Our Summer in the Harz Forest

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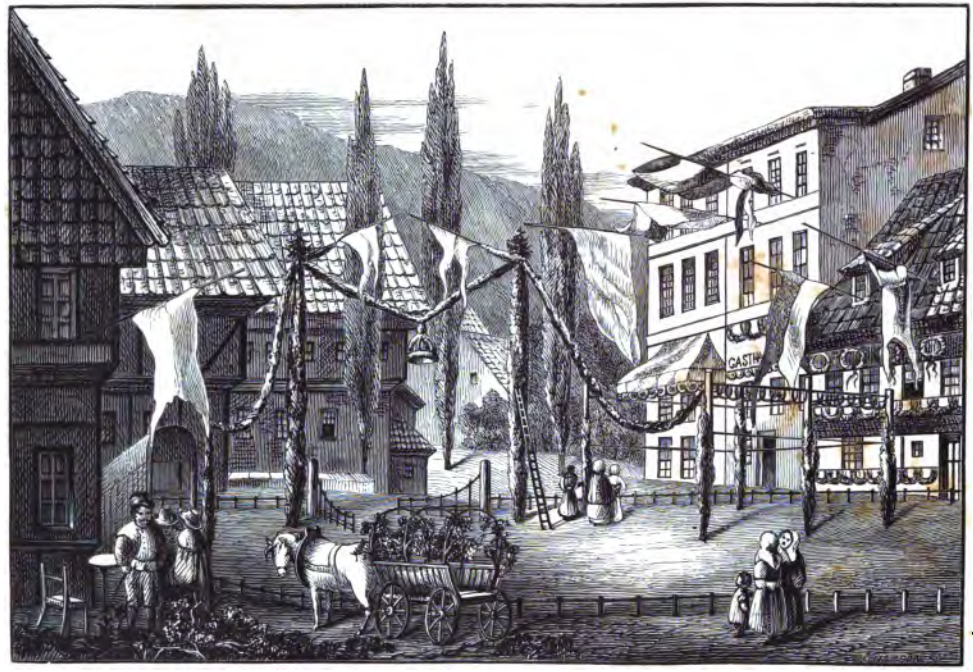

GRUND—THE BERG FEST.

OUR SUMMER

IN

THE HARZ FOREST

BY

A SCOTCH FAMILY

EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS
1865


BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·
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ADVERTISEMENT.

It will be at once seen that the "Letters Home" in this volume were not written for the Public. When it was supposed that their contents might interest others besides the family-circle for which they were intended, the question came to be whether they should be recast or printed as they were written. The latter plan was adopted, on the view that by any readjustment there would be a loss in freshness and distinctness which might not be compensated by improvement in style or arrangement. All that has been done to the Letters, as they were originally written, has been the omission of some passages entirely domestic, and the alteration of some of the proper names; otherwise they have undergone no change beyond what is usual in the correction of the press, and are printed with all their national colloquialisms. To enable a stranger the better to under-

stand the general character of the country to which the volume applies, the chapters relating to the physical geography, the historical associations, and the superstitions of the Harz, were supplied by a member of the family less unaccustomed than the others to appear before the Public.

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EXPLANATORY.

IT had long been proposed that we should spend a summer "on the Continent." Our home is so situated as to render the annual change to country quarters unnecessary, yet a change sometimes is almost necessary. The first question was, Who "we" were to be? A very small party was the first idea; "small parties are always the pleasantest." "Papa" could not accompany us—could not spare a whole summer "to the Continent;" he would follow and bring us home. "Mamma," then, and two half-grown daughters were to be all; the object of the excursion—as an object one must have—was to be the improvement of the young people in a foreign language, for we had no preference as to place to begin with—in one sense the world was before us. But as time went on and plans became real instead of visionary, one little one, and another little one, were included in the party, till at last it even comprehended a not quite inevitable baby, and the inseparable pet and companion of all, a little terrier dog! So we were in all nine living creatures—three big children and three little ones, their mamma and nurse, who, besides "baby," undertook such other domestic duties as could be required of her,

and — Foxie. The party being formed, the next question was, Whither it was bound? To no very great distance. With so large a party, several of its members not robust, the fatigue even more than the expense precluded the possibility of a very long journey. When all tastes were consulted it appeared that there was the strongest objection to any sort of city life; wherever we went we must have at least as much liberty as at home. None of our children had ever been accustomed to the restraints of a town life, and to take them away from their fresh green home to coop them up in a town, even though it were "but a little one," was not to be thought of.

The sea-coast seemed a natural resource, and for long we answered the inquiries of friends by stating that we were going to sea-bathe on the shores of the Baltic. This scheme, however, when practically considered, presented many difficulties. Bathing-places on the Baltic are but few, very crowded, not particularly accessible from Hamburg—the port most directly reached from Leith. The coast of France looked more hopeful, but the voyage would be longer, less direct. Sea-bathing, then, not being any particular object, but contemplated for the sake of the free scope afforded by the shore, our next project was to reach mountains, hills at least—some country not entirely agricultural. We must make up our minds to traverse the broad plain which extends along the north of Europe, since we were not to dwell on its coasts.

After much consideration almost the nearest point

at which this could be achieved proved to be at the Harz, the Harz Mountains, the Hyrcinian Forest! Attractive names enough. Early in the formation of our plans we had determined to be very reasonable. Scotch eyes were not to expect to see anything more beautiful than Scotland, and not to find everything horrid and intolerable which did not resemble Scotland.

Besides other advantages, the Harz had that one of being the home of a friend's friend, who kindly undertook, on our request, to try to find a habitation for us. A difficult and disagreeable undertaking; at a distance to suit the tastes, whims, and purses of a set of unknown persons. For long the thing appeared an impossibility. One wiseacre and another, boasting the superiority of experience, assured us we could not have what we desired; that the thing did not exist; that we must do as others did, live in an hotel, a boarding-house, "go up the Rhine;" in one way or another fall into the stream of English travellers, which, beyond all other difficulties and dangers, we had resolved to avoid. Many were the dangers predicted for us; being captured and carried off as prisoners of war among the rest—a prospect which we all contemplated with provoking cheerfulness; or insolence from the Germans, at that time understood to be in a state of great exasperation against the English on account of their political course in the quarrel with Denmark.

A story had gone the round of the newspapers of a quarrel between English travellers and Germans on

the streets of, I think, Berlin, which made "Papa" think it worth while to write to inquire whether we were likely to experience any unpleasant consequences from the antagonistic feeling. We were assured that, in the unsophisticated district which we contemplated visiting, we should find the German Anglomania little if at all modified by political considerations.

Sundry disappointments about houses had to be undergone; one especially in the refusal to let to us a place "in the wood" on which our friends had set their minds for us. But about the middle of April the always anxiously-looked-for German letter, with its sixpenny stamp, brought us the information that a "house" was taken for us; a dwelling not exclusively our own, but where we were to have ample accommodation, nominal service, fuel, the use of a kitchen, and all other requisites except food, for £1 : 1s. per week. It was described to us in anything but glowing colours; the best of it was, that we might be quit of it at any week's end. No arrangement more entirely meeting our views could have been made for us. Our occupancy was to begin on the 15th of June; on the 11th we sailed from Leith, and on the 14th June, exactly at 4 o'clock, we landed on the sunny wooden quay of the dock at Hamburg, after a voyage prosperous, though miserable to some of us. From the point of departure from home "Mamma" kept an irregular sort of journal in the shape of letters to divers friends, and will now best describe her impressions by extracts from it.

I.—LETTERS HOME.

The Elbe and Hamburg—First Experience of German Tavern Life—Novelties—Harburg—German Shopping—House Architecture, Flowers, and Trees—The Railway—Kreiensen—Seesen—First touches of the Forest Scenery—A Harz Storm—Arrival at our House—Description of it, and its Contents.

JUNE 14th. — Drawing near Hamburg, the Holstein side of the river rose gradually in height; we sailed very near that side, so saw it perfectly, and could not but admire it. Miles and miles of high wooded banks, with beautiful bays and glades, and hundreds of villas of every description—some very large and handsome, with gardens and pleasure-grounds sloping down into the river, some quite small; and these last pleased me most, contrasting more favourably with the same class of houses in our own country. At home the owners of handsome villas have generally some taste for decorating and beautifying them, but here not even the smallest house seems to be built without some feeling for beauty; some idea of taking advantage of a situation for the enjoyment of the inmates; some eye for the suitableness of style of building to situation—a circumstance to which our people are profoundly insensible; and every, every where flowers!—some rare,

some common, but all which I saw healthy and flourishing. No house, either in town or country, seems to lack flowers, and look where I will, I see no unhealthy or neglected plants. Exactly at four o'clock our little river steamer landed us on a wooden quay in Hamburg, and as much of Hamburg as was to be seen from that quay was all we saw of it. It looked magnificent under the brilliant sunshine, and as delightful as the first inch of dry land is to such a sailor as I am. My three days' fast made me think we should fill our spare hour by eating something.

Mr. J. (a chance fellow-passenger, a German), who had kindly managed all our concerns on board, paid for us and our luggage coming up the river, 5s. He engaged for us a licensed porter, a highly responsible looking person, who for 2s. 6d. undertook to have all our belongings removed from the steamer in which they were to the Harburg ferry-boat. Mr. J. advised us to eat at a little inn on the quay, to which he accompanied us, and there took leave of us, leaving me to feel that I was now fairly launched in Germany. No one in this small "public" spoke English, save and except indeed the one word beefsteak, with which we were instantly told we could be supplied in answer to my request for food.

The house was exquisitely clean, fresh, sweet, and airy. At our request we were shown up to a bedroom, where we washed our faces and hands. All the floors were oil-painted, and brilliantly polished a dark-red colour.

Asking the price of the beefsteak and potatoes

which we were offered, I was appalled by being told ten shillings for each of us. I cursed my own folly in having accepted an English dish; thought the stupid people imagined we could eat nothing but beefsteaks, and must be supplied with them at any price. I appealed from the two tidy girls, who were the only visible inhabitants of the place, to their employers, but was told the Herrschaft (master, mistress, or both) were asleep. I inquired if they would never awake? was answered that my informant "dared not hope so." Showing my purse to supplement deficient language, my mind was at once relieved by the words "Hamburger shillings." These I learned by degrees are worth about a penny English. So, with a mind relieved, I sat down to my portion of a toughish beefsteak with very nicely fried potatoes, of which the six portions were nearly twice as much as we nine, counting Foxie, could consume, though we ate heartily. We drank a bottle of beer and two of lemonade; and a member of the Herrschaft, in the shape of an enormously fat landlady, having appeared, presented us with a bill amounting to six shillings English, all included. While we ate we admired everything through the low window at which we sat—the picturesque light waggons painted blue or red, the dress of the people, the architecture of the houses—all were far more new and strange-looking than I had expected in a commercial town so near home; and in Hamburg, as all over the country, I was struck by the much greater appearance of enjoyment in living here than at home. So many houses have balconies,

or rather wooden galleries, overhanging the river, these again ornamented with plants; other houses have little towers with numerous windows. Every house looks as if the inhabitants intended to enjoy life as well as merely to live, or make money, or show that they possess it. At five we were summoned to enter the Harburg boat by our parental-looking porter, who also offered to take our tickets for us.

Having been assured by young J. that these "Coffertragers" were most respectable persons, of certified honesty, and ours having been selected by him, I gave him my purse to take the tickets, the consequence of which is that I do not know exactly what the transit to Harburg cost. The Coffertrager took certain coins out of the purse and handed me a bundle of unintelligible tickets, and we were off down river this time (no, up) to Harburg, opposite Hamburg, but considerably farther up—about an hour's sail.

An awning made the heat just bearable. The beefsteak had immensely improved my bodily feelings; a good band played on board. Two ladies, in ball dresses, covered only with opera-cloaks, were among the passengers, going, I suppose, to a marriage. Whether connected with the marriage, or with what else, I could not tell, but a scene—to our eyes most ridiculous—was enacted just as the vessel was sailing. A party of gentlemanly young men, half of them on the quay, half on board the boat, sang loudly and well a sort of farewell song, regularly embracing each other, first on one cheek then on the other, at parti-

cular points in the song, some of them shedding most unaffected tears the while. Both parties continued to sing till the vessel had carried them out of hearing of each other.

When we were about half-way to Harburg, there issued from one of the lovely little riverside inns a band of young ladies in white, adorned with coloured ribbons, waving handkerchiefs to those on the steamer, who waved in return.

It was six o'clock when we reached Harburg, where the ordeal of the Custom-House awaited us. I immediately confessed to some tea, our only exciseable article; was told I must show it, and one package was opened in quest of it. It not being there they took my word, charged me twenty-six silber grosschen (little more than as many pennies English) on ten pounds of tea, gave us a receipt, and we were clear. Along a paved avenue, shaded by lime trees, we walked from the landing-place to the town, where our kind young friend J. had told us we would find the "König von Schweden," the best hotel—a most luxurious place it appeared to wayworn sailors. We had tea (by which I mean coffee), excellent, with abundant rich milk and nice little rolls, in a large saloon, in two corners of which Maud, Mary, and I afterwards slept in our first German beds—not bad beds, though novelty prevented my finding sleep in mine. Our hunger satisfied, and the little ones to bed, we walked out to cool ourselves and look about us.

The place is well worth seeing, though our chief

reason for spending the night there rather than in Hamburg was to catch the train in the morning at half-past seven instead of at six. Most entirely foreign and strange, I fear I can give you no description which will bring Harburg before your eyes.

A sort of rustic seaport one would call Harburg. A very bright red-brick, red-tiled, picturesque, irregular town, strangely mixed up with canals, meadows, willows. In the course of our walk I purchased a nail-brush and tooth-brush for two and a half grosschen each (sixpence altogether), and so gained an opportunity of seeing how shopkeeping was conducted in Harburg.

The shop windows looked like other shop windows in a third or fourth-rate town, toy shops and marine stores predominating.

Access to the shop was to be obtained by the house door only, which stood open. Having entered a narrow dingy lobby, a closed room-door on one or both sides was to be seen, with a bell-wire at hand, beside which was inscribed an injunction to ring. This complied with, a member of the family descended from the rooms above, and either accompanied one into the shop, or ran to call the shopkeeper from the public-house. Public-houses seemed very numerous, and in front of each, as in front of our inn also, there sat respectably-dressed persons drinking or smoking, shaded by a tree or an awning, but on the open pavement nevertheless. I have not yet seen any drunk person, or any beggar, or witnessed any blackguardism, incivility, or indecorum. At Harburg, as elsewhere,

flowers crowded every window, so as quite to form a feature in every street. Whenever the back door of a dingy lobby was open, you saw through it a bright garden painted with flowers.

Here first I saw, what I have now seen avenues of, lining the roads, scarlet horse-chestnuts loaded with flowers. At our inn at Harburg I obtained for us all the luxury of a thorough washing night and morning by the same simple expedient which I always found successful in obtaining a supply of water in France—viz. asking for it. The servants, with great good humour, furnished us with tub after tub of it, and would hardly believe we had enough till they had given us enough to have extinguished a conflagration. No charge was made for that, but for soap there was. It would have been avoided but for the loss of my handbag, in which I had soap.

Rising at six on the morning of the 15th June, we breakfasted, paid our bill, which, including porterage to and from the hotel, servants' fees, and every other expense at Harburg, amounted exactly to 10 thalers (30s. English), and went to the railway, where we took tickets, second class, for ourselves and our luggage, to Kreiensen (pronounced Cry-en-sen). These amounted to about £4. The second-class carriages are just like first class at home, and through our whole journey we had a carriage to ourselves, which Foxie was allowed to occupy with us after paying for his ticket. The country on the way to Kreiensen was not interesting, but not so uninteresting as I had expected. In many parts it was like the Highlands

without the mountains! A great part of the way traverses a vast heath chiefly covered with scrubby heather, but feathered too with birch and fir, and scented with sweet gale (bog myrtle), and diversified with wild flowers so many and beautiful that we could not but admire them even from the window of the railway carriage, though our speed of course prevented our being able to identify almost any with certainty; only of great quantities of the large bog forget-me-not could I be sure. It spread patches of its beautiful turquoise-blue wherever there was a damp spot. Some parts of the way are well wooded, particularly with oak. Kreiensen was our only change of carriage, and from thence we proceeded almost immediately to Seesen, and there arrived.

We reached Kreiensen about half-past one. The railway map, and all the other information contained in Bradshaw, proved perfectly correct. At Lehrte the train sets off backwards at right angles to the way by which it has advanced, but without any considerable stoppage or any change of carriage. At Hanover ditto. About an hour before reaching Kreiensen we began to perceive what we could not doubt to be the first rise of the Harz (so-called) mountains — some very slight unmountainous elevations like the Corstorphine Hills, a little spread out, very thickly and completely wooded with wood very evidently planted, and so carefully forestered, that Willie asked if "these" were nursery gardens! Rather discouraging inquiry for persons in quest of the romantic! It is in truth a libel to talk of the Harz Mountains; forest is its

proper appellation; if that can be called forest which is planted, its extent and character entitle it to the name.* At Kreiensen a stop of half an hour, and advance by another train. I made my hungry family, who had breakfasted rather hurriedly at seven, wait for dinner till we should have comfortable time to eat it at Seesen, at which we arrived at half-past two. A small station, which did not look hopeful as to food, and the necessity of going into the town to procure a carriage, determined us to dine at the inn.

Asking our way to the inn, an old lady took us in tow, and began for me an experience of which I have now had enough. She informed me I spoke German beautifully (which I am accustomed to be told), but when I did not understand her remarks or inquiries, she roared to me as if I were deaf; and the less I understood the louder she roared.

She quickly understood our wants however, took us to the inn of the charming little town, explained our case, and left us. Seesen is nothing particular as to situation, but the town itself (a very small one) is perfect. The houses, like all others in this country, built of cross-barred timber and white-washed clay, with steep bright red-tiled roofs; the streets, of which there are but two in the shape of a cross, beautifully irregular, broad, green, flowery; roses nodding in at the windows, and geraniums looking out at them.

Asking for a hot dinner as quickly as might be,

* It will be seen, however, afterwards, that we did find some striking scenery in the Harz.

we wandered about for a quarter of an hour, then were summoned into (for the first time) a sanded room, a sizeable dining-room smartly papered, its floor covered with an excessively white sand, a large table covered with a clean small table-cloth, and our places marked by five enormous table-napkins (I had ordered five portions this time in the endeavour to approximate quantity to the appetites). Besides the table-napkins there was in the very centre of the large table a very small tray containing five tea-cups, full, apparently, of chocolate or some such thing. I had no doubt that my orders had been misunderstood, and was preparing to make the best of it, and accept "tea" instead of dinner; when on tasting the supposed tea it proved to be very tolerable broth, veal soup, I think, thickened with eggs. It was soon swallowed along with some nice new bread. It was followed by excellent stewed veal, served in a common soup-plate; new potatoes; a fine salad, in which I revelled, it being drowned in oil and vinegar; stewed prunes; delicious jelly made of raspberries; bitter beer and sweet, and so-called lemonade—*i.e.* raspberry-vinegar and water. All the food was placed on the table at once, and I suppose we were expected to eat it all off the same plates, but on asking for others they were immediately supplied. The whole expense, including liquor, was five shillings English. Before sitting down to table I had stated our wish for a carriage to convey ourselves and the luggage (which remained at the station) to Grund.

No difficulty was proposed. Whilst we dined

a thunder-storm came on, a heavy shower was evidently to be expected. The benevolent landlord entered, opening his arms and saying, "You shall all settle yourselves here and rest for the night, and go quietly to Grund in the morning; there is not a horse to be got in the town." I stormed, and vowed nothing should induce me to stay there, though we should walk to Grund with our luggage on our backs. Seriously, I would have walked the dozen miles with those who were able to accompany me, leaving the luggage and incapables to be forwarded next day. The landlord talked of floods and danger, to which of course I turned a perfectly deaf ear; glad that no one but myself understood what was said. The poor good-natured man at last went out again in a deluge of rain; and after delays which, including dinner-time, occupied us from half-past two till half-past six, I had at last the pleasure of seeing before the door a very Irish-looking carriage, to which were attached two lame and wearied horses, followed by one of the picturesque little waggons of the country, drawn by another miserable horse, and containing our luggage. I could get no intelligible account of the distance before us, for I know not what two and a half German miles may mean.

