pückler, principally resided, being privy councillor to the king of Saxony, to whose sceptre that part of

Silesia (in which his estates were situated) was at this time subject; but by subsequent arrangements it has become annexed to the crown of Prussia.

The young Count passed four years, that is, from the time he was seven until he was eleven years of age, at Uhyst, in the Herrnhut establishment for the education of youth; he was then removed to the Pedagogium at Halle, where he was instructed in the higher branches of education; from thence he went to Dessau, under the superintendence of a Hofmeister, and in the year 1800 entered the University of Leipsick, where he remained between two and three years, devoting himself to the acquisition of general knowledge, and the study of the law. He very soon exchanged this pursuit for a military life, and entered the service of the king of

Saxony as a member of the Garde du Corps du Roi.

While at Dresden, he distinguished himself by various spirited adventures, particularly by his undaunted intrepidity as an equestrian. But this was too contracted a theatre for the exercise of a mind, active, ardent, and ambitious; he therefore solicited his discharge, which having obtained, he retired with the grade of a captain of cavalry. This determination originated in a long-cherished desire of making a tour through some of the principal countries of Europe. He first visited Vienna, the South of Germany, and Switzerland; from thence he passed on to France and Italy, and remained a considerable time at Naples.

Being unfortunately at variance with his father, he was frequently involved in pecuniary difficulties; this however did not de-

ter him from continuing his tour, though it often exposed him to inconveniences to which those of his rank in life are generally strangers. It had however the good effect of initiating him at an early age into the realities of life, of stripping objects of the false gloss with which they are too often decorated for those who possess wealth or power, and was also the means of introducing him to an intimate acquaintance with human nature in all its ramifications, which would never have been the case if he had continued the petted child of fortune.

Soon after his return to Germany, while residing at Berlin, his father died ; by which event he came into possession of very considerable estates at Muskau, together with a large accession of wealth.

The various knowledge and information

he had acquired during his travels were now called into action, and the first impulse of his enterprising mind was to improve and beautify the estate and castle of his ancestors ; for this purpose he availed himself of the talents of the celebrated architect Schinkel.

The old castle, thus placed in the creative hand of wealth and genius, rose like a phoenix from its ashes, and its mouldering walls assumed the majestic form they now wear ; but the war which at this time raged throughout Europe, and the dark state of the political horizon, hindered the entire completion of the design of the noble projector.

In the year 1813, the Russian army entered Berlin. A dangerous illness with which the Prince was now seized alone prevented his immediate admission into

that service ; this however took place in October, when he received the rank of Major and Aide-de-camp to the Duke of Saxe Weimar. He distinguished himself afterwards in the Netherlands ; and won the character of a brave and experienced officer in the army at Antwerp, commanded by Bulow. Subsequently, under General Geismar, he was present at the taking of Cassel, where he was instrumental in capturing several pieces of cannon.

About this time he was engaged in a novel description of duel. A French Colonel of Hussars, celebrated for his daring bravery, rode out considerably in advance of the lines, and challenged any officer in the army of his opponents to single combat. Prince Pückler accepted the challenge, and the contest took place in the centre between the two armies :—intense

anxiety was pictured on the countenances of the spectators; it seemed as if the glory of their respective countries depended upon the issue. A death-like silence reigned throughout, which was only occasionally interrupted by the loud cheers of the deeply-interested soldiery, as their favourite champion gained a temporary advantage, or suffered a momentary defeat.

At length the guardian angel of Germany triumphed,—the brave Frenchman fell!

Various orders were conferred upon him as a reward for his numerous and brilliant services, together with the rank of Colonel.

At a later period, he raised a regiment of Chasseurs, and commanded at Bruges as civil and military governor. In the year 1814, when the allied armies entered Paris, he was sent by the Duke of Saxe

Weimar as special courier to the Emperor Alexander.

Peace having now spread her halcyon wings over desolated Europe, the Prince returned to the enjoyments of private life and visited England—

Proud freedom's home, when slavery's ills impend—
The exile's hope, the way-worn wanderer's friend ;
The beacon light, to which the nations steer'd,
When tempests beat, that even proud hearts fear'd ;
The rainbow smiling o'er the clouds of war,
And heralding the ray of peace afar—

at that time the great focus of attraction to all the continental nations. He remained upwards of a year, familiarized himself with her laws, customs, manners and improvements, and paid particular attention to whatever related to domestic comfort and convenience ; but above all, to every thing connected with landscape gardening, a pursuit to which he devoted

himself with the most unwearied assiduity, till he became thoroughly acquainted with its minutest details, both useful and ornamental.

On his return from England, he recommenced, with renewed activity, carrying into execution his long-projected and magnificent plans; when, malgré the difficulties interposed by the nature of the soil, the climate, and other obstacles, his perseverance at length surmounted every impediment; an immense tract of land was brought into the highest state of cultivation, while his park and pleasure-grounds, which vie in beauty and good taste with some of the very finest in England, have become objects of great admiration in Germany, where they bloom an oasis in the waste!

These improvements have considerably

enhanced the value of his estates, which have been further benefited by the discovery of a mineral spring of great efficacy, in consequence of which, a bath establishment, consisting of a pump-room, assembly-rooms, coffee-houses, and numerous promenades, have been constructed by the indefatigable proprietor. It is entitled "Herman's Bad," and is much resorted to during the bathing season; nothing has been neglected that is likely to conduce to the comfort and amusement of the visitors, and his own spacious park and pleasure-grounds are at all times open for their gratification.

The surrounding country is extremely picturesque, abounding in the most varied scenery, hills covered with almost impenetrable forests, while the winding stream of the crystal Niesse and its

attendant lakes, impart additional beauty and increased fertility. The drives and promenades are cheerful and diversified, forming a pleasing contrast with the wild scenery in its immediate vicinity.

The town of Muskau, Mosca or Muzakow, which signifies in the Sclavonian language the "Town of Men," is of very ancient date; this is demonstrated by the various antiquities found in its neighbourhood. Previous to Christianity, when in possession of the Sorben Vandals, it was considered of such superior sanctity, that pilgrims were attracted from distant countries to visit its sacred groves, and traces of their religious rites are still visible.

If we may judge from the extent of the ruins which have been discovered, it must have been a town of great importance, and was at one time a Roman

station. Tradition still preserves the memory of the spot on which Mosca, the Roman commander, fell. At present, the entire population is under 1500, the majority of whom are of Vandal origin. It is generally believed that a colony of the ancient inhabitants founded the city of Moscow in Russia.

The original castle was built by Margrave John, the son of Siegfried of Ringelheim, who, for his victories over the Hungarians, received a grant of it from the Emperor Henry I. It was strongly fortified; as we find in the year 1109, that the Emperor Henry III. besieged it without success. However, it has since undergone several unfortunate reverses. In the year 1241, by an irruption of the Tartars, it was entirely reduced to ashes, together with the town of Muskau, and

the whole surrounding country laid waste. It was shortly rebuilt, but again suffered during the thirty years' war from the Croats under Tiefenbach, who plundered it, and destroyed the neighbouring villages; the conflagration was so extensive, that the woods continued burning for six weeks; finally, it was once more consumed by fire, through the carelessness of the Swedes, but was shortly re-erected in a style of increased splendour and magnificence.

It is at present a superb building, and whether we regard the style of the architecture, the correct taste displayed in laying out the pleasure-grounds and park, its beautiful situation surrounded by the Niesse, with the highly-cultivated scenery in its proximity, and the forests and mountains in the back-ground, we must felicitate

cite the proprietor on possessing it, and envy him the proud pleasure of being the creator of its beauty. A dreary waste has been converted into a smiling landscape, to a wilderness has succeeded a pleasure-ground, the rhododendron rears its proud head where the heath formerly flourished, and dangerous morasses have become verdant lawns.

While the inventive hand of talent was employed in revolutionizing his estate, the Prince amused himself by occasionally visiting Dresden and Berlin; and still retaining his early attachment for spirited adventures, he availed himself of an opportunity afforded in the year 1817 of ascending from the latter city in a balloon with the Aeronaut Reichhard; this event imparted to him additional celebrity.

He married the Countess Pappenheim,

widow of the late Count, and daughter of the Prince Hardenberg, State Chancellor of Prussia, whom he accompanied to the Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle. About this time, the post of ambassador at Constantinople was offered him, and in the year 1820, in consequence of his talents and influence, he was solicited to accept an appointment under the crown; both these offers were declined.

He was created a Prince in the year 1822, as a partial indemnification for the immense losses he sustained by the annexation of that part of Silesia,* in which his domains are situated, to the kingdom of Prussia.

Since his last visit to England and France, he has chiefly resided at Muskau,

* Formerly Lusatia.

improving his estates, excavating mines, establishing alum works, and various other undertakings, conducive to the benefit of society. Through his patriotic exertions industry and prosperity now characterize those peasants who were formerly distinguished for their poverty, idleness, and dishonesty, and he has the enviable gratification of having nearly eradicated pauperism, and thereby acquired the warm affections of a grateful and contented people.

Public opinion has since assigned him a high station in a domain of an entirely different description, namely, in the "kingdom of literature;" the name of Prince Pückler has been placed, by the award of criticism, among the most talented of his countrymen.

From the various reviews by Goethe and other distinguished German writers,

respecting the “*Briefe eines Verstorbenen*,” we have selected the following:—

“ These letters belong to the highest class of literature; they are at once elegant, interesting and amusing, abound in useful information, and display in every page the cultivated mind of the scholar and the man of taste and refinement: his descriptions of the manners and customs of England are animated and entertaining; her aristocracy, their wealth, influence, caprice, &c. are pourtrayed with a degree of *vraisemblance* rarely excelled.

“ He is eminently successful in his pictures of nature, which are beautifully and accurately drawn; his representations of her gentler features, when ornamented and improved by the fostering hand of man, are faithful and pleasing, while those of her wild and more terrific forms are romantically sublime.

“ An extensive tour through England afforded the author a wide field for observation, as that country has been long a pattern in all that relates to landscape-gardening, picturesque and beautiful domains ; he characterizes their beauties and defects with the skilful hand of one completely master of the subject, and evinces, when employed in criticising and describing architecture and the fine arts, the taste of the connoisseur, combined with the discerning judgment of one deeply sensible of their fascinating influence.

“ He beguiles the attention of his readers with episodes of real life, jeux d'esprit, anecdotes and romantic traditions, while the pleasing style in which they are related, proves that his powers of narrative are not the least admirable among his endowments.”

“ We possess in these letters,” says Varnhagen van Ense, “ a beautiful ornament of German literature ; that the author is a member of the highest class of society, is abundantly evidenced. He is one of those rare meteors, which unites the high distinction of birth, extensive erudition, unwearied mental activity, indefatigable industry, with the accomplishments of the man of the world and the gentleman.”

His present work, which, it is understood, will be continued, has been very extensively circulated in Germany, and it is said the Prussian government intend giving their most serious attention to devise means for the reformation of those abuses which the author has so fearlessly and vividly denounced in the following pages.

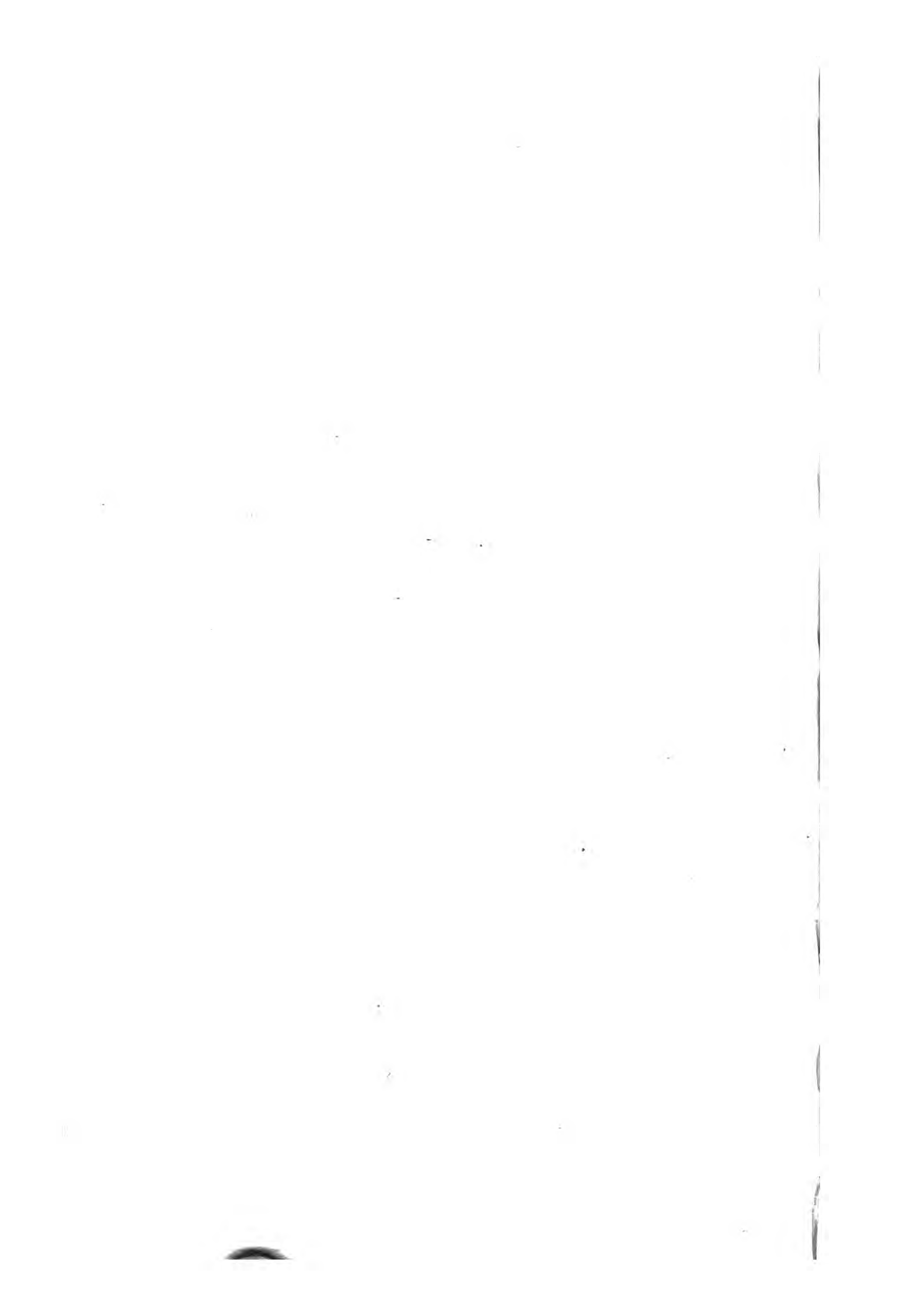
E. S.

TUTTI FRUTTI.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

VOL. I.

B



THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

“ Oh! there's a word, which on the raptur'd ear
In accents falls more exquisite and dear
Than vows of love, or music's softest tone,
Which hath a spell of magic all its own.
Less sweet, when first in youth we're doomed to roam,
Sounds the belov'd, the hallow'd name of Home.”

ELIZA RENNIE.

FOR many years I had been a wanderer through this most strange and wonderful world, and at this moment I have just arrived from Africa, where I had been to visit the Pacha Mehemet Ali. I experienced a mingled sensation of pleasure and astonishment upon finding myself *post varios casus* once more in my native country; like that votary of pleasure who, after seeking for a new and more refined delight,

ended by determining to sleep one night at home!

Occupied with these and similar reflections, I one evening jumped into my *droschke*, and “drove a steeple-chase,” or, to speak more plainly, through fields and woods, over hill and dale, deep sands and stumps of trees, till I arrived at the lonely and unfrequented village of K—— W——.

My complexion was deeply bronzed, my hair of the darkest oriental hue, my dress, my carriage and its ornaments, my horses, my harness, all were of the same melancholy sable colour; this dark picture contrasted beautifully with the bright serenity that reigned in my own bosom, and which rarely leaves me when alone.

I might have been taken for a fashionable elegant travelling clergyman, or even for Mephistopheles himself, who, as we know from good authority, assumed the character of a doctor theologiæ.*

* See Goethe's Faust.

After travelling a short time, I came to a river which had widely overflowed its banks. It was on the third of May, and the snow was not entirely dissolved on the summit of the neighbouring mountains. The foaming torrent was dashing to atoms the last *rudera* of a broken bridge, and playfully danced and gambolled through the shattered fragments. Sclavonian peasants (but since their philanthropic emancipation no longer slaves) were employed in useless endeavours to bind together the remaining parts of the bridge.

I observed at a distance, that the river was broader, and its current less impetuous, and I hoped there to find a ford by which I might pass over. "What is the name of this river?" I demanded of a Vandal peasant, who stood staring at me, with open mouth and his hands thrust into the torn pockets of that article of dress the name of which is unpronounceable by ladies. "Black Schöps!" (sheep), answered he, laconically, without being the least abashed,

or appearing aware of the singular coincidence of the reply; though, for myself, I could not forbear reflecting upon the theological sables in which every thing belonging to me was arrayed.

After some delay and trouble I succeeded in extracting from him, that it was impossible to ford the river in that neighbourhood, and that I must content myself with taking a side road, which led to a small town on the great road, where I should be sure of finding comfortable quarters for the night. It was certainly a circuitous route; but to a man accustomed to travel over the globe it was of little importance, as he is always at home, or, at least, he can at any time take refuge in his carriage; the more uncertain and doubtful may be his future prospects, the more it enhances enjoyment; in fact, this unexpected interruption pleased me, as it aroused me from a sort of sleepy languor in which I had sunk; and giving the reins to my light Arabians, I arrived at my destination

just as the sun was sinking behind the golden summits of the mountains.

A fat good-natured landlady came smilingly to meet me, her laughing eyes plainly indicating, that she was anticipating the rich harvest she was likely to reap from such an unaccustomed guest, and she herself afforded me her powerful assistance to descend from the carriage.

Upon inquiry I found, that everything here was under the influence of that sign of the zodiac called the ram. The village was denominated Bocksberg (rams' hill); the river, as we before observed, was termed the Black Sheep; and the inn, a dark monastic building, was entitled the Golden Lamb! A representation of the latter was carved in stone, which, mutilated and pitiful, looked down upon me, in an attitude of contemplation, from the projecting gable end of the house. It had been probably erected in former times as an emblem of the Redeemer, but was now degraded into a sign

for an inn, while, instead of its former gilded fleece, it was now painted a bright yellow.

Notwithstanding the uninviting exterior of the gloomy inn, I was conducted into a spacious lofty chamber, in which was a gigantic four-post canopy bed, and this, together with the antique furniture, was more clean, neat and convenient than is usually found in the small towns of our beloved country.

I cast my eyes around upon the walls; they were hung with half-decayed paintings and drawings, and I was not a little astonished to find among them a very striking portrait of one of my own family, who had been the guide and model of my youth.

“From whence have you procured this portrait?” demanded I of the landlady. “May it please your grace, that is the Starost * B——, my old master and benefactor, whom I served as

* A Polish title of a nobleman who is governor of a royal castle and the surrounding districts.—*Translator*.

lady's-maid, or rather," said she smiling, and suddenly correcting herself, "it was in the service of the countess that I lived for twenty-one years, and of that happy time this portrait still remains as a memorial." "Oh, I understand you," said I laughing, fixing my eyes steadfastly upon her. I saw, that there was still visible, notwithstanding the furrows of age, some *beaux restes* of the waiting-maid's former beauty, and though more than twenty years had elapsed, yet I immediately recognized the acquaintance of fourteen.

Oh, Time! I saw in the countenance before me, as in a looking-glass, thy ravages, and I reflected with regret on the havoc thy effacing finger would make on myself. The usual civilities attending the revival of old acquaintance-ship passed over, and on my part with the greatest cordiality; but in this I was surpassed by my new friend, who, though not a lady of distinction, had no cause to complain of my want of gallantry.

In this she was unlike the French lady who, after receiving a visit from one of her suitors, who seemed surprised at the alteration he found in her, exclaimed, with vivacity: "Eh, Monsieur, appelez-vous cela connaître?"

Poor Cathinka had already long since passed the sunny side of life; but, thank Heaven, that was not my case. She overwhelmed me with the most *recherchée* flattery; even a practised courtier might have taken a lesson; among other things she did not forget to tell me of my youthful beauty, and reminded me of the never-to-be-forgotten masked ball given twenty-four years ago, (to which I shall have occasion to refer at a future period,) where there was not a more charming pair than the Countess B—— and myself; to which I answered with a sigh of mingled pleasure and regret. "Well, never mind," said Cathinka, "our youth and beauty have become a tale of other times, for I believe we are both of the same age." "Thank Heaven!" said I, "you have made such a happy discovery; rest satisfied in your belief, and be

assured, that faith can do more than remove mountains."

In the mean time, as an old traveller, I did not lose sight of my usual principle, "qu'il faut faire flèche de tout bois," a proverb, the wisdom of which, when applied to the affairs of life, is inexhaustible; and as love was here no longer the order of the day, I resorted to the kitchen, having remembered that, when Cathinka was young and pretty, she displayed considerable talent in the culinary art, and I therefore concluded, that she was probably become by this time a most accomplished artist.

I took advantage of former reminiscences to fan into a flame the slumbering fire of my hostess's ambition, hoping she would exercise it upon that fire which was so necessary an appendage to her art.

She obligingly promised wonders, and, in truth, the *souper* was served in a style calculated to please a much more fastidious gourmand than myself; it was, indeed, far superior to

what the external and monastic appearance of the Golden Lamb had led me to expect.

My kind readers must be by this time too well aware of my taste for terrestrial enjoyments, to doubt for a moment, that I rendered all due honours to the talents of my accomplished cuisinière.

As soon as I had reduced to ashes two genuine Havannahs, I sought repose, with my beloved Government Gazette in my hand, from which I gleaned the following important intelligence! A Russian courier had arrived, but what he came to *say* we are left to *guess*. The manager of the court theatre had celebrated his jubilee, and the company had sung "All hail, with victory crowned!" And that the cross of honour, which already glitters on the breasts of myriads, was now conferred even upon his majesty's court tailor! whose acknowledgments for the honour were no doubt extremely edifying; but before I finished reading the article, sleep stole softly and insensibly upon me.

I had sojourned in the land of dreams about two hours, when a remarkably disagreeable sensation slowly awoke me; with pain and difficulty I opened my eyes, and believing that I was still dreaming, I beheld an old, sallow looking woman standing before me, clothed in an antiquated dress of ash-grey colour. She looked sorrowfully down upon me as I lay in bed, and held in her hand a large key, while a bunch, consisting of several others, was suspended by her side.

Stupified by amazement, I gazed upon her; she carried in her other hand a lamp, which emitted a pale sickly flame; this she slowly raised above me, when its flickering light and feeble rays occasionally faintly illuminated her cadaverous countenance, while the mouldering decayed hangings floated in the dismal twilight.

I felt utterly enfeebled, whether by terror or by some supernatural influence I know not, but recovered my self-possession in a few seconds, and attempted to start from my bed to seize

this unearthly looking phantom, when she, with a half sorrowful half angry countenance, menaced me with the uplifted key, and as I involuntarily fell back, suddenly pressed it upon my naked throat.

The touch of the cold steel seemed to enter my veins like the stab of a dagger, and for a moment I lost all consciousness. When I again looked around me, lamp and figure had vanished, and every object was once more shrouded in darkness. I fearfully turned my eyes towards the wall, where the spectre re-appeared for a moment, slowly retreating, surrounded by a pale blue melancholy light. No, by Heaven! this is too foolish, said I, encouraging myself, and breaking out into a violent fit of forced laughter; is it possible to dream so absurdly: for no rational man can give it any other explanation. I sought for the decanter of water, and drank a large glass of it, then carefully groped with my hands through the room, until trembling with cold, and with my nerves unstrung, I returned

to my bed, and, wrapping myself in the bed-clothes, did not awake till the light dawned through my windows; the day-beams chased away every remnant of the disagreeable feelings of the night; but I was much surprised to find, that I had a severe pain in my neck, and that it was slightly swollen.

My toilette, which was made conformably with the rules laid down by Goethe for a man of forty, was only half finished when Cathinka made her appearance with the coffee; the moment she opened the door, "tell me," said I, "how is it, that you permit such lovely female visitors to entertain your guests in your old Gothic *neste*?" "Heavenly mercy!" stammered Cathinka, at the same time nearly dropping the pot of boiling coffee, "most certainly the wife of the treasurer Rasius!"

"What have you to do with the treasurer Rasius?" "Ah, my honoured lord, the pleasure I felt in seeing you destroyed all recollection of the room to which I had conducted you; yes,

it is too true! though for a long time the apparition has not appeared, and singular to say, seems to have come now for the sake of alarming you!"

"No, no," rejoined I, my vanity somewhat piqued, "the ghost perhaps chose the worst person in the world on whom to make an impression, but what is it then about this foolish apparition?"

"Oh, Jesus Maria! do not attempt to insult the spirit; who knows but you may be the person destined to find the treasure, the crown, the cross, and altogether!"

"My good Cathinka, what folly! I have already discovered a lost treasure in thee, but those which consist of gold and jewels, I have never yet been so fortunate as to find; besides, I believe it is more my destiny to lose than gain, but sit down, take your coffee with me and relate the history."

Cathinka did not require a second invitation, but placing herself opposite to me, after hearing

my adventures during the night, continued as follows :—

“About the beginning of the last century, there reigned here the rich and powerful Count P——, of whom you must have often heard; he possessed nearly all the extensive, but now divided, lordships in the province, and resided principally at his hunting seat in uninterrupted tranquillity and splendour, the ruins of which are still visible in the neighbouring forest. He was kind and munificent towards the poor, and universally beloved. When about fifty years of age, he fell in love with a citizen's daughter of this town; she was beautiful and amiable, and though only a poor lace-maker, yet her virtue resisted all attempts to subdue it. At length, notwithstanding her low birth, he consented to marry her. His immense domains were a feudal tenure, and the presumptive heir was a cousin, a man of bad character and ill conduct, and was thought capable of perpetrating any deed how-

ever foul ; he therefore left no method untried to prevent his rich cousin from marrying.

“ Things were in this state, when the count one day returned from hunting, and after partaking of some refreshment, became almost immediately very unwell. It was darkly rumoured, that his presumptive heir was answerable for his illness. There had been suddenly contracted a violent intimacy between him and the treasurer Rasius ; this man was of a dark, morose disposition ; but the character of his wife was even still more disliked, and the whole country believed her capable of committing any act however bad, which her interest or inclination prompted.

“ The count, after a severe and lingering illness, slowly recovered, but never regained the full possession of his faculties ; he became a prey to the deepest melancholy, sat day and night in a darkened chamber, and spoke of nothing but his beloved Maria, who during his in-

disposition suddenly disappeared from her native town.

“ When this event was first announced, the count was inconsolable ; grief rendered him nearly frantic, but, to the surprise of his attendants, he all at once became peaceful and tranquil ; he awaited the return of his Maria with patient resignation, for he was constantly assured that she would certainly be with him the following day, and his only pleasure appeared to be in that hope.

“ He purchased for her the most expensive ornaments and jewels ; he had a statue of her carved in wood, which he placed in the centre of his apartment, and is now to be seen in the castle of a prince in Silesia. He was accustomed to amuse himself in the most childish manner with the wooden figure, believing it to be his beloved Maria, and adorned it with jewels, dresses and finery of every description.

“ It is singular that, from the commencement of his delirium, he attached himself to the trea-

surer Rasius, made him his bosom friend, and was scarcely ever separated from him. This excited the more surprise, as previous to this event the count had ever treated him with neglect, and had invariably displayed towards him the most rooted antipathy; and yet to this man only was confided the custody of the precious image; he alone was permitted to bring it when the count wished to see it, and to return it in the most mysterious manner to its place of concealment. The wealth that had been lavished on it was immense, the crown which encircled the head was so valuable, that the diadem of the king of Poland was a mere theatrical gewgaw when compared with it, and a cross of rubies was so rich, that it would require the revenue of more than one prince to purchase it.

“ In a short time the count was declared incapable, in consequence of his mental alienation, of managing his affairs, and his profligate cousin died most unexpectedly after a short illness.

“ In the absence of an heir, his feudal estates

reverted to the crown, and now commenced the absolute, uncontrolled reign of the dreaded, unprincipled Rasius.

“It was to the unhappy subjects a reign of tyranny and terror.

“The unfortunate sufferer himself was confined to his own hunting seat, but the secret of his fate ever remained involved in mystery. It is probable that, after many years of confinement and insanity, nature became exhausted, for his death was publicly announced, and his lifeless corse exposed to the gaze of his once happy subjects, to whom he had invariably evinced the attachment of a friend and a father ; the altered appearance of the body gave rise to many dark mysterious reports and surmises ; it was said that, when Rasius approached the state bed, the deceased opened his eyes, which appeared to gaze frowningly on his gaoler, and were with difficulty again closed.

“As there was no heir, the officers of the crown took possession of the domains of the late count,

and of a small sum of money, but the valuable jewels belonging to the statue were never heard of, and their destination remains to this day unknown. Rasius resigned his office as treasurer, and purchased the monastery for his dwelling-house, which I now occupy as an inn.

“He established himself in the most magnificent style of living, but always seemed as if some secret grief was corroding his soul, while every year brought fresh desolation to his house, for death smote in succession his four children.

“He became misanthropic, and his inhospitable gates were equally barred against friend and stranger; he passed his days without any other society than that of his demon wife; my grandmother knew her well, and often informed me of her utter inability to sleep—like lady Macbeth, she was to be seen walking backwards and forwards through the long corridors, dressed in the same costume in which you, my lord, last

night beheld her. Many others have also seen in this chamber the same unhappy spirit; that part of the wall, through which you saw her vanish, was the door which formerly led into her room, and which my husband twelve years since closed up. But, alas! what avails it to people of her class, to whom it is as easy to enter through a wall as it is to us mortals through a door!

“ But, to finish my story, which I fear you have already found too long, I shall only add, that we must all die, and so it befell the wicked Rasius, but heaven preserve us from following him to his destination. Of all his relatives or children the only survivor was his unhappy wife, whose nocturnal promenades were the terror of the whole household; at length her hour struck; courier after courier was dispatched to her sister, who resided at a considerable distance; the large key she never parted from day or night, but incessantly cried most anxiously for her sister. She made use of the most horrible imprecations, uttered curses which no mor-

tal may repeat, and my sainted grandmother never mentioned her name without crossing herself.

“ Her sister came not! and the miserable woman constantly held in her clenched hand the massive key, which they were obliged to bury with her, as her dead fingers grasped it with the force of an iron vice, and the most powerful efforts to unloose it were ineffectual.

“ Every room in the house was searched for the treasure; the floors were taken up, the cellars examined, the garden dug up, but all in vain, and the only person who has become enriched is the apothecary, whose house once formed part of this; he fished up some old plate out of the draw-well engraved with the arms of the P—e family. Whether he has found the whole treasure I cannot tell, as the unhappy spirit still makes her nightly visits and perambulations, and always disappears through the same closed up door. My poor dear husband once beheld her, but I, God forgive the sin! derided

his tale; however, from your adventure last night, I now firmly believe that the hidden treasure is concealed in that room, and I will have it immediately explored, for who can tell what will happen? still, ill-gotten wealth does not prosper, and perhaps it would be better to leave it to the care of the evil one; what think you, my lord?"

"Most certainly," I replied, "it is not prudent to eat cherries with such illustrious personages as his satanic majesty!"

. . . "Lord Jesus!" shrieked Cathinka, and fell senseless on the floor. I involuntarily turned my eyes towards the door, and beheld a being similar to that which I had seen during the night, with an uplifted key in her hand, turning with a half-laughing, frightful-looking grin towards me; to spring up and seize her, with no very gentle hand, was the work of a moment, but the flesh and blood which I felt, and the miserable whine which she uttered, caused me immediately to unloose my grasp.

“ From whence comest thou, and what will'st thou here?” cried I sternly, irritated as I was by terror. The only answer which I received was an incomprehensible murmur, while she again lifted up the key.

Cathinka at this moment opened her eyes and gazed upon the gray unknown; then immediately starting up with recovered roses in her cheeks, exclaimed “ Is it possible, Liese! and with the lost key of my garden-gate? The poor wretch has been nearly the death of me; but how has she got in here, and what has she been doing during the night?”

A pantomimic dialogue now commenced between them, when Cathinka assured me that the dumb idiot had not been my nightly visitor, for that she had only this moment entered the room, having found the large garden-key, which had been lost yesterday, and that she had passed the night down stairs, where, out of compassion, a bed had been arranged for her.

So then, thought I, Liese is the sleep-walker, but after a more minute examination, I observed that her clothes, the form of the key, and her whole appearance, were altogether different from that of my nocturnal visitor; and even granting it was Liese, how could she have procured the antiquated lamp? and how could she have disappeared through the wall? which I was positively certain she did; and thus I was as full of doubts as ever, and no other way of accounting for my vision remained, except by imagining that I had fallen into a sort of magnetic slumber. I was too sceptical to believe that I had really seen a supernatural being, and my enlightened readers, who, I dare say, are still more so, will certainly entertain even stronger doubts.

But the time of my departure arrived; I presented poor Liese with a recompense for my rough treatment, took a cordial farewell of my old friend the hostess, and proceeded to the ruins of the Hunting Tower, in which the old Count P—— breathed his last.

Thus I left this ominous small town in a somewhat singular frame of mind. It was such a one as might have given rise to either weeping or laughing; or, like the "Knight of La Mancha," it might have led me to take each windmill for a giant.

I continued my route for some time absorbed in contemplation, and wove one web of speculation after another, until I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by the loud gabbling of a flock of geese. Upon looking up, I perceived two large gray ganders arrayed against each other in mortal combat. I pictured them to my imagination as two knightly princes, who, armed in a panoply of gray feathers, were disputing their individual rights; while the ladies, arrayed in a circle, like the high dames in a balcony, encouraged their champions with their gentle feminine gabble, and with their long necks extended towards heaven, invoked the god of war to crown with victory the warrior they most loved.

I could not help admiring the devoted courage of these feathered combatants, who returned again and again to the charge, so unlike the princes of our own species, who leave their contests and dissensions to be decided by the geese, their subjects; and these are so obliging as to fight till death for interests not their own.

I, however, as a higher power, humanely interfered to terminate the deadly strife, and resolved at a future time to pen the record of their bravery with their own feathers.

Then am not I also a species of feathered knight, a member of the newly revived order of *Force is Law*, but who, instead of drawing a sword, wield a quill, which, in the hands of him who is accomplished in its exercise, will inflict a wound deeper than that of the sword?

It is not a little singular that the most influential and formidable feathered heroes of modern times have the same name as the mighty sword heroes of olden time: I mean the Ritter

Burggrafen* of ancient Germania, who were called *Advocati!*

An extensive forest now received me into her

* Knight earls, proprietors of fortified castles and the adjoining districts, originally held by feudal tenure of the emperor. In many instances they exercised the rights of a sovereign. The principal towns, whose names terminate in burg, for instance, Magdeburg, Augsburg, Coburg, Salzburg, &c. were formerly fortified towns and earldoms. They were a most powerful class in the middle ages, constituted the aristocracy of that period, and lived in great military splendour. Renowned for their bravery, with a power almost despotic, they were objects of dread alike to the emperor and the people. Acts of the most atrocious cruelty are recorded of them. They were eternally warring with each other, and in too many instances were supported entirely by rapine. These castles, almost invariably situated upon high hills, were at that time nearly impregnable. The ruins are still visible in almost every part of Germany, particularly in Thuringia, on the banks of the Danube, the Rhine and the Neckar. One reason of their preference for these situations was, that they were accustomed to throw chains across the rivers, for the purpose of intercepting the boats, either to compel the owners to pay toll, or to rob them. The stones to which the chains were attached are in some places yet visible. The title still exists, but the power has passed away into other hands, namely, the thirty-five sovereign princes who now reign over Germany.—*Translator.*

lonely shades; the timid game broke here and there through the crackling brambles; the cuckoo, like Kobold's* scream, sounded its mystic note of spring; the wonted composure of my breast returned, and I dismissed all recollection of the disagreeable vision of the preceding night.

At length I arrived at the termination of my journey, after a tiresome drive, owing to the difficulty of finding my way through unfrequented paths; and here, upon the sloping declivity of a hill, was situated the ruins of the Hunting Tower, where the unhappy count closed his existence of suffering.

The romantic environs were beautifully contrasted with its dreary history: majestic pines, which had flourished for centuries, overspread with their black folding mantles the blooming lawns and meadows; young groves of birch, with their tender shooting leaves and rich

* A German goblin.

foliage covered the deep vale, and the small stream rushed through the alder bushes and underwood, like innumerable lizards, in a thousand fantastic windings, until it lost itself behind the crumbling walls of the old tower.

How beautiful, how glorious are thy works, O God! was my mental prayer. It is thy creation alone! By what secret destiny is it, that man is excluded from enjoying it? Why does he roll for ever the stone of Sisyphus, whilst the birds of the air sing and carol, and the flowers of the field exhale their balmy fragrance, thoughtless of the following day? Dearly do we pay for our superior knowledge, dearly for the enjoyed fruit of the forbidden tree!

In this manner I soliloquized, and felt alternately both pain and pleasure. Then, how unfathomable are the depths of our soul! I wished to vent my rapturous feelings upon some living object of God's creation, and as no other presented itself, I embraced and patted my magnificent horse Rustan, once the charger of a fana-

tical Mechabite, but now Pegasus in the car of a Christian philosopher.

That noble animal, conformably with the instinct implanted in him by nature, and like all true Arabians, whether on the banks of the Red Sea or the Black Schöps, displays the greatest sagacity, and like a faithful dog, fawning with affection upon his master, now showed his delight in his bright expressive eye, and endeavoured by every sign of mute eloquence to make me understand that he comprehended my tenderness for him, and participated in it.

For such horses we may, I think, be permitted to feel a sort of passion. It is most unjust in the writers of ancient and modern romances to ridicule noblemen for their attachment to horses and dogs; is it not desirable to have some living object upon which to place the affections? whereas, in the present day, both noble and citizen are principally attached to their purses.

The wandering Arabs are more interested in a horse than a man, and treat him with greater distinction. This reminds me of a French general who had a command in the expedition to Egypt. At a later period of his military career he marched through my domain on that *partie de plaisir* to Russia, to behold the sublime illumination of Moscow; he remained for some days at my castle, which he appeared to regard as his own, and extended his courtesy so far as to invite me every day to dinner in my own house! This brave man returned to me on his retreat, and begged, *pour Dieu*, that I would give him an old coat. During the time he remained with me he related many anecdotes of the Arabian horses; some extremely interesting, and among others one of a captain of a band of robbers, who possessed two genuine Nedjyds, through whose fleetness he set all dread of captivity at defiance: their genealogy he traced to the time of Abraham. The abode of the robber

was a small fortress in the midst of the desert, surrounded by a deep moat sixteen feet broad. Himself and son, a lad of about fifteen, were the only inhabitants. It had no bridge or communication with the main land, and every time they left their fastness, or returned to it, their fleet and faithful Nedjyds, like winged Mercuries, bore them safely across the moat, while the rest of the band lay encamped in tents on the sands.

I begged permission to doubt the correctness of their genealogy, supported, as I was, by the authority of Burckhardt. The general exclaimed in a passion, "Comment, monsieur, vous en doutez? Savez vous qu'il n'y a pas un cheval de race parmi les Arabes, qui n'ait son extrait baptistaire?" "Dans ce cas," answered I, "les missionnaires, ont été plus heureux en Arabie que dans l'Inde."

He observed his blunder and laughed heartily; for with this amiable thoughtless people everything terminates in a laugh: and when, at a later

period, I equipped the brave fellow from my wardrobe, his risible muscles were again strongly excited, as he assured me "que la dernière campagne avait été diablement fraîche," but promised to repay me with interest the following year; but it so happened that at Grossgörschen* the powerful Herr von Rumpelmeier † drew upon him a bill of exchange, which he vainly protested, and thus I lost both principal and interest.

If my readers believe that any singular adventure took place within the decayed walls of the lonely Hunting Tower, or that I found in a

* Where an important battle was fought between the combined armies of Russia and Prussia against the French, in the year 1813; both armies claim the victory; the Germans call it in their annals the battle of Grossgörschen, while the French term it the battle of Lützen. This was also the theatre of the celebrated conflict in the year 1632, between the Swedes, commanded by the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, and the Imperialists, under Wallenstein; the two greatest generals of their time. The Swedes were victorious, but they lost their heroic king.

† A figurative expression for a cannon.

niche a blotted half mouldering manuscript, or that the riddle of the preceding night was unravelled, I am sorry to say that they will be disappointed.

I forgot to tell thee, beloved reader, that I was accompanied by a servant, a dumb Moor; and, if it were compatible with my convenience, I would have him blind also, like the fair Italian in the Opera, who wished for a husband gifted with both these accommodating defects. To a fantastical hermit like myself nothing is more disagreeable than the tiresome observations of a prattling servant; besides I require very little attendance, as I can perform for myself those services which are absolutely necessary, add to which, my horses and black servant admirably understand each other.

I gave the latter the reins and threw myself back in the carriage, for the sake of enjoying more completely the beauties of nature and my own thoughts.

We passed through several smiling villages;

the young seeds bursting from their earthly prison; the blue heavens, the fruit trees covered with the first blossoms of spring, the lindens, the sweet balmy air,—all together would have sufficed to make a less fertile tract of earth a paradise!

Absorbed in such exhilarating feelings, I entered, as it were, the temple of God, my own religious thoughts; for the presence of our Heavenly Father is diffused over all space, hence he is not the mysterious invisible being which some theologians represent him, and many philosophers seek for. He appears to each individual in a different form, and the most cultivated mind is capable of feeling and understanding him under other names and familiar representations; one sees him in the object of his dearest affections; another in the sublime magnificence of the setting sun; a third in the majestic dome of the forest, animated by myriads of aerial songsters; or in the pure enjoyment which results from the performance

of a benevolent action, and in a hundred others ; but in all these one unerring sign always appears where God is present, and without him it is never visible, namely, pure heavenly happiness.

Believe not, therefore, frail mortal, that this happiness is only found in the Bible or in the Koran, with priests or with mollahs, in the church or the mosque ; be assured it exists wherever thy spotless soul elevates itself to the Almighty, and thou art found practising the precepts of strict morality. God, therefore, be praised, the cross and suffering, self-denial, sacrifice of animals, and death, are not necessary ; but love for God and the whole human race—this is true religion ; it is consolation, protection, and happiness ; it insures to thee every pleasure that reason sanctions, and redoubles it by holiness and sanctification.

Wherever thy worship and adoration is offered up, whether in the temple of God, or

the temple of nature, let it be the offering of thanksgiving and gratitude.

In this frame of mind I found myself, and sung, as it were, "for a wager with the lark," my hymn between the exordium and the sermon, when I turned my eyes towards a bleak, uncultivated hill, upon which was erected a high gibbet, surrounded by waving multitudes of human beings.

It reminded me of the old story of the shipwrecked mariner, who was cast upon what he believed to be an uninhabited island, till, suddenly beholding a gallows, roared out with a burst of joy, God be praised! I am in a civilized land.

I cannot say this herald of civilization afforded me the same satisfaction, and though I admit their necessity, yet I detest executions ever since I beheld an old man of seventy-five hung at Berne, in Switzerland, for stealing linen from a bleaching ground, about three shillings and sixpence in value; add to which, when I was

very young, I saw a poor soldier, in the town of K——, run the gauntlet,* for life and death, merely for collaring an inhuman lieutenant, but who, notwithstanding, has since become a general of distinction.

It has invariably been my rule, whenever I meet with any thing worthy of observation, not to pass it by unnoticed; I, therefore, descended from my carriage and mingled among the spectators.

The criminal was a murderer, and circumstances of fearful interest were connected with the deed, and if we assent to the right of justice

* A military punishment, now much in disuse, and, for the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped, that it will become entirely obsolete, and be left to moulder among the remnants of barbarism from whence it emanated. It was inflicted in the following manner: two rows of soldiers were placed in parallel lines, opposite each other, armed with a switch; the unhappy delinquent was stripped to the middle, and thus compelled to run between the lines, the length of which was determined by the enormity of the crime; the soldiery were obliged to strike him as he passed, and the unfortunate offender has not unfrequently fallen a victim to its severity.—*Translator.*

to proceed thus far, in this instance, at least, she had sufficient excuse.

The organ of cruelty must have been strongly developed in the miserable delinquent, as when young, and during the time he was employed as a shepherd's boy, the juvenile monster took the faithful dog who shared with him the care of the flock, amputated his legs, put out his eyes, and in this horribly mutilated state buried him in the sand up to the head, which he then smeared over with honey. Human nature is outraged by acts of such fearful atrocity !

This instance of barbarity appears to me more culpable than the murder of a human being, which is perpetrated from motives of interest. For crimes committed against the brute creation there is no law, and the highest order of animals can as little judge the actions of men, as we can those of angels or demons.

Would not a better system of education, not only in the seminaries for youth, but even for adults in the great school of society, by a

reform and revision of the penal laws, and their improved administration, be the means of sparing humanity a thousand such revolting spectacles ?

Sanguinary punishments are of little efficacy in preventing crime, for the state of general intelligence, and the tone of public opinion is the soil out of which springs both good and evil : the axe will certainly cut down the full grown tree, but new sprouts shoot rapidly out of the ground when it is manured with gore.

Society, when she neglects the inculcation of right principles in her members, must eventually be herself the sufferer ; but the consequences of crime will overtake the individual still sooner, either by the punishment awarded by the law, or, if he escapes that, by the ignominy and shame which hunt him from his fellow men ; or, if he evades both these, by the stings of an upbraiding conscience, which will constantly goad him with the dread of one of these alternatives, namely, the loss of that power which pro-

fects him, or the discovery of the crime which now lies buried in obscurity.

It is true there are exceptions to all this, but we must feel that it is a dangerous experiment to war against public opinion, to contemn the judgment of those among whom we live; for as man is a being destined for society, he finds that the knowledge of himself is only elicited by collision with his fellow men. For, as Goethe beautifully says, "it is only man in a state of society who perfectly comprehends even inanimate nature, and it is certainly only man in a social state who dignifies, exalts, and honours human nature."

Most certainly the boundless universe also acknowledges and exhibits the perfection of God, of that divinity which lives in Him and with Him!

The unfortunate wretch who now stood on the verge of eternity had declared on examination, and without evincing the slightest remorse,

that he had murdered his comrade merely to become the possessor of a *new coat*, and that he could not resist the temptation which the helpless condition of his sleeping victim afforded him. For the sake of humanity let us hope that such deeds are committed under the influence of insanity.

For this culprit it was impossible to feel the slightest sympathy, as he appeared determined to display every vice, and exhibited in his last moments the most abject cowardice. He lost all self-possession, and the young priest who assisted him up the scaffold was also much agitated; he repeated with the criminal the Lord's Prayer, the words of which the already half-dead malefactor mechanically muttered.

This prayer was certainly on this occasion ill selected, for it seemed frightfully ironical in a man to pray "*Give us this day our daily bread,*" who in a few seconds was to lose his head! The rude multitude laughed, and several revolting irreverent jests fell upon my ear.

The sinner, whose eyes had been already bound, faintly and indistinctly repeated the prayers as they fell from the lips of the ashy-pale spiritual monitor; the last syllable was scarcely pronounced when a melancholy heart-rending groan was heard, and the severed head fell beneath!

“It is very strange,” said an old gray-headed peasant, who stood near me, “but there was dancing again last night under the lindens.”

“How so, old man? What do you mean?” and I turned with an expression of intense curiosity towards the speaker.

“Ah! it is easy to tell that the gentleman is a stranger. Look to the left; do you see that other hill, which appears like the twin brother of this on which we are now standing, with the linden trees on its summit?”

“Certainly,” answered I, for that singular group had already arrested my attention, where seven old linden trunks, entwined serpent like

together, formed at the top one beautiful overshadowing leafy bower.

“Now, then,” continued my informer, “as long as I can remember, and that is a long time, whenever any person was to be executed on this hill, the night previous to it, all those who had formerly suffered were obliged to dance under the seven lindens you see on yonder hill, during the time that the tower clock of Rosenau was striking twelve. The demon ball did not continue longer, but whoever once saw it, remembered it as long as he lived.”

“The rat-catcher to the Count of Rosenau beheld it from the beginning to the end the night before Red Nickel was broke upon the wheel.”

“The moon was at its full, and so bright that you might have picked pins upon the earth. Old Schuldman, for that was the name of the above-mentioned chamber hunter, (kammerjäger,) was returning home from one of his rat-

killing expeditions, singing his little carol in praise of his own prowess; part of the song I well remember, it was as follows:—

“ Long time I’ve reign’d o’er mice and rats,
For lawyers I’ve employed the cats,
Who never cease to snarl and bite
From night till morn, from morn till night.

“ One remedy alone I give,
Which, like all doctors’ draughts and pills,
Soon bids the small *deer* cease to live,
For POISON quickly cures or kills.”

He did not sing from pleasure, but to chase away his fears in passing the dreaded spot. The poisoning old churl was disliked throughout the whole country, because he took advantage of his influence with the Count of Rosenau to injure those whom he disliked; besides this, Old Schuldman was an uncivil ill-natured fellow; and, notwithstanding he was now in the decline of life, yet his surly moroseness made him still feared, but it was now his own turn to tremble.

“ The old man had fortified himself well on

that day without eating and drinking, because, being at the castle, it cost him nothing, as it was always his rule at home, to have his larder very scantily furnished. On the strength of such good cheer he hobbled along with an oaken cudgel in his hand, and a large rat-catcher's sign painted on the back of his coat, as fast as his gouty legs would permit, towards the fatal lindens, beneath which his road led him.

“At that moment the tower clock of Rosenau commenced striking midnight! but ere its first stroke vibrated on the air, a spectral figure jumped out of the thick linden branches, attired in a convict's dress, and fell at his feet, but like a falling cat immediately recovered his legs.

“The renowned chamber hunter was almost dead with fear, and lay motionless, as if he had been bewitched; quick as a flash of lightning, another felon sprung from the linden bower, then a third, and before the second stroke of the tower clock, six pair of horrid mutilated

figures danced before him.* At this moment, an orchestra appeared in the boughs of the trees; the most frightful looking figures that human fancy can depict, were blowing horns, beating drums, scraping fiddles, rattling cymbals, in one clash of discord; and then the vocal music! it seemed as if all the choristers of his infernal majesty were let loose upon earth, sounds resembling the mewling of cats, the chattering of monkeys, the roaring of bulls, the whooping of owls, the braying of asses, the death-howl of dogs, the yells of maniacs, all were mingled in one wild terrific concert.

“ The appearance of the waltzing phantoms was perfectly appalling; those who had been hung, exhibited their livid countenances and blood-shot eyes; those who had been beheaded, were tossing their heads in the air, like a French tambour-major, throwing up his staff to keep time with the music; and, lastly, came one

* As the noble author omitted to furnish his dancers with a band of music, the translator has taken the liberty to supply the deficiency.

who had been broken on the wheel, with his fractured limbs and dislocated joints, dancing before the others like a hampelman, as if he were waiting for Red Nickel, who was so soon to become his partner.

“The fiendish concert ceased, a death-like silence ensued, and the ghosts commenced singing, with sepulchral voices, the following chorus:—

“ Oh, Schuldman! thou art now our guest,
But fear not for thy head,
There's nothing in that empty nest,
So thou hast nought to dread.

“ One hundred years thou'lt live, and then
Thy martyred rats may cheer;
For hell's great judge shall thee condemn,
To scratch* behind thine ear.

“ When this was finished, the man who had been broke upon the wheel rushed forward to

* The Germans in general when irritated, embarrassed, pleased, or in deep meditation, particularly if the subject of their meditations is not easily comprehensible, may frequently be seen performing this little action with great energy.—*Translator.*

seize Schuldman, as if he mistook him for his expected partner, Red Nickel.