Three hours' drive I was also told; and I judge the distance to be little more than twelve miles English, for the whole road is up-hill, and we had to go at a foot-pace, the drivers occasionally walking and feeding their horses with black bread. I have seen none of the sort of horses I expected to see in this country—

low-bred pony-like animals fit for their business. All the horses I have seen, without any exception, are high-bred animals of the worst quality and in miserable condition. Their owners starve them evidently, but I never saw them beat them. They are so gentle and benevolent a looking people I could not fancy them consciously cruel. The fine weather deserted us just at the wrong moment. Pretty bright little Seesen was temporarily drowned by the storm; the universal lattice-windows, flush with the outer wall, shook and rattled, and admitted floods of rain. The children amused themselves by leaping over a small lake in the inn lobby. I wandered impatiently about the house, while uncertain about the possibility of getting horses, and had the opportunity of seeing that Seesen is in some respects a whited sepulchre—smells and dunghills are only behind the scenes.

The rain abated, and so we started right up-hill, over a bare and peculiarly uninteresting country, not moorland but chiefly unenclosed, cultivated only in occasional patches, rushy grass the chief product, the only beauty being about the houses: these rare, but when encountered always picturesque, with their high red roofs, cross-beamed walls, latticed windows, orchards, and gardens. Much of the road was bordered by fruit-trees, on which an abundance of fruit had set, but only set. Ascending slope after slope, we soon spied slopes which were wooded, but the heavens again darkened to the colour of ink. M. and W., who had been promoted to the driver's seat, where

M. was practising her German on the coachman, had to be fetched in to save them a sousing.

Down came the rain again, wetting us even through the rickety carriage; and through the rain we now began in the failing light to look half-anxiously, half-deprecatingly, for Grund. We hoped for something less bleak than our then situation, and we longed to get the tired children under shelter before the night should have actually set in.

An accidental stop before a huge and most picturesque house in a very small hamlet convinced us we were at Grund. We assured each other how different things would look with sunshine, and prepared to get out. We were but half-way to Grund! Our road descended for some distance, and reached the side of a rapid but dirty stream, which I was sure was the mine-stream from Grund. We were now entirely enclosed by wooded hills—the densest wood, by very much, that I ever saw. The valley narrowed and narrowed till it merely contained the burn and the road. "Now," I said, "let Grund come as soon as may be. This is much finer than I expected."

A most picturesque mill appeared to close the narrow valley altogether.

We passed round it. The valley opened a very little. We took a sharp turn and saw a very steep hill to ascend before us, and stopped at the door of an inn, from whence there issued a fair woman, with a face quite unknown to me, who replied to my interrogative, "Mrs. Schneider?" by a

bow and smile, and injunction to the coachman to drive on to Frohberger's.

A very short distance up a winding steep road close to the stream brought us to what might be called the last house in the village, which is Herr Frohberger's house, in which we are lodgers. The Schneiders were there before us, Professor and Frau, and two utterly German children.

The good soul sent out for milk, showed us this and that, instructed the servants, and then the whole party, resisting all entreaties to stay with us to tea, went to the inn to sup. Such careful provision I never could have imagined as she had made for us. Half-pounds of every possible requisite were lodged in the neat glazed cupboard with which she presented me with the key. Tea was set out ready for us, a loaf of Frau Schneider's own baking, mutton roasted in her own house, the gravy carefully put by in a bottle—the mutton, the smallest and the very best mutton I ever tasted. Though dark, old mutton, the joint was not larger than one of a small lamb. All the packets neatly labelled in her own handwriting. Before 1 A.M. of the 16th June our things were all unpacked and in order, and we were ready to step into our excellent beds, where I have never yet succeeded in sleeping very much, owing to the amazing novelty of everything. I must try to describe the place to you; and you will perhaps be able to imagine the village, because you have seen a Swiss one. I never have seen a Swiss one, yet from pictures and descriptions of Swiss villages I seem to know that this is like one.

No one with only British ideas, I am sure, can in the least comprehend what sort of place we are in.

As I have hitherto lived chiefly within the house, I will begin by describing it. Arriving at it at nightfall of a rainy evening, with an armful of wearied children, there was something disagreeably unhome-like about it. It is one of the beautifully picturesque houses, like all those here, built of crossed beams, filled up with whitewashed clay, with about as much window as wall in it. Ten windows above and as many below front the road, and on all the four sides of the house they are in due proportion; all lattice windows flush with the outside of the wall, and opening to their entire size, fastening back with hooks outside. The front door of our habitation is reached by four rough stone steps, the door stands always open, and the lobby is paved with unwhitened stones, and is unpainted, which gives it the look of belonging to the street rather than to the house.

A back door stands also open to a small back yard, surrounded by small outhouses; one of them a sort of cottage, entirely inhabited by bees in bright-coloured wooden skeps, another a remarkably thin tall edifice, inhabited by the landlord's family. The yard is quite clean, and abuts immediately upon the wood. At one side of it lies Frohberger's pretty little garden, which contains the summer-houses where the children spend much of their time.

The walks are gravelled with bark, Frohberger being a tanner. Off the lobby enter various apartments, all let or to be let to persons of quite different classes in

society. Some are occupied by a miner and his family, who also have rights in the garrets above us. We occasionally see them on the short broad staircase, but they are perfectly quiet and do not annoy us in any way.

The before-mentioned staircase occupies the middle of the house; it has heavy balusters, painted green. It conducts to another lobby, amply lighted by windows looking to the back, wooden floored, perfectly clean, surrounded by neat glazed presses and wardrobes, with a key of one of each of which we were presented on arrival—the one for clothes, the other for stores. At each of the four corners of the house, entering off this lobby, is a good square sitting-room, with three windows to the road and one in the end of the house, low roofed, with heavy beams across the roof, cotton blinds, muslin curtains, cheap papers on the walls—the small amount of furniture that there is is new and handsome. I sit at this moment on a large spring-sofa, writing at a small oval table of varnished deal, of which material all the furniture is composed. The room contains one larger table, at which we all take our meals, and two smaller ones—all very pretty. An excessively handsome large commode occupies one corner of the room, and contains in three deep drawers all the young ladies' clothes, and in countless drawers and pigeon-holes above, all sorts of sundries.

A very pretty set of chairs completes the furniture, which of course to our eyes looks incongruous from the entire absence of carpet or any substitute for it.

The floors are made of immensely broad deal planks, perfectly united, and are very easily kept clean. I never saw any floors at home so smooth. Off this room, but with another entrance besides, are two small bedrooms occupied by the three young ladies. On the other side of this room, entering from the lobby, is my room, with two windows to the road —the young ladies have three windows to the yard and garden. Next to my room, a little larger than it, comes the nursery, also with two windows, and a door of communication with my room. Though the bed-rooms are less than the sitting-rooms, they are not excessively small, and the beds being small leave plenty of room. We have not laid claim to the second sitting-room, about which I think there might be a difficulty, as there is a bed-room within it without a separate entrance, so that our occupying it would render the bed-room unletable.

We have no occasion for a second sitting-room; but I sometimes think of trying to get the bed-room within it instead of my prettier one to the front, in hopes of quietness. The good people here, in their care for their cows, seem never to go to sleep. Our landlord is most accommodating, and I am sure will let us change rooms if we like without additional cost. We are to pay the seven thalers as agreed, though we do not take the second sitting-room, because we are occupying four bed-rooms. The beds are so small that only in the nursery can any two sleep together. The said beds are most luxurious; they are all spring-beds, furnished with immense

pillows of the softest down, and with sheets of irreproachable purity. Writing, you must remember, not for you alone, but for women-folks who like to hear these particulars, I describe the arrangement of the bed-clothes, which is particularly neat and convenient.

The spring-mattress is covered by a coarse sheet of home-spun linen, white and clean, and daily tucked firmly down. The one blanket which is allotted to each bed is contained in a bag composed of the finest linen (some of ours are of fine flowered damask), the bag exactly the size of the bed, and buttoning in the blanket at the foot thereof, thus forming both over sheet and top sheet, and allowing beds to be instantly tossed down for air and instantly remade on occasion. The covering is but light of a cold night, but we have free access to an apartment heaped to the roof with pillows and "downies," from which we are requested to select when we require them. About cooking our plain victuals no difficulty occurs, though the kitchen does contain a stove instead of an open fire; and I have never yet gone out to buy anything. I suspect I might do so in vain, for I see no shops. Everything comes. Picturesque individuals, with panniers on their backs, walk into the room where I sit, offering us bread and cakes, wild boar's flesh, vegetables, and endless wild strawberries. Milk and cream are obtained close by, very good—and so cheap! Two great jugs of rich cream for sixpence. I give all the children as much milk as they choose. Enough to furnish an unlimited supply, fresh from the cow, both

for breakfast and supper, with a remnant to make a pudding for dinner, costs threepence. Eggs are fifteen for sixpence. Now I will send you this in acknowledgment of your yesterday's letter, and I will not address you another letter till you acknowledge this one. This will put us on about a weekly correspondence, which I think you will consider sufficient.

II.—LETTERS HOME.

(Continued.)

The Harz compared with Home Scenery—The Hubichen-Stein—First Impressions of Foreign Domesticity—The Village of Grund—Our Abode and its Inmates—The Cows—Set off for Clausthal—The Schmelzhouse—The Supernatural Population of the District—The Appearance of Clausthal—Interior of a Residenter's House—German Hospitalities—Sketches of the People—The Cow Bells—The Scenery—The Weather—Going to Church—Appearance of the People—The Invalid Residents.

JUNE 17th.—I cannot quite agree with you in wondering that everybody does not come here instead of going to the Highlands.

There is, in the first place, the dreadful sea voyage, which makes one, in spite of one's-self, feel a long way from home, when it is recollected that it has to be undergone again before again beholding one's home. Without some knowledge of the language, or the wish to acquire some, the people could be nothing to one; and for actual beauty of scenery this place is quite inferior to our Highlands, and, worst of all, so far as we have yet experienced, not at all superior in climate—not so mild in temperature as our West Highlands, and almost as rainy. Novelty

and improvement in the language, I should say, are the chief advantages. None of the dreadful drawbacks or inconveniences with which people frightened us before we came have fallen to our lot. Household arrangements here are different from at home, but I think a great deal better.

This house, I think, might be a pattern to all letters of summer lodgings anywhere—its simplicity, with perfect decency, the sufficiency of all requisites for comfort, and the absence of all spoilable, dirtyable things. But I have just described the house fully to John, so need not recapitulate.

The situation of the village of Grund is a cleft in the undulating forest country, erroneously styled Harz Mountains.

When not called mountains, one can admire the densely-wooded undulations excessively. You may imagine the extreme picturesqueness of a narrow cleft in one of the highest parts of these undulations, along the banks of which are dotted with complete irregularity some dozens of houses such as I have before described—the most picturesque sort of houses I ever saw, of the same sort as the Cheshire houses, but putting them to shame for beauty. Steep roofs, with broad eaves of the reddest tiles shining out among fir trees, is the aspect of the village from most of the many points around to which people climb to get views.

I am really glad we do not live in the centre of the village, for there the cleft is so narrow that the houses on both sides of the stream are built against the

bank, and the dense wood nods over their very roofs. One cannot fancy it quite healthy, though it is called a very healthy place. Here, at the top of the village, the cleft widens, or rather ceases to be a mere cleft. Our end windows look up the steep road which leads up and up and up to Clausthal, not zigzaging merely, but actually forming links for the purpose of finding tolerable levels. Our front windows look across the road, and the little muddy stream which runs beside it, over to a triangular piece of meadow, surrounded quite irregularly with houses, beyond which a green glade between high wooded hills winds up to two most extraordinary rocks, which give this village an excessively Alpine character. They are isolated rocks, rising sheer out of the earth, and towering above the wood to the height of 120 feet. The highest is unclimbable; the lowest we climbed, and had a beautiful view, which I could not enjoy from fear of Willie's tumbling down from the narrow summit of the place.

The barbarians have erected a wooden cross on the top of the lower rock, and a weathercock on the other. They have a horrid way of spoiling the feeling of seclusion in spots where it might be enjoyed to the utmost, by vile Cockney little erections. Beneath these rocks there are caves which the people call grottoes; and numbers of the picturesque stories in which the district abounds have for their hero an elfin King Hubich, whose palace these were, and who gave his name to the rocks, which are called the Hubichen-Stein. Their name puzzled me before I made

the acquaintance of King Hubich. I called them Habicht Stein, and would have them have something to do with hawks instead of with the beneficent little monarch, the whole of whose interferences with human affairs, whether personally or through the intervention of the tiny folk whom he ruled, having been apparently for some merciful or moral purpose. Of course by going quite away from the village one would soon escape from Cockneyisms; and the woods are so dense that John may achieve his favourite object of losing himself here with great success, and may perhaps not find himself again quite so easily as in the belt of trees between —— house and garden. The only redeeming point about the little summer houses to his eyes will be that they are exclusively built of bark. There must be some systematic process for stripping the bark, it is so regularly cut in lengths like a textile fabric. It is fir bark, and nailed on rough-side out both outside and inside a building; it makes a very pretty sort of rustic house, reminding one of a fur cloak. Yesterday the children, nurse, and I wandered for many hours from one to another of these little places, under the guidance of a nice little old man, a sort of overseer in the mines, who, knowing us to be strangers, addressed us, and offered us the advantage of his superior knowledge of the place.

We had meant to go to Clausthal yesterday, but the one carriage which this place has for hire was engaged, so we did not go.

Same date. To another Correspondent.—I write in

my very first morning of leisure to tell you of our safe arrival here. The journey was entirely successful and delightful, not the smallest accident or misadventure befell us, and this place surpasses all our expectations, both in beauty of situation and indoor comfort. Our rooms are light, bright, and pretty, and perfectly clean; beds, bed-linen, and everything else quite irreproachable. I find no difficulty in speaking German, and am always understood—to understand what others say to me is another affair.

I would willingly write you a volume of description of our way here, but you have seen so much of it that I cannot. I refer you for anything you may wish to know to my long letter to Harriet.

This is, as we supposed, a lodging-house; we appear to be the only occupants of the upper floor, and our rooms are quite spacious. The people of the house are zealously attentive, and appear to have several servants. A suitable enough looking person presented herself this morning wishing to be engaged as a servant, but I do not see any occasion for her, so declined taking her. I will write to you more at length when I have had time to know whether my head or my heels are uppermost. It is really difficult to be sure. My head still swims from the effects of the voyage, and all the creatures, big and little, are rushing out and in on our bare floors in thick boots. In a few days I shall get lessons set agoing, and then there will be some settlement. As yet I have seen nothing of the place save from the windows. It is exactly like a picture of a Swiss village; a very nar-

row glen thickly wooded, the most picturesque houses dotting the banks of a stream. To-morrow we go to Clausthal to see the Schneiders, who have done everything imaginable for our comfort.

June 16*th.* To another Correspondent.—The children of course sallied forth in the morning to see what was to be seen, they were immediately joined by a pretty little girl about twelve years old, who informed them she with her mamma and English governess dwelt in the same house with us, and wished so to know us, to speak English! Maud persisted in speaking German, the other in replying in English.

This ultimately proved to be a false alarm, the English governess remained at home at Nienburg with pretty little Julia's sisters and brother; and this English governess who met us by hearsay on the morning after our arrival was the only English person whom we even heard of (much less saw) during our stay in the Harz.

My head still rings with the rattle of railways and throbs with the motion of the steamer, though I am now perfectly well. I hope these will be my excuses for an incoherent letter. I have never slept since I left home. There is so much that is new to be seen and heard, in the night as well as in the day. Here all last night the little stream wimpled like the falling and running of heavy rain, which we, who had arrived in the dark, supposed the sound to be, till morning light showed us its true cause. A pretty sounding bell rang every quarter of an hour, and an extraordinary sort of horn blew in answer to it; both in some way

connected with cows, I expect, which seem very important here. Early in the lovely sunny misty morning began a gentle music, now nearer, now farther, like stringed instruments playing in different keys. After listening some time I rose and looked out, and saw that the sound proceeded from tin bells attached to the necks of countless cows, which were being driven up the hills by men in long blue cloaks, bearing enormous horns strapped round their shoulders. The whole place has a pleasant cowie smell, and—as one might suppose, but as might not be the case—milk is cheap and excellent. The cows are small creatures, like Highland ones; the sort to give rich milk. We saw two milk cows drawing a cart yesterday.

June 17th.—People must really think one unreasonable who cannot be comfortable in a house like this, and we seem likely to live on the fat of the land at a very moderate cost, and without even the trouble of going a-shopping. The good simple folks march uninvited into our parlour, with their panniers on their backs, offering small bread, swine's (wild) flesh, strawberries, vegetables, etc.; milk and cream are produced by a few grosschens in incredible quantities. In short, we have hitherto met with no cross, contretemps, or difficulty of any sort. The children are in ecstasies, roaming the woods from morning to night, no fences and no dangers obstructing or threatening them; a more satisfactory place for our objects could not have been found. It needed something to set against the woeful scene of leaving home. As we

left the door the servants literally lifted up their voices and wept, and as I turned my head to take a last look of our home, the evening sun gilding the trunks of the great trees and the tops of the distant hills, and shining in as at a cathedral window through the few openings in the boughs of the avenue trees, I felt very sure we should see nothing as beautiful till we saw itself again.

June 18th.—In spite of a rainy day we went to Clausthal. The constant rain is most vexatious, and I fear is usual here. The carriage had been bespoken the day before. I was utterly out of German money, consequently was almost obliged to go. We took dinner at one, and at two set out with our carriage open, well covered by clothes from the rain. Our carriage, a common sort of phaeton, was drawn by two large-boned lazy horses at the slowest driving pace I ever was driven at. I do not think it can have been above two miles an hour. The road is steep, it is true, but not on the whole steeper than, for instance, the road from Edinburgh to Habbies' Howe; a well-made road, smooth, and not muddy. No amount of rain appears to cause mud here. When the road descended, the pace was if possible slower, from caution; it may have been necessary from ill contrived harness. The horses were in tolerable case, and could have gone better if they had been allowed. The first part of the way was pretty interesting in its own wild weird way, like the rest of the country around us — dense forest covering varied ground. Far the greater part of the way was ascent, and we

drove at snail's pace for three hours. The road winds so excessively that I am sure a walking way might be formed of less than half the length. Near Clausthal we reached a frightful place, where the silver taken from the mines is smelted. Smoke, smells, and blackness surround it. One can very easily imagine this Harz district being the centre of so much fairy and hobgoblin literature and tradition—the dense unending woods, thinly inhabited, yet inhabited by people who labour either underground in mines or occupy rude huts in the wood, working amongst furnaces either for charcoal or metal. Mrs. Schneider bid us observe as we went home how beautifully the Schmelzhouse glowed in the dark, but we returned too early to enjoy that spectacle.

After passing the smelting-house the road emerges from the wood and all beauty ceases. We have certainly reason to congratulate ourselves on being here rather than in Clausthal. Of all the ugly places I ever saw I think it is the ugliest. It has not even the beauty of brightness, which habitation generally gathers around it in this country. Many of the houses are built of slate—faced with slate that is to say, down the perpendicular walls, the roofs only being tiled. Such houses, of course, have a black and dismal aspect. Some fine houses (I mean picturesque houses) there are, and even here and there fruit-trees, but not enough to form a feature in the landscape; and gardening seems to be confined to flowering shrubs, except, indeed, within doors. Even more than elsewhere, it appeared to me, the house

windows were crowded with beautiful plants, apparently all in full flower. We had to drive right through the town to reach Mrs. Schneider's house, which stands on the brow of the hill, on the flat top of which the hideous place is situated. The house must command a view of half Europe when it can be seen, but a Scotch mist seems to be the habitual atmosphere of the place. It rained torrents while we stayed, and the composure with which Mrs. Schneider received visitors in such weather, and proposed our children going out to play with hers in the garden, where one would have thought only ducks would have enjoyed themselves, convinced me that at Clausthal it rains always—except when it snows. A young Spaniard who spent the evening with us at Mrs. Schneider's, said that thunder and lightning occurred every day, often many times in a day. The top of the Brocken is at but a short distance, but it was invisible.