“ The brow of the unhappy rat-catcher was bathed with the cold perspiration of agonizing fear, his hair stood erect, his brain reeled, and, in the extreme of mortal anguish, he mustered all his courage and gave heel-money.*

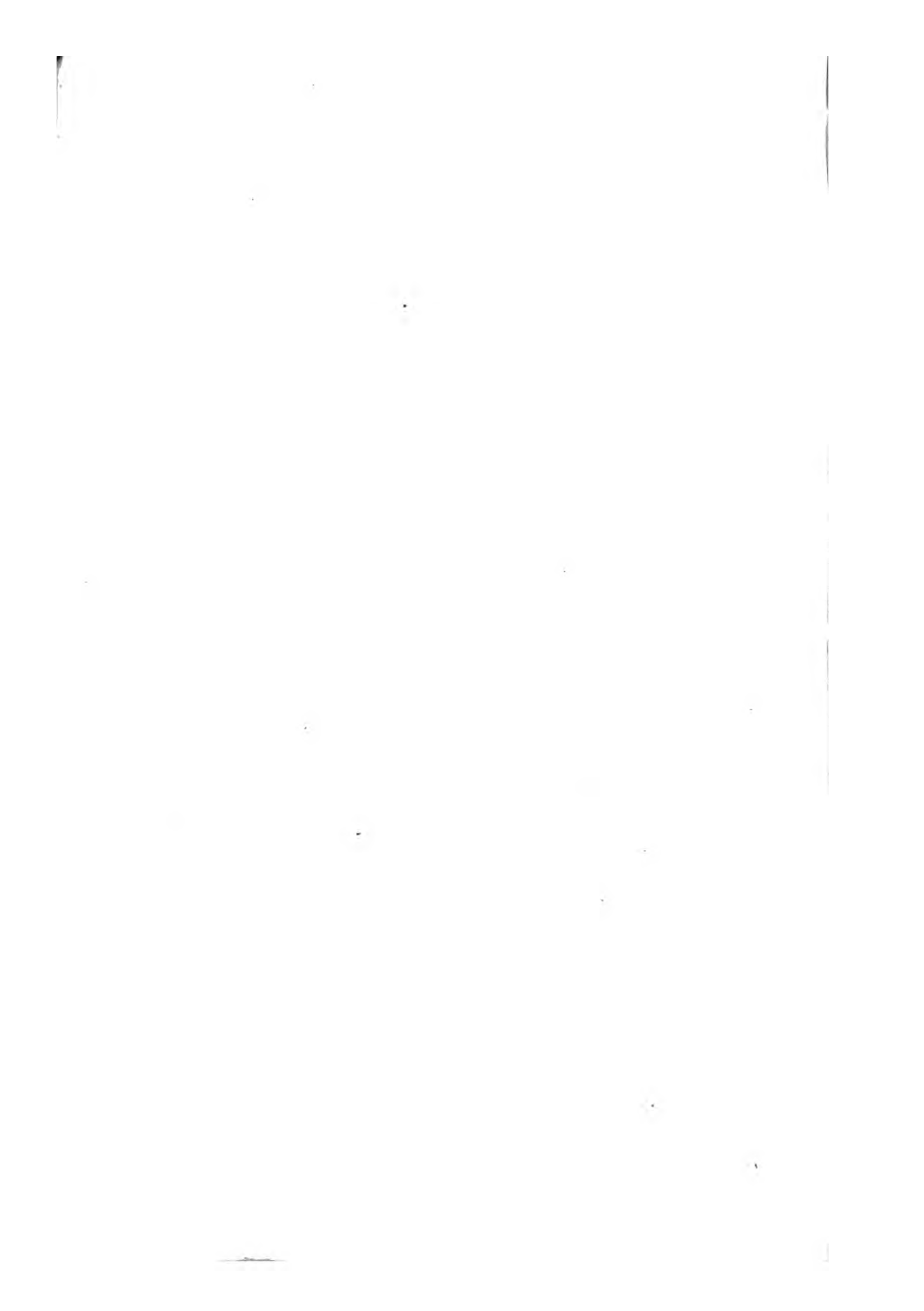
“ Horror lent him wings, and gave the strength and vigour of youth to his gouty legs; once only, as the clock told its last stroke, he mustered courage to look behind him, when he beheld the entire brood sink into the earth with the most horrible howls and imprecations !

“ But to conclude the history of the rat-catcher, when he had twice celebrated his jubilee, that is, when he was 100 years of age, he married a young wife; afterwards he became childish, and died enjoying the full honors of

* Fersengeld had its origin in an old German law, which enacted that any person who deserted his companions on the field of battle should pay a fine.—*Translator.*

his profession. The prophecy of the bad spirits that he should go to hell, has not been fulfilled, as the priest, Father W., assured us that his sentence had been commuted to spending 500 years in purgatory as a blacksmith, which, after all, is a trifle compared with being roasted to all eternity in hell fire!"





TUTTI FRUTTI.

A VISIT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT

OF THE

HERRNHUTERS.



AN
HISTORICAL NOTICE
OF
THE EVANGELICAL BRETHREN,
COMMONLY CALLED
HERRNHUTERS.

As the author of this work received his early education among the society of Herrnhuters, (or Evangelical Brethren), and as its pages will sufficiently attest the depth of the tinge, which in some instances was given to his mind by his youthful associations, I have ventured to compile a slight account of their customs, manners, religion, &c., which will, at least, tend to elucidate on some points the opinions of our author.

About the seventeenth century great numbers of destitute wanderers arrived in Saxony from the interior of Bohemia and Moravia, to escape the persecution of the Austrian government, which was at this time completely under the control of the

Jesuits ; the unfortunate refugees found no safety even in the most inaccessible mountains and impenetrable forests of their native country, from their relentless pursuers ; and they were driven onward till they arrived among the followers of Luther, who afforded them shelter and protection. Their exemplary conduct amply justified the hospitality of their benefactors, and made many proselytes to their religion ; among these was Count Zinzendorf, who exercised a most important influence upon the destiny of the new sect, and may be termed in a certain sense their founder.

This extraordinary man was born at Dresden, about the year 1700 ; his father, who possessed a high character for probity and talent, died when he was very young, by which event his early education was confided to the Baroness Gersdorf, his grandmother, who was remarkably pious, and possessed a highly cultivated understanding ; the lessons she implanted in the ardent, sensitive temperament of her young pupil, awakened in him the most enthusiastic religious feelings ; for, among other excesses of piety, he was accustomed during his childhood to write letters to the Saviour, and throw them out of the window, in the expectation that the Redeemer would find them !

As he advanced in years his enthusiasm, or rather his fanaticism, grew with him, until it assumed ex-

clusive possession of his mind ; finally, he determined to dedicate himself to the support and propagation of his newly adopted tenets. He gave the exiles permission to settle on his estates in Upper Lusatia in Saxony, where they erected villages, the chief of which they termed Herrnhut ; this appellation is derived from a neighbouring mountain, the form being thought to resemble a man's hat.

A memorial stone indicates the spot, where the first tree was cut down by the orders of their benefactor in the year 1722. In process of time he caused himself to be consecrated bishop of the society, and at a subsequent period visited the West Indies, North and South America, and Africa, for the purpose of propagating his religious doctrines.

The indefatigable and ardent industry which he evinced in the prosecution of his favourite object, excited the admiration and astonishment of his contemporaries. He wrote upwards of a hundred religious books, tracts, catechisms, and hymns ; many of the latter are of a very singular description, a few are inserted by the author in this work. In addition to this he maintained a most voluminous correspondence, in reply to the numerous attacks, which were made upon the tenets of the new sect.

After devoting forty years to establish the prosperity of his religion upon a secure foundation, he

had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts crowned with success ; for the society had become wealthy, numerous, and important, and the consolation was afforded him of dying among them at Herrnhut, in the year 1760. His remains are deposited in the cemetery upon the mountain ; a simple slab of larger dimensions than ordinary is the unostentatious memorial, which indicates to the society the last resting place of their revered patron.

Herrnhut is pleasantly situated between Löbau and Zittau, at the base of a chain of mountains ; it is the central point of the government and commerce of the sect, and the church here possesses the jurisdiction over the corresponding societies, which are scattered in different parts of the globe.

On several occasions, when demanded the nature of their faith by the sovereigns of Germany, their unvarying answer has been, that they professed the doctrines of the Augsburg confession ; but though this embraces the leading points of their belief, yet the distinguishing characteristic of their religion is their constant reference to their inward feelings and inspirations, and the importance they attach to them. In this they resemble, in some degree, the Society of Friends ; however, the paramount feature of their creed is their belief in the omnipotent influence of the Saviour, for in the same manner as the Catholics worship and invoke the intercession of the Madona,

they offer their petitions to the Throne of Grace only through the instrumentality of the Mediator, the "Lamb of God, who bears the sins of the world;" in whose name all their actions are performed. When any important event occurs, they usually exclaim, "It is the will of the Saviour!" And it is only through the conviction of his internal influence being exercised over their minds, that they commence any momentous undertaking. Although it must be obvious, that this is the means of leading them into many errors, yet the excellence of their moral character is not surpassed by that of any other religious sect. They erect, as it were, a barrier between themselves and the temptations, the vices, the vanities of the world; all demoralizing amusements are peremptorily forbidden, and even those, which, though innocent in themselves, are capable of being perverted, such as romance reading, cards, dice, &c. are equally denounced; but in lieu of these, they have their love-feasts, tea and coffee parties, music, and promenades. They regard the Bible as the revealed word of God, and the manner in which Divine Service is performed is imposing from its simplicity; for this purpose a light spacious apartment is selected, unadorned by gilding, painting, or sculpture, but in which the most scrupulous regard is paid to cleanliness; instead of the altar is placed a table, covered with green cloth. Divine

service is performed three times daily, and each time it occupies about half an hour. The sabbath is strictly observed by prayer, reading the Scriptures, sermons, and singing; the latter, in which all join, accompanied by music, is the most sublime part of their public worship; it elevates the soul to God, inspires religious sentiments, relieves monotony, softens the feelings, and is particularly distinguished by its grand solemnity, when the universal burst of thanksgiving ascends as incense to the heavenly regions, an offering of gratitude to the Author and Giver of all good! They endeavour by its means to soften the horrors of death, for, when any member departs this life, it is announced by a performance of sacred music from the highest towers of their churches, and the corpse is conveyed to the cemetery upon a white bier, accompanied by the thrilling blasts of wind instruments, the character of the music being more indicative of joy and thanksgiving, than of sorrow. As far as possible they disarm death of its sting, which they term "going home," and never lament or mourn for the dead.

They have several festivals, some general, and others peculiar to the separate classes; among these the most interesting is one at midnight, on the last day of the year, and that on Easter Sunday, when they meet in the cemetery at day break, to commemorate the resurrection of our Saviour, by singing

hymns, music, and thanksgiving. The Lord's Supper, which is celebrated every fourth Sunday, is also an interesting ceremony.

Their doctrine and discipline, though on some points bordering on fanaticism, yet challenge in others the most unqualified admiration. The firmness and resignation with which they endure the vexations and sorrows of life, the result of their immovable conviction in the divine origin of their faith, is not the least beautiful feature of their character, and this undoubting belief in revealed religion tends to make these interesting people more happy, than all the philosophical writings of Kant, Spinoza, and other metaphysicians, who have disturbed the world by propagating ideas on a subject which no mortal possesses the intellect to comprehend, and which have only the effect of producing scepticism, and thereby rendering man doubting, discontented, and miserable. For as Beattie in his *Minstrel* truly says:—

“ Dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
 Thro' microscope of metaphysic lore ;
 And much they grope for truth, but never hit,
 For why? their powers, inadequate before,
 This art preposterous renders more unfit ;
 Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit.”

They have admirable public establishments for the education of the youth of both sexes, and in this respect they have rendered important services to society. Pure religious feelings, untinged by bigotry, are sedulously instilled, the strictest moral principles inculcated, and their practice enforced. An inviolable regard to truth, obedience to parents and teachers, simplicity of manners, and the practice of industry is taught and enjoined. This system rarely fails of forming virtuous and valuable members of society. Special regard is also paid to the health of the pupils, who devote part of their time to gymnastic and other athletic exercises; it was originally framed by Count Zinzendorf, who was indebted for its most prominent features to the institution at Halle in Saxony, at that time considered as a model of education in Europe.

In the system of government they have constructed, the advancement of the interests of their religious tenets and of morality have been the primary objects considered. It is invariably administered by men celebrated for the sanctity of their manners, and the integrity of their conduct. It is divided into several departments, each of which is exclusively superintended by its officers, who are answerable for their acts to the general synod.

Their dress is extremely plain and subject to cer-

tain regulations, from which they do not deviate ; both brothers and sisters, for so they term each other, on all occasions are attired in the same dark gray. The colour of the ribbon indicates the class to which the latter belong. The girls are distinguished by pink, unmarried women by a deep red, married by blue, and widows by gray or white. There are separate establishments for the unmarried of both sexes, in some respects resembling Catholic convents, in which various useful arts and occupations are carried on. The profits arising from them are devoted to the general benefit, and deposited in what is commonly called the Saviour's box (Heilands Kasse). Their constant employment of time is not only the means of preserving them from those errors and crimes, which idleness and want have a tendency to produce, but it secures to them all the comforts of life, and enables them to provide abundantly for those expensive missions, which they send to every part of the world for the conversion of the heathens.

Particular attention is paid to their cemeteries : that on the Hutberg, the prospect from which is extremely beautiful, is remarkably interesting. It is extensive and appears like a pleasure ground, except that the horizontal grave stones, placed in regular succession, and upon which are carved the

date of the birth and death of the deceased, remind the beholder, that "here the weary are at rest." The line of demarcation between the sexes, which during life is so strictly preserved, is not removed in death, as the men repose on the right, and the women on the left side of the cemetery.

Rousseau maintains that, to obtain an insight into the character of the whole French nation, an intimate acquaintance with ten is sufficient. But the knowledge of one family of the Herrnhuters will make us familiar with all. Industry, cleanliness, neatness, order, tranquillity, and Christian charity, are the distinguishing characteristics of the whole community, both individually and generally.

From this slight sketch, it is apparent, that though their faith has many features in common with that of other denominations of Christians, yet in their manners, customs, and discipline, they differ from most; and though it would probably, on account of the varied character of human nature, be impracticable to carry their religious system into operation on a large scale, yet as it confessedly tends to make good citizens and moral men, it must command the approbation even of those, who are not proselytes to their opinions.—*Translator.*

A VISIT TO THE ESTABLISHMENT
OF THE
HERRNHUTERS.

For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.—*Pope.*

I WAS educated among the Herrnhuters, until I was eleven years of age, when I left them; and when threescore years and ten have rolled over my head, I shall probably return to their retreat of tranquillity and peace.

The proverb says, that wisdom and age are synonymous, but the aphorism, that wisdom does not protect age from folly, is notwithstanding but too true.

Though I have not yet travelled over the half of man's earthly pilgrimage, yet I have learned

to ridicule the follies of others, and to love my own. At a later period I hope to laugh over these also, and to exchange them for others. Therefore, God be praised, during every stage of man's existence, there is something to laugh at, something to enjoy, and something to love, even in folly itself.

If I may be permitted, I shall without further ceremony, conduct my readers into the sitting room of the Inn at K—— W——, where I had made a rendezvous with a very amiable and estimable lady. It is at present the mode, when any person intends to elope with a young and beautiful girl, to send her for a short time to a Herrnhut establishment, in order that she may prepare herself for the intended tour of pleasure. *Le péché en devient plus piquant.*

This was however not the case with me at present, for the lady of my heart lives in England; her person is pleasing, and she has entered into that peculiar age of conquest, which, it is well known, commences there about the age

of forty. We have been for many years the most attached friends, and she is in my opinion by her talented mind and kind benevolent disposition, independently even of her external graces, superior to hundreds of her younger contemporaries; but above all she has always evinced towards me the purest and most unchanging affection, which no wealth can purchase, and to me is invaluable: in one word, it is my Julie.

Notwithstanding her moral excellence she has fortunately some amiable weaknesses, as nothing is more tiresome than perfection. There is also another being besides myself, who possesses a large share of her affections, an *enfant gâté* named Fancy, a being as whimsical as he is graceful, and who is occasionally somewhat formidable, at least when he is visited by a fit of ill humour.—This young English gentleman, or perhaps more correctly speaking nobleman, is a true sprig of the noble Marlborough race at Blenheim, at the hall door of which palace I pur-

chased him, as the slave trade in spaniels was then permitted, though it is impossible to say whether this will always be the case.

I then little dreamed what a serpent I was nourishing in my bosom, with the tenderness of a nurse, I reared the helpless baby to become, oh misery, in later days my successful rival in the good graces of the fair Julie. What ingratitude! after I had carefully transported him over the broad seas in a mixed society of Englishmen,* apes, parrots and Islanders,† all of which I offered with deep reverence at the feet of the queen of my affections.

The Islanders I found useless, therefore I was obliged to send them back to their land of fogs; the horses fulfilled even more than the duties required of them, (a certain method of becoming little esteemed); the apes and parrots occupy their stations in the green-

* In Germany, horses with short tails receive this appellation.

† A frequent designation for Englishmen in Germany.

house and orangeries,—but Fancy arose to a post of the highest influence and importance, he became first a spoiled child, then an idolized favourite, and finally ruler over all.

He is now become the despotic autocrat of the house, fortunate is that person at whom he wags his tail, and woe to that man whose finger he bites, for he has not only to suffer the pain, but also to bear a sharp and angry reprimand; if it was my lot to be honoured with marks, not of his attachment but his teeth, I should laugh heartily, conceal the bleeding finger and say, that pretty Fancy had been licking my hand.

N. B. Those among my friends who happen to be lords of the bedchamber, should not neglect to pay attention to the wisdom of this mode of acting, they may be assured, if they follow it, they will secure a golden harvest, even if they should occupy a post as important as that of a Starost.

About this time the health of my little friend was out of tune, he was also in that state of mind, which the nurses of cross infants are ac-

customed to denominate fractious; the truth was, my beautiful four-footed darling was too much petted at the Herrnhut establishment, which was a perfect *Rocher du Cancale* in the culinary art. Well do I remember during the happy days of my childhood, when the *Liebesmahle** were held, that we usually took with each cup of coffee a large piece of the cake termed *Süsser Heiland*, (sweet Saviour,) and at the hour of evening prayer devoured another long thick slice of the same excellent composition.

The following are a few of the very edifying hymns which the society were accustomed to sing at that time; I copied them from an old hymn-book in my possession. For instance, "The Virgin's Hymn," "The Marriage Hymn," "The Hymn of the Married," &c. &c.†

* Religious love feasts of the society of Herrnhuters.

† The antiquated style of the language, and its mystical signification, render it impossible to do them justice in a translation. In some the author has expressly adopted the Greek character, in order to prevent their meaning from being wilfully perverted.—*Translator*.

Nro. 2270. Vs. 1.

Ihr von dem Flämmelein
Des Bräutigams der Gemein
Brennende Döchtelein,
Ihr Ehe-Vögtelein,
Ihr Elieserlein,
Ihr Vice-Christelein,
Unsres Herrn Jesulein,
Der Euch den Eheschrein
Hat aufgeschlossen fein,
Und Eure Gliedelein,
So sündlich sie auch seyn,
Besprenget und hält rein,
Die Kreuz-Lust-Vögelein
In Eurem Nestelein
Fährt in die Gegend 'nein
Als Wunderbienenlein.

Nro. 2163.

Gott Papa, Mama und Bruderlamm
Das Dreieinigkeit ausspann,
Werdet von der Ehmama
Göttlich sigilliret,
Bis den Bore der Papa
Zu der Berje führet.

Das Hochzeitlied Nro. 1990.

Υιρδ είνε Γναδεν—Εσθηρ
 ενδ ναχ δεμ Λειβε σχθεσηρ
 Δας βηνδεσγλιεδ γεθάρ
 σω σχλιεσσην σιχ διε σιννεν
 ενδ σιε ηιρδ είλιγ ιννεν,
 δας Γοττες σών ειν κναβε ηαρ.
 Γρ είλιγεν ματρωνεν,
 διε ιρ ιν έεθρωνεν
 ημ ηιζε—χρισην σειδ,
 ιρ ερτ δας θευρε ζειχεν
 δαραν σιε χριση γλειχεν
 μιτ ιννιγερ γεβωγεν' ειτ.
 ψ γε ειμνισηολλες γλιεδ
 δας διε έ ελιχεν σαλβεν
 Ιηση άλβεν
 είλιγ γιεβτ ενδ κευσχ εμφητ
 ιμ γεβητ,
 ιν δεμ ηον δεμ ερζερβαρμεν
 σελβς ερφηνδενεν Ουμαρμεν
 ηειν μαν Κιρχενσααμεν σαητ,—
 σει γεσηγενετ ενδ γεσαλβτ
 μιτ δεμ βλωτ,
 δας ηνσερμ μαννε
 δορτ εντραννε
 φύλε είσση ζηρτλιχκειτ
 ζη δερ σειτ

διε φυρ λαμμς γεμάλιν ωφεν
 σειτ δερ σπηρ ίνειν γετρωφεν.
 δας ωβιεκτ δερ έελευτ.

 Das Ehelied Nro. 2114.

Κνηβλειν, δειν μηννλιχες Υησεν
 ις μιρ αρμεν ζημ γενησεν,
 δαςς ιχ αλς ειν τρειτερ κναβε
 Θειλ αν δεινερ κινδέιτ άβε,
 δεινε έιλ' γε ερσε Υηνδε
 σαλβε μιχ ζημ εέβηνδε,
 αφ δερ γλιεδε μεινες λειβες,
 δας ζημ νητζεν μεινες Υειβες
 ηνδ δας περπερωδε ωηλε
 φλιεσσ αυς μεινερ πριεσερ όηλε,
 ηνδ σιε ρεχτ γεσχικλιχ μαχε
 ζη δερ προκκερατορσαχε'
 Δαςς ιχ μεινε Θευρε ριεβε
 μοεγ' ημφασσεν μιτ δερ λιεβε,
 δαμιτ δε μειν Υειβ ημφανγεν,
 αλς ες διρ ζηρ σειτ' ασγανγεν.
 ζη δερ βλητ' γεν λιεβες σχμερζε
 σεγγε ιχ μειν εέέρζε,
 ηνδ δας βλητ δερ ερσεν Υηνδε
 μαχτ δας φωλ βειμ έεβηνδε.

Nro. 1813. Vs. 6.

Gottlob! wir wissens nun, wer Gott ist,
Es ist der Zimmermann Jesus Christ,
Der am Kreuz gestorben zwischen den Schächern,
Von dem es schallet auf tausend Dächern—
Seit einiger Zeit.

But to resume the thread of my narrative, my tiny friend had three cakes with his coffee, at least so I afterwards learned from the waiter, who had just returned from a missionary tour,* from which pole I forget, but where he had to endure many mortifications of the inward man, as his external appearance sufficiently testified ;

* Another missionary, who, instead of eating, was nearly eaten himself, but escaped with the loss of his scalp, during the time this painful operation was performed, composed and sang the following hymn :

“ I am the corn which Jesus sowed,
And now I shall be ground,
Then baked, and by his gift bestowed,
I shall in grace be found,
And should I please his taste, my joy will be
Bright, full, and perfect through eternity.”

Author.

these unlucky cakes were productive of much mischief, which is not surprising when it is remembered that my dear Fancy, who possesses an understanding almost similar to that of man, followed the instructions of the missionary, and took one cake before, another with, and a third after his coffee ;—the consequence of which was, that he now lay at the point of death ; a veterinary surgeon, who had formerly practised in Nova Zembla was summoned, and administered an emetic ; but apprehensive of its explosion, he was placed for the present in an under apartment, on a field bed, and every five minutes the gamekeeper brought in the bulletin.

An hour elapsed without any appearance of a successful result of the remedy, when suddenly the nurse, i. e. the gamekeeper, burst into the room, delight beaming in his animated countenance, exclaiming that a crisis had taken place, and that the medicine which was intended to excite a commotion in the upper house, had

produced a stormy debate in the lower house of the constitution. The news was received with a burst of applause, but in me it produced a train of serious reflections; this, thought I, affords another instance of the importance of a constitution, which has become already a favourite word among the people. And we know, "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

At present however, instead of an upper and lower house, we have in front a visible power, and behind an invisible, but of much more potent influence; the acts of the former consist in deliberation, the deliberations of the latter are made known only by their acts, for, as old field-marshal K—— used to say, "sie kommen mir ganz so vor, wie mein H—— Beide haben Sitz und Stimme, aber beiden nimmt man es verdammt übel, wenn sie laut werden."

But to return once more to my narrative. As tranquillity was re-established in the house, I took advantage of the moment to visit the whole

establishments of the brothers and sisters of the Herrnhuters.

If the clean, cheerful, and unpretending external appearance of the village does not excite approbation and pleasure, those feelings must be called forth when the innate virtues of the inhabitants are known. Whatever may be the opinion entertained of their religious tenets, they have in their practice much which commands the most unqualified admiration.

Tedious and vexatious litigations are unknown among them, and crime is almost equally a stranger; they are united together by bonds of amity and mutual kindness, and their virtues recommend them alike to sovereign and subject. Peaceable and orderly, they give to God and the emperor, what they believe is due to them. They are the objects of much ridicule and sarcasm, hypocrites and canting sharpers are among the epithets applied to them, still they perform the duties of good citizens; for myself I confess I esteem them most sincerely, although I cannot

deny, that some of their customs verge on the ludicrous.

The institution of the brothers, and that for the education of children, I found, if I may be allowed to use the phrase, austere and rigorous.

From the time of entering the seminary till my arrival in the dining-room, my olfactory nerves were reminded in a very disagreeable manner, that the best dinners in the world have a most undignified, untempting commencement.

In these venerable halls, as in China, the mania of modern innovation was unknown; each shade, each custom, each diversion, and arrangement for the employment of time remained unaltered.

Ketta, the favourite diversion of my childhood, was at this moment the occupation on the green of a delighted herd of innocent happy beings, frolicsome and gay as lambs; behind them was the tutor, leading in each hand one of his favourites. I also visited the garden, in which every boy had his small flower-bed. It was here that my passion for gardening first awoke, and I well

remember how often I planned and invented, in order to change its diminutive form and improve its appearance.

One day, while in great haste, I had the misfortune to strike a school-fellow on the head with my hoe, while he stooped down unperceived; his blood streamed upon my flowers, and destroyed my taste for gardening for some time. He was a lovely boy, the Count H—— who, when arrived at maturity, evinced the most promising talents, but in consequence of an unhappy love affair shot himself. His bleeding head, which recurred often to my memory, seemed as it were an omen of his future fate.

After viewing the establishment of the brothers, I was conducted to that of the sisters and the female children. I was much pleased to observe in the latter, that the most studied neatness and cleanliness pervaded the whole, and, notwithstanding the warm season of the year, the rooms were still heated to a most feminine temperature.

The old superintendent had much the appearance of an abbess; her manners, compared with those of the people of the town, were dignified and respectable, in short, she blended in her own person those of the world and the cloister.

As might be expected, she endeavoured to exhibit her establishment in the best point of view, and among other things showed me several sacks full of provisions, and particularly pointed out the different descriptions of work which were executed in the house. "Shoes," said she, "are the only articles of dress that we do not manufacture ourselves. Yes, Yes," cried the old lady, "we provide every thing by our own industry."

The sisters were divided into different rooms according to their ages; in that which contained those of fifteen to sixteen years, I found several interesting and beautiful girls. They rose from their work when we entered, and

the superintendent demanded of each, what part of the world she came from.

“ Frederica, from whence comest thou ?”

Curtsy : “ From Otaheite.”

“ And thou, Henrietta ?”

Curtsy : “ From Labrador.”

“ And thou, dark-eyed Amelia ?”

Curtsy : “ From Africa.”

“ Certainly from the Cape of Good Hope,” added I ; for the person of this damsel was of such ample dimensions, that I concluded she was related to the Hottentot Venus. I was however mistaken, for she had come a still longer journey, from Madagascar.

“ And thou ?” continued the never-tired Abbess, to a flaxen-haired girl.

“ From Greenland.”

The whole exhibition seemed like a menagerie of beauties from every clime and country, and they whined out their answers mechanically, like parrots.

I asked several if they were not frequently

tormented with a desire to return home, but they all replied in the negative, except the fair charmer from Greenland, who, by the way, was not much distinguished for personal loveliness; but I presume she pined for the delicate viands of her native land. Perhaps she had tasted train oil, or even spermaceti, which, I have often heard, tends to make the consumers of them patriotic; at least, this has been frequently remarked of those Greenland invalids who come to Saint Petersburg, to renovate their decayed lungs in that mild climate!

During my progress through the establishment for young ladies, I again met Julie, who had brought thither a relation, a wild little girl.

Sister Kiebitz, a plump, good-natured looking young woman, was our conductress. The pleasing expression of her countenance, and the kindness and sincerity which beamed in her eye, atoned for the absence of all worldly tournure; her general appearance was a mix-

ture of the agreeable and the ludicrous; and, conformably with the fashion of the place, she made a low curtsy every time she answered one of our questions. Whenever she executed this pretty feminine evolution, she carefully placed one foot in advance, then drew the other slowly, until it came in contact with its companion, and thus completed her performance. The young pupil that accompanied her was so lively and volatile, that I thought every moment she would have jumped into my arms; the two were delightful specimens of happy innocence, and prattled like a pair of magpies.

We also found here several exotic plants, but this heterogeneous mixture of children all appeared pleased at heart, and exhibited that gaiety and contentment which is the best evidence, that an establishment for education is well conducted.

Our own little giddy butterfly was at first timid, but soon formed her intimacies and

friendships with children from every clime, and when we visited her in the evening, she was perfectly at home.

Happy age, when each blessed illusion appears invested with the reality of truth !

As my fair friend was waiting to keep a rendezvous, we continued promenading. The scenes which I have so often seen performed at the theatres, such as mysterious love affairs, secret murders, &c. &c. always appeared to me unnatural; but I now found that they were perfectly consistent with the realities of every-day life. We were in the centre of the town, and yet an almost undisturbed solitude reigned in all its streets; and whenever we did encounter a mortal, he continued on his way slowly and silently, like a shadow, unnoticing and unnoticed.

The most animated part of the town, I now discovered to be the church-yard, which served as the central point of reunion, conversation, &c. to the Herrnhuters. When my companion left me, I entered through an ele-

gant gate of a bright green colour, over which was the following inscription in gold letters,

“ REPOSE WITH SECURITY.”

The whole area was inclosed by a cheerful looking thorn hedge ; in the interior were rows of trees with white seats underneath them : the grave-stones lay before me on each side, appearing as if each separate folio volume was spread open, exhibiting in its title page the record of the name, birth and death of the author. What an interesting library to him whose imaginative glance could penetrate beneath, and decipher the eventful history !

A few of the sisters were seated in attitudes of repose or listless thoughtfulness, and looked as if they formed part of the cemetery. Lost in reflexion, I wandered backwards and forwards, when I beheld the gate open, and a tall man enter. As we walked near each other, after a few minutes' silence, I addressed him, expressing my approbation of the beauty and neatness

of the cemetery. "I beg pardon," returned the stranger, in a broad Saxon dialect, "I am not an Herrnhuter, I am from Dresen."* His naïveté amused me, as the good man appeared to believe, that I praised the churchyard for the sake of complimenting him, which he modestly declined: like the well known honest Austrian, who, when hearing a sermon which had the effect of dissolving the whole of the congregation in tears except himself, on being reproved by one of the most violent mourners, answered confusedly, "I hope your grace† will not be angry, as I belong to another Diocese." At a ball which was given at the Hotel de Ville, the Emperor Napoleon demanded of a pretty little Parisienne the profession of her husband. Her naive answer was, "Mon mari fait dans les draps." My companion in the field of death appeared to be a

* The patois for Dresden.

† A common expression of courtesy in Austria.

dealer in the same article, at least if I might judge by the rolls of various colours which he carried under his arm. But as he commenced complaining of the bad times, I thought his comic side was worn out, and took my departure. As I was about to quit the burial-ground, I observed a second inscription, the exact words of which I forget, but the meaning was,

“ THOU ART NOW IN THY TRUE HOME.”

This inscription did not please me. I do not approve those religious doctrines which inculcate, that we are here only on our passage to another world. That we shall all enter into a new state of existence is most certain, and, fortunately for the happiness of man, the truth of this is indisputably established; we should therefore profit by the opportunities which heaven has afforded in taking advantage of, and making ourselves useful in, our separate stations. Does not the circumstance of our having entered into life, prove it to be our true home?

and while we have life, here, and here only, is our abiding place.

Nature never uttered a falsehood; she is all truth, clear, convincing truth; and it is only those who view her in an erroneous light, that misunderstand her.

How unhappy is that child who, careless of the sports and pastimes incident to his age, languishes for those pleasures, which appertain to a more advanced season of life! or, if youth, throwing aside the enjoyments within its reach, seeks only for the cares and toils of manhood, will it be contented? No. Or should manhood, despising the dignified pursuits, the important occupations which solicit its attention, be only anxious to anticipate the torpid tranquillity of age, would not every stage of existence be deprived of its bloom? Would not the flowers which heaven has planted in the path of life be trampled upon in our eagerness to pass onwards?

Man is, in the truest sense of the word, a

sublunary being. His intellectual and moral faculties are not only the best calculated for this state of existence, but for any future one that may succeed. Jesus Christ has been in this, as in every other respect, the only true instructor, where his precepts are properly understood, and not perverted.

On the contrary, by our distempered fancies, groundless apprehensions, and pining discontents, we convert life into a wilderness of sorrow, and it is doubtful in this respect, whether the worship of the senses of the Catholic religion in the earlier ages has not been productive of many beneficial results; but peculiarly unfortunate is the epoch, which is neither that of childish superstition, nor yet of pure intellectual religion.

Let it not, however, be supposed, that I wish to intrude my opinions, as every person, on a subject of such immense importance, and in such an age, is the best judge in what manner he ought to form his decisions.

Thus I soliloquized, as I sat at the dinner-table with Julie, who, after I had related the occurrences of the journey, held up her finger threateningly, saying, "Carl, Carl, thou art too sceptical; take care of thyself, or perhaps this very night the Frau Rasius may again appear, and teach thy doubting faculties belief; think of the prophetess of Prevorst, she turned the heads of wiser men than thou." "It is too true," returned I, a little disconcerted, at the same time putting my hand to my throat, in which I thought I felt a violent pain; "it is too true; we are all frail and credulous mortals, liable to every deception,—no single moment of our existence is like another, and it is only during the brightest of them, that we should form our determinations."

"It is very true," said the good Julie; "but you have made yourself so merry, and displayed so much pleasantry at my expense, and that of my pretty Fancy, that I am entitled to laugh at you, whose follies and weaknesses exceed mine

tenfold." I will now terminate my visit to the Herrnhuters' establishment, and as they are a pious fraternity, I will take leave with a pious ejaculation. May the eternal God of Love, without whom there is no life, no love, no happiness, have mercy upon us all!

I had scarcely arrived at my country seat, when I was attacked with a dangerous fever, together with a violent quinsey, which momentarily threatened me with suffocation. During the greater part of my illness I lost all recollection, and was occasionally delirious. Frightful visions floated before my eyes, and I remember having had another visit from the Bocksberg apparition. Again the horrible phantom approached my couch with a sneering grin and an angry countenance. Again she laid the cold key upon my suffering throat, which caused an attack of pain and cramp so violent, that nature almost sunk under the conflict, until at length the doctor, my constitution, or my good spirit triumphed.

That I at this time departed on a tour into the unknown world, I am not prepared positively to maintain, though it was currently reported and believed, at least by my kind readers, that such an event had actually taken place.



TUTTI FRUTTI.

THE

ALBUM OF AN ACTIVE MIND.

THE
ALBUM OF AN ACTIVE MIND.

“ Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,
Into one word,—
Austere, sublime, severe, and simple Truth.”—*Byron,*

By this time I dare say my readers are of opinion, that I ought to employ myself upon subjects more serious and important,—they are right; why should we waste our time in relating trifles as unimportant as the toys of children?

The great theatre of life exhibits scenes of the most deep and varied interest, upon which we may expatiate with credit to ourselves, and advantage to others, scenes which can only be

accurately described by those who occupy a station which enables them to behold the springs, that set the machinery in motion.

What, then, in life is really important? or what among its events may be termed the pastimes of children? To which of these classes belong those political occurrences which have been recently acted?—for instance, the gentle peaceful murder beneath the walls of Antwerp; or the prisoners who were captured by the French in the spirit of friendship and amity; or the incognito war of the English, carried on behind a screen; the heroic bravery of the king of Holland, and the freedom of Belgium; or the French revolution, which, like the Olympic games, returns at stated periods; or their duelling challenge to 4,000 men; or the enormities which filled with tumult and alarm the streets of Frankfort? *

* The insurrection to which the author alludes occurred at Frankfort on the Maine, in April, 1833. The conspiracy was formed by the students of the neighbouring

In opposition to all this, is the stationary policy of the other great powers, who, for the sake of maintaining eternal peace, slowly reduce their subjects to beggary, by supporting numerous and expensive armies. For this purpose ministers are compelled to sport with the hap-

universities, and the sons of many of the most respectable families were compromised. They selected the Easter recess, as during that period the fair was held, and calculated upon receiving assistance, not only from the citizens of Frankfort, but from the multitude of strangers and foreigners who assemble from all parts of Germany and the adjacent countries. The students, about fifty in number, wearing tri-coloured scarves of black, red, and gold, the national colours, surprised the two principal guard-houses of the town, disarmed the soldiers, and succeeded in obtaining possession of the arsenal, but all their endeavours to excite the people to arms were ineffectual. At length they were attacked by several battalions of the Frankfort garrison, and after a brave and desperate resistance overpowered and dispersed; a few of these courageous but imprudent youths fell subsequently into the hands of their pursuers, and are still detained in prison, awaiting their trial. The object of the conspiracy was said to be, to make prisoners of the members of the German Confederation, who were then assembled, and proclaim a Republic. Since this event the free town of Frankfort has been garrisoned by Austrians and Prussians.—*Translator.*

piness of the people ; yes, whole nations are treated as toys, or as fools, governed by fools !

To such conduct it is impossible to give a rational solution. But I often think that it is more advisable during the present critical state of affairs to remain passive, and endeavour to be useful in our own small circle. For is it not the greatest wisdom contentedly to employ ourselves in planting cabbages and cauliflowers, adopting the motto of the Scottish knight, "I wait my time."?

The political *mouvement* which has succeeded the reign of Napoleon appears to me not unlike the ballet after the tragedy. As yet we behold only the *figurantes* practising ; the principal dancers have not yet made their appearance, with the exception of one important spring, which has been taken in the east. Still there is in the whole theatre a disagreeable pressure, and a decided increase of suppressed tumult is perceptible in the *parterre*, while those in the boxes are, from fear and apprehension, almost

suffocated with heat. If amateurs are wise,
they will remain at home.

For the amusement of my speculative readers,
I have subjoined an old prophecy found at
Freiberg, in the Erzgebirge,* (i. e. Metalliferous
mountains,) in the kingdom of Saxony.

Wer im Jahr 1834 nicht verdirbt,
Wer im Jahr 1835^a nicht stirbt,
Wer im Jahr 1836 nicht wird todtgeschlagen
Der hat im Jahr 1837 von Glück zu sagen.

^a When the great comet is to return again and other most
important events.

1834. { This year the man that loses not
His fortune, fame, or peace ;

1835. { Or sinks in this, by hate forgot,
Where pain and suffering cease ;

1836. { Or does not now, 'mid war and strife,
Resign his fleeting breath,

1837. { May now proclaim, 'mid hope and life,
He fears not fate nor death.

* This chain of mountains is situated between Saxony
and Bohemia; in some places they rise to the height of
3,900 feet above the level of the sea. It is the Siberia of
Saxony, abounding in mines, some of them extremely

During the time I was in England I met with a little boy, the well known Thelluson, of whom

valuable; in the middle ages it was the Mexico and Peru of Europe; cornelians, jaspars, amethysts, and other precious stones were formerly found in great abundance. During the winter the houses are frequently buried in snow, and the inhabitants are obliged to bore a hole through it for the purpose of egress from their dwellings, and to place planks upon the top for walking, in the same manner as we see practised in Lapland. Grain is raised here with the greatest difficulty, and in some places it is found utterly impracticable to produce it; but cattle are bred in great numbers. The food of the inhabitants has been little altered since the days of Tacitus; it consists of oaten cake, milk, curds, &c.; their favourite dish is composed of bilberries, cream, and sugar; they also use as a vegetable that species of arrach called *chenopodium viride*, and distil a spirituous liquor of an agreeable flavour from the apples of the fir tree, which abound throughout the whole district. The inhabitants are extremely industrious; their principal manufacture is lace, in fabricating which great numbers of the inhabitants are employed; old people and children find in this a constant occupation, sufficient is produced to supply most of the fairs in Germany, and it is exported in immense quantities to America.

The capital of this district, Freiberg, was at one time a town of great importance, strongly fortified, and the seat of the sovereign princes of Saxony, many of whom are interred in its cathedral; the most interesting is the monument of Prince Maurice of Saxony; he is represented in a kneeling

I was informed, that he would one day be the possessor of from ten to twenty millions of

posture, with a sword in his hand, and the armour which he wore at the battle of Sievershausen is suspended over his grave, together with the trophies and colours which he captured during life; his deeds are recorded on twenty plates of black marble. Here also reposes the great mineralogist, Werner, the founder of the fame of this celebrated mining academy, where are to be met with pupils from every part of the world, who receive theoretical and practical instruction in mineralogy and botany.

In the immediate vicinity of the town are valuable and extensive mines, which employ upwards of twelve thousand persons, and number more than six hundred pits; the miners are under the command of mountain officers, the chief of whom resides at Freiberg; they are exempt from custom-house duties, excise, and conscription; their dress is a dark uniform, with green caps, and that of the officers iron-gray, with red caps; they have a patois peculiar to themselves; the usual salutation is "Glück auf" (happiness to you.)

The duration of life is affected by the air and the water, both of which are impregnated with the poisonous exhalations from the mines; the maximum of their age is fifty, and they rarely reach sixty; their countenances are of an unhealthy gray colour; consumption, blindness, and other disorders arising from the fumes of the metals are frequent; notwithstanding this, they are light hearted and cheerful, have dances every week, and the certainty of receiving their weekly pay and a pension, exempts them from all anxiety for the future.—*Translator.*

pounds sterling. Happy mortal! what an enviable privilege to be the heir of such immense wealth! Nothing is more ludicrous, or more evidences a contracted mind, than the exclamation we so frequently hear, "How could I employ such an enormous fortune?" Oh, ye men of limited and confined intellect, if I had been destined by heaven to be so highly favoured, how quickly I should form and execute my plans for expending, aye, even the capital itself! It is only with such fortunes, (and how few possess them) that human nature can be benefited.

I should not squander it in luxury, No, that would be too common, the practice of every day; even my charities would be the same as they have been hitherto, that is, extended only to the helpless, and the employment of the poor in useful and profitable labour, which is, after all, the only effectual method of exercising benevolence.

As for schools, I should leave them to the

care of the state; they are already too numerous, and those who go to them receive more nourishment than they can well digest.

To building churches, which, by the way, is again become the prevailing mode, I should certainly not appropriate my wealth; they are sufficiently numerous, and the multiplication of them seems to me to be about as useful to religion as the fourth gate, built by the Schildaers, for the purpose of augmenting their custom-house duties.

For the same reason I should not convert the Heathens. My negatives will, I fear, so provoke the patience of my readers, that I imagine I hear them exclaim, What then would you do? Oh, trifles—agreeable whims—only they would be of a colossal character and dimensions.

The first would be, that I should cause to be carved a statue of Napoleon out of one of the highest Aiguilles of Mont Blanc; in the prosecution of this alone I should expend millions, but then, I should have the satisfaction of raising

an immortal monument to his gigantic mind, which would exist as long as his memory, or perhaps to all eternity. For my friend Nürnberg recently informed me, that he had proved by demonstrative evidence, that the universe would remain for ever in its present form, and that it did not contain the slightest principle of destruction. But what doctrines are too abstruse for the comprehension of man! None, at least according to his own opinions; truly the Almighty himself must descend from heaven, and go to school to mortals, to learn his own nature, and why he created the world!

When employed about my statue of Napoleon, I should find it necessary when forming his head, according to the rules of physiology, to make it of such large dimensions, that it would contain more brains than those of all the potentates upon earth *in natura*. Further, I should dispatch two expeditions—the first to Africa, to seek in every direction of the compass for the source of the Nile, and the gold

mines in the mountains of the moon; to ascertain the existence of the fabulous unicorn, and also to procure for my aviary a specimen of the bird *Roc*. It is also perhaps possible that I might send with this expedition a company of missionaries, and half a million of Bibles.

The destiny of my second would be the conquest of Japan, if it were for nothing else but to evince my contempt for those tasteless barbarians, who will only admit the Dutch to visit them; or perhaps my motive would be curiosity, to know what they really possess of art and wisdom, which they so hermetically close against the whole world, that they even neglect to rescue the drowning mariner, who is so unfortunate as to be wrecked upon their inhospitable shores, always taking care first to ascertain that he is not a Dutchman!

What a Mæcenas of geography! what a promoter of science and universal knowledge should I become, when I had accomplished these works of public utility! But the money—I fear by

this time there would only be remaining a few miserable millions, *n'importe!* they should be employed in digging a pit a mile deep in our national sands—as Maupertius had already advised Frederic the Great—and when the last dollar was expended, I should throw myself in. What a magnificent tomb! at least it would be so deep, that the voice of the critic would be unheard. No! I will not encroach upon the privileges of the reader, let him fill up the blank *ad libitum*; I give him a *carte blanche*.

A QUESTION.

Appian relates, that the ancient Romans were permitted to praise, or censure, their conquering heroes as they pleased, and that the triumph decreed to the victors should be free and unconstrained, each citizen was allowed to express his real sentiments upon it. It was the freedom of the press of that period. Why is it that

modern statesmen are so ticklish upon this point? are their intentions less pure than those of the Romans? or have satire and ridicule become more dangerous?*

SECOND QUESTION.

What is the reason, that the Germans exhibit such a propensity to *Diablerie*? Is it because they conceive themselves united by ties of consanguinity with his satanic majesty? or is it from the opposite reason, that man always pines for that which he does not possess? If I may be allowed to decide for my countrymen, it is, perhaps, a little owing to this, that the Devil is of all the persons in the new mythology the most poetical, upon which account Milton made more fame than Klopstock.

* In truth I know not whether this idea originated with me, or has been inserted by some other person in my album. It appears altogether like a reminiscence, however, it corresponds admirably with the rest of my tragedy, where in Heaven's name let it remain.—*Author*.

VISIONS OF THE PAST AND FUTURE.

In a deep vale, or near some ruin'd wall,
He would the ghosts of slaughter'd heroes call.

Dryden.

As the evening was beginning to cast her sable mantle over created nature, I commenced my solitary ramble in the Park; being fatigued I threw myself down upon the grave of the Unknown in the valley. There was no light, save that emitted by the fires of the potteries, which the stormy wind blew into a thousand fantastic forms. Absorbed in the contemplation of the chapel, which was one day to be my final resting place, from the cares and sorrows of life, dreary thoughts chased each other through my mind like so many ill-omened birds; among others, I reflected upon this singular peculiarity of man, namely, the value and importance which all classes attach to their sepulchre, and according to their customs and edu-

cation, the different tastes which they exhibit in constructing and adorning them.

At that moment the moon, red and full, passed over the battlements of the old towers, it seemed like a beacon conducting my imagination to ages which had long passed by.

The barriers of nature appeared to give way before my creative fancy, and in my magnetic sleep I was suddenly transported into the gray shades of antiquity ; there, as plainly as if it had been indeed represented before my organs of vision, I beheld the last honours paid to the barbarian chief, who had once held here supreme dominion.

Multitudes of colossal warriors, clothed in the skins of animals, hovered about the sparkling fires, or mingled in wild confusion around a high and new made hill, at the foot of which was a dark grave, destined to receive the departed warrior. Groups were groaning and lamenting, while others were carousing and drinking, in savage exultation, out of the skulls of their fallen enemies.

At a short distance, amid groves of ancient oaks, were the priests, whose external appearance was of the most revolting description; they were diligently occupied in celebrating the sanguinary mysteries of their religion; and occasionally gave signals, that were succeeded by periodical returns of the most deafening war-whoops and uproar, which overpowered the moans of the wretched victims, who were sacrificed on the rude stone altars, in honour of the victory they had obtained, and of the obsequies of the barbarian chief.

I turned with horror from the revolting spectacle, at the same time, night, like a curtain, fell before me, and the sweet oblivion of sleep succeeded.

On awaking, I again sank into one of my dreamy reveries, and the panoramic scenes of other days once more flitted before me. The savage character of the scenery had vanished, and I now beheld smiling fields and verdant meadows. Before me lay the inanimate body of Mosca, the Roman adventurer, who our chro-

nicles have recorded was slain on this spot; in the centre was a magnificent funeral pile, upon which the body lay extended, and the air breathed the most fragrant perfumes and spices; groups of Roman soldiers, companions of his glory, stood mournfully around, intermingled with a few of the wild half-civilized natives. Here also were priests—(where are they not?)—sacrifices were offered up, but it was only the blood of animals which crimsoned the earth as it streamed from the shrines of their partially humanized gods.

This scene passed away, and a view of the feudal romantic era, so loved by artists and poets, and so hated by the undistinguishing leveller, was placed before me.

The once undaunted sovereign earl reposed on his bier in a full suit of glittering armour, the trusty sword lay by his side, he was followed by his noble charger with black housings, and a troop of warriors bearing black standards. His beautiful weeping widow, seated on

her palfrey, was accompanied by her two blooming boys, who sorrowfully turned their eyes towards their afflicted mother, and occasionally looked down with a haughty glance upon the assembled multitude.

The heathen priest in his long white robes had disappeared, and I beheld instead a plump well-fed little monk, riding meekly upon an ass, elevating the conquering cross in his right hand; thus the long procession passed before me, accompanied by muffled martial music, to the cathedral, where the once proud knight was consigned for ever to his bed of tranquillity and repose, amidst the mournful and prolonged blasts of trumpets.

The veil of darkness now fell before the picture, and another scene was created by the aid of the mind's magic. What I now saw was at a much later period, one of my own ancestors was reposing in the sleep of death on the silken cushions of the magnificent state bed. He was one of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem,

but the red jacket, the short white small-clothes, and the unpicturesque clumsy boots, made him resemble more a modern tailor or shoemaker than a noble knight.

The shutters were closed, and twelve tapers in silver candelabras beamed upon the corse day and night; and, conformably with the singular fashion which then prevailed, the place selected for this exhibition was the dining-room.*

At length the corpse, in which decomposition had already commenced, was carried at midnight by six noble vassals to the place of interment; hundreds of torches illumined the gloomy heavens, the bier was covered by draperies of black velvet, and thus were the remains of the knight consigned to the family vault, where a numerous company were already assembled; suppose for a moment they should rise up, when

* To this day, in Denmark, the bodies of distinguished persons are placed upon the dining-table, like a *surtout de table*, and the death-feast is held in this *agreeable* neighbourhood.

no earthly eye is waking, to welcome their new guest, and to tell him the secrets of the grave.

Who can fathom the depths of futurity? who can tell the precise point where life terminates and where death commences? The dark side of nature is closed to our view, and the sunny side, man's terrestrial existence, is not less an enigma.

From whence arises the inexpressible horror which is felt in the presence of the dead? whence the fear of their reappearance? whence the dread of nocturnal darkness? whence the icy shuddering before those who once had life, and now appear before us divested of the veil of mortality which covered them?

The elastic spirits of youth surmount the influences of fear—in the zenith of my manhood and youthful courage, I ordered the trap-door which conducted to the family vault of my ancestors to be unlocked, and I entered alone at midnight.

Three coffins had been previously opened at my request. When I found myself in the char-

nel-house of centuries, I experienced an indescribable sensation—it was not fear, nor grief, nor pity, nor horror, at the hideous forms before me, but it seemed almost as if the very springs of life were frozen within me, as if I was myself a corpse.

My grandfather, who had died at the age of eighty-six, was the first object I examined, his snowy locks had become, through the influence of the leaden mantle which enveloped him, of a blond colour, his head was not lying in the usual position, upon the pillow, but was turned towards me, and his eyeless sockets were staring as if in reproof for violating the sanctuary of the dead; but I consoled myself by remembering, that if my beloved parent was living, he would not frown upon me, his character was too mild, and his mind too candid and enlarged.

I now passed on to another receptacle of the dead; it contained a skeleton wrapped in a cloth embroidered with gold; this had been a brave and powerful warrior, who commanded in the thirty years war, and was governor of the mar-

gravate of Lusatia ; a superb portrait of him now hangs in the ancestral hall of my castle, as he appeared at the head of his cuirassiers, under Pappenheim, charging the flying Swedes—Ah ! how long is the *laterna magica* extinguished, which once illumined that beautiful painting, one of the remaining fragments of it is now before me.

The third coffin contained a lady, who, during her life, was called the beautiful Ursula ; the small skull had assumed a disagreeable dark brown colour, the whole body was enveloped in a long wrapper of flame coloured silk, in a wonderful state of preservation ; I wished to raise her up, but at the first movement she crumbled into dust, and myriads of millepedes, crawled through my fingers, and the broken joints of the mouldering skeleton.

I meditated for some time over the long range of coffins, absorbed in deep contemplation, then fell upon my knees and prayed, until the ice, which had frozen over my breast, dissolved into

consoling tears, and whatever I had felt of horror, superstition, or fear, vanished before my God, leaving only a deep feeling of pious resignation; I kissed, without experiencing the slightest repugnance, the cold forehead of my venerable parent, and severed from his head a lock of his hair as a memento of my visit; and if he had at that moment arose in his coffin and taken my hand, it would not have caused the slightest shudder of terror in my bosom.