I was utterly amazed at the elegant manner in which the Schneiders appear to live on an income which would go but a short way in our country. I will try to indicate all the little incongruities about their house which puzzle a stranger, but which most describers of German life seem to have chosen to view always on their dark side. Be it remembered that the afternoon was cold and rainy, and everything looking its worst. Asking direction to Professor Schneider's house at the inn where our carriage put up, it was pointed out to us close by. It was approached through a small garden, surrounded by an

unpainted wooden fence, such as would only be put round a field at home, but which here bordered the street of a considerable town. Entering an open house-door in the corner of the building, we were in a handsome, lofty, and spacious lobby, floored with bright-red six-sided tiles, exquisitely clean. An immense oaken staircase leading up to the upper lobby gave the house quite a palatial look. On the staircase Mrs. Schneider met us, delighted to see us, though she really had thought the rain would have frightened us. She took us at once into a very pretty room, which in a house at home would be described as the dining room, tastefully and beautifully papered, painted, and furnished, and the walls hung with pretty pictures. No carpet, of course, but a floor snow-white, and without any visible joining in the wood. An open door on the right-hand side of the room led into the still prettier drawing-room, actually crowded with pretty bright furniture, a handsome pianoforte, worsted-worked ottomans, etc.; and here the bare floor was partly covered by pretty bits of floorcloth, skin surrounded by worsted work, etc. Another open door on the other side of the outer room led into Mrs. Schneider's bed-room, which she called a small place, but which seemed to me of ample size for any one person, and, according to the custom here, she occupies it alone. Another side of the large square house contains Dr. Schneider's library, well furnished with books; within it his bed-room, and next to that a kitchen, which Mrs. Schneider asked me to pronounce very dreadful, be-

cause the fire was hidden in a stove, and there were no seats. But as it was beautifully clean and white, and entirely covered and surrounded by bright dishes and cooking utensils, I could not pronounce the desired condemnation.

Up stairs is a nursery, which I did not see. I asked to see the baby, but Mrs. Schneider did not let me see it. Nurse was invited up stairs by Mrs. Schneider's nurse and saw it—a very delicate little baby, about seven weeks old. The other children are fine-looking, good-humoured creatures, but would not attempt speaking English with ours as their mother desired them. They cannot, I think. They exhibited toys and picture-books with great glee, making signs take the place of language. A raw-looking servant-girl, who did not look at all like the house, placed the materials for "tea" on the table. The children were quickly seated about a round table in the outer parlour, and supplied with milk, bread, and sweet cakes. Mrs. Schneider then herself brought in the tray, containing an excessively handsome coffee equipage, into the inner room (the drawing-room), where she made us excellent coffee in lovely little cups, and regaled us with a variety of delicious little sweet cakes and a large one, the best I think I ever ate, and excellent bread and butter.

As it continued to pour without cessation, I did not go out; the young Spaniard, who is a student in the mining school, and used to board with Mrs. Schneider, kindly offered to go out and get any money changed for me, and to escort the young ladies to a shop where

Mary might buy a hat, hers having blown into the sea on the way over here. Mary obtained a nice hat of black straw for something less than a thaler, and the party returned drenched, bearing with them the hat, not wrapped in paper or covered in any way—the shopkeeper had not offered them anything wherein to wrap their purchase. I had of course many questions to ask of Mrs. Schneider; among others, whether indeed brown sugar is actually not to be had in these parts. She says it is not. I had entirely refused to believe my young ladies whom I had sent into the village to buy it, and who could not get it. I went myself to the apothecary's, among other places, in quest, and there succeeded in obtaining a sugar almost as dark as treacle for 6d. a pound. Treacle was also to be got at the same price. Candy-sugar nearly 8d. a pound. Fine lump-sugar 7d. I think their pound is a little heavier than ours, but I do not know. Grocers do not here tie things into tidy little parcels, but pitch them loosely into a clumsy triangular bag, which you may close for yourself or leave open, as you please. Dr. Schneider did not show, he was at his club.

We returned with our carriage closed, to exclude as much rain as we could, and got home only in time for bed.

On leaving the Schneiders' house I expressed my admiration of it, saying how much nicer and prettier the interiors were than in Scotland, where people with such an income as the Schneiders would inhabit a common stair, for they are not exclusive occupants

of their large-looking mansion. They are like us here, the principal tenants; they have all the best rooms, but the landlord lives down stairs, and accommodates lodgers of the working class beside himself and in the garrets. I said the latter must be very disagreeable on account of the noise (houses are hardly at all deafened here). "But they make no noise," said Mrs. Schneider. "I have no doubt Frohberger's lodgers also sleep in the attics though you never hear them. The people here are so quiet, they will creep up to bed on their stocking soles, and descend in the same manner long before you are up." They do, indeed, seem to me a very gentle and amiable people. All whom I have happened to deal with have had that in their countenance and manner which gives you an instinctive confidence in their honesty; and I am not, as I expected, at all struck by their ugliness. Many of the young women are very pretty; and I have never yet seen any of the extraordinary ugliness among the old which I was led to expect. Many of the children would be pretty but for a total want of complexion. Bleached hair, tanned skins, and colourless cheeks are the rule—any variety of colour the exception. Some of the many girls who come offering us wild strawberries for sale have a gipsy-look about them, and are picturesque and handsome. Most of the young women have a large-eyed, full-lipped look, which is pretty, and what one fancies Italian-looking rather than German. The occupations are mining, charcoal-burning, wood-cutting, and cow-keeping. All are of a rather picturesque sort; and

the labourers look as if the scenes amongst which they live had their effect on their characters. Their voices are soft and sweet, and their pronunciation so very soft that it is unintelligible in extreme instances, even to better German scholars than I am. Consonants are hardly pronounced at all.

One of the most charming things here is the music of the cow-bells. Every cow has a tin bell round her neck, fastened by a most primitive wooden collar. These ringing in concert sound like the playing of stringed instruments. Every morning we hear it, as all the hundreds of cows possessed by the villagers are driven to their pasture by a picturesque-looking herd with a long whip and an enormous horn. They are pastured in the woods away up from the village, the glades and fields around the village being left, I presume, for hay. There are no fences of any description anywhere, and no prohibition against wandering everywhere; and the above-mentioned glades and meadows are a sort of gardens of wild flowers. All our home friends larger and finer than at home, and many beautiful ones unknown to me. The woods again are carpeted with wild strawberries. As a general rule there is no brushwood, no (what sportsmen call) cover. The trees grow too thickly to permit its growth. They have all been planted, I think, at the distance, the closest possible distance, at which they could, and that at which they do grow, till they fall under the axe. But besides the planted trees there are numbers of seedlings amongst the young wood—none among the older. Either they

are cleared out or they die of suffocation. I see that the woods are under a regular and rigid system of management and as exact a rotation of crops as on a farm.

All the trees on any one hill are of just the same age and size. On another hill all are hewn down; and the next is newly planted with neat little baby pines, about twelve inches high. Far the larger part of the wood is of fir, but there is also much beech. There are in the woods many unaccountable, apparently bottomless, pits—old mining shafts I presume. They frighten me a little for the children lest they should fall in. Another circumstance which must have greatly helped the growth of hobgoblin stories. It would be so natural to terrify children from any peeping or approach to such places by telling them marvellous stories about preternatural habitation.*

It is now evening, and a second concert of cow-bells begins. For hours the ringing will be heard in all directions without our seeing a cow. Then the cows will begin to come in apparently of themselves, each turning in at her own door quite undirected.

June 20th.—We have been fortunate in our choice of a place in every way, except indeed one particular which you may consider an important one, and that is climate. I suspect this is a climate no whit better than our own Highlands, not very like it, but just as

* These holes are false shafts—holes which have been made in quest of metal which was not there found. Those of dangerous depth were filled up for the most part with rubbish to within a short distance of their mouth.

bad; much colder than the West Highlands, and about as rainy; the cold is really intolerable.

We to-day gave up the attempt at keeping summer, and had the stoves put in operation; I have chilblains and rheumatism, and lie awake at night shivering under a duvet. We are just a thousand feet up; too high, I suppose, to hope for warmth. Clausthal, nearly two thousand feet above the sea, is very perceptibly colder. It seems the Brocken, which is near Clausthal, is a region of perpetual thunder and lightning. One can easily understand this little mountain country, covered with the densest wood, so isolated from other hills or woods, causing very peculiar atmospheric conditions. Yesterday, a cool sunshiny day, the children and I climbed one of the so-called mountains, a steep hill of very moderate height from here, which having been lately divested of its wood is now replanted with little firs about the size and of the regularity of cabbages, we loitered about and looked from us, especially in the direction of the Brocken, which should be visible from the top of this hill—the Iberg. In an instant there arose a rushing wind of the most piercing coldness, then came black clouds, lightning, thunder, rain in bucketfuls, as I had thought it rained only in the West Highlands. We were not at that moment sorry that the vile taste of the Germans had created a summer-house on the top of this hill. It gave us shelter, and we watched the storm roll around us, clear away, begin again, clear and again return many times, the views between the storms being very fine; the mist,

when the sun shone, rising out of the woods as I never saw any other mists, thick, white, and whirling upwards, almost as fast as the escaping steam from the boiler of a steamboat. The summer-house kept us dry, but we were perishing with cold by the time the rain was over and we could get home dry.

The walk which I have just described was after church. We went to church at nine o'clock in the morning; more, I am afraid, to see the world, than with hopes of edification. I did not imagine I should be able to follow a sermon in German; by attending sedulously, however, I did understand the most of it. The congregation was an entirely rural one, and really mighty like the congregation of a Scotch country church.

I have nowhere been able to perceive that extraordinary degree of ugliness which I have always heard ascribed to the Germans. They are, I think, inferior in beauty to the English, but they bear comparison with the Scotch peasantry well. Both among the higher and lower class in this country, I have seen very handsome young people; and I have never seen any very ugly, either old or young. The men dress picturesquely on week days in a bright blue smock-frock; on Sunday they of course disfigure themselves in broadcloth like our own peasantry. The women, who seem to do a great deal of out-door work, are also in a manner picturesque on week days, with pretty panniers on their backs, and a peculiar (I cannot say pretty) cotton cloak. At church they made a better appearance than the men, wearing the usual

cloak or a shawl over hoopless petticoats (hoops have actually not penetrated to the Harz), with clean white caps on their heads. The young girls wear no covering on their heads, except their own thick hair smoothly plaited round their heads. Many were pretty, with a soft-eyed, full-lipped beauty which one does not expect in a cold country. Not above half-a-dozen bonnets, and as many hats, were in the whole church. These, of course, were as wonderful specimens as are to be seen in like situations at home. Church went in at nine o'clock and was over before eleven. I presume the service to have been according to the Lutheran rule.

On first entering the church a little tinsel and a crucifix upon the altar made me think I was mistaken, and that the church was Popish, but the service was not that of the Romish Church. Half at least of the service was sung not a bit better than it would have been by a Scotch congregation, unless, indeed, it may be considered an improvement that the whole congregation joined with all their might. The clergyman chanted during part of the time, the congregation responding, but the greater part of the singing was hymns out of a "Song Book" which was handed to us by one of the congregation—a thick volume printed like prose, but which on perusal one found to be verse chiefly of a very short measure and regularly rhymed.

Many of the hymns were very long, but they were sung from beginning to end to a simple tune without an attempt at skill in the performance, but at the full

pitch of the united voices of all present. Some of the hymns which I employed myself in reading during the singing seemed very pretty in their simplicity, others had a very Sternhold and Hopkins kind of turn about them. During the intervals of singing, a chapter from the Sermon on the Mount was read, and the chapter containing the account of the temptation in the wilderness, the congregation standing and not following on their books; indeed, they did not seem to have Bibles with them. A sermon followed, if sermon it could be called. It was a sort of prolonged ejaculation pronounced by the minister with clasped hands and upturned eyes. At first I was doubtful whether it was meant for prayer or sermon, but it stood us instead of a sermon and was about half an hour long. It appeared to me good in its way. It was well delivered, rapidly, but distinctly and earnestly, with an occasional reference either to writing or print. Perhaps it gained somewhat from my imperfect comprehension, but of the sense of the beginning I was sure. "Honour the Lord, O love him, follow him, forsake all and follow him. Love him for his sufferings borne for us, honour and obey his law written in his blood. What has this world to give that we should dwell here instead of following him? Here we suffer. Sin has brought sorrow into the world, and not on man only but on all creatures. The butterfly, the worm, the highest as the lowest creatures, are born to sorrow here. Let us look upwards," etc.

The clergyman was a fat, red-faced man, in spectacles, incorrigibly like a priest, in spite of his Geneva

gown and bands. The invalid visitors, I suppose, found church too early for them, for none of them were at it. There are a dozen or two of them in the place. It is not exactly a watering-place, inasmuch as there is no one spring supposed to be particularly curative. Between ourselves, I believe the chief advantage which is to be obtained here is merely getting well washed. There is an abundance of water very slightly impregnated (as I am told) with iron, as in many other places, and visitors are recommended to take walks to any of the many springs and drink their fill, and there is besides a new cure which a Clausthal doctor (I believe a clever man) is trying to bring into fashion, hot baths of a decoction of fir needles. I daresay the needles do no harm, and the hot water much good.

There is water to use and water to waste in the little town; every few steps a wooden spout pours forth its stream perpetually, but there is not water enough to ornament the country. As in the Pentlands, one is constantly disappointed by coming to a great watercourse (or rather that which has been a watercourse, till the absence of water let the grass grow in its room) wherein is no water. All the streams here are buried and set to work in their graves. All the vast mines from which the silver and other metals are taken are worked by water-power. Steam is not used. Even the smiths blow their bellowses here by water, to Willie's infinite delight. A little dam composed of a tree trunk hollowed out, and a miniature over-shot wheel, saves a man's labour at the bellows.

III.—LETTERS HOME.

(*Continued.*)

Wild Strawberries—Wild Swine—Set off on an Exploring Excursion—The Forest Paths—The Wild Flowers—Get Lost—Our Adventures—Get Back—A new Acquaintance—Visit to a Mine—The Johannes Fest—An Amateur Concert—A Walk—The Miners' Children—Miscellaneous Matters.

JUNE 20th.—The children just come in from a strawberry hunt with a good dishful of minute strawberries. They are our chief extravagance. We are importuned to buy them morning, noon, and night; and are tempted by their extreme cheapness to eat them at every meal. I give cream along with them only occasionally, that costs 3d. English to give us all enough; 2d. a dish the strawberries cost, but there is not much eating in them. To-day we are going to eat our wild swine with sharp appetites. A leg cost between two shillings and half a crown. This place is all delightful but the climate, and to-day we have given up pretending to be warm enough without, and have had the stove heated. It is always raining too, more or less, as in the Highlands; the clouds are always near.

June 26th.—Since I wrote last we have seen a great

deal of the country, rather more in fact than we intended to see; you will presently hear how. Mary continuing to have no appetite and to feel stomachy, I thought it would be for her good to have real exercise, and declared my intention of taking her a long walk every day, so on Wednesday, 22d June, we (*i.e.* Mary, Maud, and I) shook ourselves free from the rest of the party and set off after our early dinner merely with the intention of walking for several hours through the wood. We never deserted paths, our doing so being quite sure to lead to our losing ourselves; the woods besides being far too dense to be passable without a path. There are good paths from every forest village to every other, but there are besides many tracks which do not lead to any inhabited place, formed merely by the foresters in cutting or tending the trees. The weather was beautiful for once, not in the least too hot for walking, but calm, sunny, and charming, and these never-ending spruce fir woods the most delightful place for mere walking that can be fancied. Great part of our walk was through open glades, some small, some large, quite large enough to be called meadows, or as we should describe them, pastures. But they are exactly what are not pastures, the cows seem to be allowed to pasture all through the woods and to prefer the youngest. They do not, I suppose, eat spruces. They are always under the charge of a herd, greatly to my relief. One never meets a cow alone. The lovely music of their tin bells tells one a long way off when one is approaching a drove. Fences there are none, but the grass of the

above-mentioned glades or meadows seems to be quite effectually protected, I suppose for hay for winter fodder. I suppose, also, that the grass is natural, not sown. There is no sign of plough or spade about it, but it has a quantity of clover amongst it as well as of every other field flower—all our home friends and very many besides which are unknown to me. None are more beautiful than the forget-me-not, of which the common field sort here is as large as the bog kind at home, and that which is to be found in wet places here twice as large as any at home. The fields are many of them quite blue with it, and with also a very large sort of milkwort of a darker blue. Then there are beautiful campions, red and white; a sort of Canterbury-bell purple with branches; but numbers of other flowers besides of which I know nothing, yellow, white, blue, and purple. We have always bunches of them adorning our rooms as a humble substitute for the beautiful hot-house flowers which ornament the windows of even the poorest houses here, and we cannot resist plucking armfuls of them, which we never get time to put in water. All those we know at home are much larger here, I do not know why. The soil may be tolerably good, though it looks very yellow and not equal to our own, and the specimen we have had of the climate shows it to the greatest disadvantage as compared with our own. It is much colder, and almost as rainy here as in the Highlands. If I spoke of Clausthal I should say it was very much colder, and even more rainy than any place in Scotland, but our 1000

feet lower, and much more sheltered situation, make some difference.

The greater nearness to the sun of this country compared with our own must make further differences, though imperceptible to our senses. I have seen vines with grapes set on them trained over the wooden house which covers the entrance to a mine. Inquiring if they would ripen, I was assured they would be ripe in September. I cannot but doubt it this year, which I am also told is an exceptional one for cold and rain. Tell me how it is at home in these respects.

Our path led us to Mönchhof, a small picturesque village on the high-road to Seesen, beyond the wood, or rather in what looked like an extensive clearing, the land around very bleak and barren, quite open and uncultivated. Determined to be quite prudent, to run no risks at all in this our very first excursion, we would go home by the very same way by which we had come. I thought I had correctly noted the whole way, and how we managed it I cannot yet imagine, but many paths joined that on which we were and branched off from it, and at last, finding ourselves walking hour after hour without coming in sight of Grund, climbing steep hills to look down into deep vales, in none of which was any sign of habitation, we were at last forced to confess that we had lost our way.

Maud expressed herself delighted; here was an adventure, no matter how it ended. Mary also declared there could be nothing pleasanter than wan-

dering vaguely amongst such beautiful scenes, and that she did not care when we got home. My feelings (oppressed by the sense of responsibility) were less pleasant, but I did not distress the children by communicating them. It was late in the evening: the last rays of the sun were illuminating the woods in the most exquisite manner; shining through the trees on the grass—beautiful, short turfy grass such as usually carpets a pine forest, and gilding the countless straight red stems of the trees. On reaching the top of a hill, we could see the other hills rising wave over wave, the usually black woods glowing with a beautiful copper-coloured light. We had reached the top of the most rocky hill we had yet seen. The wood all over it was beautifully broken by rock, but all around us we saw no house nor sign of one. At an early period in our walk we had met two men, not in working clothes—foresters, I presume; since then, no one. A rocky path led down on the other side of the hill which we had climbed; we followed it, hoping that it might lead—somewhere. As I have already said, this was not a matter of certainty, though its converse must sound like a bull. Paths formed merely by woodcutters continue sometimes distinct and well beaten for some distance, and then branching off in a thousand different directions are lost altogether. The path we had chosen led us down to the edge of a stream in a narrow wooded glen, and to a ford, and I never was more rejoiced than by seeing crossing the ford a party of the laborious pannier-women who travel the

country selling butter, eggs, etc. We eagerly addressed them, asking if we were on the road to Grund. "O no; to Mönchhof." How, I cannot yet in the least comprehend, but we had turned right round and were unconsciously retracing our steps to the place whence we came! We must turn and accompany them.

The only way of measuring distances here is by the time supposed to be spent in walking them. Our friends told us we were an hour and a half from Grund. They were not going there, but to Wildemann, another forest village. Our ways lay together for about half an hour, and at the end of that distance they would direct us. We joined the procession, consisting of about ten eminently respectable-looking women, who told us their husbands were miners. Several were young and pretty, and all carried the picturesque panniers of the country enormously heavily loaded—so heavily that they were obliged to stop every few minutes when the path was steep; and they told us—poor souls!—that they had walked all night (about twenty-four hours on end), coming from Gandersheim, one of the stations near Kreiensen, not, I think, less than forty or fifty miles from here. They had been purchasing articles which they would afterwards sell in the forest villages. Though their burdens were so heavy that the sweat poured from their brows with exertion, most of them were knitting while they walked, and all talked cheerfully with us while we walked with them.