Wonderful is the effect of prayer, its value consists not in this alone, that by our supplications to the throne of Mercy in the hour of peril and distress, we can turn aside the impending shafts of danger and misfortune, Oh, no! even if Heaven should grant our supplications, it might be the means of destroying our happiness, for we may be assured that the true end of prayer is to fortify us against the temptations which may assail us, and to enable us to bear with firmness the sorrows and sufferings of life. By prayer we become as it were the companions

of the Almighty—if this powerful influence therefore be a delusion, it is one of comfort and happiness to the whole human race.

But to resume my gallery of sepulchral pictures—those of former days we have already seen, and we will now look forward into futurity, to behold the rites, that shall accompany my own sepulture.

But how can this be done to agree with the spirit of the times? The present epoch reflects as a mirror to our view in ideal romance the turbulent power of former days.—But this poetry is intimately mixed with the elements of sceptical metaphysics,—rank has become an evil sounding word, the universal rights of man are now boldly asserted, equality has already become more captivating than liberty, the distinctions and diversities of station have commenced essentially to depreciate.

I must now record the manner in which my obsequies shall be solemnized or more correctly speaking celebrated.

I will not be carried to my last resting place by my vassals. Vassals! the very word has become ridiculous—as to the old mouldering vault, I will leave that in possession of my ancestors.

No, my good, faithful, robust Vandals, to whose service my whole life has been devoted, and whose interests and prosperity I have been so instrumental in forwarding, by employing them in works of useful industry, shall alone carry me to my final home of rest. I think I may at least calculate upon one day's gratitude, when they shall convey me to the hill from whence is visible my favourite prospect, and where my grave shall be excavated; or better still, my corse shall be consumed by fire, but I believe the church does not permit it, they only burn the living! Many years have certainly elapsed since they have perpetrated this enormity, but it is no fault of theirs, we are indebted to ourselves for the benefit. I abhor torch-light funerals; the glorious sun shall beam his resplendent rays upon my bier; music shall

not be omitted, only it must not be mournful. I should prefer the modern church music of Rossini out of Count Ory, for instance, or the hunting chorus from Der Freischütz!

Why should we mourn? God still lives though we are dead; it is also, strictly speaking, not the end of our existence, only a new commencement of it, not death, but only a new birth, that we are celebrating.

When my corse is laid out, I solemnly protest against being arrayed in the usual absurd grave clothes;* I equally dislike the gay splendid uniform and the ungraceful modern frock, waistcoat, &c. but above all I bequeath my curse by anticipation to any person who shall profane my lifeless body by decorating it with

* In Germany it is customary to inter persons of rank in their state uniforms, the citizen is attired in a simple suit of mourning. Another peculiarity in that country, which I cannot avoid mentioning, is, that the dead (and in some instances, it is to be feared, the living,) are consigned to their tombs within forty-eight hours after their decease.—*Translator.*

orders. The only robe which I desire for my mouldering form is a white sheet, in the same manner as heaven wraps the departing year in a mantle of fleecy snow.

Affection alone may be allowed once more to lift the mysterious covering. Affection! for thee alone there is no death! for thee, there is nothing appalling even in its most revolting form! Thou dost exist for ever in the kingdom thou hast created of eternal beauty.

Oh merciful Providence, grant that it may be my enviable fate for one truly affectionate heart to beat over me when mine has ceased! that the tear of heartfelt sorrow may bedew my pallid countenance, and that its trembling hand may encircle my inanimate brow with the wreath of roses; then, surely my repose would be softer and sweeter for this sympathy and tenderness.

A hundred years have elapsed since the termination of my mortal existence—where now is love and the fond ties of domestic affection? The age of industry is in its zenith, with its

machinery and its wealth, whose potent influence is paramount to every other, and which, during my life, had already begun to burst forth like the first crimson streaks of dawn.

Where is the unsophisticated rustic? Where is the classical scholar and the romantic poet of my varied and ever changing age? All have vanished, and man is now alone governed by the consideration of what is useful.

The wand of the magician again passed over me, and I beheld those grounds, to the beautifying of which I had dedicated the principal portion of my life. Merciful heavens! what do I see? The river, which was formerly a bright crystal stream meandering through my park, has been made, for the purposes of commerce, navigable; timber yards, bleaching grounds, and cloth manufactories, have usurped the place of my dark groves and blooming meadows. But what do I behold? My beautiful castle! Do not my eyes deceive me? Oh, no! it has become an establishment for cotton spinners! Maddened.

with indignation, I vociferated loudly for the proprietor. I was answered, that he lived in that small cottage surrounded by an orchard and vegetable garden. Is that all, exclaimed I, that remains to my descendants of what I once called mine? "Most certainly," was the reply, "it has been divided among hundreds, and has now become the property of the Trades-Unionists! You are surely not insane enough to expect, that so large a possession should continue to belong to one person in this land of liberty and equality?"

I turned from the speaker with sickening disgust, and penetrated by a magnetic glance the interior of the cottage, where I beheld, forsaken by all, in a corner of one of the rooms, the master of the house expiring; I then heard the sons saying to each other, "Our father is undoubtedly dead, let his body be carried out of the house."

My beloved reader will naturally demand where is the grave, where is the cemetery in

which to inter the corpse? Why, truly it was conveyed to a place where it could be still useful—into the fields, for manure!

THE EPILOGUE.

“Ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see
Thy future mansion.”—*Porteus*.

It is not alone the realities of life which are essential to our welfare, but the empire of mind; not alone the constant advancement of that mind, but wisdom in its control and direction; not alone religion, but also its holy rites. Although it is revealed to each individual in the hidden recesses of the soul, that there is a higher intelligence than any this world can impart; yet, as it has been beautifully and eloquently observed, “The Church, which should unite all mankind in one common faith, the

universal assembling place in the middle of the mountain of life; to which those who dwell at its base may ascend with confidence, while those enthroned upon its summit may descend with humility, whenever they require consolation from the kingdom of Heaven;" this church,—the genuine and the true, the absence of which principally entangles us in the path of error,—should we alone seek, to terminate all religious disputes and uncharitable feelings.

But you, my friends, heed it not, seek for, and endeavour to obtain only liberty and equality, and think that will suffice. Yet, be assured, you will be disappointed in the result, for it is only when freedom is united with charity, that it will conduct you to the goal of your wishes.

That equality, which you are so wildly attempting to establish, can never exist in this world consistently with the general welfare and happiness. The Almighty in his wisdom has decreed that it shall not be, and even if it could

be obtained, it would prove to man the second apple, that would drive him from all that remains of Paradise.

It is true, there would be no more slaves nor taskmasters; no more enslaved nations depending for happiness on the caprice of a despotic monarch; no insatiable ambitious conqueror to lead his legions to victory and slaughter; no proud, ostentatious aristocracy intrenched in their splendour; no pauper would be driven by his fellow man from the door of wealth; there would be no intolerant hierarchy; no persecuted heretic; there would be less covetousness and envy, for there would be nothing to desire. But where would be the enjoyments of existence? A long train of heavenly virtues would become extinct; charity, self-denial, humility, filial obedience, disinterested affection, noble, generous, tender feelings, all would become withered upon the sterile and unproductive soil of liberty and equality. Justice would be paralyzed by selfishness. There would be no

longer friends and lovers, but companions, united according to the dictates of circumstances and convenience, or for the increase of population.

In the place of parental authority would be substituted the state police; in lieu of a king, we should have a president; knights would be exchanged for citizen soldiers; domestic servants for mercenary hirelings; and as a climax to all, instead of an Almighty Creator to worship and adore, we should have a constitutional sovereign of the world *in abstracto*.

Poetry and art, taste, science, learning, luxury, and magnificence would disappear, and carry with them all the delights of intellectual enjoyments; to each individual would be supplied all that is necessary for the support of animal existence, but a superfluity would be accorded to none; ambition would cease to exist, for there would be no lofty summit to ascend, no temple of fame to animate our endeavours after excellence; to secure a sufficiency of the

common necessities of life, would be the ultimatum of our endeavours.

In one word, my beloved posterity, I fear that a death-like gloom is destined for you, and that fate is already weaving a dark web for the ages yet unborn.

For myself it will affect me not, as I shall sink into the tomb before my beautiful old variegated world is transformed, which I anticipate with the same tranquil delight, as the Roman Catholic experiences, when he looks forward to repose beneath the splendid dome, lengthened aisles, painted windows, and glimmering feeble light of his vast and venerable cathedral, instead of the humble, unornamented, barnlike church of a reformed assembly.

Is this a phantasy, my friends, a picture like every other, or is it true? Oh God, what is true? every thing and nothing. All receives its value only from opinion. The hero that was yesterday crowned, will perhaps to day be stoned. A crown of laurel in Rome was the emblem of

victory ; in Greece, it was the accompaniment of humble prayer.—I read so yesterday in the *Morgen-Blatt* !

I will now proceed to the consideration of practical subjects.

ADVICE TO LANDED PROPRIETORS.

“ Songez à vous, amis ; contemplez les misères
Qu’accumulent sur vous des brigands mercenaires,
Subalternes tyrans, munis d’un parchemin
Ravissant les épis qu’a sémés votre main.”—*Voltaire*.

In our anti-Midas century, where every thing bearing the form of gold is transmuted into paper, there is certainly no speculation more profitable than to re-transmute paper into gold ; this may easily be effected, either by the wide field of writing or by the establishment of paper mills.

From the results of my own experience, I beg leave to recommend the adoption of both,

but particularly the latter, to my dear colleagues, compatriots and proprietors of landed estates. We know but too well, that—since the happy epoch, when the glorious battle was fought, which secured peace to the universe and long desired liberty, that most magnificent donation of the Holy Alliance to the nations!—the world has become poorer, and, above all, landed proprietors, (a class however of the least possible importance to a state,) perceive their incomes gradually decrease, while, on the other hand, taxes multiply tenfold, like towering weeds, which grow up in rank luxuriance, and overshadow the valuable products of the earth.

One class of proprietors are however an exception, these are indemnified for their losses by their invaluable paper mills, our only refuge in the hour of necessity.

It may therefore easily be imagined what a lofty station old rags will occupy in our annals!

We must certainly feel the highest confidence in the wisdom of our government; but how are

we to reconcile with that wisdom such measures as the sudden destruction of old institutions, and the equally sudden creation of new, instead of waiting till the ripening hand of time should have gradually operated their overthrow.

Besides our venerable institutions frequently require not recreating, but renovating : as bread, which has no other fault but being old, should not on that account be thrown away, but rebaked, by which means it will acquire an entirely different taste, although it will notwithstanding still remain the same bread. Such at least is the doctrine of our most able statesmen. But the foundation of these changes must be first firmly laid. What then, if we strictly examine and consider in its true light, has been the principal cause which has produced these changes ? Undoubtedly paper and writers. What is therefore further to be desired ? Nothing, certainly, than still more paper and still more writers ; the remainder will naturally follow ;

—I think this reasoning is as plain as it is logical.

When therefore our employés heap folios upon folios, pour streams of ink, but not one drop of blood, they make little progress in negotiation, but multiply their writings ad infinitum. By these means they are the benefactors only of those who accommodate themselves to the spirit of the times, and among these the proprietors of paper mills occupy the first station.

The deep thinker anticipates a still more mystical aim. I shall now merely raise a corner of the curtain and say, “Remember to how many innumerable purposes paper can be applied, reflect that out of manure corn springs!—but enough,—sapienti sat.”

We will now be more explicit in our language. If parchment were to become the general material for writing on, then the feeling of discontent, that would be created, might carry with it some appearance of plausibility, as the colossal folios would become too heavy for the

asses to carry; besides, in this untractable inconvenient material there is a mixture of inelegance and durability, which is no longer adapted to the age in which we live; au contraire, the evanescent character, the perishable nature and frail instability of paper, accord admirably with the refined manners, and fanciful, chimerical, ever-changing plans of the present era.

To an impartial observer, our position must appear most enviable. It is true we are poor, but then we have the indescribable felicity of an expensive government, and it is notorious that all expensive articles are the best of their kind, for a cheap and a bad article are synonymous. Are we not then highly favoured in having a government, who labour for our welfare day and night with the most untiring activity; and is not this a blessing, which demands from us the highest praise and gratitude in return? It is true they study the increase of their own wealth and importance with admirable foresight and precaution, though at the same time in-

digence is doubled and trebled. That we shall not run into error from the want of a vigilant government is most certain, and it is undoubtedly a great happiness for all nations, that none can be deprived of their leading-strings.

How exhilarating is the present, but how many glorious hopes may we not expect to see realized, from the direction intellectual culture has taken! How much is reserved for futurity!

Let us contemplate for a moment one of our turnpikes.* Though dumb, yet it speaks volumes; the colours are full of eloquence; how much is implied by them; the beautiful white is just as if it had descended in snowy flakes from heaven, while the ebon black emulates the jetty plumes of the raven, and their powerful oratory

* To those of my readers who have never seen a German turnpike, a description of one may be acceptable. Instead of a gate, a long and thick bar of wood is placed transversely across the road, to one end of it is attached a strong iron chain, by means of which it can be elevated at pleasure. It is always painted with the national colours of the state in which it may happen to be situated. Our Author alludes to those of Prussia, which are black and white.—*Translator.*

in this great philosophical age has begun, as it were, to unfold its buds in the form of ink and paper.

Thus, instead of war, we have diplomacy; instead of cannon-shot, ink-spots; instead of a jury and a constitution, interminable paper: truly it is the most sublime invention of this or any other age. One thing only is wanting to attain the ideal of perfection, and that is, if one of our ministers could succeed in baking cakes out of old acts and waste paper.

The most lively imagination absolutely becomes giddy in anticipating the results that would ensue to our country, the "poule au pot" of Henri quatre would then be more than realized. Already my spirit sees an eternal holiday shining around us; the whole nation ennobled or made privy councillors; yes, even the Lord's Prayer will be ennobled. Instead of praying as at present, merely for bread to alleviate the pangs of hunger, we shall boldly cry, assured of the accomplishment of our petition, " Lord, give

us this day our daily cake." Until that time, patriots be contented with your black bread, whether you have it or have it not. In the latter case write or become paper-makers. *Probatum est.*

To the inhabitants of Smyrna, Apollonius of Tyana addressed these remarkable words:—
 "A disunion in the different parts which compose a government, is absolutely essential to ensure a perfect administration of it." Was not this the idea of a constitution? What else could he have meant? And is it not this that we wish to see realized, merely to afford equal scope to the aristocracy and the democracy, both as regards their debates and their decisions, and to reconcile the dissonance by the unappealable authority of the monarch?

Even our own earth seems to follow this principle; in her we also find an everlasting, restless, intellectual democracy,—the whole human race; and a powerful unbending aristocracy,—

the elements. Above all is an entirely ideal constitution, framed after unalterable laws, without prejudice, without partiality,—the government of God. So long as the laws against luxury are in force, we must not even dare to think of a constitution, which is indisputably the dearest fashionable article in the market; and therefore we may with justice fear, that there will be many disastrous bankruptcies among its lovers, before a country through it will become rich. We must therefore endeavour to find a constitution, where all the principal appointments (the throne always continuing *à la tête*) should be annually presented to those who least seek for them.

It is, perhaps, the truth, that it is not a constitution which gives happiness and freedom, but the ability to appreciate and the disposition to profit by it. It is only the moral condition of individuals that finally provides and procures, in the end, that law—the constitution. From what does this receive a definite form, does it frame this form for itself? It may be done by

concession or by occasional wise reforms, or the overwhelming force of public opinion, or by a revolution; but the people must be ripe for such a change, otherwise it will not long continue to exist. Behold Spain and Portugal, and I fear for France and Belgium.

Is it not a wonderful century this of ours? We behold in the east the Turkish sultan feeding the Muscovites with almonds and raisins, whilst in the west a citizen king and an abdicated emperor from the new world are riding through the streets of Paris in procession, to lay the first stone of a monument which was to be erected to the honour of three revolutions!

A-propos of revolutions. When the Saxon diminutive one took place, and the Kämmerchenvermiethen,* which followed it, began, the ve-

* Literally, chambers to let. A child's play, termed in England puss in the corner.

nerable preacher Dinter tranquillized his insurgent peasantry from the pulpit in the following words :—“ Beloved children, give yourselves no unnecessary trouble, it is all the same whether one or six hundred reign in Dresden, still you must obey, pay, and work ;” but what is more astonishing, the peasants were prudent enough to profit by his advice.

It is indeed a real pleasure to see how mild, I may even say how domestic is happy Saxony, since the new order of things has been established.

For instance, how philanthropic was the last discussion over the long and short taille of female servants, and how chivalrously did the Baron C. take up their defence. But with a still more sympathising heart I read lately that one of the chambers, I know not whether it was number one or two, had appointed a special committee to examine into and consider the petition of the Reverend Mr. Gehe, upon the sin of capturing and confining in prison singing birds.

Excellent innocent chamber! leave the merry little rogues to pipe, and you will preserve your gravity; but when the voice of public opinion, thy founder, shall be directed towards thee, which is not impossible, then out of the wish that all should be made free, you have already, as a preparatory step, declared the very slates of the houses vogelfrei, (as free as a bird.*)

The Gazette de France of the month of February, 1833, says: "Yesterday the Chamber of Deputies acknowledged the inviolability of kings, and this factum is honourable to them. But when that inviolability of kings is received as a holy principle, how can it be explained, that the members are justified, as it would become violated if applied to the three holy kings now at Prague."

* This is a sarcasm, in reference to the late debates in the Saxon chamber of deputies upon the slates of houses.

This is important, as we know now, should a new Johanna Southcott be about to give to the world a Saviour, where the three holy kings are to be found.

In a review of the *Literary Gazette*, (attached to the *Morgen Blatt*,) which through Menzel has become so instructive and interesting, I read the following passage: "The eulogium which the author of the allotment system pronounced, deserves mature consideration. Let the proportion of land be what it may, it is capable of nourishing the greatest number of men by being divided into small allotments and built upon, and also with more advantage to the soil; add to which, peace and order is invariably the object of the small landed proprietors, whilst that of the serfs, as soon as they awake from their stupid ignorance, is anarchy and revenge."

I must beg leave to make a few observations relative to these assertions, particularly with

reference to the application in Prussia of the allotment system, the proceedings respecting which are announced to us, from time to time, in pompous proclamations from the general commissioners; their contents are, however, extremely inaccurate.

It is a fact demonstrated by evidence, that the state of agriculture in Great Britain, where are to be found the most extensive landed proprietors, compared with that of France, where the division system has been for so long a period in operation, is in every respect more advanced and flourishing, and the cultivators in a more prosperous condition.

On the other hand, the small English farmer, living upon his master's property, and employed by him, becomes as much a dependant, and even a slave, (if we accept the interpretation of the word given by the reviewers,) as our own serfs. In this they are similarly circumstanced, that the labour of both is principally devoted to one master; but the former,

although he works like a slave, is notwithstanding free, because he holds his farm only for a limited term, and can resign it at pleasure, unless previously bound by a written contract.

Still on the whole, the situation of our peasants was infinitely preferable to that of the majority of the small English farmers ; like these they farmed the land, but, in lieu of rent, surrendered to the landlord a part of the produce, and dedicated to his service a portion of their time ; this mode of payment was productive of great benefit to the farmer ; but since the redemption of the services of the serfs to the proprietors, the effects are but too apparent in all poor countries. During the existence of the old system, the proprietor, in most cases, would gladly have commuted services for money, even at half the usual rate of labour, however his wish in this respect remained ungratified, owing to this, that the peasant seldom performed the work himself, but sent as a substitute a child, or a servant, in

order that it might be executed as cheap as possible.

What, then, were the conditions which the proprietor himself had to perform? He generally gave wood for burning, straw, forest-hay, kept the dwelling-house in repair, rebuilt it, if destroyed by fire or any other accident, and, besides this, he had to replace the lost materials, furniture, &c.

Could these people, therefore, be termed slaves, merely because they were bound to perform the services I have described? Certainly not, any more than that civil officer of the crown, who sits at his writing-desk and earns his subsistence by the labour of his hands, or the artist, the hired labourer, in short all who are compelled to work or starve.

I cannot, therefore, understand how our reviewer could, with such ideas, have retained a servant in his employ without being haunted by a troubled conscience. Slavery, in my opinion,

consists in a man being forcibly compelled to labour without receiving any recompense. This was by no means the case with our peasants, particularly since the abrogation of hereditary servitude, with which vanished every trace of slavery in our country.

But although hereditary servitude was both a lawful right and a source of profit to the proprietor, yet the government has not indemnified him for the loss. Previous to the late changes, the peasant was employed upon the proprietor's estate on conditions unalterable by either party, founded, however, on the principle of mutual advantage.

The Prussian allotment system, and the law for dissolving the relations between the proprietor and peasant, abrogated this state of things in some degree arbitrarily.

It was enacted, that each serf or peasant was to continue to hold the farm as it had been secured to him by his predecessors, together with

the stock (or inventarium,) and two-thirds, or, according to circumstances, the moiety of the ground belonging to it, to be secured to him as his own property, the remaining third to be surrendered to the proprietor, either as an indemnification *in natura*, or proportional rent. Besides this, the peasant was to have the privilege of collecting wood, either dead or fallen, straw, and the range of the forest; at least this was the case in Lusatia, where it has been carried into execution, and my own property having been divided in the same manner, I am perfectly competent to judge of it.

The third modus, namely, the supernormal indemnification, where the expenses of each single contract were borne mutually, has been the source of dissatisfaction to all parties, on account of the endless and complicated difficulties which attended carrying it into effect.

It is very evident, that by the method in

which these measures have been accomplished, there has been little regard paid to the rights of the proprietor.

In other countries, namely, England and the United States of America, the rights of property have been respected in all attempts which have been made for the extinction of slavery. In these countries it would be impossible to execute such a measure without awarding an equitable recompense, that is, an indemnification equal to the loss of property.

Let us draw a parallel case with that of England; there, granting a lease for the term of one hundred years would be considered by the proprietor as disadvantageous to his interest.

Cannot our government then, at the expiration of a hundred years, with the same degree of justice as they have now invested the serfs with the privileges of free proprietors, assert for them the right of hereditary possession, and a second time *indemnify* the proprietor, by re-

turning to him half or one third of his property? The intention of the measure was undoubtedly humane, and for both parties, in many respects, necessary, particularly as it was imperiously demanded by the spirit of the times; a circumstance which must, in some instances, be admitted as a palliation of an injustice.

If it had been carried into effect without any unnecessary vexatious interference, and at the least possible expense; if proper attention had been paid to the various local circumstances which presented themselves in the different provinces; if it had been carried on with energy and the difficulties determinately surmounted, there would have been little cause to complain.

But instead of this, the inhabitants have been exposed to a tedious and harassing process, in furtherance of which, multitudes of new appointments have been created under the name of general commissioners, for the purpose of

separating and dissolving the connexion of the serf with the lord of the soil.

A whole army of economy commissaries have been enlisted, principally consisting of bankrupt proprietors, ruined farmers, discharged civil officers, bonneteurs, and engineers, the whole brood let loose upon the already impoverished land and miserable inhabitants, who have been through their instrumentality betrayed into innumerable disputes, and subjected to various and expensive pecuniary charges.

We have witnessed these commissaries enriching themselves at the rate of more than two thousand rix dollars annually; many of the overseers have become small capitalists, while the valuable crumbs which fell from the table of the principal commissioners, have dropped into the pockets of their clerks and underlings.

Notwithstanding all this expense, the regulation remained in most cases defective and undetermined, and in many instances it has been

well attested, that the charges attending the fulfilment of this law, even before it was completed, exceeded the whole worth of the indemnification to the proprietor, so that he not only lost the services of the peasants, but was absolutely obliged to pay for being deprived of these services.

I shall instance a striking example of this, the particulars of which I am well acquainted with. It was that of the principality of Muskau, together with the manor of Brantitz, both belonging to the same proprietor, and including, in the circumference of the domain, forty-five villages. The regulating of these has continued more than ten years, and at present only one single process is definitively closed, and that has only been effected by mutual convention between the parties, principally through the liberality and sacrifices of the Dominii. The proprietor had also the good fortune to engage the services of an

eminent lawyer; and the commissary he maintained exhibited in his profession dexterity, talent, and an anxious desire to promote such a conclusion as would be advantageous to the interest of all parties. Otherwise every thing would have been in complete chaos, and those, who were interested, embroiled in process upon process.

Thus the proprietors of landed estates and the peasants are naturally becoming poorer and poorer during these wearisome, protracted, and expensive proceedings, and behold, with a state of mind bordering on despair, an evil averted for the sake of carrying into effect a theory, which will be productive of advantage to none, except a mass of civil officers, whom the government has created without necessity, and when the business is terminated, will be turned adrift upon society, thereby producing a still greater necessity, and, to accomplish this, the interests of one generation are sacri-

ficed! This sounds harsh, but it is too true. Notwithstanding these causes of complaint, we have abundant reason to be thankful for the various national blessings we enjoy, under a government which, though purely monarchical and military, yet contains the elements of more personal freedom than is to be found in all the constitutional monarchies combined, and over which reigns one of the best and noblest kings, whose ear is never closed against truth, and whose constant aim and study is the happiness of his people.

Under such a government, therefore, we may be permitted to proclaim our grievances and wrongs; for certainly the dissolution of the ties between the peasant and his lord is a subject of the most serious and painful interest, on account of the insupportable exactions which it has given rise to, and the pernicious effects which are even now consuming the landed proprietors, the only true and real support of a country.

The author with whom this system may be said to have originated, died confined in a mad-house. His mind had, for some time previous to this melancholy event, been wavering between reason and insanity, notwithstanding, he was generally considered a man of intelligence and influence. The subject was subsequently adopted by some of our visionary enthusiasts and learned theorists, and although the measure itself is full of philanthropy, yet, the manner in which it has been reduced to practice, has almost entirely neutralized its happy effects.

My opinion of the subject is, that the peasants are reduced to a still lower grade than they were before, and their former masters have nearly sunk to a level with those who were formerly serfs. Unfortunately the poor are everywhere slaves, even in the midst of the most advanced state of civilization and liberal institutions; and the most enthusiastic admirers of the unlimited independence of the peasant,

whose views I entirely coincide with and wish to see adopted, where it can be done without endangering the rights and interests of those more immediately interested, must agree with me in lamenting the unhappy results which have ensued.

We shall now take a view of the unfortunate inhabitants of those countries who are at present suffering with a superabundant population, the result of the too wide extension of the allotment system, and who are now emigrating in thousands to escape a deeper poverty than that of our own peasants during their condition as serfs.

Upon this subject I shall have much opposition to encounter.

The system of large landed estates in England I have already highly eulogized, and yet my readers may be surprised to hear that her

inhabitants are also emigrating—this however originates more in their adventurous dispositions and restless spirit of speculation, than in any real necessity. The principal portion of the English emigrants carry with them a larger amount of capital than, with very few exceptions, is usually employed by the most opulent farmers in our own country.