They were very civil without servility or a

thought of begging, like all the people whom we meet with. We did not offer them money, because there were so many of them. They did not in the least seem to expect it, but if we had offered it I have no doubt it would have been gladly accepted—at least such is our previous experience of the people. Persons whose position one would think would place them above it, pocket their five grosschen—equal to sixpence—very sweetly. Without hope of reward our friends stood looking after us and exerting the whole strength of their united voices in directing us so long as they could see us, and—directly we were out of their sight we were at a loss again! We came to a ford, on the opposite side of which three terribly forest-looking paths (not footbeaten at all), all exactly like each other, seemed to go three different ways. We chose one because one we must choose, and again I longed unspeakably to meet some human being, but again we walked on as we had done for the last two hours, as fast as we could. The children became silent from fatigue; they say they were never at all alarmed or disconcerted. To me it appeared highly probable that we might continue to walk all night like our friends with the panniers, and not at all certain that we might reach any habitation before we were completely exhausted and obliged to lie down and die, like the Babes in the Wood. Stopping for a moment to take breath, and gazing down a long and beautiful glade, imagine my delight at sight of a man! He was almost as far off as my eyes could reach, engaged in cutting grass. I had no hesitation in running to

him, leaving the children to rest themselves, and from him I received the welcome news that the path we were on would lead to Grund in no very long time. Accordingly the path presently began to show marks of human feet, and, quite unexpectedly, as if they were two giants coming to meet us, we stood close under the Hubichen-Stein—the two pillars of rock which close the prospect from our windows, and are but a few hundred yards from our house. So we were home before it was quite dark, the children declaring themselves not in the least tired—not so tired as before they were "lost." I was not in the least tired either; I had been far too anxious to feel tired.

June 23*d.*—I thought we stood in no particular need of exercise, the able-bodied among us having walked, at the very lowest computation, fifteen miles the day before—(we had walked for five hours, the latter part of that time excessively fast); and it being a fine day—one of the only two such we have had—I went out into the summer-house in the garden, a pleasant place enough, where Willie has established his workshop, and where the children, big and little, spend much of their time, though of course all the other inmates of the house have access to it as well as ourselves. The people here have a way of being very quiet in a house. There are three—four—different families, or parts of families, in this low-roofed square house, and we never hear any of them; and Thursday was the first occasion of my seeing any of our "genteel" fellow-lodgers. Frohberger's children

we see, but never in the house. Frohberger is a tanner, and is much from home. On Thursday, as, with baby in my arms, I joined the children in the summer-house, I found that I interrupted a young lady in reading aloud to her mamma *Amy Herbert*—a German edition, but in English—while the mamma knitted; the little girl being also provided with a stocking, at which she knitted busily whenever she left off reading. The child is pretty, ladylike, and well-mannered; the mamma a very large "loud"-looking woman, with a beautiful voice for singing, and —the usual Anglomania. She addressed me quite reproachfully in English, saying that I kept myself invisible, that she saw my children, though they would not speak to her; but that I "came never in the garden," that she had been so delighted when she heard there was an English family coming to the house, both for her own and her daughter's sake, as they never lost any opportunity of speaking English. I replied that we were very anxious to speak German, whereon she instantly changed to German, and we talked for some time. She told me, among other particulars, that she departs the day after to-morrow; so as she evidently considered herself defrauded of her rights in not having seen me during whole ten days that we had been in the house together, I determined to give her and her Julia enough of us while they stayed. Her husband is a physician in Hanover, holding some office under Government. She is the daughter of a deceased professor at Gottingen, a person of some distinction, and she and the child are

here taking baths for the good of their health. It was Dr. Schneider who told me all these particulars. He knows Frau Schoffer by name. I invited her to partake of roasted wild boar (which that day was hot) along with us, and she and the child dined with us at two o'clock.

Afterwards we walked to the Hülfe-Gottes-Grŭbe, the mine just below the town, and the richest in all the Harz. We did not of course go into it, but the superintendent most kindly and intelligently showed us and explained to us the plan of its working so far as was to be seen above ground, and gave us specimens which will delight your heart, of stones containing lead, copper, and silver, all out of the same mine; showed us also his pretty garden, in which the names of different mine masters are formed by the flower-beds; was pleased by my praise of his in-door plants, which in the brightest bloom adorned every window of his house; assured us his grapes would ripen; and pocketed a shilling (a ten-grosschen) gladly, and begged we would come again whenever we pleased, and promised he would have a set of particularly choice specimens looked out for you when you should arrive. (Here comes Willie in from an independent excursion to the mine, where the superintendent was exceedingly kind, endowed him with many shining stones, and inquired anxiously when his "Herr Papa" was coming.) A good deal of civility for a shilling, you see! I suppose it is a mistaken feeling in me, but whenever I find the shilling accepted, I always consider that all civility or kindness is bought, and

consequently it has no longer any intrinsic value in my eyes. In the evening we heard beautiful singing, proceeding, I think, from a cave in the Iberg, called the Sängergrotto, and where a shed and benches are arranged for village concerts at the festivals. This evening was the Eve of St. John. A number of young men walked slowly through the village about midnight, singing beautifully. The weather was too cold to tempt us to try to hear the music better than we could from our windows.

June 24th.—The Johannis Fest, Festival of St. John, Midsummer-day. Many a Christmas-day at home is warmer. Early in a blustering rainy morning Christmas-trees began to be erected in every open space in the perfectly irregular little village. They were good big spruce-fir trees, decorated with all sorts of inexpensive materials—peony heads, bunches of wild flowers, strings of egg-shells, etc.

The children were all dressed in their Sunday's best—a most excellent best as far as decency and comfort go, and as entirely devoid of taste or attempt at the picturesque as that of Scotch children of their class. It was of the most solid woollen material, of nondescript colours, covering the person, neck, arms, and all. No bare feet here on man, woman, or child. All wear stout leather shoes, and purple worsted stockings like mine. The children, both boys and girls, wore wreaths of natural flowers round their heads, many of them made with great taste, and the little heads looked pretty; but besides the clumsy garments already mentioned, many, both boys and

girls, were further adorned with an excellent blanket-shawl, pinned in front and tied behind! In this guise they danced, or rather walked, round and round, hand-in-hand, around the trees, chanting (without an attempt at tune) some words, I suppose of the nature of a hymn, every now and then ducking down in a ridiculous manner, which may have been meant for kneeling, only the action was reversed. This pastime was pursued all the early part of the day. In the afternoon we walked to the Knolle or Knoll, a hill below the town, on the top of which is a public play-ground—a circular enclosure, where are permanent erections for the performance of gymnastics. Here, without spectators, without music, decoration, refreshments, without stimulant of any kind, a small changing group of men and boys, clad in clean linen clothes, practised such feats as are to be seen at Rowland's Assault and such places, with great skill and activity. Sitting looking at them would have been cold work that afternoon, even if there had been any adjuncts, such as music, to give the spectacle any amenity.

Willie only, I think, enjoyed it. He was stimulated to great ambition by the feats which he saw performed by boys less than himself. I advised him to take his turn on some of the smaller machines, and he did so, succeeding better than I could have expected, and infinitely amusing the little German rustics, who were very good-natured to him, though as little deferential as if they had been little Aberdonians. Though I froze and wearied of the spectacle

I could not but admire it in a moral point of view, and wonder why it was that our people would not do the like. One imagines these rural festivals connected with cloudless skies and their influences. Nothing of the kind furthers them here; yet here did the whole population amuse themselves for a whole long day with fewer adjuncts than I have ever seen attend on amusement anywhere, and no rude word or tone was to be heard among them, nor was there any intoxication to be seen in the streets to the latest hour that any festivities continued.

We left the Knolle between five and six to keep an engagement to tea with "Frau Doctorinn," as, according to custom, our new acquaintance is styled. She met us at the door, anxious to put off her tea party till the following evening, and in a degree of excitement about a concert which was to take place at the inn, which seemed to me childish or German, I knew not which. The concert was one of amateurs; and when I found that the Frau Doctorinn was a principal performer, I was less surprised by her excitement. She wished us to go with her at once to the hotel, but that I would not do; and I felt provoked at her for not giving us our tea as she had promised, for I had been looking forward to—for once—having tea in decent time. Here every one's movements circulate around those of the cows. Cows are not milked till nearly eight in the evening. The children very much prefer fresh milk to that which has been kept since morning, so we have no milk, and consequently no "tea," till past eight o'clock. More-

over nurse and the little ones had remained at the Knolle—nurse with the keys in her pocket—so that even bread, butter, everything eatable, was inaccessible. While the Frau Doctorinn hurried to the inn, I went to a baker's to buy some cakes wherewith to feed my hungry family before taking them to the concert. I met nurse with the keys, so we got our tea comfortably, dressed, and repaired to the inn, an hour and a half later than the Frau Doctorinn. At the inn we were disconcerted by being shown into a cloak-room, and requested to remove bonnets. We complied, though, not being prepared, our heads were not ornamental even when uncovered. This change made, we were shown into a very large low-roofed room, painted in a very decorative manner, and with a gallery at the end as if for music. On this occasion, however, the gallery was empty, a pianoforte stood in a corner, at which the amateurs succeeded each other, either singly or in duets or trios, either to play or sing. The room was not arranged like a concert room, but like a public dining-room, which on "every days" I presume it is. Three rows of tables, covered with tablecloths, ran from end to end of it, and every one was eating or drinking, every man smoking, and almost every woman knitting.

I leave you to conceive the quality of the atmosphere, the combination of exhalations from steaming food, liquor, tobacco, and a hundred or two of human beings. The tobacco smoke was so thick that for some moments we could not see; but the place was warm, and therefore tolerable. A party of ladies

and gentlemen in evening dress dined or supped sumptuously at one end of one of the tables during the whole of the performance. Every one partook at least of coffee, so I saw then what we ought to have done in the absence of the cows and keys, but having already had tea we took nothing. How was one to guess that food was part of going to a concert?

We seated ourselves beside the Frau Doctorinn, who was surrounded by her acquaintance. She asked if I would like to be made acquainted with them, and on my answering in the affirmative, she introduced us to some half dozen ladies—a bevy of old maids I felt sure by their appearance, which I liked much better than that of their introducer. She is rather a showy-looking woman, as I have already said might be described as "loud," at a little distance looks handsome, and has a way of appearing to be magnificently dressed. Her friends were one and all clad in black, in caps with sober-coloured ribbons (whereas Frau Doctorinn wears a large coronet), with thick black mittens on their hands, and the "stocking" pinned to their sides. One old lady is a pretty old lady, and two young ones are soncy comely girls; the countenances of all seemed to me to express that calm benevolence which is written on so many faces here. On hearing their names, which, as a foreigner, I begged to be told very distinctly, I found all but the two girls are married, and are here without their husbands.

There were long intervals between the performances, during which people talked to their friends,

changed their places, went and asked any favourite performer to go to the piano, or walked about the room knitting.

When it grew dark candles were lighted, and a row of Chinese lamps in the balcony, to which about nine o'clock we all went out to hear the villagers singing in the square—a great deal better worth hearing, I thought, than the ladies and gentlemen in the hotel. They sang quite beautifully in parts, alternating with a good instrumental band—a party with Chinese lamps mounted on sticks furnished them with light enough to read their music by.

I forgot to say that, earlier in the evening, as I went through the village in quest of nurse, I met a procession coming from the Knolle (playground) carrying on high a boy, I think younger than Willy, clad in a bright blue smock-frock, whom we had remarked as very active at the gymnastics. I suppose he had won some prize, for all cheered as he passed. Behind the procession, formed of his companions and rivals, followed all the dignitaries of the place, including the clergyman. The Revier-forster's (head forester and gamekeeper of a fixed district) was the only uniform among them. A grave, responsible-looking person the Revier-forster is—a government officer, of course, and one who does not neglect his duties. The edges of the forest have quite a park-like look from perfect forestering. The spruces at the edge of the wood surrounding any glade or meadow feather down to the ground, and there being no fences these glades or meadows are quite irregular in form, and no dead

branch or tree neglected in any way is to be seen anywhere.

A few very common fireworks were sent up, and every one went home, I think about ten o'clock.

June 25th.—I had determined we were to make the experiment of a walk to Clausthal. Maud, Mary, and I set off immediately after breakfast. I insisted on their walking more slowly than they were inclined to do, to save their strength.

The walk is a beautiful one, by well-beaten forest paths, and the way to Clausthal was easily found, fingerposts pointing it out wherever it could be doubtful; the return was not so easy, no fingerposts pointing the way to Grund, and I was terribly afraid we should lose our way. We however escaped the dreaded danger. On the way going we had a chance companion, to whose pace I was very glad to suit ours for the sake of having a guide. She was the only human being we saw between this and Clausthal, either in going or coming, and she was a pretty soft-eyed child, aged eleven she told us, but looking younger, carrying on her back one of the national panniers suited to her size, and covered by her small cloak, and she was proceeding to Silber-neü, the smelting-house near Clausthal, from thence to fetch that Saturday evening in her small pannier 1200 thalers (above £200 sterling) for her father, who is a mine-master, to pay his men their wages with! I could not but exclaim that the country folks must be extraordinarily honest where such an undertaking could be trusted to such a messenger.

I did not enlarge on the point lest I should frighten the child. She greatly reassured me, for I had been a little questioning the prudence of the long lonely walk with even so much as £10 in my pocket. We talked with her all the way to Silber-neŭ, a pretty name for the dreary smoky place whence issue so many new thalers. She spoke very distinctly—a chief merit with us in this district of speech so soft that gutturals have no existence, and no consonant is more than a mere aspiration. It was nothing that she told us her name was Ou-hous-ta, instead of Augusta, for all the Augustas here are Ouhoustas. Auhousta Hīzīa, she told us was her name. We made her repeat it frequently. It may be Giziger (which we eventually discovered that it actually was). I particularise for the sake of giving you an idea of the character of the patois. Even those who pronounce best sound all the harder consonants y or h. In English letters, the name as pronounced would spell Hee-see-a.

We had set out in a fine morning, but, as usual, rain came on, very calmly and steadily, and while we walked through the pine-wood it was not very wetting nor very disagreeable. When we emerged on the bare hill-top on which Clausthal stands, the rain increased immensely, and a cold wind chilled us to the very bones in spite of exercise. Besides the usual droves of cows with bells, they have at Clausthal hundreds of goats which graze about on the broken stoney banks which rise out of the woods up to the small plain on which stands the town. The goats,

like the cows, are furnished with bells, and in due proportion to their size ; all horses at grass have also a sort of bell of their own, calves also, and so exactly in proportion to their different sizes that I am sure they must get a new one every year. I suppose this precise gradation has some use. Goats always give me the idea of a miserably poor country since first I made their acquaintance in Ireland ; and to see them trotting about the streets, which were rushing with water like so many rivers, increased to my eyes the air of desolation which pervades the desolate-looking place. There are also at Clausthal frightful mules, more like wild beasts than civilised baggage animals, neither small and pony-like like the few to be seen at home, nor square powerful animals like those used in the south of France, but long-legged things of every imaginable colour—piebald, yellow, pink ! There they were in droves, with packs on their backs, wandering where they pleased. In answer to my inquiries about the how, the why, and the wherefore, I was merely told that roads here were too steep for horses, and that therefore mules were used ; that possibly the driver of that caravan was in some public-house refreshing himself, and that the mules would not wander far from each other. They seemed to have no bridles nor head-gear of any kind, and I suppose are driven to their destination after the manner of horned-cattle. What that destination may be I cannot tell, for Clausthal appears the highest point of habitation ; but through the mist before entering Clausthal we could discern a snow-white road running

right up a wooded hill, so possibly some people live still higher up. The road was not white with actual snow, but with the sort of gravel which is used here, which exactly resembles white quartz, but which, if one lifts a bit, feels almost as heavy as lead.

Mrs. Schneider having told us that this week would be entirely occupied for her by a great wash (the accumulated clothes of the whole past winter), we thought it well before going to their house to order our dinner at the inn. We arrived there in just two hours from Grund, which, as we walked slowly, makes the distance by the path, I think, about six miles English, perhaps less. It was three long hours' drive! though the road is excellent, and not so steep as many roads at home. Finding the table-d'hôte was to be in a quarter of an hour we arranged to dine there, and then went to the Schneiders, which is close to the inn. Dr. Schneider was at home this time, and is a very agreeable person. The house, though taken at unawares, and the mistress, though engaged with her sick baby, as well as the half-year's wash, presented nothing unsightly; the only unpleasant thing about it was the atmosphere of iron stoves, roaring hot, which, if unpleasant in one way, was pleasant in another. Mrs. Schneider insisted on our removing our dripping garments and hanging them to dry around the stoves, and repairing to dinner at the inn in some of hers.

At the inn we were supplied with a sumptuous dinner, to which we did full justice. Potato soup, meat patties (very good), potatoes, spinach, and eggs,

which I supposed that, as in France, we were expected to eat without meat, but as soon as they had been handed round, veal cutlets ("breaded" and excellent) followed; then roast veal, hot, tender, and perfectly cooked, with which were handed round cranberry jam and salad. I think I never ate so much in my life, for I took some of everything. Dear little Foxie, our companion everywhere, lay behind my chair, and received contributions from the three of us after each course. The meat was followed by one single little hot sweet biscuit, the only good sweet thing I have tasted here—they spare their sugar on all baker's sweets. Then cheese, which I did not manage to eat, though I took a small piece on my plate, it smelt so very strong — it appeared to be cream cheese, too old. With it was handed the only fresh butter I have seen in this country—they make all their butter with a little salt. The dinner, though with so many courses, occupied less than an hour; everything was perfectly clean, plates promptly changed between each two courses. The only thing that could have been found fault with was the absence of salt-spoons and the presence of toothpicks—little sharp pieces of wood, of which bunches decorated the middle of the table. Our companions were all of the male sex, eight or ten in number, not, I think, travellers, but residents; the hour was sharp one, they drank only a very little beer—not all of them that, one smoked, others read the newspapers and talked in a low tone. Some departed before we did, others remained after us. Dr. Schneider had accompanied us to

the inn and commended us to the care of the landlord. We returned to the Schneiders' house, and Dr. Schneider undertook to get my bill cashed for me, though there is no bank in Clausthal. The poor man set off in the pouring rain, and in the same returned to ask me if I chose to accede to his merchant's terms, which seemed to him shabby—viz. that I was to pay a grosschen in the pound on the bill for £10. Of course I accepted. It was much cheaper than going to Hanover, which must have been the alternative. I forgot to mention the expense of our dinner, which appalled me, though it was not much for all we had, but it was much more expensive than any dinner yet —15 grosschen each, amounting to about 4s. 6d. English for the three of us, and seeing that the waiter expected the remaining sixpence for himself I gave it him, thus bringing up our expenses to 5s. The hire of a carriage to Clausthal and back, all expenses included, is but 6s., so no great economy was effected by walking.

Mrs. Schneider went with us to make some little purchases, among the rest egg-cups, which are considered a superfluity in this country, and not supplied in furnished lodgings, and the wine-glasses in this house being of a roomy sort form no substitute; consequently we have hitherto eaten our eggs holding the egg in one hand and the spoon in the other, an arrangement which has inconveniences, especially where children are the eaters. I bought also some pewter spoons, Frohberger's supply being very inadequate to the demands on it. I did not find

either of these or any of the articles we required cheap. I bought a morsel of black velvet ribbon for a band for myself, paying five grosschen (sixpence), and believing I received a yard—I had asked for an ell; but on getting home, and setting about dressing myself in great haste to go to tea with Frau Doctorinn, I found I had not much more than half a yard, far too little for a band.

Among other matters of consultation with Mrs. Schneider was the possibility or impossibility of obtaining pure wheaten bread—bread made without any admixture of rye—in any other shape than that of small milk rolls, an obviously expensive sort of bread on which to maintain a family; and mine rebelled hopelessly against the eating of black bread, the usual family loaf of these parts. We had induced a baker to bake us loaves of what he called wheaten flour, but the admixture of rye became daily more and more obvious without the loaves being at all reduced in price. We paid a little more for them than we would have done for the finest bread at home.

Mrs. Schneider was doubtful, advised us to try the effect of reiterated orders, or a change of baker if we were determined to have the article; but looked aghast at her husband at the idea of the shocking extravagance, and assured me I should find living here anything but cheap if I tried to live on white bread. It is not merely the little difference in price which makes black bread so much the most economical. The opinion here at least is that it is incalculably more nourishing than wheaten bread; that with

butter, lard, or anything of that sort, it is as nourishing as meat, and their white bread they consider of a particularly light and unsatisfying kind.*

After our shopping in the rain, we returned with Mrs. Schneider, who gave us coffee; then we resumed our half-dry garments, and again set forth in rain more violent and endless-looking than ever, accompanied by wind so very piercing that our quickest pace would not keep us warm.

* If the enlightened reader should think that an undue portion of this correspondence is devoted to food and other material elements of housekeeping, the only apology that can be offered is, that the information in the letters was given in answer to special questions, and under a general promise to be precise in household details. There was a desire too to relieve the anxiety of considerate friends, who assured us that where we were going we would be doomed to black bread and sour craut. The latter is still in the future—we saw none of it in the whole course of our sojourn in Germany.