Still, it cannot be denied, that there is much misery in Great Britain, which is produced not by the large extent of the landed estates, but by many other well known causes, particularly the heavy burden of the clergy, who have grasped the land with iron claws by means of the tithe system, and, like a myriad of hungry leeches, suck the very substance of the earth; they are also principally to blame for the quantity of land found in that country uncultivated, appearing to the eye like a desolate common.

Experience has incontestibly proved, that the allotment system is little to be depended upon for creating a population of orderly peaceable

citizens. England, though occasionally disturbed by violent agitation, is far less turbulent and wavering than France, which has been a pattern of a successive series of revolutions from her first wild burst of sanguinary anarchy to the present time—agitation in England produces reforms, in France, revolutions!—this is caused by the want in the latter of large landed proprietors, which are the very pillars of monarchy; and by that ill-judged, imprudent allotment system which only tends to give existence to an eternal struggle after a visionary and unattainable equality.

A connected consolidated body of large landed proprietors can alone impart stability to France; the want of such a body is probably leading her to destruction, and this her most sagacious politicians know too well. Why then should we hasten to imitate this example? Surely we should pause and consider whether it will repay us for the sacrifices we are called upon to make. Theories are at all times most appalling—they have

already thrown down many of the pillars of our house. The innovators should commence erecting their magnificent new buildings with the roof instead of the foundation, and in doing this they would follow the example of the Turkish sultan.

But how unlike the prudent Mehemit Ali and every other wise reformer !

Important political changes, whether they are made slowly or rapidly, must be always conducted with the highest prudence and circumspection, and the consequence of destroying the ancient structure maturely weighed ; but, above all, we should keep pace with the grade of intellectual culture, and ascertain whether the change we contemplate is in accordance with the state of the country and suitable to the condition of the people, and also whether it is adapted to this particular epoch.

Minutolis's and Prokesch's travels in Egypt are, upon this subject, both entertaining and instructive ; and the Barbarian Pacha, as he is

termed, understands far better the art of governing than many of our free-thinking law-givers, who have always a supply at hand ready for immediate use.

In another German periodical publication, the editor, when treating upon the Utility School, has amused himself at the expense of the Frenchman Villeneuve, who asserts, in his "Privat-Hypothese," "that ruins and ancient monuments are the most splendid ornaments which can adorn a country"—we, continues the other, "are entirely of a contrary opinion—new buildings, canals, public roads, are far more glorious than mouldering ruins, dilapidated aqueducts, and decaying castles, and modern distinctions are preferable to old nobility."

These observations appear to me characteristic of the times—we behold the French again awakened to romantic and poetic feelings, and seeking in them for consolation amidst the un-

quiet troublous objects which surround them ; but the German matter-of-fact daily prose will not permit us to discover that ruins are beautiful. Most certainly, thou Goth, the contemplation of the ruins and monuments of olden time will not satisfy corporeal wants, and, to a hungry man, a baker's-shop would no doubt be preferable ; but are there not men that require sustenance for the mind and imagination ? to these they will be always delightful. Why are not the ancient nobility to be preferred to the modern ? I grant, as they are at present esteemed, neither the one nor the other are of much value.



THE REFLECTIONS OF A PATRIOT.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria scripsi.

The state of a country with a redundant population consists not only in the inability of the

land to produce sufficient to nourish the inhabitants, but in the advanced state of its civilization, which gives an impulse to the people, and, as it were, propels them towards activity and general improvement. The universal diffusion of information renders it difficult for many to succeed their own country; thus they naturally look abroad to those less favoured, as a wide field upon which to display their superior intelligence. Great Britain already suffers in the highest degree from her dense population, although perhaps a third of her land is uncultivated, or laid out in pleasure-grounds which yield no profitable return. In such a state of things colonies are absolutely necessary, to serve, as it were, for conductors to the spirit of restlessness and enterprize, or, when this is impracticable, incessant wars against less civilized nations.

A state, that has not this channel to drain off its superabundant population, or will not take advantage of it, must in process of time fall a sacrifice to internal commotions.

It may appear, as if we wished to establish as a rule this exploded maxim of former ages, "that political morality differs from that of individuals." This, however, is not the case, for the same maxims of right and justice apply as certainly to the whole community as to the individual; still we may err by excessive generosity as well as by extreme selfishness, but with this difference—that as an individual, man may pass the strict line of justice, he may act generously; but an individual at the head of a state, being the representative of a commonwealth, if he acts generously, he is unjust to the general interest.

It is indisputable, that every individual is invested with the right of self-preservation; for example—a man in the act of drowning has the right in the moment of danger to seize those swimming around him with the hope of saving himself; by the same law of nature a man in a state of starvation may take bread whenever he can meet with it.

Even the man roofing a house was not censured, who seeing his leader seized with giddiness and staggering, and foreseeing to a certainty, that the man, when falling, would drag with him both himself and comrades, hurled the unhappy being, whom it was impossible to save, sideways to the ground.

I consider it defensible in a state, when it finds, that it is nourishing in its bosom the seeds of intestine commotion and rebellion, to take advantage of every common means to avert the danger, this may probably in some cases incidentally tend to the benefit of others ; thus every conquest made by a civilized nation over barbarians conduces not only to the advantage of the victors but also of the vanquished, who by this means become instructed in the arts of civilization. In this point of view it would have been productive of benefit to Asia if she had been conquered by Russia ; and Russia is extremely fortunate in having in her immediate vicinity a

conductor to turn aside the electric stream of intestine commotion from herself.

Without the Turkish war, the disturbances which took place in Russia would have assumed a more threatening aspect, and if the Polish army had been employed in that war, or in securing the freedom of Greece, it is more than probable that the insurrection in Poland would have been prevented.

Prussia is rapidly approximating towards that state of over population which France and the south of Germany have long since arrived at, and to which perhaps the continued restlessness of those countries is principally referable. France, in proportion to her extensive population, possesses but few facilities for the encouragement of emigration; South Germany none. Hence assistance was sought for in theoretical constitutions, representative constitutions, but without success; even the least exceptionable form will fail in its effect, for it is only when mankind possess internal evidence that they deserve it,

that true liberty will arise and flourish, and till then every attempt to create a constitution will be found abortive.

But as this subject has been already discussed I shall return to our own country.

Prussia, as I before mentioned, is fast verging towards the same condition; the perpetual advancement of her citizens in activity and intelligence continues to contract the theatre for her exertions; her commerce, her manufactures, increase daily, for which we are indebted partly to the moral freedom we enjoy, far exceeding that of many other nations, (and this, notwithstanding the absolute form of our constitution,) and partly to the universal diffusion of intelligence, an intelligence which commences with the sovereign upon the throne, and shades with its mantle the lowest subject in the realm.

The only impediment to the future power and greatness of Prussia is the want of a channel in transmarine countries. An extension of her

frontier in her immediate neighbourhood, though perhaps more desirable, is not at present to be expected; still even this, in process of time, is by no means improbable, as the universal tendency of civilization to create large empires is becoming every day more clearly demonstrated.

But, if I may be permitted to inquire, what obstacle is there to prevent Prussia herself from becoming a maritime power? That she should become sufficiently strong to support a naval contest with any of the European maritime powers is not probable; but, if she could form colonies, it would conduce to her own preservation, give an impulse to her commerce, and secure to her firm commercial stations in other parts of the world.

It has often been asserted, that 20,000 Englishmen were more than sufficient to conquer the whole of China; without attempting to propose such an adventurous undertaking, it is a question, whether the possession of a few islands in the Chinese seas would not be the means of com-

mencing and establishing advantageous commercial relations with China and other Asiatic empires. Why should England alone enjoy these benefits? why does she alone assume the right, and embrace every means to interrupt and impede all others? Yes, the force of public opinion has already moderated the power of England in this respect. Thus we see, that the French have not been interfered with in their conquest of Algiers; which they undoubtedly would not have been permitted to retain a few years ago.

If we had the possession of such outlets, we might found a Prussian Botany Bay, and thereby abolish the law of death; it would be the means of reforming our malefactors so as to become useful citizens and fathers of a new people; we might, to such a colony, make an assignment of the moiety of our lawyers, and of other restless intriguing heads at the same time; yes, I should go with pleasure myself as a volunteer, and like my kinsman Latour d'Auvergne, who became the first grenadier of

France, I should endeavour in our new colonies to become the first Prussian Hussar. Most certainly I recommend the establishment of maritime commerce; it is a case that deserves the most mature and serious deliberation; by this means a species of East India Company might be founded *en petit*; and you, my dear country, would acquire more fame in China, than your commerce in tea and Indian curiosities has hitherto produced you wealth,

We may examine with the most candid impartiality, and study with the most earnest attention, all philosophical systems; and after adopting them in succession, we shall arrive at the conclusion, that the utmost grasp of our intellect is incompetent to solve that most exalted problem of speculation, God! An absolutely abstract, immaterial principle is no more the true God that our piety requires,

than a material substance bounded by space and destitute of an all-pervading influence, but which however is cognizable by our finite understanding. The union of these two properties of God, personal substance and divinity interwoven in one and the same Being, is a doctrine that neither Spinoza nor any of his followers have made intelligible to popular comprehension, and my own opinions upon this subject are equally obscure and undefined.

We are not satisfied with the internal conviction of the existence of an invisible, all-supreme Being, to worship and adore; but we must, so to speak, actually behold him; and for this purpose, we form a representation of the Deity in the likeness of the most perfect human being that imagination can conceive, and which may be properly termed an incarnate God. This visible representation has been the object of all religions since the creation of man; and according to their degree of intel-

lectual cultivation, and the era in which they lived, it has been varied and modified.

The result, therefore, must naturally be, that the religion, which can conceive the noblest ideal, such a one as would satisfy the feelings, reason, and understanding, is to be preferred; in this sense, every educated reflecting human being must be a Christian in the fullest sense of the word, at least, so long as we are unacquainted with any higher standard, particularly as in this doctrine eternal advancement is a most essential feature; but then, if I may venture to give my opinion, no class of divines should, as they have hitherto done, endeavour to congeal this stream of perpetual advancement, and to erect themselves into the privileged life-guards, the unchanging aristocracy of the Heavenly Empire. This is highly censurable, as they degrade the ideal of the incarnate divinity to that of a mere human being, invested with such passions as are sufficient to obscure the highest holiness.

Pure Protestantism now endeavours to inculcate more correct principles, but alas! its doctrines are little impressed, and as yet of little influence. In the first place, the clergy must become examples of virtue—kind, affectionate teachers and expounders of the holiest necessities of man; true genuine pastors for all, whether Jews or Christians, Turks or Heathens, without advancing any pretensions to an exclusive and political support of their faith by the State; without any earthly aim of the slightest degrading tendency; without the mechanical constraints of the dogmas of the schools, and without the unworthy motive of a pecuniary recompense.

Then would the Church become the highest institution for perfecting human nature; then would Christ appear again upon earth, and the millenium would commence of a practical practised religion. Then it would be no longer demanded, what do you believe? but how do you act? So entirely different from what is

practised in our days, which is an epoch as irreligious, as it is turbulent; as disturbed, as it is selfish; and which perhaps may be best defined by denominating it the juridical era, founded only upon that miserable sentence mine and thine, and followed by the eternal disruption of all those humanizing relations which bind man to man.

We have already partially discussed the subject of slavery, but it is by no means exhausted, for, as freedom is undoubtedly the most ridiculous word of modern times, so is slavery the most gloomy; the abuses of the latter have originated in our own moral debasement; for slavery, by which I mean the uncontrolled power of one class over another, cannot, properly speaking, be termed an evil, any more than existence,—for are we not all, in the fullest sense of the word, slaves of a higher and un-

known power? And does there remain to man, any more than to the slave, under their fearful sufferings, (beneath which both too often sink,) any other consolation than that derived from their own feelings and sentiments? This consolation arises from two different sources; it either emanates from a pious conviction, that in all the vicissitudes of life, an all-mighty all-gracious God guides us by his own wise counsels, which, though invisible to our dark and cloudy vision, are yet directed only for our benefit; or it springs out of the congratulations of an approving conscience, from the conviction that our actions have been regulated according to the dictates of right and justice; that they have been equally balanced between self-love and benevolence; thus, though hell may be convulsed, the strength and justice of our conviction will remain firm as the rock imbedded in the waves of the ocean.

We will, for the sake of argument, assume, that the masters of the slaves are right-minded

and just, (although in reality deficient in these qualities); or that the slaves believe them to be such, which will produce the same effect, (as, for example, artful deceivers often exercise over a blinded, uncultivated, ignorant people, a power despotic and tyrannical, and yet are requited by their veneration and affection); so that the condition of slavery has nothing worse in it than that of man; indeed, the state of slavery was absolutely necessary during the dark, rude, and unintellectual ages of the world.

This reasoning is self-evident; it will however be long before we arrive at the conclusion, that the moral influence of our minds, when applied to check our own love of dominion, is frail and weak; for not only does man assume more power than he is entitled to, but he also abuses it, and at length we perceive but too plainly, that no political form of government can permit his incroachments consistently with its own security.

Let any person travel through those countries

where the white man exercises an almost despotic power over the slaves, and he will find, that the regrets and commiserations of the newly-arrived European for the condition of the slave are laughed to scorn, and he is sneeringly told, that in process of time he will change his opinions; it is too true, and how mournful is it to behold the rapid progress of the human heart, as it becomes petrified in mercy, (notwithstanding the influence of education and religion,) when the prejudices of society, and the law of custom, allow free scope to the indulgence of the passions!

It is a melancholy, but irrefragable truth, that the nature of man claims more affinity with that of the tiger than the lamb; a love of destruction is deeply implanted in him, and like this most voracious of animals, when he has once tasted blood, his desire for it increases; indeed, it is the opinion of many, that war and the chase are the satiators of this appetite in

Europe, and in those countries, where it prevails—slavery! What a painful thought!

I doubt much, whether the various attempts, made to accomplish the abolition of the slave-trade, have been upon the whole beneficial to the negroes. My reasons for these opinions are grounded upon the following arguments.

In the first place, the negroes in their present situation cannot be considered an intellectual, well-organized class of men.

In the second place, slavery exists in its most abhorrent form in Africa itself, where the unhappy victims are subjected to the most heartless barbarities that inventive cruelty can inflict; so that it would be beneficial, and tend to the progress of civilization in this unhappy race, if no obstacles were interposed to their transportation from Africa.

In this case, however, it would be absolutely necessary, that the severest punishment should be inflicted upon those who treat them with

cruelty, either during their voyage, or at any subsequent period.

The relative situations of master and slave should be controlled by a more humane system of laws; still, however, leaving with the master the right of compulsory labour, which would not abrogate that species of slavery entirely, but in the most essential manner diminish it, without intrenching upon the rights of the slave proprietor.

The period of compulsory labour should be limited to a certain number of years, and at the expiration of it care should be taken that those negroes, who would not voluntarily serve as day labourers, should be united together in free colonies, in the same manner as is practised by the Dutch government; by which means the slaves would be certain of providing for their own subsistence, and at the same time, by the pursuance of useful and profitable industry, render important services to the state.

By this method the negroes would be trans-

formed into beings capable of appreciating the advantages of true liberty, which the existing regulations of the slave-trade have altogether failed in accomplishing; while, on the contrary, by awakening in them a delusive hope, their condition has been rendered more deplorable than it was previously.

However, it is highly probable, that the discovery of the source of the Niger may be the commencement of an entirely new era for Africa; the evil can now be attacked in its very foundation, and the seeds of intellectual cultivation more extensively sown, which has been hitherto so ineffectually attempted.

I am not sanguine in the amount of good to be anticipated from the system of slave emancipation which has originated in England, and I fear, like the application of constitutional principles in Spain and Portugal, will fail of success; for the diseased state of a commonwealth must be gradually remedied by its own members, and not by the intrusion of prin-

principles unsuited to their station in the scale of social existence.

It has been said, that virtue would be insanity, if God did not support and protect her.

That no earthly being could conceive virtue, if she had not been revealed by a higher power, is most certain. Her home, alas ! is not upon earth, for here she is so little loved, that, were she perfect, she would be driven to find a refuge from persecution in the desert. Happily we are not called upon to witness this melancholy spectacle ; for Machiavelli maintains, that man is neither possessed of sufficient courage to surrender himself entirely to her guidance, nor yet of such reckless hardihood, as totally to abjure her control.

Those politicians who expect that Providence will interfere in the termination of a cause, merely on the grounds of their human ideas

of its justice, (independently even of all considerations derived from religious theories,) have not sufficiently studied history, or they would be convinced that Providence, who is the invisible agent in the events of this world, never interrupted the chain of causes and their analogies, to operate any specific effect.

The cause of justice would be always certain of success, if it were at the same time the most powerful; for although this very justice constitutes its strength, yet it is frequently neglected to be taken timely advantage of. "Assist yourself, and God will assist you," is as pious and christian as it is reasonable. We must, alas! acknowledge that the noblest sentiments, when exposed to the test of experience, are not proof against the troubles and vexations of life; for instance, all that is glorious upon earth, justice, equity, freedom, virtue, just retribution, &c. &c. are warred against and ridiculed, and their ultimate success is uncertain. In fact the

only earthly power certain of a triumphant result, so long as it can support itself, is—Force.

It has been justly asserted by a popular author, "That the fine arts will never fail to degenerate, if divorced from religion;" and then, continues our author, "music is the only one of the fine arts that can be properly said to be an integral part of divine service. It must therefore be adopted as the best medium, by which we can once more establish an intimate union of all the arts with religion."

This is a singular conclusion; the fine arts are degenerated because in the present epoch genuine religious feeling, like all poetry, has become weakened in the breast of man; let this be strengthened, and the fine arts will again bloom. But if it is necessary to be invigorated by music, then, perhaps, the most effectual concert would be the roaring of another thirty years' cannonading; the groans of

thousands expiring of the plague; or the lamentations of those overwhelmed with a partial deluge, or on the point of being engulfed by an earthquake.

It seems inexplicable to some persons, that the inhabitants of the United States, though apparently deficient in the imaginative faculty, are, notwithstanding their advanced progress in political science, divided into religious sects, professing the most fanatical, and, in some instances, the most ludicrous tenets. To me it appears perfectly consonant with the usual course of events.

Young nations (and such is America—but who, like a young giant, strangled a serpent in its cradle)—are always religious, while ancient countries are generally more sceptical; in the same manner, as childhood blindly believes, and mature age, perhaps, as blindly doubts. The strength and vigour of youth, is faith, the

foundation of religion. At a future period, with the decrease of strength and vigour, and the accession of experience, the season of reflection commences upon the acts of our earlier years, which is the foundation stone of philosophy. Perhaps still later, the views of both will obtain such an insight into truth, as to form an entirely new religion.

Those who are hesitating in their faith, would do wisely, if the mind will yield its assent, to continue to believe.

But to demand it as a duty from those, who in this view of life are without it, would be nothing less than compelling a person to become young again. That would be impossible.

A nation cannot return a second time to a state of infancy, but it is not so with individuals; they may again sink into childhood,—for instance, the devotees of our day. God, the all-bountiful, has in his wisdom discovered the true means of operating this miracle of renewed youth, as it has been ordained from the be-

ginning, from eternity to eternity, the endless unerring means of renewing youth for all. What is it? Death!

Generally speaking, governments are not friendly towards men of genius, who are aspiring or ambitious; but in so doing, it is most certain, they evince weakness, or want of discernment, in not availing themselves of their talents. Prudence enjoins a contrary method of proceeding, namely, to employ them; they are thus won over to the interests of the state, and thereby rendered both innocuous and useful.

It is ever to be deplored that Frederic the Great, in a moment of ill-humour, sacrificed the talented Lander; and the Bourbons would probably have escaped their melancholy fate, if their vain and frivolous court had condescended to win over Mirabeau, instead of clinging to the fickle and incompetent Necker.

The first syllable of the name of the minister who signed the incorporation of Poland with Russia, and the abolition of her constitution, was Grab (grave) Grabofsky.

Is this for us Germans a presage or its fulfilment?

Be this as it may, this piece of intelligence is certainly a fortunate omen, namely, that a foreign order has been conferred upon a *Russian minister* and made hereditary in his family. How beautiful! whilst the ungodly Saint Simonians are striving to abolish hereditary titles to wealth, to thrones, to rank, &c. the Russian-Persian Order of the Aurora, which is about being created and made hereditary, imparts a certain hope of immortality; is not this reasonable—are not *orders* become so numerous as to attract the attention of all governments?

After the various emancipations of the present day, such as the people—the sound of that has gone forth into the ends of the earth.—The children—behold our schools.—Horses and

asses—see Schefer's novels. The serfs—look to the Prussian allotment system; the West Indian slaves, and finally the Jews,—read the debates in the English Parliament. Are we not therefore justified in anticipating an emancipation of the *orders*? and the day on which the power of hereditary debate would be conferred on *all orders*, will be hailed by many with the greatest satisfaction and delight!

I frequently censure the English, and for this reason, because they are so great, and yet so little!

To-day, as I laid the newspaper out of my hand, I felt for them undivided veneration; the emancipation of the Jews, which I before mentioned, is a glorious token of the advanced state of their intellectual culture, and will produce the most beneficial results, by moderating their religious zeal; for one step taken in the path of charity is always the precursor of one still higher;

thus, by retreating from an evil, we escape another of still greater magnitude.

Hail to thee, noble, illustrious people! How numerous are the clouds of error which have vanished before thy enlightening influence! and now thou hast laid the axe to the root of that remnant of barbarism—the persecution of a numerous class of our fellow-creatures—which has so long existed to the eternal disgrace of civilized Europe!

It is a glorious victory of justice and humanity, and a proud example to the world; but I voluntarily drop the veil over the dark stain which the continued disabilities of the Jews leave upon Germany.

I know not what the feelings and opinions of those, who term themselves Christians, may be upon this subject, but for myself I can truly assert that, since I arrived at maturity, I never conversed with a well-informed Jew without experiencing shame and humiliation, or without being impressed with the conviction, that we

have no right to despise the articles of their faith, but that we have afforded them too much reason to doubt the charity of ours.

Still the progress of events cannot be arrested ; the present age, notwithstanding the threatening aspect of those dangers which now lie hid in the womb of futurity, yet tramples in the dust prejudice upon prejudice, in rapid succession ; and even if, in a moment of excitement and delusion, a prejudice is re-instated, the effect is but momentary, as an immediate re-action takes place, and they must finally arrive, conformably with the divine laws, "at the haven where they would be"—the empire of reason !

I cannot forbear noticing a singular instance of the incongruity of the human mind. During the same session of the English Parliament which originated the noble, magnanimous proposition for the emancipation of the Jews, a ludicrous bill was introduced to enforce the better observance of the Sabbath, which among its enactments numbered one for the punishment of those who read newspapers, or even sought

for political information on that sacred day, together with other nonsense of a similar description. And, singular to say, the discussion terminated with about the same majority against the exalted measure for the amelioration of a numerous class of our fellow-creatures, as against the other* merry-andrew attempt at legislation.



CONSIDERATIONS ON A LANDED ARISTOCRACY.



The station of the landed proprietor is undoubtedly one of the last importance in a country; nay, it is even a question whether it is not paramount in importance to every other; and yet no class have become more diminished in influence: this is particularly evident when they happen to be not only landed proprietors, but nobility. Indeed, the only individuals

* Quære, does the author intend here to pun upon the name of the honourable introducer of this bill, Sir Andrew Agnew?—*Translator.*

of this class whose interests have not deteriorated, are those who hold some office in the realm, or pursue some lucrative employment in conjunction with their agricultural occupation as landed proprietors.

Various causes have combined to operate the unexampled decay of this class: modern innovations have had no inconsiderable effect, but landed proprietors are themselves principally to blame in resting supinely ignorant of the fine arts and of general knowledge and information. I regret to say they evince, in some cases, an absolute indifference, if not contempt, to all that is ornamental, beautiful, or intellectual. Perhaps a still more powerful cause of their declension is to be found in their utter apathy to whatever peculiarly relates to themselves.

In constitutional countries the great landed proprietors, the aristocracy, are a most influential body; but, in the legitimate sense of the word, Prussia may be said to be destitute of this powerful class.

Under an absolute monarchy an aristocracy is

not, perhaps, so essential; but unquestionably it forms an integral, indispensable part of a constitutional monarchy, for it is necessary not only as a security for the throne, but as a bulwark to protect the rights of the people; and we may be assured that a mere titular nobility, without wealth or influence, forms a very inefficient substitute.

The influence that a true aristocracy exercises upon the affairs of a state is powerful and multifarious; it originates in their possessions, and as it were, grows with and emanates from them. Thus, in the discharge of their public functions, at the same time that they advance the interests of the community, they benefit their own; we must, however, assume that they have imbibed correct opinions relative to the policy, institutions, and peculiar character of their country; consequently the provisions made by a wise aristocracy, if in conformity with the spirit, or in advance of the age, are in a manner guaranteed by their immense stake in the welfare of the community.

But how seldom is this visible even in those countries where similar relations already exist, although perhaps imperfect; for instance, in England the head of the family, i. e. the landed proprietor, does not usually enter the service of the state, unless incited by the instigation of ambition, the consciousness of possessing commanding talent, or the pressure of pecuniary losses; while, on the contrary, the younger sons, who are destitute of landed possessions or aristocratical influence, consecrate themselves with alacrity and pleasure to the public service, and not unfrequently become elevated to as much importance and power as birth had secured to the elder branch of the family, as they had always considered this to be the path marked out for them to pursue, and had prosecuted it with integrity and honour.

These felicitous proportions have long since slowly bloomed on the other side of the channel, and have there grown into a machine so admirable in its nature that, notwithstanding its

defects and abuses, it has originated a liberal enlightened public feeling, and a greater degree of personal and national freedom than is to be found in any other country in Europe.

Such a fabric is to us a stranger, and it seems from various causes too probable that it will long remain so, as those discordant elements which at present menace us must first be hushed to repose; this can only be effected by the creation of a solid durable aristocracy, namely, an influential body of landed proprietors, which, when it exists, is the pride of a country; such, for instance, as adorns England, and extorts from every foreigner his unqualified admiration and respect.

Freedom of the press seems to have become indispensably necessary to the nourishment of our minds, since the discovery of the rights of man, in the same manner as tea and coffee have

become essential to our corporeal sustenance since the discovery of the commerce of the world.

THREE PIECES OF IMPORTANT INFORMATION
EXTRACTED FROM NEWSPAPERS.

1. "During the night of the 18th a rat escaped from his hiding place and made towards the Hotel de Ville, carrying the tricoloured flag and shouting with a tumultuous noise 'Vive la Liberté!'"