IV.—LETTERS HOME.

(Continued.)

More of the Ways of the Place—Its Guests as a Watering-Place—The Fir-Needle Decoction Baths—Specialties in Cookery and Itinerant Commerce—The Village Cantor and his Musical Family—The Appearance of the People—The Economy of their Houses—Scenery—Preparations for giving an Entertainment; how it succeeded—The Brocken—The Weather—Our Landlord and his Garden—The Cost of Living.

WE got home in less than an hour and a half, literally wet to the skin, stripped in our rooms heated to a prodigious temperature by the stoves (which warm the bed-rooms as well as the sitting-rooms), redressed ourselves, and went to tea with Frau Doctorinn, I having first performed the disagreeable task of holding nurse while she had the stump of a tooth extracted by the village barber—a tedious and agonising operation. It was not fully performed, and had to be completed to-day, when the kind and amiable barber furnished a curious exemplification of the shilling principle. When I asked him the amount of our debt he said ten grosschen (one shilling). I remarked that it was too little, as he had had the trouble of coming here twice. He uttered some disclamatory

words, but gave me but one shilling back of the thaler I had given him to change, thus keeping two for his fee! Frau Doctorinn made herself very agreeable, singing unasked and without accompaniment, songs—English, Scotch, and Irish, as well as German—to only us and the two German young ladies, who came in after tea, I think uninvited. They came in only for the wild strawberries and cream, which of course constituted supper. They crown every banquet—form part of every meal. They were the only good part of Frau Doctorinn's material entertainment. Happily we were pretty well fortified between our table d'hote dinner and Mrs. Schneider's coffee and rolls, for Frau Doctorinn did not offer us bread and butter, only nasty little baker's cakes, which contain a superabundance of grease and too little sugar, and tea which, as in France, is hot water, in which perhaps one tea leaf has been bathed. It has not either the faintest colour or taste of tea. Frau Doctorinn is not, like us, Frohberger's tenant, but his sub-tenant, renting her nice room, which has a bed-room off it, from one of his humbler lodgers, a miner's wife. The miner's wife put the materials on the table, and Frau Doctorinn and her daughter made the tea, and handed it and the cakes to us on trays. I was called out of the room by the arrival of a pannier woman whom I had commissioned to bring us vegetables. Frau Doctorinn, finding me long absent, peeped after me, and informed the children their mamma was buying pies—by which she meant peas, which I was not buying—because they were exorbitantly dear. I

bought a few carrots and lettuces at a very high price.

When we bade good night, Frau Doctorinn asked permission to come up stairs in the morning to see baby in his bath. Our baths and the cradle are objects of endless wonderment; and the practice of daily immersion in cold water leaves it a miracle that we are alive. But, in fact, everything we do is utterly amazing to the whole native population, who, however, do not show their amazement by the slightest rudeness; so that, when one is a little used to it, it becomes rather pleasant, giving the feeling that, as the commonest actions are considered very remarkable, you need not mind what you do next. For instance, I understand it is not the fashion here for ladies to enter the butcher's, baker's, or any other provision-dealer's shop. I having begun doing so, ignorant that I was transgressing any rule of social etiquette, continue to do it as at home; and that done, then run up and down the street with a basket to fetch home the commodities. The place is so perfectly rural that it does not feel in the least queer.

June 26th.—The early rising of the folks here puts us to shame. Frau Doctorinn and her friends, who are all water-drinkers and bathers, rise at five. I verily believe such practices constitute the sole benefit to be derived from "Waters," or "Bads" as they are called here (baths)—the German name for all watering-places—as one of which this must count, though it has no special spring, only many with

a little iron in them, and a bath-house admirably arranged, where may be had very cheap—hot baths cost five grosschen (sixpence) each—every sort of bath, with or without a decoction of—fir needles, if you please!—the last invented humbug to persuade people who do not at home use fresh air or water to use them from home, imagining that something else which is administered along with them is working their cure. A very clever doctor in Clausthal has originated the fir-needle theory, and has chosen a favourable situation for supporting it. Everything here smells, tastes, feels of fir needles.

Dr. Schneider tells us we shall get German lessons from the schoolmaster here if we wish it. I will call on him to-morrow and see if we can agree. He is also the cantor, or precentor, and we are told possesses a piano, on which he might perhaps allow the girls to play, if, say my informants, the young ladies can endure the atmosphere of his house, which is a perpetual cloud of tobacco smoke, the cantor being a remarkable smoker even for these parts, where every man, rich and poor, busy or idle, smokes apparently always.

He is the author of a little book about Grund, which we have purchased, and are reading as German lesson. It is a nice little book, giving one a favourable impression of its author, though not a work of genius. I do not trouble you by mentioning such of our occupations as recur daily. I teach the little ones quite regularly about two hours a day; read German with the three elder an hour daily; read

aloud to them while they work of evenings, if we are at home; take baby out into the garden or down the town while nurse does up the house; arrange dinner with nurse when he goes to sleep in the forenoon; write letters after all are to bed at night; and to-day Frau Doctorinn found us, when she came to call on us, reading the "Service," giving, as I fear, a much exaggerated idea of our piety, accompanied as it was by the refusal of her invitation to go with her this evening to the Inn Piano, where she is to assemble some musical friends to sing and hear singing. After a moment's consideration, I determined that it was best not to go. So, instead, I have written all this long story. I hope you are pleased. I really wonder if any one will have perseverance to read it through? Let all have the offer of it at any rate; particularly I wish that —— —— should have it to keep as long as she likes, and to send to —— if she wishes it; then all ——, and ——, and ——, of course.

It is now past midnight; the little stream, whose noise we always hear (which is not the mine stream, but a clean little burn running down the road-side), is now rushing a furious torrent, so loud I can neither make out whether the rain is still rattling as fast as ever, nor yet hear my friends the owls, who sing here with the very same voice they do at home, and here, as there, regularly at midnight.

June 27th.—Nurse manages dinners, etc., quite comfortably, and every day has some wonderful tale to tell of what she saw in our landlord's kitchen.

Potato-soup made with prunes instead of meat! made with oil and minced bacon! potatoes cooked with vinegar and oil, and eaten cold! Omelettes of diverse sorts cooked on principles too economical to be excellent. Milk flows like water here; and great part of our maintenance is wild strawberries and cream. Most things are a little cheaper here than at home, a few are a little dearer. But one needs to keep a tight grip, not to be always spending small sums on—one can hardly tell what. Those laborious-looking pannier women who come up uninvited to our parlour will hardly go away till we have purchased some one or other of their commodities. They travel the country, selling every imaginable thing—among the rest, lace of Harz manufacture. It is like coarsish English lace, and not very cheap; but the lace-venders always carry along with their lace a sort of biscuits exactly resembling lace, but of the colour of wood. When first I saw them, I thought they were some curious and beautiful manufacture of wood; and I have seen nothing here that I would like so much to bring home to show you as these biscuits, but it would be impossible, they are far too fragile. I would like very much to know how they are made. It must be a mystery, and must, I think, be done, partly at least, by machinery. They are as thin as the thinnest paper, round, of the size of a lace d'oyley, corrugated, and with an open-work pattern on them. Being too thin to carry singly, five are always tied up together with fine threads, and the bunch costs a grosschen (1½d.) There is also a plain sort, quite

smooth, without any pattern. Both sorts cost the same, both are nicely fired to a delicate yellow colour, and are tolerably good to eat. From their taste I think they are made of flour and water alone; a little either sugar or salt would make them more palatable.

On the 27th of June, among other business calls in the village, we went to call on the schoolmaster and cantor, to ask him to give us German lessons. We had been warned of Cantor Trenchnor's smoky propensities, so were not surprised by finding him enveloped in a cloud of smoke. We were more surprised by his having the politeness to put his pipe away while he talked with us, not at all a matter of course here. His house is a large one, like all the houses here. There are here no small cottages, as at home, of but one or two rooms; even the poorest people live in large houses—a consequence, I suppose, of the abundance of wood. The school is conducted in another large house of several stories close by. With the one exception of space, the interior of the cantor's house differed in nothing from that of a peasant's or mechanic's at home, and it lacked that scrupulous purity which we have now remarked in the houses of diverse persons of the peasant class. Water is plentiful, and the common people seem to bestow it largely on their unwhitened stone floors and uncarpeted wooden ones; the cantor's floor, however, would have been all the better of a scrubbing.

He himself is quite an interesting person. He is at present lame, but I think only from some tem-

porary cause. He is like most other men here, immensely tall, loose hung, and with a face to correspond—a long face of extraordinary flexibility. He seated us on the sofa, seated himself opposite us, and we talked for some time about arrangements. He speaks no English, which will be a drawback to Lizzie and Maud, and an advantage to Mary and me. We easily arranged for lessons at suitable hours, three times a week, for 10 grosschen each (1s.) He asked us rather anxiously if we thought that too much. I said No. A handsome rosewood piano stood in the room, looking strangely incongruous with its other furniture. On our asking him if he played, he immediately seated himself at the piano and played piece after piece in a manner which Mary declared was almost equal to Thalberg. He made a sign to a girl, whom I had supposed to be his servant, who seated herself beside him and joined him in duets in a manner which neither of my young ladies could in the least have equalled; and the cantor, whose daughter she is, told us she is but twelve years old. She is an immense girl of her age, tall and large-limbed, and large featured, and she was clad in working clothes of the poorest sort, in a washed-out cotton frock, short and narrow (hoops are here happily unknown), a coloured cotton apron not over-clean, her red arms bared up to the shoulders for some household work in which she had been engaged. Her only ornament was her thick fair hair arranged in plaits and held together by an arrow. Before she played I had not observed her; as she left the piano

very much flushed, I thought she might be called very handsome, and wondered if she would ever be known as a Jenny Lind. I suppose not. I suppose her degree of talent, or perhaps rather her degree of good musical training is not unusual here. I had been very anxious to hear of a piano on which the girls might practise. There is one at the inn, but except very early in the morning the room in which it is is occupied. I asked the cantor if he would allow us, for a consideration, the use of his; he agreed, at any of the hours that he is engaged at the school, for two or three grosschens a week. Maud having been now a long time without lessons, I bethought me to ask him on what terms he would give her instruction; the same as the German lessons, 1s. an hour. So we arranged that three times a week Maud should remain after the German lesson and have a music lesson; and Mary is writing home to inquire if she may have the same.

We have our first German lesson to-day. To-morrow the Schneiders are to visit us, and our whole energies will be required to invent a dinner and get it cooked with the apparatus which we have here. The lazy way would be to send for it from the inn, but we will not do that; I will tell you how we succeed after the visit is over.

I am not at all struck by the ugliness of people here as I expected to be. I have not yet seen any striking specimens of ugliness, and I have seen a great deal of beauty, in which the chief want is complexion. This is least remarked in the men, whole fair skins

get a red tan sufficiently picturesque, and I have seen many extremely handsome men among the working people. I am told the Harz peasants are a distinct race, and I think they look like it. I have seen some men about seven feet high, and with the long features which I have described in the cantor and his daughter, which, when not exaggerated, are very handsome. The women work too hard to retain their beauty after their first youth. Very many of the young girls and children are pretty as to feature, but the general prevalence of fair hair and clay-coloured skins takes greatly from their appearance. In the exceptional instances in which there is any red in the cheeks, or in which the hair is black, the possessor is always a beauty. There are a good many jet-black heads with complexions of the picturesque gipsy tint, and with a rather gipsy look and manner about the whole person.

We went to pay for a week's milk at a woman's just opposite us; she is the mother of a little creature who officiates as housemaid here, little but not young, so insignificant in her person, and so poor in her raiment, that I considered her a person of the very lowest class, and was surprised to learn that her mother possessed cows. I found her mother occupying, like everyone else, a very spacious mansion, its lower story, to our eyes, disfigured by the very bad pavement which prevails here, and which requires its irregular stones to be cemented with quantities of lime to bring it to a consistency at all. These same bad pavements they do not whiten, so that the floors

(that of our own entrance-hall among the rest) resemble part of the pavement of a very mean street.

Our milkwoman's house, however, was as clean as hands could make it. She asked us to look in on an invalid daughter, who had had a great desire to see the children. The invalid, aged but eighteen, has been bed-ridden for four years. Her room was dreadfully close as indeed all the rooms are, but it, her bed, and bed clothes, and every thing to be seen in the house was exquisitely clean. We were in three or four different apartments in the course of our visit, none had any ornaments except beautiful hot-house plants in the highest health and covered with flowers. I suspect the stifling atmosphere which the people keep in their houses tends very much to promote the health of such plants, that and the abundance of light—every house having about as much window as wall in it. Then the stoves make no dust, and wood being the fuel used, if any smoke or vapour of any kind were to escape it would I suppose be beneficial rather than otherwise to plants.

Going to the post-office to buy stamps is positively disagreeable from the hot blast, mingled hot iron, tobacco smoke, and human exhalations, which issues instantly from the sliding pane in his window, through which the little postmaster transacts business. His house is another example among many of impurity in the air only of a house. The postmaster's floors are of all the well-scoured floors in Grund the best, white as snow, and everything one can see in the house perfectly clean. We paid sundry other business visits, and

came home to await an evening visit from Frau Doctorinn, who again made herself as agreeable as a person could who was in "the depths" at parting from one. I believe it is usual for Germans to fall in love with Britons, and though in this instance I could not reciprocate, yet the thing is rather flattering. Frau Doctorinn and her Julia were completely overcome by their feelings, the tears ever ready to flow from their eyes at the necessity of so soon parting from such delightful people as we; actually and unaffectedly they suffered acutely—for the moment at least. All the songs were farewell songs, and interrupted by loss of voice from emotion. She would have made any effort to have remained longer in such agreeable society, said Frau Doctorinn, had she known she was to have the privilege of it before her arrangements for departure were definitely made. She could not now change them. I think a little persuasion would have induced her to do so, but truth to tell I would not have indulged her with so much of our company had I not known that her stay was to be but short.

We entertained her with rather better tea than hers, and of course with strawberries and cream. Her admiration of the tea was so prodigious, and her assurances that good tea was not to be had in Germany so sincere, that I presented her with a little. She protested against accepting it, and promised us a present of biscuit (a particular sort of crisp sweet-cake, very good), for which she says her home is celebrated, and the photographs of herself and her family.

June 28th.—Pretty little Julia (Frau Doctorinn's daughter) came up to our room in the morning while we were at breakfast, rather late (Maud having gone before breakfast for her first music lesson at the schoolmaster's), ready cloaked and hatted, to take leave, pale and silent. Her mamma was too much overcome to present herself, and desired Julia to deliver her farewells, and a pretty little print as a keepsake to Maud. Julia is a sweet little thing, pretty, elegant-looking, and very far advanced for her age, and yet perfectly modest and childlike. I "expect" she is pretty well kept in her place by her musical and intellectual mamma. So they are off, and a good deal of amusement for us with them. There are other people coming to their rooms in a few days; and on the other side of down-stairs, there is a nice-looking couple, with a pretty little boy and an Italian greyhound, which frequents us much for the pleasure of Foxie's society. The man M. Devrient is an actor. Dr. Schneider, who seems to know about everybody, says he is a very celebrated actor. His wife —not an actress—is ladylike in appearance. We have had our first German lesson to-day, and that breaking up our afternoon, have only pottered about the town besides, visiting our washerwoman, baker, and butcher, on different quests, one of which was either to obtain a pudding-dish or discover the German substitute therefor. In this we have hitherto failed. They have no crockery fit to stand the heat of an oven, yet they cook much in ovens. It is wonderful

how difficult it is to get to the bottom of such small mysteries.

About sunset I wandered for a while close to our house, admiring the different picturesque aspects of the little village. From every point it is infinitely picturesque, with its steep red roofs, the blue smoke from them curling always straight up (for high as our situation is, the village is so sheltered by hills and woods that there is hardly ever any wind); these backed by very steep, very near hills, black and green, the pine woods looking quite black in contrast with the intense green of the little meadows and glades around the village. When I have the drawing materials, for which I have written to Berlin, I will try if I can give you some idea of it.

Besides these pastimes, Tuesday was occupied till nearly midnight in picking peas and beans (grocers' peas and beans), raisins, currants, and prunes, in preparation for our entertainment of the Schneiders next day. All the commodities I have mentioned were very bad, and required a great deal of purification to make them eatable. The peas and beans were much the same price as at home; the raisins and currants dearer, besides being utterly inferior; the prunes but two grosschen the pound, but so bad they spoilt our pudding. I purchased many of them, and few of the other fruit, trying to adjust expense. I made the children pick the fruit while I read out to them; and nurse and I did the vegetables after they went to bed.

On the morning of 29th June I could feel no doubt

that our guests would arrive; for almost the first time since we came the morning was cloudless, and there was every promise of a fine day, which promise was fulfilled. So I went down stairs to our small kitchen to fight the battle of pots and pans and space on the stove with great courage and determination.

Our landlord's family had a washing. Two washerwomen were seated in the kitchen (about six feet by three in dimensions, exclusive of the stove) breakfasting on larded black bread and spirits, while their dinner cooked upon the fire. I reminded Sophie, the housekeeper, of our rights; but the people here seem as little mindful of a bargain as the Irish. She did not question my facts, but appealed to me as to what she was to do. Intolerable! But I saw that she was persuaded she was in the wrong, and was therefore willing to yield as much as she could without giving up her dinner; so, setting all the family to do something—Willie and Tucky out on errands, furnished with a basket, a certain sum of money, and the German name of the required article; others to beat eggs and sugar, crumble bread, keep baby, wash, butter, etc.—we amicably wedged our way on to the stove for the requisite pots as we were ready for them. All was on the fire by twelve o'clock, and I ready to sit down to lessons (our company were to be expected at three). Post comes a little after twelve. Thereby comes a note from Mrs. Schneider, saying that the morning was so bad that her husband had decided they were not to come! You know how such a trick provokes me, even under less aggravating circum-

stances; but in this case, although it appeared that it was raining at that city of eternal rain, Clausthal, with us it was beautifully fine, and so rarely is so, that we prized it the more. Then all the conquered difficulties of the dinner to be thrown away! For five minutes I was in despair. Then re-reading Mrs. Schneider's note it struck me that she was unwilling not to come, and had only yielded to her husband's representations, and must the more regret having done so when she knew the day was so fine, since, for once, the sky was so cloudless that it seemed impossible that it could be raining even at Clausthal. I determined to set off and fetch the people. To go on foot was the only way, for to drive takes twice the time of walking. So off I set alone, achieved the distance in an hour and a half—a most beautiful walk—found the Schneiders utterly amazed but quite willing to come if allowed some little delay, during which they compelled me to take coffee; and we, Dr. and Mrs. and their two eldest children, set off on a deliberate walk back, and reached home about four. They did ample justice to the dinner, coffee, and tea, which last they admired so immensely that I gave them some home with them. The latter meals we took out in the summer-house, that being our only outing. You may suppose the poor people had no need for further walking. But Mrs. Schneider declined the offer of a drive home, which was pressed upon her by some Clausthal friends who were returning with space in a carriage. About eight o'clock they left us, with the hope of being home about midnight.

To go to Clausthal is very different from coming from it, as it is about a thousand feet higher than this place. Even at Clausthal it was not raining yesterday while I was there, and I saw the Brocken for the first time from the Schneiders' windows—a broad and mountainous-looking hill, which would have no particular top but for an erection which I believe is an inn, and which was plainly visible from Mrs. Schneider's windows, though at a very great distance. The Brocken is called eight hours' journey from Clausthal. I do not see exactly at present how we are to make out the ascent of it; and it does not sound particularly interesting, for it seems an omnibus runs to the top—not from our side of the country however, but from Ilseburg, itself a considerable journey from here. I continue to find Dr. Schneider a particularly agreeable person. He says the cow bells are all tuned, musically arranged to suit each other. I am not musician enough to understand exactly how that can be, but it accounts for the perfectly musical sound of the moving herd—always the first sound we hear in the morning, and a prolonged pleasure to the children in the evening. Dr. Schneider went and came to and from the inn in earnest occupation about some concert shortly to be given there. I suppose, as with other Germans, music is the pleasure of his life.

To-day, *30th June*, down pours the rain as if it had never rained before. Our only comfort is in our stoves. The Schneiders say it is an exceptional year, but I do not believe it; I think they merely

notice the rain more than usual from compassion for us. I am convinced, by general appearances, that it rains here, as in our own Highlands, always. The weather never, even when fine, looks settled—the clouds are always near, the mornings always misty. But you will see by this time that we have so arranged as to spend our time a little profitably, as well as pleasantly, whether it rains or not. The rain is hardest on the little ones.