2. "A famine is not now to be apprehended in Maestricht, as the Duke Bernhard has approached to the assistance of the town with 400 magen (stomachs)!"

3. "Two steam-boats, one from Havre, the other from Cologne, arrived this day in Antwerp and held a long consultation with the Governor of the citadel!"

The government of Z——, long celebrated for its genius, extended its love of governing even beyond its own frontiers. Very shortly after annexing part of the kingdom of R—— to its dominions, overlooking the circumstance that the town of N—— continued under its former sovereign, they transmitted a mandate of punishment to the bookseller Schöps of that town, for selling a prohibited book.

His laconic answer was as follows:—“ My name of Schöps* being widely diffused in the neighbouring provinces, has, I presume, been the innocent cause that the excellent and well-ordered government of Z—— has done me the honour to number me among its subjects; but may I be allowed to inform the high and mighty government that the town of N—— is proved by every rule of geography still to constitute a part of the kingdom of R——, and hitherto it has not even been rumoured that it has fallen

* Sheep; figuratively, silly fellow.

under any foreign jurisdiction ; it is therefore advisable that our fines and punishments should continue to be awarded by our own government. I most submissively subscribe myself to the high and wise government of Z——,

F. SCHÖPS, jun."

That sweet solace of man's terrestrial cares, hope, never forsakes us, but gleams from on high like that planet which day by day, each morning and evening, smiles on the weary traveller, but still retreats from him, wearing the semblance of Lucifer, of Venus, of the morning or evening star, and in this *quadrinity* and *quadrupity*, it marches for ever onward, onward, like a vision seducing us to follow it ; yet where is the human being who could exist without cherishing the delusion ?

A PORTRAIT.

A terrific giant appeared to me lately in a dream, one of his legs was the spire of the Cathedral of Strasburg, the other was that of St. Stephen's at Vienna; he wore a sky-blue uniform; on his left breast was the planet Venus and the Uranus, and on his right three comets; his head was powdered like that of a Lord of the Bedchamber, and, upon a nearer inspection, I discovered that this identical head was the Tschimborasso.

He extended his finger, and the streaks of the northern lights appeared in the Heavens, and out of the fiery colours a glowing spark whirled downwards from the immeasurable heights; with shuddering eyes, I observed his dimensions alternately dilate and diminish like an *ignis fatuus*, till he finally assumed the form of a man.

As that undefinable being stood before me, I found it was the devil! we very soon became upon the most friendly terms; but, gracious heaven! what a different being is he in reality from what he has been represented to us. The immortal Hauff, who was also most intimately acquainted with him, is the only person who has given a rational description of him. The awe inspired by his first appearance soon wore away, for man becomes accustomed to every thing.

A very amiable female acquaintance of mine, with whom he has been more familiarized than either of us, lately wrote upon three leaves of paper sewed together a description of my newly acquired friend, which, having fallen from her writing desk, I had the good fortune to find.

The feminine naïvete of it charmed me; the following is an accurate copy.

“ Think not that satan is hideous, or that he wears horns, or that he is adorned with that ap-

pendage with which he is usually represented—a tail; but least of all that he has cloven feet.”

“On the contrary, he is, I assure you, well-grown, tall, slender, and of an elastic form, with finely proportioned limbs; ah! in all this he is not deficient; his eye beams like a star, perpetually varies in expression, and is full of animation; his countenance is replete with interest and variety; in a state of repose it appears like that of a poet invested with the most touching melancholy. I never saw him angry; his general aspect is friendly and good-natured; and though occasionally a great enthusiast, yet he is always prudent and subtle: his ordinary demeanour is becoming and decorous, he blushes like a miss in her teens, and is easily excited to tears; his hair is an infernal jet black, but I observed a single red one on the left side of his whiskers, which he will not allow to be extirpated; his countenance is pale, but the skin fine and smooth; he has slender lips, white teeth,

long delicate fingers, and small feet ; his dress is plain, but arranged with the most recherché negligence. This interesting exterior is united with the greatest subtlety of character, of which he avails himself as often as he finds necessary ; his action and deportment are graceful and pleasing ; at one time he assumes the bearing suitable to his rank, while at another he is familiar and condescending. Yes, yes, thought I, " that silly race of sheep," the sons of men, who expect to find in him a revolting apparition, are altogether ignorant of his nature. His most peculiar characteristic is that he never permits an insult or jesting, yet, at the same time, is always ready to practise it towards others. He is possessed of extraordinary talents ; his wit is inexhaustible, and he is inimitable in his saucy bashfulness."

" He is a most accomplished master of all the arts of deception ; is fond of reading and of having books read to him, particularly *Goethe's Faust* ; above all things he delights in playing the

incognito, and like all great men is averse to being discomposed; he is perfectly acquainted with all the arts of enjoying the pleasures of life; and generally dines alone; after which he cracks nuts and then throws the shells in the faces of those around him, never forgetting however to make an apology."

"He endeavours to seduce every person who approaches him, particularly the fair sex: oh! the betrayer! from which it would appear he loves the sinner more than the sin; and wherever he finds he has obtained an entrance into a heart, and that it is impossible to eject him; he immediately assumes the most insolent indifference, acts the role of an English dandy, and meditates new conquests."

Thus far the young lady.

I can also add a few not uninteresting traits from my own observation and experience; among others, I can decidedly affirm that he had at one time the intention of residing among the Devotees, but his bold aspiring nature was unable to en-

dure the confinement ; in a few weeks, however, he cast his skin, which, together with his horns, cloven feet, and sulphureous perfume, he left to the holy assembly as a most valuable legacy. Since this epoch he composed his modern Metamorphosis. He has recently (for he can never detach himself from the spirit of the times,) become a Liberal, and is earnestly engaged in originating and forwarding all sorts of reforms ; indeed it is reported that he intends to establish a constitution even in hell itself.

Many unhappy souls are consequently flattering themselves with the hope that, for the future, they will not be left to receive their punishment from an offended God, but will first debate and then choose it for themselves. Thus being in possession of glorious blessed freedom ! they say they could endure double the amount of their present sufferings.

Public opinion is peculiarly a thing in itself. It is sometimes victorious even over personal interest; for instance, we are surprised at the Dutch, (I mean the ancient,) whom nothing tended more to enrich, than the great discovery of salting herrings, and their immense commerce in this article with Catholic countries, which originated in the numerous fasts enjoined by that church. This was carried on to such an extent, as to give rise to the proverb, that "Amsterdam has been built upon the heads of herrings," and this, notwithstanding the Dutch themselves were the most zealous Protestants, abjured fasting, and were most anxious that all the world should embrace the same opinions, even if they were not to dispose of a single salt herring! Many similar instances might be adduced, but perhaps none of greater disinterestedness.

In the works of Shakspeare, comedy and

tragedy are almost invariably blended together ; it is also thus in the drama of the world ; at present, however, it is not easy to assign the palm of ridicule to one particular country ; but it appears to me, that certain Southern pre-eminently merit it, who, when performing the part of vaunting, boasting braggadocios did not condescend to wait for the attack, but ran. The most amusing part of it, is, that these slaves, whose only real charter consists in the rod with which they beat up their maccaroni, might even go so far as to hang upon their infallible pope a constitution in the form of a hair bag, as an object of devotion.

We complain, and perhaps not without reason, that a spirit is abroad to lay prostrate old institutions, without having the power to erect a superior fabric. It may be so, but is it wise when a room is newly painted, to pro-

nounce upon the effect, at the moment when the old colour is removed from the walls, and the new has only commenced penetrating? Would it not be better to defer our decision, till it is completely finished, and then, if the result is unsatisfactory, we may say with truth, that it would have been preferable to have suffered the old to remain.

The Germans are reproached, and perhaps not unjustly, with their imperfect system of public instruction. Education may be compared to dress, for, as the proverb truly says, "fine feathers make fine birds," not that it changes the essential part of man, but merely his exterior appearance; education produces similar effects, it conceals the weaker, and calls into action the nobler parts of the intellect, till the whole is arrayed in the most becoming manner; it places us under the restraints imposed by custom, which are as it were a sacrifice for the benefit of

society. For a considerable period, public instruction was conducted with too much freedom; but, at present, the danger lies in pursuing the opposite extreme. In Austria, for instance, I have been informed that the universities, like the schools, are divided into classes, and that the students in the last of these receive manual correction!

In opposition to this, they err so far on the side of liberality, as to permit the custom that during the disputation of a student, previous to taking his degree, there is such a discordant noise of trumpets and horns, that it is scarcely possible to hear a word; in this manner, the incapable are generously supported, and thus "radically" are their degrees conferred.

In saintly Berlin, education is conducted according to the injunctions of the Holy Scriptures, "the last shall be first;" thus, in the universities, a bedel receives 800 rix-dollars, and a professor only 400! In the Saxon universities the most important changes have also

taken place ; no one can now invest himself with the title of doctor, as was once the case with Dr. B——. Those who were formerly denominated *magistri*, have been deprived of the privilege of dealing in stockings, suspenders, soap, and clothes balls, which constituted a source of great profit to them. As a recompense for their loss, they have been advanced to the title of *doctores philosophiæ*, most probably without having become thereby more philosophical.

One of the most cautious systems of education that I have ever known, was that pursued with the young count D—— of Berlin. Among other rigorous restrictions, he was never allowed to walk out except in fine weather, and then only in the company of his tutor ; this had the effect of creating in his mind the singular desire to be thoroughly drenched with rain, but his wishes remained unaccomplished, for he was vigilantly watched ; at length, it so happened that during a heavy fall of rain, the tutor was suddenly

called away, he took care, however, first to secure the door, and had scarcely left the room, when the youthful count threw open the window, mounted a chair, and leaned out as far as possible. He was charmed with the cold bath, but hearing the returning footsteps of the tutor, he attempted to spring from the chair, when his foot slipped, he fell from the window, and broke his neck.

On the last day of last year, a landed proprietor in my own immediate neighbourhood hung himself precisely a quarter of an hour before midnight. This man must have had a dreadful presentiment of the year 1833. Quære, perhaps the comet, &c.

AN ANECDOTE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

Shakspeare.

A young student, whose name we shall beg leave to suppress, but who seemed isolated from the common ties of society, was recommended to Mr. K——r, an opulent civil officer in the neighbourhood of Leipsick, to superintend the education of his children. P., for so we shall denominate our student, conducted himself entirely to the satisfaction not only of his pupils and their parents, but he won also the admiration and respect of the whole surrounding country, by the talents he displayed in several distinguished lectures and sermons which he delivered in the neighbouring parishes.*

Thus three years passed over, when one day,

* Theological students are permitted to officiate in the church, previous to being ordained.

at a public entertainment, Baron N——, a gentleman of large landed estates, addressed our young student, who was sitting opposite to him, in the following terms :—“ Mr. P., I beg in the name of the whole company now present, and also in my own, to express to you the respect and admiration you have excited by your talents as a preacher. To your edifying discourses we are indebted for elucidating and enforcing the divine truths of Christianity, with such persuasive eloquence, that the conduct of your hearers has been materially influenced; and I am happy to add, that the blameless tenor of your life has corresponded with the precepts you have delivered. For myself, I hoped that you regarded me as a friend, and I cannot but feel surprised that you have not calculated securely and confidently on my good disposition towards you.”

Mr. P. now attempted to reply, but the Baron N. hastily interrupting him, added—“ are you not aware that one of the most lucrative clerical ap-

pointments in the whole country has been vacant for the last six months, and that it is in my gift? and yet you are the only theologian in the neighbourhood who has not offered himself as a candidate. But I know very well," continued he smiling, "that your only fault is modesty. I will, therefore, make myself the first advances and offer to your acceptance the vacant station at S——; do not be apprehensive, in acceding to my proposition, that your kind friend Mr. K. will consider you ungrateful; he entirely coincides with me in desiring your consent to my proposal, and participates in the feeling of pleasure which we all entertain, that we have at length an opportunity of rewarding your high merit."

At this unexpected communication the countenance of Mr. P. became alternately red and pale, and he appeared very much agitated and disturbed; after pausing a few moments, he stammered out a few incomprehensible sentences of obligation and gratitude, adding, that he would

fully explain himself after dinner. The company were astonished, and the Baron N. appeared not a little piqued at the unexpected reception of his offer. During the evening our student sought a private interview with Mr. K. ; when they were alone, the latter expressed his surprise at P.'s want of gratitude for the generous offer that had been made to him. "My God!" answered the student, "you know not in what a singular predicament I am placed."—"How is this—in what does your difficulty consist? what possible objection can you have to accept one of the very best appointments in the whole district, and which has been offered to you in a manner alike honourable to the donor and yourself? But what is the cause of your hesitation, is it attachment to my children? or is it a prior engagement? speak?"

"Neither. Sincerely as I am attached to my pupils, yet I am perfectly aware that I cannot always remain with them, but"—he then paused, apparently in great mental distress, then as if

speaking with an effort, he added—"I must divulge it, I am not a theologian but a jurist!"

"Is it possible! I am certainly very much astonished: what then could have induced you to give instructions in divinity? why have you led every person into the belief that you were a theologian? however, I am happy to find that you have nothing worse to confess; and after all, when rightly viewed, it offers no impediment to your clerical preferment, your acquirements and capabilities render you admirably qualified for a Divine: we will procure for you testimonials at Leipsick, you are able to support the severest examination. Let me arrange it for you, and it shall remain for ever a secret between us, you understand me?"

"Noble, generous friend!"—replied P.—"it cannot be." He then added in a faltering tone of voice, expressive of the deepest shame and humiliation, "I have grossly deceived you: be not horrified, I am not only no theologian, but also I am not a Christian!"

“No Christian! you have lost your senses!”

“No, I am not mad, but I am a—Jew.”

Mr. K. started, and seemed much discomposed; but after a few minutes he accommodated his mind to the circumstances, and expressed not a little apprehension at the consequences that might ensue in a bigoted land, (as Saxony then was,) particularly as he himself was deeply compromised. At length he said, “there is no other alternative but that we set off to-morrow morning by day-break for Dresden, and confess every thing to the court chaplain Reinhard; you must be baptized, as you are of course a Christian in heart and feeling, for you never could have uttered such sentiments and ideas if you had been a Jew.”

P. offered no objection. Reinhard was a lenient judge, and, after hearing a few sermons and receiving absolution, our student was baptized. Fortune was determined to pour her best gifts upon the head of the hero of our tale,

for a few days afterwards, the rich widow, Madame B——, fell violently in love with the young proselyte; she did not allow “concealment like a worm to feed upon her damask cheek,” but through the medium of the court chaplain conveyed the knowledge of her favourable sentiments; and as he was too wise to refuse a good offer, he accepted the charming widow and her dollars; and no obstacle now existing to prevent it, he was inducted into the vacant parsonage; subsequently, through the influence of his gentle and interesting wife, he became a counsellor of the court, and rose high in public estimation. He is at present a much admired author and the editor of a very popular periodical publication. How singularly does fate dispose the chain of human events !

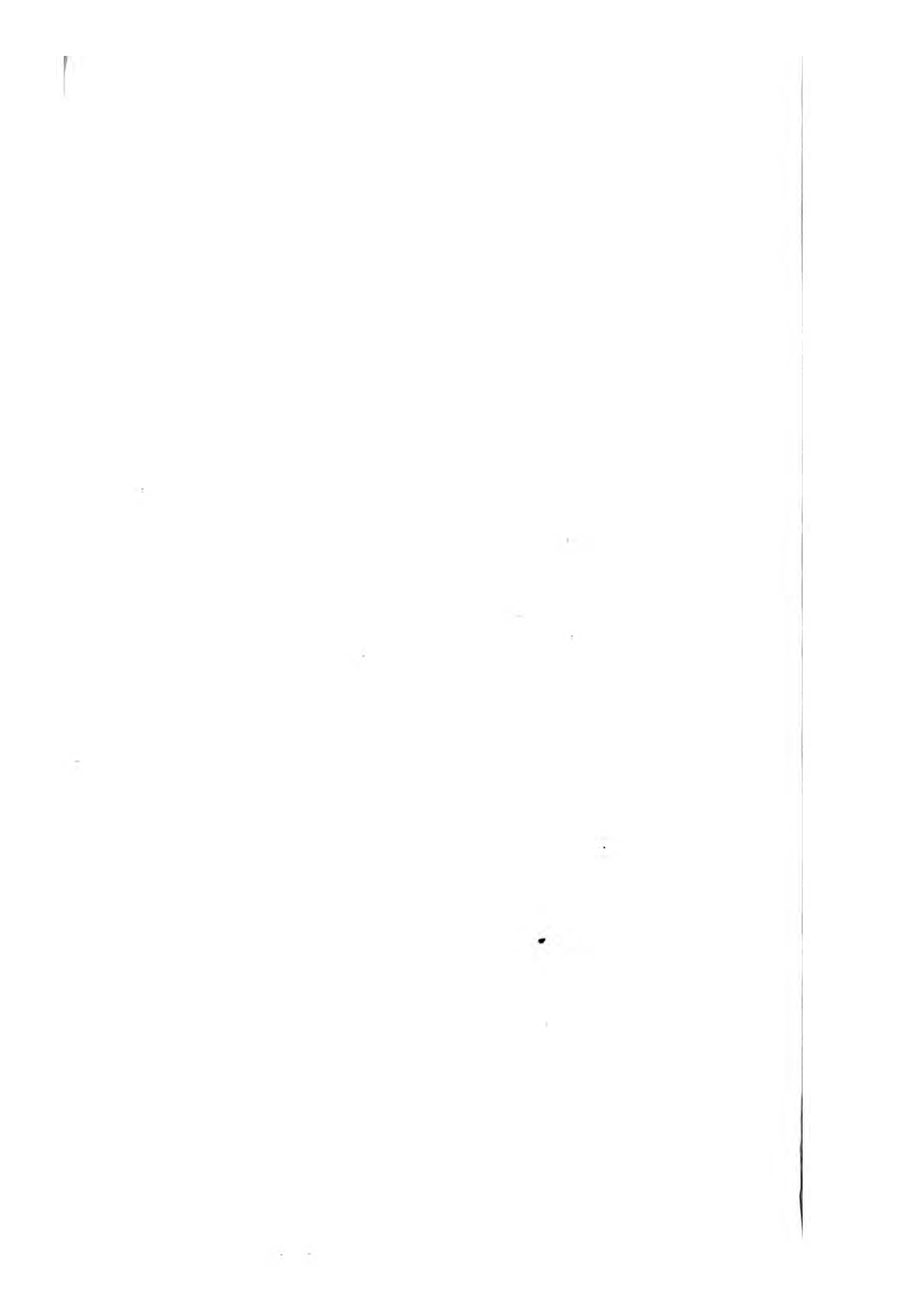
TUTTI FRUTTI.



EXTRACTS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

VOL. I.

L



THE CONGRESS AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

SEPTEMBER, 1818.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our stern alarms are changed to merry meetings.

Shakspeare.

THE amiable Madame Gai and her lovely daughter Delphine, the Muse and Isaure of France, who was at that time a faithful picture of a genuine French girl adorned with all the grace and pleasing vivacity of her nation, will perhaps one day call to mind the promenade we made together with several other ladies, to see a ruin the name of which has escaped my memory.

The weather was delightful; it was a glowing crystal day in autumn, of that peculiar melancholy clearness which is so characteristic of this

season of the year, a season which to the imaginative mind is always typical of the matured period of human existence, when memory, like a mirror, exhibits to us the past, but promises little of joyful anticipation of the future; still we secretly cherish the flatteries of hope.

How different is the spring, which, like the bloom of youth, presents to us the contemplation of the blue heavens and the verdant earth, the bright prospect of a thousand new pleasures and agreeable sensations; little occupied with the past, but enjoying the present and anticipating the future.

However, we were at the time in the most brilliant spirits, and a circumstance which added not a little to our hilarity was, that, in returning, we missed our path and wandered we scarcely knew whither. The ladies were witty and full of animation; one of the exuberances of their mirth and gaiety was attempting to excel each other in springing over the ditches which interrupted our progress. A friend of Madame Gai,

Madame Gail, a lady of most superior and original talent, was victorious over all her fair competitors in her gymnastic exhibitions, which drew from her fair friend a torrent of playful indignation. "Consolez-vous, Madame," said I, "elle a *un l* (une aile) de plus que vous." "Ah, l'horreur!" cried Madame Gai, "on me prend mon calembourg."

"Je vous jure, que je n'y connaissais pas vos droits." "Mais les beaux-esprits se rencontrent . . .," and in the same instant I stumbled over a stone and fell into the arms of my amiable antagonist. "Mais, Monsieur, ce n'est pas ainsi au moins que les beaux-esprits se rencontrent." . . . "Madame, mille pardons," stammered I, much disconcerted; "c'est pourtant la loi de l'attraction seule qui m'a ainsi entraîné, et vous vous êtes malheureusement trop bien apperçue, que je n'y ai pas cédé légèrement." "Allons," rejoined Madame Gai laughing, "pour un Allemand vous ne vous tirez pas trop mal d'affaire." By this time we arrived at our car-

riages, where some of the party left us. Madame Gai and her cortège entered my barouche; I mounted the box and drove my four *Englishmen* back to Aix-la-Chapelle.

We alighted at the house in which resided Mademoiselle Lenormand, the celebrated French sybil, with the intention of consulting her concerning our future destinies; here we met several acquaintances.

The far-famed Pythian sorceress was an ill-looking old woman, with very vulgar manners, dirty hands, and still dirtier cards in them; I remember the whole exhibition as if it had taken place yesterday. She told a young Russian "qu'il serait pendu;" upon which he answered with great sang-froid, "au cou d'une jolie femme j'espère."* Of the writer of these pages she prophesied that he should visit the East, and there, by some unexpected circumstances, arrive

* I have since been informed that the prophecy was accomplished, in consequence of his being compromised in an insurrection at St. Petersburg.

at great celebrity, and that he should die in a place entirely surrounded with water.

I paid little attention to the remainder.

It was late when we left the house of the prophetess, and we determined to pass the soirée with Madame Gai. The beautiful Madame Recamier adorned the circle with her presence; our hostess even surpassed herself; the witty, animated Koreff was in his best spirits; General Maison related some interesting anecdotes of his campaigns with the simplicity which characterizes him; a nephew of the great Alfieri, especially distinguished for loquacity, accompanied the musical performance of Madame Gail. In short, we spent a most delightful evening, and the time passed *utile dulci*.

The company at length departed, and I alone remained. "Do you know," said Madame Gai, "that our amiable friend Madame Gail can unravel the thread of destiny even better than Mademoiselle Lenormand?"

"Oh pray," said I, turning towards her, "solve

me some of the riddles of the old sorceress by again surveying the cards." "Volontiers," answered the obliging lady. Cards were brought; she commenced preparing for her lecture, and seemed absorbed in studying the aspects of the pretty little painted oracles which lay before her. She spoke occasionally, but her words were unintelligible. The clock struck midnight—she started at the sound, again cast her eyes upon the cards, turned deathly pale, threw them down, and, to my great astonishment, suddenly burst into a violent fit of sobbing. "My God!" exclaimed I, alarmed, "what is the matter? Am I to die to-night, and have I to thank you for shedding tears of sympathy for my fate?"

"Non," said she, "tranquilisez-vous; ce n'est pas votre mort que j'ai vue dans les cartes—c'est la mienne!"

We attempted to turn the thing into ridicule, but were unsuccessful. Madame Gai, who resided in the same house with her friend, shortly after left the room much agitated, and I took

my departure; as I returned home illumined by the pale moonlight, I felt as if invisible spirits were my companions.

A few days after this I met the Chancellor Hardenberg, who demanded if it were really true that I wished to be appointed ambassador at Constantinople? "God forbid!" replied I, "it was only yesterday that Mademoiselle Lenormand prophesied, that I should die in a place surrounded by water, and is not Constantinople nearly so? No, no, I assure you I intend to remain on terra firma." The Chancellor laughed heartily, and we spoke no more of Turkey.

Three months later, I received a letter from Madame Gai; part of its contents were as follows:—

"Notre pauvre amie n'existe plus. Une fluxion de poitrine l'a emportée en trois jours; elle s'est souvenue de vous, plus d'une fois, sur son lit de mort. A minuit précis elle a rendu le dernier soupir."

OCTOBER.

A lady celebrated for her poetical talents, who is profound as she is lively, and well informed as she is amiable, gave to-day a grand entertainment, which was honoured by all the sovereigns, rank, and beauty of the place.

My loyal and patriotic feelings were strongly excited on beholding our beloved monarch; though plain in his appearance, and unaffected in his deportment, yet the sovereign beamed in his countenance.

The next great personage that arrested my attention, was Prince Metternich, whose peculiar characteristics I had often observed during the time I was acquainted with him (when very young,) at the commencement of his career as ambassador at the court of Dresden. He always appeared to the greatest advantage in the society of his superiors in rank. It is impossible to behold this great man without imbibing the opinion, that he was born to direct

the destinies of a great empire ; and certainly, in this respect, he has very few superiors. This is no "ideologue;" Germany is not at present conscious, how deeply she is indebted to him. History will assign him a station superior to that of Kaunitz, and rank him with the greatest politicians of former ages ; with a Cecil, a Richelieu, and other truly great men. It cannot, of course, be expected that a man of his grasp of intellect, should accommodate his plans to every visionary theory. If heaven had cast the destiny of Prince Metternich in England, in France, or even in Prussia, he would on many points have displayed a character and sentiments altogether different from those he has exhibited, but he would still have remained true to himself; he would have comprehended and adapted himself to the circumstances and events, which he had been called upon to guide and control.

But he is part of Austria, and when her

interests are threatened, his adversaries will do wisely to avoid a collision with him.

Prince Metternich displays in private life many traits indicative of being a skilful, courtly tactician, and shows equal address in repressing the assumption of arrogance, or in flattering the vanity, which he deems can be made subservient to his purpose.

A friend related to me the following anecdote, which is highly characteristic of this talented statesman.

“ The Prince was accustomed in the evening to hold a sort of levee. Two Russian noblemen of high rank, attached to the court of the Emperor Alexander, demanded an audience of him ; but the prince mocked their impatience, by leaving them to remain at least an hour in the antichamber. He was in an adjoining room, occupied with an artist, who was explaining to him the beauties of some paintings which he had recently purchased ; the door between

the rooms not being entirely closed, it was evident to those in the anteroom, that he was not in any haste to receive his Russian visitors; for we observed him kneel down, examine, and then roll up several paintings himself.

“The Muscovites, who, by the way, were officers, began to exhibit symptoms of great impatience; at this moment the diminutive Count M—— entered from the prince’s cabinet, glanced rapidly around, and was in the act of returning, when one of the Russian generals prevented him, and requested, in a tone of voice expressive of the bitterest mortification, that Prince Metternich might be informed of their presence. But alas! no attention was paid to the intimation; they were obliged to rein in their impatience, as well as they could, and submit to wait another hour. At length, Count M—— returned, and with that ultra politeness of voice and manner, which is only contempt in disguise, made innumerable apologies for the prince, who, he stated, could not have the honour of

receiving them, on account of the important business which then occupied his attention.

“The northern warriors, after muttering a few polite sarcasms, hastily made their congé and departed. I immediately followed, as I had merely remained for the sake of witnessing the denouement, and I cannot deny that my German heart expanded, and that I experienced a proud feeling of exultation. Then, thought I, if we had an Emperor of Germany, his prime minister truly wanted not a ———; but why should I say further what I think; thoughts, though duty free, must not always pass the frontiers of our lips.”

The Duke de Richelieu, by the dignity and elegance of his manners, and still more by the ashy paleness of his countenance, which seemed as if all the blood had retreated from his cheeks, was an admirable representative of France at that time. It was impossible not to remember the words of Talleyrand, “C’est l’homme de France, qui connait le mieux les affaires

d'Odessa; and however frequently this place was spoken of by those who were desirous to please him, it did not appear to give him the slightest annoyance.

The Emperor Alexander was all condescension; he presented tea to the ladies, relieved them of their empty tea cups, and charmed all by the affability of his manners. His courtiers successfully imitated the high example of their master. Capo d'Istrias formed the only exception, he appeared to exist for himself alone.

What is the cause that it is impossible to approach Austria without feeling as if we were enjoying a holiday? and whence does it arise that no person, at least no German, can draw near to her emperor without experiencing a feeling of love and veneration for his most sacred person? There is a fascinating spell thrown over that country and its sovereign, which has often been visible in history; it is more decidedly felt, than it is easy to define. Personal

manners have great influence, but it is not entirely referable to them.

All eyes were turned upon the Duke of Wellington; he glittered alone and above all, wreathed with the laurels of the conqueror. The civic crown of thorns had not yet encircled and lacerated his brow; his bearing was lofty, noble and *distingué*; his countenance bespoke deep thought, boldness, and decision, but little genius; his periphery was evidently filled, but narrow.

Lord Castlereagh, with his pale complexion and melancholy smile, looked like a vampire deprived of its nourishment. Near him was Hardenberg, the State Chancellor, a venerable looking man. In his features were traced nobility, refinement, and genius, but still something like weakness might be discovered. His general demeanour was that of an accomplished man of the world, but when compared with that of Metternich, it was not so commanding and

unconstrained ; it also bordered slightly on what might be termed timidity.

A truly antique group were formed by General Benningsen and his lady ; he was at that time in disgrace, nearly blind, and age or sorrow had long since imparted a snowy whiteness to his flowing hair. His figure was tall, imposing, mournful, and emaciated ; and as he was led in by a handsome young Polish lady, he reminded one of Belisarius. His appearance awakened many interesting reflections. His conversation however corresponded little with his impressive exterior, as he talked of nothing else but horses and the battle of Eylau, where however it was asserted by many, that it was entirely owing to him that Napoleon, even at that time, was not entirely defeated. But the good effect of his counsels was neutralized by timidity.

Madame Catalani sat down to the piano ; the Emperor of Russia, ever ready to perform the little offices of politeness, placed the music book

before her; the delightful warbler commenced "God"——. At that moment the post boy's horn sounded a long discordant blast immediately under the windows of the lowly dwelling, which completely overpowered the lofty note of the lovely songstress, and produced a smothered laugh among the auditors. The diligence now drove past, and she again began "God save"——. But alas! proceeded no farther, as the accompanying carriage to the diligence was blessed with an equally musical postilion, and a second harsh, protracted blast was most provokingly winded by the post-horn, unfortunately even more inharmonious than its predecessor. This was too much; gravity was put to flight, and one universal burst of laughter resounded through the apartment. The disconcerted warbler was obliged to chew another cud of rhubarb (which I was informed she invariably carried with her,) before she was able to recommence her performance. This time, however, she succeeded in singing "God save the King!" with-

out any further interruption, and concluded amidst the most rapturous applause.

I returned home with Count —, whose domain had passed into other hands, and who had come to the congress for the sake of seeking the deserter, but with as much probability of success as there is of finding “a needle in a bundle of hay.” At present his possessions were limited to an old Dutch uniform; his external appearance was extremely ludicrous; he had the misfortune to be much inclined towards embonpoint, and the half-worn-out uniform seemed to hold him together like the rusty hoops of a barrel, they encircled so tightly his projecting paunch, that he resembled one of our own deceased garde-majors.

He amused himself by drawing caricatures of many of the celebrated personages we had just left, with no inconsiderable degree of humour, and occasionally dashed them with strokes of the most poignant satire. There were certainly

some among them not a little distinguished for their eccentricities. Lady C. bore the palm of rank; her toilette, her figure, her conversation, all harmonized with each other; her deep-toned voice, colossal figure, ample bust, and the ostrich feathers waving in concert at each word that she spoke, made her appear at the same time the champion and the nurse of Old England.

I was informed, that she occasionally wore, as a trophy encircling her brow, the garter (of the order of that name,) which belonged to her husband. But whoever once beheld her in negligée, when mounted on horseback, enveloped in a great coat, a red handkerchief tied over her mouth, and a broad-brimmed hat upon one side of her head, would have felt assured—that he was contemplating Falstaff in the “Merry Wives of Windsor.”

There were very few German ladies here, but these were patterns of every thing delightful

and amiable; I shall only mention the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, and her lovely charming daughter.

That our evening's entertainment should not be destitute of the elements of laughter, our obliging experienced hostess provided even for this, as Elise Bürger, painted red and white, like a wig-block, declaimed with the most shuddering pathos,—

Da unten aber ist's fürchterlich!
 Und der Mensch versuche die Götter nicht
 Und begehre nimmer und nimmer zu schauen,
 Was sie gnädig bedecken mit Nacht und Grauen.

THE UNWELCOME VISITOR.

At his own bidding, unsolicited,
 He came.

Schiller.

I recently perused a book which contained several amusing anecdotes; it is very popular, although it contains internal evidence that it

was not written by a man who had mixed in good society, but belonged to that class of authors, "*qui a écouté aux portes*," so accurately and strikingly delineated by the Abbé Voisenon.

My reason for alluding to this work, is for the purpose of pointing out an article in it respecting a Danish state prisoner, the Baron Müller, concerning whom a dark, mysterious history has been circulated, and thereby imparted to him a degree of importance of which he is totally undeserving.

As I was intimately acquainted with him, and renewed the connexion against my inclination, I am perfectly competent to rectify the erroneous reports concerning him, and my little memoir may perhaps be permitted to find a place in these volumes.

Müller was in reality a finished *aventurier*; besides this, in the plenitude of his own imperial power, he created himself a baron, a colonel, and if he entered Denmark as an officer of

the Legion of Honour, this decoration was also conferred by himself.

He was possessed of an imposing exterior, and exhibited every mark which indicates a man of the world; he was not deficient in personal courage, as a portion of the following narration will sufficiently testify.

He was thus, at all events, capable of exercising a profession which, if he were fortunate, might procure him wealth and consideration.

I was young and unacquainted with the world when I first made his acquaintance in Switzerland, and by his vaunting accounts of the various great deeds he had performed, (all of which I received as current coin,) he easily imposed upon me; and during my fourteen days abode in — he took care to support himself entirely at my expense. Several persons kindly warned me of his character, and informed me, among other things, that in consequence of his bad conduct he was an alien from his family, who would acknowledge neither affinity nor

connexion with him; but as he did not attempt to deny the charge, and merely assigned motives honourable to himself as the cause, I completely disregarded it, particularly as I was at this time precisely in the same situation, and was then residing in voluntary exile in a foreign country.

With all the unsuspecting confidence of youth I disclosed every secret of my soul, and consulted him respecting the intention which I entertained, of gratifying the wishes of my father by abdicating my right to my inheritance, and accepting in lieu of it a life annuity.

His reply, which was that of an experienced man of the world, was to this effect,—that I ought not to execute this determination, for “that time would bring forth roses,” when I should bitterly repent having acted under the pressure of urgent necessity without mature reflection.

I shortly left ——, and the next place that I

met Müller was at Strasburg; as yet he was neither a Baron, nor decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, he was simply dressed in a Swiss militia uniform. Here he presented a petition to the Emperor Napoleon, who happened to be passing through the town, but which was returned unnoticed. He was at this time struggling with great pecuniary difficulties; I should have assisted him with pleasure, if I had not been, as he well knew, exactly in the same predicament—we parted, and I entirely lost sight of him.

Many years had since that time passed over, and, as my readers may imagine, his image had nearly faded from my memory.

My father was numbered with the dead, and my inheritance had descended to me unimpaired. It was the shooting season of the year, and my castle was filled with guests, when one day I received the following laconic note.

“ My dear Friend ;

“ I am inexpressibly delighted, that my

good advice has been the indirect means of producing such an abundant harvest; I am coming for a few weeks to have the pleasure of enjoying it with you, when we can amuse ourselves by talking over the vexations of our younger days.

“ Entirely yours,

“ BARON V. MÜLLER.”

I attempted, but in vain, to recall to my mind the writer of this letter, a dear friend, a Baron von Müller, who had given me “ good advice.”

I laughingly handed the letter to my guests, saying, our circle would be shortly enlarged by a mysterious stranger, who, although he was my dearest friend, was yet entirely unknown to me. Many of my friends considered it a joke, but others more conversant with the world hazarded a conjecture that came nearer the truth.

The following day, during the time of breakfast, my servant informed me of the arrival of a stranger, who had at that moment driven over the drawbridge of the castle. Curiosity led me to the door, where I saw a singular antique look-

ing carriage, drawn by four horses, with a large trunk fastened behind, but destitute of any other baggage or attendants. I descended one step, when a tall man, who at first was entirely unknown to me, presented himself—he had also forgotten me, as he demanded if the Count — was at home? announcing at the same time, that he was the Baron von Müller. In a few moments the recollection of my Swiss friend flashed across my mind. His appearance, person, equipage, &c. made such an equivocal impression, that, when I introduced myself to him, I coolly expressed my regret, that all the apartments in my house were occupied by my guests, and concluded by requesting him to descend at the inn, but hoped that I should have the pleasure of his company to dinner at seven o'clock. I immediately took my leave, giving orders to my servant to conduct the postilion to the neighbouring inn.

The Baron “swallowed the pill” and departed; he re-appeared at dinner, in a dress

which had once been elegant, but was now more venerable than consisted with beauty. He exhibited very evident symptoms of ill humour. In the interim we had learned that the Baron, at the last stage, had exchanged the diligence for the patriarchal coach, which he hired, together with the old trunk, for the sake of making an *éclat*. From this circumstance, united with his general appearance and manners, my aristocratical friends assumed towards him the most frigid politeness; for myself, satisfied that the castle was not to be his dormitory, I determined to treat him with the same urbanity as my other guests; but the Baron, on the contrary, played the *rôle* of the aggrieved, and during dinner omitted no opportunity of showing it. Knowing his situation, and regarding myself as partly to blame, I was very considerately deaf to language which it was expedient not to hear, till at length the bounds of moderation were past.

I had introduced into my house several Eng-

lish customs, though I had not yet visited England. The conversation turned upon that country, its customs, manners and institutions, upon which Müller remarked with much asperity, that it afforded great amusement to him to observe the various customs which Anglomania had introduced upon the continent, and which *certain people* in their ignorance termed English modes, while those who had really travelled in that country, immediately detected the delusion and laughed at their folly.

This excited my displeasure, and I indignantly replied, that numbers visited England who were not qualified to be introduced into good society, and therefore unable, from their want of experience, to judge correctly of its manners, as they were incapable of obtaining any information except such as was supplied through the medium of their companions in fortune hunting.

My friends, who were quite disposed to enjoy a little mischief, laughed heartily; the "Herr Baron von Müller" was silent, and made a pre-

cipitate retreat *à la française* immediately after dinner, to the great relief of all present.

The next day I rode out with the Lady of the Hanoverian Ambassador at Dresden, the Frau von Bothmer, when we encountered our friend the Baron; he was in a somewhat lowly situation, seated upon a truss of straw in a peasant's cart, having taken his departure a few hours previously. He pulled his cap quickly over his face, and must have felt convinced we had recognized him, though we were too considerate to permit him to observe, that the sudden exclamation of surprise uttered by the lady had been excited by his appearance.

About eight days subsequently, I received a challenge from him, dated from a neighbouring town; although I was now perfectly acquainted with the nature of the station which he occupied in society, yet I considered it my duty not to refuse him the satisfaction he demanded, particularly, as at that time a duel was an event which I contemplated with the utmost indifference.

The place I appointed for the rendez-vous was upon the Prussian frontier, where I possessed an estate. I set off, accompanied by two friends, who are still living, to keep my appointment; but instead of the redoubtable challenging Colonel, appeared a letter! announcing that his seconds had "left him in the lurch," adding a long dissertation upon his doubts and scruples to meet me. This foolish termination of what threatened to be so serious an affair, was probably the effect of his conviction, that his projected invasion of my treasury had miscarried, and that it would not be wise to stand fire, when it could not be productive of either preferment or wealth.

Many years again passed over, and in the year 1814, immediately after the abdication of Napoleon, I arrived in Paris with the allied armies as adjutant-general in the service of the reigning Duke of Saxe Weimar. I was crossing the Place Vendôme, when a man hastily followed me, saying, "I am now come, Count,

to demand the satisfaction which is due to me." It was my quondam friend Baron von Müller. I calmly answered, "that he had already in the most dishonourable manner refused to receive that satisfaction, and if he did not depart instantly, I should have him arrested as a vagabond." This was sufficient, and he left me muttering threats of vengeance. After reflecting a little I considered this would be an auspicious moment to throw the adventurer off for ever.

I therefore waited upon Field Marshal Blücher, who was my *Chef*, related to him the whole history, and requested his orders. The prince participated in my view of the case, and referred me to our celebrated countryman Count Rastitz, to whom the arrangement of the affair was confided.

The next morning I received a visit from the Director of Police, who informed me, that the *mauvais sujet* was arrested, and that I should receive no further annoyance.

Two months afterwards I met the same indi-

vidual at the door of an hotel in London, but he pretended not to remember me; and subsequently, while still in England, I was informed of his duel with the Swedish Count L. and also of his final imprisonment in Denmark, where I am not certain whether he still lives, or has terminated his earthly career.

It is sincerely to be deplored when men like him, whom nature has so liberally endowed, do not turn their talents into a nobler channel; circumstances not unfrequently degrade that man into a captain of robbers, who, under the influence of a kindlier destiny, would have become an Alexander!

AN AERIAL VOYAGE.

September, 1817.

“ What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of nature,—
To range in th' air, from th' earth to highest sky.”

Edmunde Spenser.

I HAD scarcely recovered from a severe illness, when Mr. Reichhard, the aeronaut, came to Berlin, and paid me a visit, for the purpose of receiving introductory letters. He is a sensible, well-informed man, and his interesting narrative awakened in me an irresistible desire to soar once in my life to the empire of the eagle.

He interposed no obstacle to the gratification of my wishes, and we decided, that he should construct a balloon at my expense. Truly the sum was no bagatelle, as the different items amounted to 600 rix dollars. But even at this

rate the pleasure I enjoyed was cheaply purchased.

The day which we selected was one of the most heavenly that could be imagined; scarcely a cloud was to be seen in the firmament; half the population of Berlin were assembled in the streets, squares, and on the roofs of the houses.

We entered the car, and out of the centre of this motley multitude ascended majestically towards the heavens. Our frail aerial bark, not much larger than a child's cradle, was surrounded by a net-work, as a protection against any giddiness that might ensue; but, notwithstanding the weakness which remained after my indisposition, I did not experience the slightest disagreeable sensation.

As we gently and slowly ascended, I had sufficient time to salute and receive in return the farewell salutations of my friends below. No imagination can paint any thing more beautiful than the magnificent scene now disclosed to our enraptured senses. The multitudes of

human beings, the houses, the squares and streets, the highest towers gradually diminishing; while the deafening tumult became a gentle murmur, and finally melted into a death-like silence. The earth which we had recently left lay extended in miniature relief beneath us; the majestic linden trees appeared like green furrows; the river Spree like a silver thread; and the gigantic poplars of the Potsdam Allée, which is several leagues in length, threw their shade over the immense plain.

We had probably ascended by this time some thousand feet, and lay softly floating in the air, when a new and more superb spectacle burst upon our delighted view. As far as the eye could compass the horizon, masses of threatening clouds were chasing each other to the immeasurable heights above; and, unlike the level appearance which they wear when seen from the earth, their entire altitude was visible in profile, expanded into the most monstrous dimensions—chains of snow-white mountains,

wrought into phantastic forms, seemed as if they were tumbling headlong upon us.

One colossal mass pressed upon another, encompassing us on every side, till we began to ascend more rapidly, and soared high above them, where they now lay beneath us, rolling over each other like the billows of the sea when agitated by the violence of the storm, obscuring the earth entirely from our view. At intervals the fathomless abyss was occasionally illumined by the beams of the sun, and resembled for a moment the burning crater of a volcano; then new volumes rushed forward and closed up the chasm; all was strife and tumult. Here we beheld them piled on each other white as the drifted snow, there in fearful heaps of a dark watery black; at one instant rearing towers upon towers, in the next creating a gulf at the sight of which the brain became giddy, dashing eternally onward, onward, in wild confusion. I never before witnessed anything comparable to this scene, even from the summit of the highest

mountains; besides, from them the continuing chain is generally a great obstruction to the view, which, after all, is only partial; but here there was nothing to prevent the eye from ranging over the boundless expanse.

The feeling of absolute solitude is rarely experienced upon the earth; but in these regions, separated from all human associations, the soul might almost fancy, it had passed the confines of the grave. Nature was entirely noiseless—even the wind was silent; therefore, receiving no opposition, we gently floated along, and the lonely stillness was only interrupted by the progress of the car and its colossal ball, which, self-propelled, seemed like the roc-bird fluttering in the blue ether.

Enraptured with the novel scene, I stood up, in order to enjoy more completely the superb prospect, when Mr. Reichhard, with great sangfroid, told me I must be seated, for that, owing to the great haste with which it had been constructed, the car was merely glued, and might

therefore easily come asunder, unless we were careful.

It may readily be supposed, that, after receiving this intimation, I remained perfectly quiet. We now commenced descending, and were several times obliged to throw out some of the ballast in order to rise again. In the meantime we dipped insensibly into the sea of clouds which enveloped us like a thick veil, and through which the sun appeared like the moon in Ossian. This illumination produced a singular effect, and continued for some time till the clouds separated, and we remained swimming about beneath the once more clear azure heavens.

Shortly after we beheld, to our great astonishment, a species of "fata morgana" seated upon an immense mountain of clouds, the colossal picture of the balloon and ourselves surrounded by myriads of variegated rainbow tints. A full half hour the spectral-reflected picture hovered constantly by our side. Each slender thread of the net-work appeared distended to the size of a

ship's cable, and we ourselves like two tremendous giants enthroned on the clouds.

Towards evening it again became a little hazy; our ballast was exhausted, and we fell with alarming rapidity, which my companion ascertained by his barometer, although it was not apparent to the senses.

We were now surrounded for some time by a thick fog; and as we rapidly sunk through it, we beheld in a few minutes the earth beneath glowing in the most brilliant sunshine, and the towers of Potsdam, which we distinctly beheld, saluted us with a joyful carillon.

Our situation, however, was not so full of festivity as our reception. We had already thrown out our mantles, a roasted pheasant, and a couple of bottles of champagne, which we had taken with us for the purpose of supping in the clouds, laughing heartily at the idea of the consternation which this proceeding would cause in any of the inhabitants of earth who happened to be sleeping upon the turf, in case the pheasant

should fall into his mouth and the wine at his feet; but we could not forbear hoping that it would not descend upon his head, as, instead of an agreeable excitement to his brain, it would act the part of a destroying thunderbolt.

We were ourselves, like the other articles, tumbling, but, to our great consternation, we saw nothing beneath us but water (the various arms and lakes of the river Havel), only here and there intermixed with wood, to which we directed our course as much as possible. We approached the latter with great velocity, which appeared to me from the height like an insignificant thicket. In a few seconds we were actually hanging on one of the branches of the shrubs, for such I really believed them to be; in consequence of which I commenced making the necessary arrangements to descend, when Reichhard with great animation called out, "In God's name, stir not; we are entangled on the top of an immense pine!"

I could hardly believe my eyes, and it re-

quired the lapse of several seconds to convince me that what he asserted was really true, having entirely lost, in a few hours, the capacity of measuring distance.

We were most certainly perched on the highest branches of an enormous tree, and the means to descend set our inventive powers at defiance; we called, or rather shouted for help, —first in solo, then in duetto,—till we began to fear, that we should be obliged to support our character of birds by roosting in the tree, for night was fast approaching. At length we saw an officer riding along the high road, which caused us to renew our cries with redoubled vigour; he paused, but thinking it might be robbers, who were endeavouring to inveigle him into the wood, galloped off with the rapidity of lightning; but as we continued vociferating, he gave a heaven-directed glance, discovered us, raised himself in the saddle, reined in his horse, and with outstretched neck and distended eyes, endeavoured to ascertain, if possible, the nature

of the singular nest he beheld in the gigantic pine. At length, having satisfied himself that we were really not of the winged creation, he procured men, ladders, and a carriage from the neighbouring town.

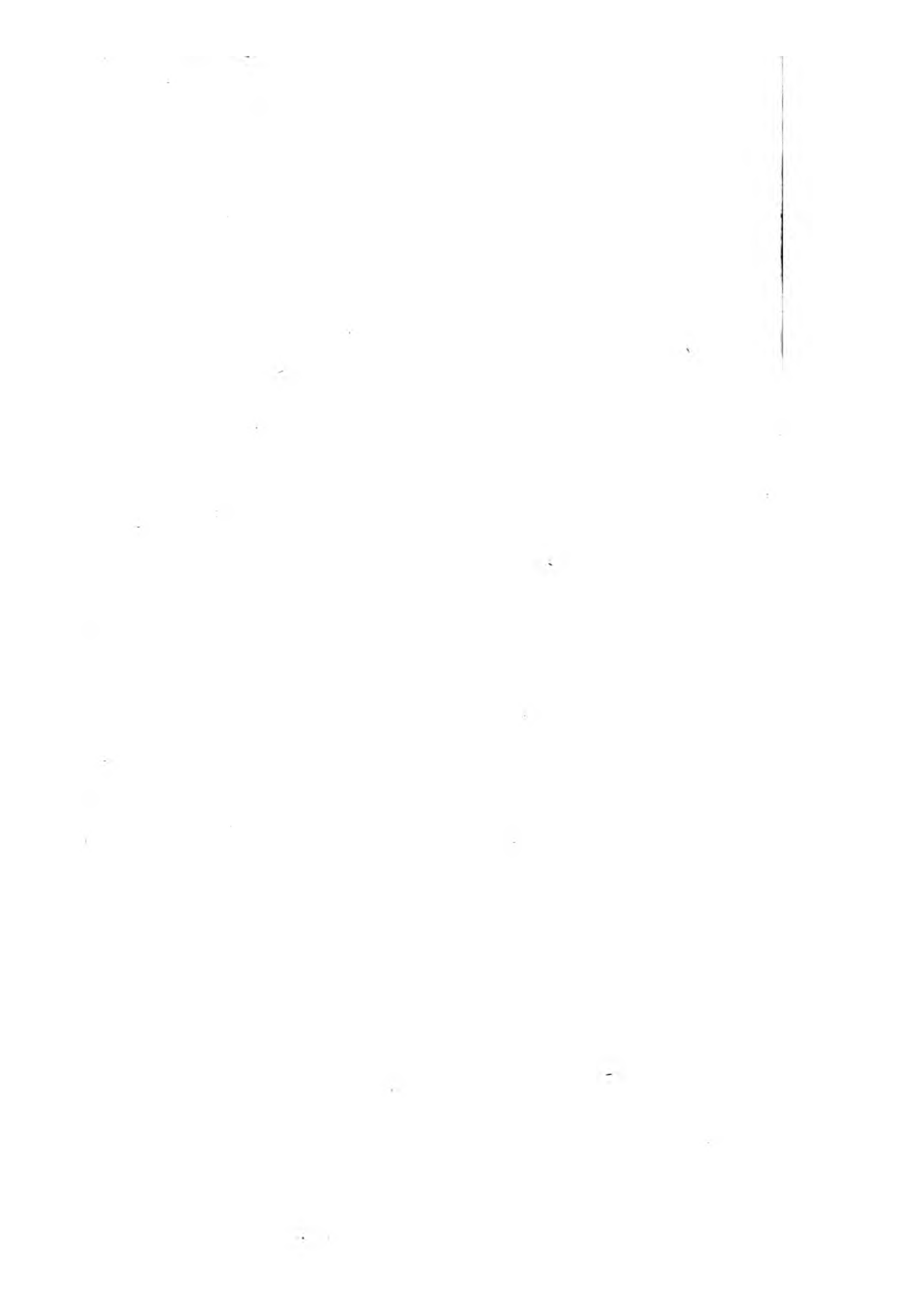
But as all this consumed no inconsiderable space of time, we remained perched in mid air ; and it was quite dark when we arrived at Potsdam with our balloon, which, by the way, was very little injured. We took up our abode at the Hermit Hotel, at that time badly conducted, where we, alas ! had ample reason to regret the loss of our supper.

Eight days afterwards a peasant brought me my mantle, which I still preserve ; and fifteen years later, as I entered a Prussian post-house with the intention of sharply reprimanding the post-master for detaining me, as I wanted a relay of horses, he came forward, good-humouredly looked at me, smiled, and then suddenly exclaimed, " Good heavens ! certainly you must be the gentleman I delivered out of the

balloon;" adding, "at present you must wait still longer." I instantly remembered his countenance and voice; and after conversing with him for some time, I found he was an old comrade, who had fought with me in various battles, which had been the means of delivering our country from foreign dominion; tales upon tales rapidly succeeded each other, until at length the impatient and repeated blasts of the post-boy's horn compelled me to press the veteran's hand, and take, what will probably prove, a last adieu.

I think it is also time, patient reader, to bid you farewell until we meet again in the second volume, and as you have followed me thus far, may I hope, that you will continue to accompany me.—*Nil desperandum! Cras ingens iterabimus acquor.*

L O N D O N :
C. ROWORTH AND SONS, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.



1
2
3

4