Our first acquaintance here has gone, but I believe it rests with ourselves to have plenty of others. I like the appearance of some of the cur-gäste (*cure guests*, "water-drinkers" or bathers) well enough. You know, I think, from what I have already said, that there are no special "waters" here. The "Cur" consists in the outward and inward use of a decoction of fir needles; on the latter I would not venture without advice in which I had confidence. I believe it to be a humbug, and a somewhat dangerous one—one might as well drink turpentine as fir-needle tea.

July 3d and 4th. To another Correspondent.—If you like my journal it is a pity you should not have more of it, I cannot myself conceive its being worth the trouble of reading; it is so different to see a country and merely to send a description of it. This country is quite pleasant, and you would find enough in it and its people to interest you for a while if you were here; but it really has no very striking features, and our lives pass with such uninteresting ease that I cannot imagine the detail of our days readable. I

will, however, give you it since you say you like it, first answering your questions.

Our landlord has a nice little garden, which he is fond of, and which is in a very healthy and well cultivated condition, so an account of his plants will give you an idea of the lateness of this place, or rather of the sort and degree of variation from our climate. When we came our rooms were ornamented with great bunches of diletria spectabilis, from large plants in full flower in the garden, which I think have been there all winter, and we are at liberty to replenish our flower-glasses when we please from these same bushes and from any of the flowering shrubs which grow in a sort of thicket round the garden; syringa much larger and richer than I ever saw it anywhere else, Austrian roses in great profusion, gueldre roses, and a beautiful pink shrub, of which I do not know the name. In the beds in the grass are numbers of crimson daisies and very fine-looking budded standard roses, which promise a profusion of flower, but are not yet out. A few scarlet geraniums have been put out of the house into the garden, but they are the only house plants which go out. Frohberger, like everyone here, possesses beautiful plants, of many of which I do not know the name, besides verbenas, calceolarias, pelargoniums, ixias, sicklemans, all apparently always flowering, and they never at any season go out of the house, and his and every other body's always appear in the highest health. I believe the reeking, stove-heated atmosphere of the houses here agrees with exotics. Fuel costs nothing, and

the common people keep their powerful iron stoves in operation all summer. We have been forced to set ours agoing, but they make a very disagreeable sort of heat—the poor children complained always that their heads were too hot, and so was mine also. To-day and yesterday have been warm days, and we let out the stove after breakfast. It is a large structure, heating the bed-rooms as well as the sitting-room.

Frohberger has only now planted out stocks, China asters, and mignionette in single little plants. There is no green vegetable to be had here for love or money. The pannier women fetch them in small quantities from the lower districts, but they are all sold at an enormous price before they reach this end of the village. We are just a thousand feet above the level of the sea. There is seldom any wind here. The smoke goes always in perfectly straight columns from our steep red roofs into the fir and beech trees immediately above.

I do not think the people keep any poultry; I see none of any kind, and I think it likely there is none as there is no grain.

Milk is the chief product of the surface of the land besides wood. Huge quantities of swine seem to be kept to consume dairy refuse; I suppose so from the variety of shapes in which their flesh is exposed for sale. The pigs in person we do not see. I speak feelingly, for we have had a day of general illness; I verily believe from having partaken freely of an excellent sausage, of which we ate without inquiring of

what it was composed. Subsequent inquiry told us that it was made of swine's liver. We all arose this morning as if we had been poisoned, each one sicker than the other—everyone relapsing into bed after vain attempts to keep their feet. You are right in your suppositions about game; there just are wild boar and roe in the woods. Wild boar was our first flesh meat here—roe has not been offered us for purchase.

The children say they saw a live roe in the wood. I have seen no sort of game, nor any traces of any, nor heard any sound of any, unless you count owls. They answer each other through the woods here as at home. I am told there is excellent fish in the large artificial lakes near Clausthal, which (the lakes, not the fish) are collected for working the mines, but none have come our way. Veal is the cheapest meat here, and what we have bought is very good, two grosschen a pound; not more than 2d. a pound, for their pound is a large one. Beef and pork are four grosschen the pound and mutton five. The mutton is the smallest I ever saw, and I think the nicest, if, and *if* there were any possibility of keeping it a reasonable length of time, but here is no keeping-place, nor apparently any knowledge that such a place is necessary. I think the common sort of people here, even those who are well off, never taste what we call butcher-meat. They use bacon and lard, eggs, oil, beans, etc. etc. etc. Nurse is daily amused by the dinners she sees prepared by the servants in the house for themselves and their master, and they are

always willing to give us a tasting, and pleased to taste our preparations. Meat is evidently a novelty to them. They know nothing about it, neither its uses nor the calamities to which it is liable.

We are the only people living in lodgings who cook for themselves. All the other visitors (and the little place is getting quite full now) either dine at the table d'hôte or have their dinner fetched to them from the inn. Eggs are good and cheap, and always to be got fresh, though I think they all come from a distance, and they are very small. They cost five grosschen (6d.) a mandel (*i.e.* fifteen). All animal things here are small, and all vegetable ones large! So lies my observation. The cows are a very pretty race, like our Highland cows as to size, but better shaped. Sheep are funny, thick-necked things, not much bigger than Foxie. All wild-flowers grow with a profusion and vigour which I never saw equalled. There are hundreds of which I do not know the names, and almost all those besides which grow in our own Highlands, here magnified by six. The want in this country is water, for ornament I mean. There is plenty for every purpose (you know that their mines are all worked by water-power), but the water does not tumble about ornamenting every possible point as in our Highlands. The streams here are small, and all seem to deposit some metallic sediment which makes their beds look brown and ugly compared to our pebbly burns.

V.—LETTERS HOME.

(*Continued.*)

A Visit—Some Talk on the Moral Condition of the People—Their Simplicity and Honesty—Their Fondness for Getting—Social Habits of the Middle Class—Comparison of the Scenery with others—Musical Tendencies of the Villagers—The Children—The Servants—The Women and their Work—The Schützenfest—A Word on Clothing—The Mining Population.

I TOLD you of our losing ourselves in our first long walk, and I told you of our being found, guided, and directed by a party of pannier-women, and I told you that we gave them nothing, so I will resume my journal where one of them re-appeared.

On Wednesday (29th June) while I was busy in the kitchen about the Schneiders' dinner, one of our pannier friends walked in, in the free and easy manner which they use here either with kitchen or parlour. She seized me by the hand, assuring me of her delight in knowing that we had found ourselves again, telling me she had feared we would sleep in the woods, and that she could not sleep in her bed for thinking of us. She was a pretty lively little old woman, and spoke nicely (*i.e.* distinctly), and all the while she was speaking I was deliberating what I should give her. Of course

her visit was not disinterested, and I might suppose it the precursor of visits from all her nine companions. The more I gave her the surer I should be of her example being followed, yet I could not bear to give her nothing. I gave her four pfenings, less than half a grosschen, and I have had no more calls from any of the troop. I never saw country people whom I was more inclined to like than those here. There is a benevolence and honesty in their countenances, a modest dignity in their manners, a degree of intelligence in their conversation infinitely superior to what is to be met with in their peers in our country. It is hardly to be called a fault in them that they are greedy. They are extraordinarily honest. Common report gives them the character, and all sorts of small circumstances confirm it. They have no reluctance to give one credit, name or address unknown, either for a large or for a very small sum. Very poor persons finding one refuse to deal for want of change will offer to fetch it, not offering even the security of their names, but with a manner which persuades you that they feel themselves above the suspicion of theft. They are poor. I do not know exactly what a miner's wages are, but I know his wife and children must all work very hard to make ends meet. All are very poorly clad, none in rags, and I have not yet seen a drunk person, a beggar, or a pair of bare feet. They do not make merchandise of one's misery as the Highlanders do, as in an instance which John is fond of narrating, demanding a guinea for a very short row, not because the service was very trouble-

some to them, but because it was very needful to him. Here they are kind in the first place, and I believe spontaneously. I think if one were to warn them beforehand that one could not pay they would still be obliging, but not so warned the reward is no bad part of the matter.

If you give them but little they are pleased; if you give more they are delighted; yet I do not think they would ever think they had too much—not even people in positions, which one might think would place them above the acceptance of gratuities. Nurse declares she will go to no more mines; at all the children and she are so very hospitably received, the people put themselves to so much trouble to show them everything—setting machinery in motion for Willie's amusement, and loading them with specimens; and they have nothing to give! One would think hopes of gain could not be raised very high on a nursery-maid and her troop. I have been but to one mine, the principal one—not into it, only to the mouth of it—the "Hülfe Gottes." Its pretty name is painted over the door of the wooden house which covers its mouth, and under the name the "Glückaŭf," which is the miner's salutation to one another, instead of the "Gŭtentag"—"abend"—"morgen," as the case may be, which every man, woman, and child, says to every one as they pass them. At the Hülfe Gottes I bestowed on the superintendent the sum of one shilling—a bounty which he seems never likely to forget. As they are not addicted to making bargains, so also this amiable people do not

all-engrossing topic. Many men are as expert house-*wives* as their wives, and more rigid economists. All incomes being very small, and most of them fixed, the stretching of them to their very utmost capability is naturally the most really interesting subject to every one. Even in this small place one can see how very much more the people live for society than amongst us. People do not think that because they are poor they deserve to be condemned to solitude. The thing may have its advantages—I have no doubt it has many—but I believe if I lived here I would agree with Mrs. Schneider that all the advantages were but a poor substitute for domestic privacy. I am sure I could not make up my mind to, as she says, "having our children brought up for us, whether we like it or not."

The 30th June was, I think, chiefly devoted to resting from the fatigues of the day before; to that and our ordinary occupations, which recurring every day I do not record; two hours of lessons to Willie and Tucky; a walk with baby sometimes to the post-office, sometimes in the garden, where I sometimes have the advantage of our landlord's company and conversation. He is a tanner, rich, and I am told sharp; he is also very intelligent, speaks distinctly (as good a criterion of a tolerable education as another), and discusses either local or general subjects, walking up and down the bark laid walks of his garden just as any gentleman would.

1st July we had a visit from Anna, who stayed with us till Saturday, and on the 3d July, nurse, Mary,

baby, and I also to some degree sickened, and some of us have been so ill that I this morning sent for the doctor. I write the latter part of this on 4th July. The doctor, whose name I do not know, is a respectable-looking little old man, and his prescriptions and directions appear to me very reasonable. He gives us all hopes of a speedy cure, except poor Mary.

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You may suppose I have plenty to do. The house is quite full, and though the inmates are all kind and sympathising, they have not time to do much for us. Nurse is unable to lift her head, baby very fretful, Mary entirely prostrate. The other four happily are well, they wander about and take care of each other, and the last two days, though not particularly well myself, I have done all that had to be done, and tell Mary quite truly that I am quite content doing it. I am not uneasy about any of the invalids, all I trust will soon be well unless, indeed, poor Mary, whose case may be tedious.

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5th July.—All much better save poor Mary.

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Two other—three other articles are proving themselves ungetable—pudding-dishes, fresh butter, and drinkable beer. The last mentioned I find all persons make at home. The stuff which we have been striving to drink being the material of which beer is made, not itself beer. We shall do as others do, and I have no doubt succeed.

The fresh butter will be more difficult. It is as a

mere experiment I want it, for we can very contentedly eat salt butter. In this land, however, flowing with milk and cream, I am solemnly assured that it is utterly impossible to make butter without salt, and I do not believe I shall prevail on any one at any price to try.

I hope to see more of the country than I have yet done—a little more. Anna and I are talking vaguely of a walking tour through the Harz, being away from home for perhaps a week, Mary and Maud with us, and seeing the Brocken, Okerthal, and the Ross-Trappe, etc. Anna was to get her brother to make a plan for us and an estimate of the probable expense. It has now come beautiful weather, and if we find the thing practicable we may do it.

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It is on first coming to a place that one finds so much to describe, and I think I have really done pretty well—made you know the country about as well as I can by description. Nothing can be more unlike Derbyshire. We once spent a week in going from place to place in Derbyshire, and I have a delightful recollection of it, but nothing can be more entirely different from this country.

Derbyshire may, I suppose, be described as "well-wooded," but that expression gives no idea of the endless ocean of pines here. Then Derbyshire is a highly-civilised part of the world. One is pestered by guides, specimen-sellers, and donkey-boys; and "the nature," as people here call what we denominate scenery (and a much better word theirs is than ours),

is broken up by splendid gentlemen's seats and picturesque old towns. Here is no resident aristocracy and no town. The thin population is distributed in a few forest villages, of which I believe this is the largest; but I have seen none other, unless, indeed, Mönchhof and Gitelde are to be counted; they are on the way here from Seesen, itself but a village. Two others are Wildemann and Lautenthal, but both are a considerable distance from here. Mary and Maud walked to within sight of Wildemann one day that they took a long walk by themselves.

Here are no farms, no Schlosses, no traces of ancient habitation. "The nature" is everything; unless, indeed, one is so perverse as to remember that these hills, which would be a pine forest even if left to nature, are drilled, officered, like everything else in this country—are in fact a vast fuel garden. Mines are very unobtrusive, being mines in active operation, instead of, as at Matlock, defunct mines, which have been manufactured into fancy grottoes. It is wonderful how small is the mouth of a great mine, how small a space is covered by all the building which encloses the mouth of the shaft. Nothing is done at the mine except excavation. The excavated material goes elsewhere to undergo all its purifying processes.

The only place on the surface of the earth (I have not descended below it) which realises your ideas of a mining country is the Schmolz-Haus (Silber-neu), near Clausthal—a small city of wooden houses enveloped in stinking smoke, surrounded by filthy

water of the strangest dirty white colour (into which Foxie was pleased to tumble), and always resounding with the noise of hammers and furnaces.

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This country needs fine weather, you can fancy that of pine-clad hills. In bad weather, under a dark sky, the blackness of heaven and earth are something quite fearful, what people call ominous. When the sun shines it is quite a country to rave about—the dark-green pines contrast exquisitely with the most brilliant light-green turf, which is the common carpet of the woods, any undergrowth being the exception; not, however, so rare an exception but that one sees beautiful ferns and other such-like plants decorating rocks, springs, and all inequalities of ground. Their comparative rarity makes them appear more lovely than usual. I wonder if my sketches will give you the least idea of the picturesqueness of the little spot in which we are perched. There are several waterfalls in the village itself, and they and the stream which rushes past our door have been roaring at such a rate that it was positively disagreeable, one could not hear one's-self speak. Now the floods are subsiding a little.

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I fully find the truth of what I was told before I came here. It is not really a bit cheaper to live here than at home: if some things are cheaper others are dearer; and of those which are considerably cheaper, such as milk, one is tempted to use the more, and it is an extraordinarily hungry place. There must really

be some peculiarity in the air to account for it, we are all always hungry; I am sure I eat twice as much as at home.

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One learns by degrees here that walking is the only way to get about; between the zig-zag roads and care for the horses, driving is intolerable.

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I have a most affectionate letter from Frau Doctorinn, inviting us to visit her at Nienburg, or to meet her at Hanover. The latter is within the limits of possibility, but I do not think I will do it. She sends us an enormous cake, which is known by the name of "biscuit," and for which it seems Nienburg is celebrated.

Baby is a pleasure to keep to-day, he is in such a good humour; and nurse is much better, though I am still making her keep her bed. The little doctor's prescriptions have been quite successful.

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There are several waterfalls in the village itself. This, when I come to think of it, is the reason we do not hear the music in the square without going to it, for the irregular square which forms the centre of the village is within a stone-cast of us, though not within sight. Since Saturday the weather has been unrivalled. Not *much* too hot even in the middle of the day, but so delightful in the evenings as to tempt every one to linger till quite benighted. One night in the middle of the week Anna took Lizzie and Maud to a concert, but it was like the other to which

we went, in what they call the Cur-saal, the great room in the inn. The children reported it much more agreeable than that to which I had accompanied them. Anna had been cleverer than I in procuring them acquaintance, and she had also treated them to cakes and chocolate, which I had not done, and ought to have done, for such purchases are the only way in which the innkeeper is paid for accommodating these amateur concerts and the crowd they collect. No charge is made. People ask each other to go, or go unasked. A well-known performer is solicited by his or her friends to give them the pleasure of hearing him, and repairs to the Cur-saal surrounded by said friends. But all the company readily mix: any one speaks to any one; every one eats; ladies knit; gentlemen smoke: thus a great many "birds are killed with one stone." At the small expense of a cup of coffee, or a glass of beer, both music and sociality are obtained. I can fancy people liking to have their "society" in this exceedingly easy way, without the trouble or expense of entertaining, and I can fancy their growing extremely tired of it, and finding it a rather heartless way of having even "society," but how much more heartless if considered as a substitute for the domestic fireside, an institution which in this country of stoves has I suspect no existence. Whether this extreme ease and cheapness of society is to be regarded as a cause or an effect of this mighty want I cannot tell. Most of the week I have spent within doors, since the rain cleared off, engaged in sketching from our windows. I wandered all over

and around the village in search of proper points of view, and found hundreds of views which I would be glad to bring away, they would be so new to you all. Anna, to whom this country is more familiar than her own, and who consequently looks on it with calmer eyes than we do, is amused with our raptures, and says, "Yes; to be sure it is a very *Harzy* place." But in my search for points of view I thought none were better than our own windows; that if I had wanted to draw the upper end, the prettiest end of the village, I would have begged admission to one of our windows. So at one of them I have begun.

Last night the children, big and little, stayed out quite late, and came in about nine, insisting that I should go down the village and see how beautiful the square was, and hear "such lovely music." Beautiful singing is no rarity. A set of young men perambulate the village, often about midnight, singing apparently for their own amusement in a subdued and slow manner in several parts, in a way which, at that hour, and mixing with the rush of the water, has the most beautiful effect. I was very unwilling to go out, but my poor patient urging me strenuously, I went, and it really was worth going. It was an exquisite starlight night; the picturesque little village with its *gigantic* houses (all houses here are large), tall trees in their midst, and mountains very closely overhanging the scene, was all worth looking at alone; but the little irregular square was quite like a Swiss scene on the stage. It was adorned with Chinese lanterns, and occupied by no less than three large bands,

around which were collected (all sober and orderly) all the inhabitants of the place.

The evening being so fine, the gentlemen amateurs had turned out of the Cur-saal, and were performing in the little garden of the square alternately with the much better trained village choir, some twenty young men, who sang in parts quite scientifically, their music held before each by a small child, another holding for each a Chinese lamp (*i.e.* a candle in a painted paper globe on the end of a stick), and turning the pages at proper times. Many of the children were very little girls in garments indicating the extremest poverty—the extremest poverty existing here—that is to say a poverty short of filth or rags, in which no one here is to be seen. The performers have the good taste to wear on such occasions clean working clothes, their picturesque blue blouse instead of the broadcloth in which, like our own peasants, they disfigure themselves on Sundays. The singing was all managed in proper concert style, a conductor in a blue blouse waving his stick like Julien. The vocalists alternated without any pause with an excellent instrumental band of about thirty persons, also country folks in smocks, with their living book-stands and chandeliers.

All the performers sat during their performance. Anxious to let nurse have her share of the pleasure I went home, leaving Lizzie and Maud, without a fear, alone amongst the assembled population, alone for a few minutes only till nurse joined them. It is strange how all nations but our own seem to have

some feeling for natural beauty, and desire to enhance rather than to detract from it in any of their operations. Last night with so very little expense, so very little trouble, the red and white houses and overhanging pine woods were beautified to their utmost by their simple inhabitants, and now that the weather is fine they are never tired of testifying their enjoyment of it in one picturesque way or another. I have all the more sympathy with them because of their perseverance in making the best of matters when the weather was not fine. How we remember those dripping wind-torn Johannis-Fest trees, and their groups of muffled up dancers!

We were invited last week to Clausthal to be present at an open-air theatrical performance. I would gladly have gone to see what it was like, but the health of all of us did not admit of it, and the weather at that time was of that sort which leads one deeply to admire *at* the calm persistency of a set of people able to find it amusing to be in the open air at all. When the weather is fine there is certainly something excessively charming in the mixture of nature and art in these open-air amusements, and in seeing that the people are not insensible to the charms of their beautiful "nature," as they call it.

We should be at no loss for agreeable acquaintances here were all of us well enough to make the best of them. They always go away, which is disagreeable—an inseparable part of a watering-place. In former letters I told you of the very intellectual lady who did us the honour to fall in love with us,

who has since lent us a volume of poems of her own composition to read, presented me with one, and promises us photographs of herself and her family. She introduced us to her acquaintances here, a set of noble ladies who do not look noble at all, but are ladies, and look like very good intelligent women. We had one of the three accompanied by two young ladies who live with her, to tea one evening. I liked the whole party as well as one could under the excessive fatigue of understanding conversation in German. To speak as much as is necessary is easy enough, but to understand different voices and modes of speech very difficult. The old lady Frau von —— has now departed, leaving her two young ladies, one of whom is delicate, to have another month of baths. They are quite nice girls, ladylike, but *un*-aristocratic. They come to see us every day, sit by poor Mary, and are constantly inviting Maud to read with them or walk with them. They are quite grown up.

It is not at all consistent with my views that we have hardly any opportunities of intercourse with the opposite sex. The two sexes seem to live strangely apart here. Anna says ladies never dream of inviting gentlemen to the "coffees" and "teas," which are the female style of dissipation. The gentlemen have their own haunts, and never accompany their wives to these entertainments. Many ladies in such a rank of life as her sister's, says Anna, go out or entertain at home every night, go out often to more than one house of an evening—to coffee at one place and tea at another. Here these are two separate meals. Where

people dine at twelve or one o'clock they are naturally glad of coffee sometime between two and four, and coffee is the easy, chatty, unceremonious meal, to which any one sufficiently intimate may come uninvited, and where perhaps, if it is drunk immediately after dinner, the husband lingers beside his wife before his departure for business or pleasure.

Tea comes off about eight, and is, in fact, supper; one is expected to give cold meat and fruit, etc., with it. If you invite people to-day they invite you to-morrow, and so on, so that you might very easily be at one or other of their homely little festivals every evening. Willie and Tucky have each an admirer, Willie in the shape of a particularly ugly, and not particularly clean little girl about his own age. She actually appeared to fall in love with him, followed him about, embraced him, tried to carry him, by all her blandishments exciting Willie to the utmost fury. He would rush into the house saying he could not go out because of that horrid girl. The child wept often and long at his rejection of her, and has now disappeared. Tucky's admirer is a little boy about her own age, the youngest son of our landlord, a chubby little dirty-nosed man-in-miniature, as all Germans boys are. To my amazement I saw Tucky sitting on the door steps encircled by his arms, his face expressing the utmost rapture, hers a not ill-pleased surprise. I learned, however, that since that time poor little Albert's attentions became so very incessant that Tucky was provoked to give him a hearty thrashing! Willie you know is not over-sociable even at home,

but here, whether because all children were inclined to caress him more than he liked, or whether the want of language exasperated him I do not know, but he would not play with any children.

Our landlord's three little boys seem innocent well-behaved children enough, and their father has arranged a set of enormous nine-pins and balls on a little terrace in the garden for them, and Willie has at last yielded to their constant entreaties to join them in their games, and has been heard to count his winnings in German. To-day all the children went blaeberry-gathering with the little Frohbergers and another boy who is their constant companion, a little Devrient, the son of the celebrated actor I spoke of. The actor is not here but his wife is. She lives down stairs, came up this morning with a beautiful bunch of flowers for Mary, and I suppose will soon constitute an acquaintance. She is pretty and sings well, and has something interesting in her appearance, yet I do not think I should like her. She never was on the stage, and she is a German, but looks more like one's idea of a Frenchwoman. She has a lovely Italian greyhound called Polly, to which I fancy she is not very kind, for it always wants to be with us, and eats up Foxie's meat whenever it can.

Lizzie and Maud find an amazing fund of amusement in the proceedings of a young man whom they style the suitor, partly because he is a cobbler (in Scotch a sutor) to his trade, and partly because (without the slightest foundation) they chose to fancy that he is paying his addresses to Frohberger's maid-servant Sophie,

a sensible pretty young woman of five-and-twenty, who, I feel sure, will soon be Mrs. Frohberger. Frohberger is a widower. The suitor understands bees, lives just across the corner of the little meadow opposite our house, and is as often among Frohberger's bees as among his own shoe-leather. He is handsome and sings, and seems to me more inclined to play the suitor to nurse than to Sophie. But Sophie would never think of being jealous. Nurse being a Briton must of course have the first honours for the time. He watches when nurse goes out with the children, and follows and accompanies her for hours, carrying baby for her, and conversing by signs! This he does quite openly, gravely, and without the least of the sort of vulgarity which usually attends a courtship in his class of life at home. He conducted the whole nursery-party to the top of the Iberg on Monday, and nurse said had invited them to accompany him to the top of the Winterberg next Monday. If I join them he does not leave them, but enters into conversation with me, sometimes looking past me as if he wished me to act as interpreter, which I am quite willing to do. Last night at the concert he was near us almost all the time, and walked home with us (nurse being of the party) when the music was over. At the door taking leave of us with a polite bow, he said: "I proposed to 'the Isabella' (nurse's German name) to go to the top of the Winterberg next Monday; if you, madame, would go with us, I should be very happy." His manner expressed a degree of embarrassment (a most unusual circumstance for a German),

and the proposal was so evidently kindly meant, and devoid of any idea of presumption, that I could not but thank him; though of course I had rather be at the top of the Winterberg without him. He added, that if he could be of use in showing us any part of the country he would be delighted. He is very intelligent, has travelled abroad according to German trade rule, and seen much of the world, is altogether superior to a person of his sort at home!—as superior as I presume a German nobleman is inferior to an English nobleman.

The class who appear to me inferior to their compeers at home are the servants. Of course I, in a lodging-house, am not particularly well situated for judging of them. Frohberger's upper servant Sophie I have described as a purpose-like person, like a respectable servant at home. Her subs (she has had two in succession since we have been here) are gaping half-witted looking creatures, who have no idea of doing anything except what they are told at the moment. Mrs. Schneider, who keeps two, appears always very busy herself, and says one need never expect servants here to do anything but what one sees them do—another sign, I suppose, of the high social condition of the inhabitants of this country, that only persons of deficient powers will exchange the prodigiously hard labour which here falls to the lot of women in their homes, for the comparative ease of servitude. Here what *you call* my principles are really driven to their extremest length. No one here for a moment thinks of a woman "doing" nothing

but her house and children; far more women are to be seen here working in the fields than men. Indeed, almost all the above-ground work is done by women. A woman is hardly ever to be seen without her *Kiepe* (pannier) on her back, sometimes so loaded that the woman underneath is almost invisible. All the girls have also panniers, exactly suited to their size, even down to creatures actually smaller than Tuckie; yet the houses of the working people, which always consist of several apartments, are excessively clean, children are well educated, and the manners and conversation of the women are just as much superior in intelligence and self-respect to those of a corresponding class at home as their husbands' are.

I imagine (but only imagine) that a great deal of what is at home considered exclusively feminine work is here done by the men.

The unhealthy labour in the mines is pursued all night as well as all day, by different relays of men; their work hours being long, but the intervals between work hours still longer. These arrangements leave a miner often at home during the day; and I constantly see them carrying their babies and tending their other children, and I think it likely they also discharge other domestic offices while their wives work outside. Lizzie and Maud remark that here the boys seem to take charge of the babies instead of, as at home, the girls; and they also remark that the boys here seem much kinder to the babies than the girls are at home. The children — boys, girls, babies, and all — look mighty well to a merely casual observer such as I,

but in reality I think they must have a hard time of it amongst such incessant labour. The smallest creatures are, as I have said, set to work; they are also compelled by Government to go to school, and (by what mechanism I cannot imagine) actually induced to take an education. All persons here not only can read, write, and cipher, but have the degree of intelligence necessary to enable them to practise these accomplishments to purpose.

The weather is now quite delightful, and with every appearance of its being now settled fine weather.

A funny little circumstance about the open-air theatre at Clausthal. It is established at Voigtslust; the place in the wood which the Schneiders first thought of for us. It is, as I understand, a Schenkurithschaft—that is what we would call a "small public;" but here these Schenkurithschafts are all immense houses; I cannot think why, for they are not situated nor suited for the accommodation of travellers. As their name betokens, their business is the dispensing of glasses of beer or other refreshment. The Schneiders were dreadfully disappointed at first that the people at Voigtslust would not accommodate us. I am not now disappointed at all, for I am sure this place is more desirable than any place at Clausthal; but the Schneiders are now equally earnest in their thankfulness that they did not take us, for they might have taken the theatrical company too, and how dreadful that would have been! I do not agree as far as the actors merely are concerned; we might have been very good

friends, but it certainly must have broken up the rurality of one's home a little to have a theatre, with all its adjuncts, as it were in one's back green.

As I have made this too heavy for one sixpence, I must, I think, keep it till I have enough for two; but perhaps I have enclosures enough to make up the weight to the ounce.

Maud and I are going to-morrow to Clausthal to spend the day, and to see the close of the Schützen Fest. I hardly know what it is; but I think it has something to do with rifle-shooting. The Schneiders spend the day with us on Monday.

Dear little Foxie is quite well, and never has been anything but a pleasure to us all along.

Auntie and you would like this place very much, for two reasons. One is, that everything is so near; short walks from the village take you to fifty different points of interest, and there are excellent paths everywhere, kept up at Government expense: the other is, that all must be seen on foot. There is but one high road—a very uninteresting one, and so steep that to drive with the extreme caution used in this country one must not go above two miles an hour. After taking one drive, I determined never to take another; between the zigzags of the road and the crawling pace, the tediousness was so extreme.

Everything here is done more slowly than at home, but the people seem to me to labour more incessantly. They rise with the very first dawn of day, and many of them besides, I am sure, work all night. There is a house close by us undergoing repairs, or rather

rebuilding, and the operations on it begin in the evening and continue all night. The house is that of some poor man who must work all day, and then repair his house for himself during the hours of the night.

July 16*th.*—We (*i. e.* Maud and I) were to have gone to Clausthal to see the Schützen Fest. What a Schützen Fest is exactly I do not know. The occasion of the meeting is rifle-shooting; and I imagine that, like all else here, it is performed by Government command; but the shooting is a very small part of a Schützen Fest. That goes quietly on at a butt behind the enclosure, in which something like a fair is held. On Saturday morning, however, we had a note from Anna, saying that the Schneiders were all ill and unable to receive us that day, but that there was the greatest disappointment felt that Willie was not to be of the party (we did not consider him equal to the walk), and begging me to send him "by post," as they call the lumbering vehicle which carries his Hanoverian Majesty's mail. Ultimately Dr. Brockmann offered to take him in his carriage, so he went in all safety, and on Sunday we found him in high feather when we went to keep our deferred engagement, and to see the Schützen Fest in greater perfection than it could be seen on any other day. Maud and I, for the first time, leaving poor Mary, who was now out of bed, set out about ten o'clock, and plodded our way up to Clausthal under a burning sun. For once it was a fine day even at Clausthal, the people around it all busy getting in their hay.

All the immediate neighbourhood of Clausthal is in hay, than which nothing can be less beautiful, unbroken as it is by fences of any sort; and, Sunday though it was, the people were working as hard as ever. They do so here too. They seem to manage to do a bit of everything. Church is at an early hour; after it they divide the day between work and play, the latter getting far the smallest share. Except among young people (and with a few signal exceptions which I shall presently mention) there is very little actual play here. There is even less outward religion. Of the inward piety of the people it would of course be rash to express an opinion on knowledge so slight as mine; but as a mere matter of taste—artistic taste—there is a want here of any outward demonstration of any peculiar faith. Even such of the festivals as they do keep seem to have lost in the minds of the people all connection with their origin. Except on Sunday there is no church-going; and on Sunday it is all packed into the earliest morning hours.

The worthy Schneiders gave us a most excellent dinner at an early hour. Willie began a course of stuffing which I understand he continued during his visit, and which ended in disastrous results last night. After coffee we went to the Fest, besieged by Willie and Jim Schneider, and then I saw why Willie's society was so much desired—not as a companion for Jim, a boy about a year younger than himself, but for Jim's papa. Dr. Schneider, as a schoolmaster ought, delights in boys. It is now his vacation, and his manner of taking his recreation is with a boy in

each hand, discoursing, instructing, amusing them. He, I soon saw, and not his son, was Willie's attraction. He speaks English well; his children cannot speak it at all; and he had taken Willie to a mine and got him numbers of specimens, and talked to him about them, and Willie was decidedly averse to returning home with us, so I left him to be fetched here by Anna and the Schneiders on Tuesday, when they had promised to spend a day with us. Mrs. Schneider and Anna laughed when they saw the Doctor dragged away by the two boys, saying Albert was in his glory now.

The Fest was held in a small green enclosure surrounded by booths, where all sorts of rubbish was to be had for a grosschen.

A bear and a camel were for exhibition; numbers of cherries for sale, with which Albert filled his boys' hats for a grosschen each; but the chief attraction was an article which, as it happens, I never saw before—a merry-go-round. It was on a scale to accommodate about 100 riders, either on horseback or in sledges. Every effort was made to secure horses for Willie and Jim, but without success, they were in such request; but they got seated in a carriage, Maud between them to take care of them. A band played, and the machine revolved, at first slowly, then more quickly, and at last so fast that Willie came out of it quite sick. This latter circumstance apart, the amusement was a nice enough one for little children; but what do you think of several of the horses being occupied by stout full-grown, not even

very young, men and women, gravely and respectably riding side by side on toy horses, some of them sitting out several rounds, quietly retaining their places while one set of children dismounted and another mounted? Anything so ridiculous-looking I never saw. Albert and his boys remained for an hour amongst its attractions, after the female part of us were tired of the noisy little fair—noisy only with the most innocent mirth; there was no intoxication, no rudeness, nothing improper of any sort; and the children indeed only were noisy, the grown-up people were grave and quiet, though almost without exception belonging to the working class. We then had tea in the solid German manner, accompanied by cold veal, cheese, and raw ham minced up to eat on bread and butter. After tea we set out on our long tramp home without Willie; happily it was all down hill, and we achieved it in about two hours, arriving in a beautiful moonlight evening about nine o'clock. Lizzie and nurse met us a bit up the road, wondering what had kept us so long.

July 18*th* was chiefly devoted to resting ourselves. Clausthal and back, and dragging about on one's feet besides, really makes a fatiguing day. The walk up is a very hard one, yet so much shorter even in time than driving by the high road, that one is not tempted to drive. I took a bath, and gave Foxie one, it being the only way of getting him washed.

July 19*th*.—Anna and Willie arrived by post this morning, bringing a message from the Schneiders that they would come in the afternoon if the rain

cleared off. There is no present appearance of its doing so.

To another Correspondent.—No. The people here have, properly speaking, no "costume." They are poor and laborious, and their dress looks like it. The men, a fine stalwart race, enormously tall, and often handsome, wear almost, without exception, a bright blue smock-frock as their upper garment, which is quite picturesque, and looks particularly well, from giving an air of uniformity to any party of workmen whom one may see together. The women all wear a short gown, but not shapeless like that of our Highlands, confined merely by the apron string, but one infinitely less picturesque, being a regularly-made (of course generally ill-made) gown body with a little frill round the waist; the material invariably a very ugly printed cotton in an advanced stage of decay—a stage short of rags, however, which here have no existence. Clothes are mended to their last thread; washed till their original colour is entirely lost; but not, so far as I have seen, worn either ragged or dirty. The short gown looks exactly like a long gown torn short. For some time I believed it to be so, and wondered at its excessive shortness—the little tail or frill is not more than two inches long. Beneath it is worn a home-spun blue woollen petticoat, short and spare—I need hardly add, unbehooped! Here is no drapery to spare for distension over girds. Stout worsted stockings of my colour, and good leather shoes, complete the dress. As a general rule, women of all ages cover their heads only with

their own thick hair. Girls go to church without other head-coverings; the older women put on a white cap, either a thick cap unadorned or a thin one with white ribbons. An article of universal wear is a long cotton cloak, as ugly as it is comfortless-looking, being composed of printed cotton, of the shape which used to be universal for cloaks when I was a child—a straight down garment to the feet with a large cape over it. Our washerwoman, putting off her cloak in our room the other day, I had the opportunity of seeing that it was not so comfortless as it looked, containing within it a complete undercloak of double blanket. I have since observed that all the cotton cloaks are so lined—one among many circumstances which convince me of the habitual severity of the climate here, in spite of the assurances of the inhabitants that this is an exceptional year, and that they never knew one so cold.

Another inseparable companion of a working woman is her pannier; a picturesque article which she transforms into a hideous deformity by wearing it under her cloak. Even the smallest girls, less than Tucky, are furnished with panniers suited to their size. Just one individual I have seen wear the national dress becomingly; she is a remarkably beautiful Italian-looking girl, black haired, black eyed, long-featured, with a slight graceful figure. Her short gown was neatly made of the old-fashioned blue cotton with a single white speck on it, the little frill was a very neat adornment to her round waist; her petticoat was of a tolerable longitude, reaching almost to

the ankles, instead of, as is usual, only to the mid-leg; and her garments, although perfectly clean, did not look as if they had been washed a hundred times. The miners, as well as forest labourers, may be said to wear a uniform, but it is a frightful one, always the colour of the peculiar pale clay amongst which they work, a lamp attached to the front of their round cap as they come up out of the mine, lighted then, afterwards carried extinguished in their hands, a leathern apron behind, useful, I believe, because they work sitting in wet places. It is a very striking sight to see them coming up out of the Hülfe-Gottes Schacht, the mine nearest here; the richest in all the Harz. Its mouth is not a square yard big—the mouth by which the men come up and go down, that is to say. There is another place where the machinery works; the men ascend and descend by a perfectly perpendicular ladder the upper part of the journey; the lower part they are drawn up and down standing on a sort of perch attached to a pole, of which one comes up as the other goes down. It is interesting, perhaps a little distressing, to peer down and see the first glimmer of a subterranean star (which an accustomed eye sees long before an unaccustomed one), which gradually ascends up the narrow shaft till at last a most spectral-looking man rises out of the ground, his lamp on his brow. Pale and miserably unhealthy they all look; they work many hundred feet below ground, thirteen hours at a time (with an interval of more than thirteen between, however). They are said to be short-lived at the best, and liable besides

to many casualties; and they are described as a superior set of men, on whom the precarious nature of their occupation has a solemnising, not, as among our miners, a dissipating effect.

They are said to be religious and superstitious, and since I have seen a good many of them I have no doubt from their countenances of the truth of the statement. They assemble themselves regularly for prayer before going down into the mine. Its name means, "By the help of God;" and over the door they have painted their salutation—"Glück-auf" ("Happily out"), which they address to all persons instead of the universal "Good morning, — evening, or — day" of all other people. They expect their Gluck-auf to be returned, and seeing them come up from their pandemonium with an expression in every countenance which told the painful nature of the labour from which they came, the deep-toned "Glück-auf" which we all re-echoed sounded more than a word of course. To-day the mine was the extent of our walk, we being all in a feeble state, only a small party of us in walkable condition. It is but a short walk, and the children never tire of its many wonders, and of picking up metallic stones near it.

Yesterday we went no farther than the garden. Going down there to fetch Willie and Tucky to their dinner, I could not find them, and found that our landlord had taken them into his bee-house to let them see him take honey without slaying the bees. I watched also. The process is the simplest possible, the bees not being in straw hives such as ours, but

in wooden boxes, of which one side is removable. The movable side being taken out, Frohberger's inseparable companion, the universal long pipe, furnishes him with smoke, of which he discharges a large puff from his mouth towards any desirable-looking piece of honeycomb, which piece the bees immediately desert, some running from it others dropping down stupefied. A sharp knife and a saucer are then applied and the piece amputated. Frohberger presented us with a small saucerful. The hive being reclosed, he said the bees would immediately set about repairing their loss.

As I find I have not written out my half ounce, I will stop either till I have more in the shape of journal to add, or else letters to answer.

I find, however, that I have not replied to what you say about Clausthal. I quite believe you might find points of interest in it. All I say of it is, that so long as the word ugly is to be allowed its natural signification it describes Clausthal. The place is by no means one which would be particularly unpleasant to me as a place of abode. The neighbourhood of it, perhaps even more than this place, gives one a sort of feeling of Switzerland without the mountains. But the one thing which could be called beautiful in it are the house plants. Every window blazes with brilliant exotics, so as quite to form a feature in the place: but there, and there only, of any place which I have yet seen in that small spot called "the Continent," human habitation has not brought the picturesque or beautiful along with it. I quite agree

with you, so far as I have yet seen, with this one exception of Clausthal, that no people but ourselves seem to disfigure the face of nature wherever they go. All along the way here, of which the latter part of the road was specially bleak and uninteresting, whenever we came to town or village there it was pretty. I think you will see your remark in earlier parts of my journal.

July 7th.—Mary's illness makes us the less regret the incessant rain. The last two days we have not been beyond the village. We are learning a great deal of German ; poor Mary is able to do some.

The one bit of costume to be seen here is on a nursemaid in this house, now occupying the rooms vacated by Frau Doctorinn. The nurse is a very tall thin elderly woman, with long thin features, and she wears a cap such as Barbara did at your fancy-ball, but prettier—very pretty and picturesque indeed—a little larger than Barbara's, but still very small, the crown stiff, of a snow-white cotton with red spots on it, bound all round by a very handsome tartan ribbon, with long streamers which hang down behind.

July 23d.—All long excursions have been prevented by poor Mary's incapacity to join in them, and our days of late rendered useless by these provoking people, the Schneiders, who are of the sort always coming and never come, being so afraid of rain that they run into it. We have had very fine weather lately, and have been expecting them every afternoon (be it remembered walking is almost the only means of communication, and the walk is half-a-

dozen miles of ascent), so this afternoon, to be sure, they came, while we were at dinner, not expecting them. Happily, however, there was dinner enough for the whole party, and it was a charming afternoon. We took coffee and tea in the garden, a small place, with a smartly-dressed party, partaking of coffee in each corner of it, and about twenty children all gaily dressed playing on the green, all inmates of this house, or guests of inmates. It so happened that "upstairs and downstairs and my lady's chamber" were all giving tea-parties simultaneously. John, or other unsociable persons, would of course have been utterly disgusted. Mrs. Schneider asked me, as we met the whole throng in the lobby, how I would like this sort of thing always? many Germans, she said, lived just as we do now at all times. I could not but confess that I would not like it at all. I could never feel at home in such a way of life; but for a stranger, a sojourner, it is pleasant. The frank easy way of the people, their habit of living in public (whenever the weather at all permits it in the open air), that want of domesticity which, as a characteristic, is so much to be deplored, makes it delightfully easy to be acquainted, and as you say to "*study*" the people.

I have bought from the nurse down stairs a cap such as I described to you, and I could easily make such a one as she wears for her best, which I considered too expensive to buy; it has a good deal of real lace about it, and cost about three thalers (9s.) The one I bought I paid one thaler for. I have

thoughts of buying some of the crocks which the people here carry their milk in, and if William is really anxious to have a good many things I will try to buy one of the kiepes (panniers) which the women carry on their backs, which would be for you, and William would have his share of the contents.

I had it in view to purchase for you any articles of costume I might meet with, but really except this one cap I have not seen anything tolerable. Anna and I contemplate setting out on our walking excursion to-morrow *via* Clausthal, spending one night at Clausthal, and if in the course of our travels we see anything I will not forget you. Their wooden articles here are rather nice, being made with a total disregard of economy in wood; but their solidity has of course the effect of making them unportable, else I would bring you some very white tubs and pails. Some of the houses here are quite beautiful; all are picturesque, but some have really exquisite oak-carving on them. Most of them have more or less of rude carving about them, but that constitutes a very small part of their beauty. Their picturesque irregularity, and their beautiful mixture of red, white, and black among all this wood, are dazzlingly beautiful in a fine day. I forgot to finish the history of the Schneiders. By their delays they did indeed get a charming afternoon, but no sooner were they off on their return journey than it came on to pour, as it does here, in a manner worthy of the Highlands, so that all their smart clothes must have been drenched, and the children probably laid up with croup. The

der's tea supper, and for consultation about our plans with Dr. Schneider afterwards.

[When the "Letters Home" are resumed they will tell of a ramble over the district of the Harz. Those to whom the letters were addressed were presumed to make themselves acquainted with the geography and physical and social condition of the place. That any reader who may happen not to be acquainted with these may the better follow the footsteps of the ramblers, it is thought expedient to bring in here some information of a general character.]

VI.—CONTRIBUTIONS FROM PAPA'S NOTE-BOOK.

The Harz District—Digression on Tourists and their Varieties—The Obedient and the Wilful Tourist—The Pedestrian—His Prospects in the Harz—Comparison with the Scotch Highlands—Characteristic differences—Comparison with Alpine Scenery The Rhine and the Saxon Schweitz—The Brocken—Its Specialties and Difficulties—The Forest—How to lose One's Self in it—The Woodcutters and Charcoal Burners.

THERE is nothing so troublesome in literature as making a ligitimate beginning; so to save myself all difficulty and responsibility, I take from the most succinct and accurate of geographers—Mr. Keith Johnston—the facts that the Harz is "a mountain-system of North-West Germany, mostly between latitudes 51° 35′ and 51° 57′ north, and longitudes 10° 10′ and 11° 30′ east, comprised in the dominions of Hanover, Prussia, Brunswick, and Anhalt. With its ramifications it is estimated to cover 1350 square miles between the Elbe and Weser."

What I shall chiefly have to deal with are peculiarities in the physical geography of the district, which have isolated it from the rest of the world in a signal manner, standing though it does in the centre of Europe. If you trace out the district on any modern map, you will be helped to it by a specialty

which illustrates this isolation in a very significant manner.

The impedimentary nature of the district is in fact exemplified in the railway lines. What, as we shall see, stood in the way of the Roman arms and the progress of Christianity, has also resisted the engineer. With us, in Scotland, the train now sweeps through the Pass of Killiecrankie, where the Dutch troops of King William stopped in horror, saying it was chaos, and the end of the earth. Lines have been laid in Alpine valleys as well as in the wildest of our own Grampians, but never a railway is there within the charmed circle of the Harz, though it were difficult to find a district demanding more loudly a means of conveyance for heavy goods—for the produce of the mines and forests, and the commodities consumed by the inhabitants. It will be seen in the map that at the edge of the group every line stops and makes a sweep. The terminus at Thalé is characteristic. The train rushes up to the Bode-thal and there stops, pitching the tourist, as it were, into its black jaws, to make the best of matters unaided. What his prospects are I hope he may in some measure derive from the following rambling notices.

We all know that the tourist is one of the most recent formations in the stratification of European civilisation. His development has been going on for the last fifty years with astounding rapidity. No wonder, then, that he is a somewhat chaotic entity, or amorphous as the natural philosophers say. He has not had time yet to articulate himself into his true

shape, and hence the crudities and imbecilities which excite that laughter in which poor fellow he is sometimes fain to join. Let us take his weaknesses in a charitable and amiable spirit, and knowing that there is good in him, try what we can do to foster it. We know not yet how mighty his destiny is to be—what wealth of highly-cultivated enjoyment is in store for him; what blessings he is to communicate by his elevated tastes and varied knowledge. It is in this spirit that I would try, if I can, to give him a lift, as we say in Scotland; and that, by recommending him to cultivate a quality of which at present I believe he is sadly destitute—I mean discrimination — the capacity of selecting the kind of touring ground that will adapt itself to his own special bent or genius, instead of running on with the herd at the bidding of those who assume the function of his guidance, whether by book or word of command. Depend on it, if it were considered the proper thing to make use of, and were well encouraged, discrimination would bring out large distinctions and varieties in the enjoyment of the wanderer. I do not see why he should not choose his touring field as sedulously as he selects the paper for his wall, the literature for his reading, the friend of his bosom; nay, for that matter, might it not be argued that even the solemn function of adjudication upon the elements of the day's dinner, sacred as it is, is a not more momentous affair than the selection of the district whereto you are to commit the happiness of your six weeks' vacation.

One sees here and there already small groups separating themselves from the general mob to wander for themselves under the banner of some special taste or hobby, but somehow or other it would seem that this specialty must have the power of a passion or mania ere it can have strength to rend its votaries from the general compact mass who follow each other in the established track. A new set has sprung up, for instance, with something like a craving for the glacier and the alpenstock. For them off the ice happiness is as hopeless a visitor as she is to the confirmed fox-hunter in frosty weather.

There are others who like not the eternal snows, with the labours, the perils, and the costly attendance they exact, and who would rather wander alone, or with some pleasant companion, by forest glade and stream, and rocky pass or mountain-side not too formidable to be crossed by the unaided wanderer; but these are a gentle class, too apt to be driven into the common herd by the despotic laws which rule the motions of pleasure-seekers. Sometimes, too, individual will shall have its way. There is a utilitarian friend of ours who once in the course of his life spent a month in Switzerland. There were three things he had an eye for—schools, manufactures, and farming. Of the first he found specimens abundant and interesting. The manufactures, too, were remarkable in their way, chiefly from the difficulties overcome, and he had many interesting things to tell about them; as how the peasantry of the Jura devoted their winter to the making of the fine machinery of

Geneva watches, and the Calico printers, whether from any specialty of the water or the air, or what not, gave a richness to their turkey reds which our own manufacturers toiled after in vain. Then, in the rich valleys between the mountains, the agriculture was of the highest order; and he found here the best cheeses could be made on small farms by their owners clubbing together, so that they never required to mix one day's milking with another. He came back instructed and delighted, and it was news to him that Switzerland was a country where people walked on the ice with cramps and alpenstocks, or slept on mountain-tops to see the sun rise. Yet had he, in following the bent of his own inclination, profited far more than those who do all these things in the spirit, not of exulting adventure, but of patient submission.

That I may contribute a small item to the materials for selection, I put together these few notes on the general characteristics of the Harz country as a touring district. I propose to make my comparisons through that manner of touring which, being the noblest, admits of the greatest and most significant distinctions—I mean pedestrianism. It will here be found attended by specialties which, if they include difficulties, are also not the less accompanied by their peculiar charms.

For the prominent features which the foot-goer—as the Germans call him—may expect to find here, I cannot better explain them than by a comparison and contrast with those he may encounter in our own Highlands. Our country is systematically articulated

like some mighty vertebrated animal. Of this articulation the Grampians are the great centre. The chain is called in our old annals the dorsum or backbone of Albania. Right and left it radiates into long valleys stretching to the lowland plains or to the sea, and each of these has its stream rising or bubbling within some high corry, and swelling as it goes down, until it either joins some stream of note or itself gathers tributaries from other glens and becomes a notable river. Hence, if you desire to rise high in the mountain-range, you know that by following a stream to its source you can never loose the level you have achieved—you are ever getting higher up. So, too, if you wish to leave the rocky wilderness behind, and descend into cultivation and the abode of man, the bank of a descending stream is sure to take you thither. Of this, at least, you are secure, although you may blunder and not reach the precise spot you aim at. I have had my mistakes; have found myself, for instance, getting wheedled towards the Spey when I wished to descend into the Strath of the Tay or of the Dee, but a little attention to maps and compass will obviate any such inaccuracy. There is thus, as in the vertebrated animals, a sort of double system, in which the mountains represent the bones and the water the blood-vessels, and whether our transits be on a great or a small scale they unite to help us. If you wish to cross the central range in the Grampians—say from Strathdee to Strathspey—you trace up the head waters of the Dee; and after going over a mile or two of boulders you will

hit those of the Spey. If the expedition is merely from one of the lateral glens to another, the waters of the one will with equal politeness hand you over to the guidance of those that drain the other.

It is all very different among the Harz. There is no more system in the group of hills than in the sand hummocks on the sea-beach. Each stands by itself on its own merits or demerits, and there is no reciprocity or assistance of gradients to be obtained. If the roads do not assist you, the nature of the ground will not; and should you be determined to advance to some given point, independently of the roads, it is literally going across country—up and down, and down and up, till your journey's end. The same difference in the formation tells in the climbing of any special hill. In Scotland, if you go where you have a full view, you will notice the corries through which the burns descend, and by them you will have to ascend —in fact, you see your whole route as in a map. I have in this way mounted with ease our greatest hills one after the other, never debasing myself to the employment of a guide. It followed, of course, that I must do the same by the Brocken. I was told I would find difficulties; but it would never do to be beaten by a thing like that—a broad lumpish mass, which looks as if it had started upwards with ambitious intentions, but had been squeezed down by its own giant attendant when it was soft, and consequently hot. I got through the affair; but I felt the difficulties, which to many would make assistance desirable, and they are sadly prosaic difficulties. They

are in fact the same that makes you hire a *valet de place* in a strange town. The ascent is so easy that an omnibus plies to the top; but there are so many cross roads that you may take the wrong way, and find yourself going to some place quite different from the great hof planted in the hollow at the top, although it stares at you with all its eyes, beckoning you forward to partake of its ponderous hospitalities.

Here it will naturally be asked, Why follow the roads at all? why not take your bearings as in Scotland, and find your way by the straightest line to a point which is made so visible by the staring eyes you mention? The answer to this question is rather humiliating. Such an achievement is impracticable—at least from any points of view I obtained—and I shall explain how this is, since the phenomenon rather astonished myself.

The Brocken, though the highest hill in the Harz, is by no means the most majestic or even rugged specimen of its scenery. It often happens so in mountain-ranges. The exterior and lower hills, if they descend suddenly to the plain, will have much more to show in the way of precipice and gorge. You are high up too before you see the Brocken, and he looks an easy, stupid, sleeping sort of monster, likely to give little or no trouble. You find, however, that, as in some living things that show the same character, there is an element of sullen resistance about him. It is in the coat of mail he wears of great stones—some of them stuck in the solid earth—some heaved on high in chaotic groups. In Scot-

land and other mountain-ranges there are scaurs and corries or moraines. They are abominable things to meddle with, even when the stones are but a fraction of the size of the Brocken's. One can generally, however, blank them or double them; but that is impossible in the Brocken, which is covered with them as an alligator with scales. The difficulty is all the greater, that much of it is invisible till it is encountered. A rich coating of moss and creepers often unites the blocks together; and when you think you are treading on firm moss you find yourself suddenly buried in a sort of cavern, not without damage. Hence though it be desecrated by an omnibus, you must humiliate yourself to the road if you would mount the Blocksberg. We shall probably further on find some geologcial reasons for this necessity.

The specialties of the Harz district may be identified by comparison with others on the Continent. In the alpine regions you are almost walled in to the valleys unless you are bent on great achievements, for which corresponding preparation must be made. So in the Tyrol, for instance—perhaps the most delightful wandering ground in the world—you can hardly loose yourself, for instead of a net-work of cross roads winding among small detached eminences, your journey must be in the long long valley by the side of its special torrent; or if you have to transfer yourself into another valley, it is by some conspicuous and unmistakable pass. The mountain-scenery on the Rhine has an unsystematic grouping like that of the

Harz, but then the great river dividing it off into two rows ranges the conspicuous heights opposite to each other, so that they can be individualised and seen in full. That curious stretch of mountain-land, called the Bohemian and the Swiss Alps, is also cleft in two by a great river, but even without this the difference of the grouping, especially of the Saxon part, is extreme. The Saxon hills are absolute walls of sandstone—there are no peaks or even-rounded summits. The country goes flat up to the sandstone wall, and then there is flat country on the top of it. The hills are thus distinguishable from each other, each by its special form, just as the villas grouped in a suburb may be. The consequence of this arrangement of nature is, that unless when occupied in scrambling up or down the precipices, you are in flat cultivated land. It spoils scenery to the adept to have to pick his way through pea and turnip-beds and middensteads. Hence with its shaggy coat of dark-green pine, the Harz would be a far more congenial region for the wanderer, even were the scenery of the two places less near in value to each other.

This leads me to consider the great charm of the Harz district—its vast stretch of noble timber and its forest seclusion. To test its enjoyableness, contrast this either with the cultivated flats of the Saxon Switzerland, or with the vine terraces of the Rhine and other vine countries, covered with the endless dreary succession of stunted plants tied to thick sticks, with little heaps of hot stones at their roots, perfecting the dreary sandy dryness of everything that meets

the eye whenever it roves in search of some cool relief. It is a boon of nature to the wanderer that there are districts where timber is a necessity. A cold country—and the Harz is pretty cold—must have it for the comfort of the people, and here in addition are the demands of the great mineral works. The forests, then, in all their vastness, are a state necessity, and they are not, as many of our own woodlands are, walled in as private property. The miner, the forester, and the tourist all wander over them at their own sweet will. There are indeed prohibitions here and there by royal order, I suppose in connection with reserved hunting-grounds, but I can't say that I ever paid much respect to these warnings, nor was I ever troubled for disregarding them.

A broken country with rock and hill, and so covered with timber as to afford a continuous succession of forest glades, announces itself without any farther detail as a country well stocked with the elements of idle enjoyment; and in taking it the tourist is perhaps fortunate if he be indisposed to fastidiously discuss the question whether those noble trees have received assistance from the hand of man. It is the nature of that mighty vegetable early to discard the littleness and conventionalities of its nursery breeding. It belongs in age and decay to the earth and the skies, partaking of their influence alone, and rendering them forth in the solemn hues and mysterious mutterings of the lonely forest.

One may have a little too much of these, as I once experienced, and shall tell in a few words for the

benefit and warning of others. It was a hot noon as I wandered up between the precipices from Thalé to the Ross-Trappe. At every point where I attempted to diverge and climb the side of the gorge, as I knew I had to do, the passes were so occupied by gast-houses and their multitudinous frequenters, drinking beer and smoking on benches, that to endeavour to pass through the throng was like an intrusion into some private ground. At last I reached an ascending path laid with thousands of long stones like a rough stair, and there I climbed. It struck me as odd that I met no one now, and that the way seemed unused; but whatever it might lead me to I was clearly in for it. When I got to the top and looked across the gorge I saw my mistake;—there was, like two ribbons, the double stream of bright-coloured tourists — angels ascending and descending—and between them and me was a gulf fixed. Well, one had the satisfaction of enjoying the liveliness of the scramble, and it would be sure to lead presently to food and shelter along with tobacco and beer—these are ever the conclusion of everything in Germany. There was the more clear prospect of this, that at the top of the bank I found a fine road passing through level forest land. I went on a few miles, seeing nothing but trees, unless when I came to the edge of the gorge and looked across it. A road, one says to himself, always leads somewhere; but this seemed an exception. It came to an abrupt stop as an individual road, and radiated itself away as it were in a sort of fanwork of foot-paths. This was perplexing; but there was no-

thing for it but to choose one of the little paths, and get on somehow or other. The road broadened again and narrowed again; and so it went on varying, but never showing signs of inhabitancy. It was no consolation to know that there was a distinguished precedent for getting lost hereabouts. I could not, I thought, be very far off from the small village of Wendefurth—so called, as the local legend says, because there Charlemagne lost his way when too ardently following the chase.

Some six or eight hours had now passed in this sort of work, and I must have walked—seemingly not to much purpose—about thirty miles. The shade of the overhanging trees was visibly deepening, and matters were becoming serious. In the Highlands I would have thought nothing of the affair—it was the making of a heather bed, the pedestrian's deep sleep, and the resumption of the journey in the bracing morning air. I had heard evil accounts, however, of dews in the German forests. I did not like to encounter these, inexperienced as I was in any way of dealing with them, and in short I was ready to exchange the romance of the thing for any roof however humble. The chances of such release seemed at their lowest ebb when, in turning the trunks of some conspicuous trees, I came suddenly on a large house with an open space before it, where sat a lady rather splendidly dressed, with a book. It was the residence of a forest potentate, and the lady had no doubt the right in general society to the feminine of some very complex title connected with the administration

of that important department. You may be sure I stated my griefs at once, and received the comforting intelligence that I was within a couple of miles of the village of Treseburg. I had only to pursue the road, then turn to the right or left—I forget which—turn again, and I would see the tops of the houses. Away I went with a cheerful heart; but it did not last long. The road came to a stand-still, and distributed itself into one of these abominable radiations of footpaths. I took one of them on an estimate of chances, and pursued it some way; but every step seemed to be carrying me deeper and deeper into the forest. The night too was darkening apace. A novel feature, that in other circumstances might have interested one, occurred here. I heard sometimes the crash of receding footsteps through the trees, and once or twice through the gloom caught the outlines of what appeared to be deer of enormous size.

I had kept my tracks towards the forest-house, so back to it I went. The sun was down, but the moon was shining broad in the open in front, and there I saw the same lady in rich attire sitting where I had left her a couple of hours ago. I explained to her, with as much polite deference as I could summon up to neutralise the effrontery of the thing, that I had made up my mind not to leave the spot until I got a führer, or guide, to help me. My demand was complied with. I have always looked on it as the deepest of travelling humiliations to be put under the authority of a guide, but in this instance the insignificance of the instrument positively neutralised the sting of slavery. I was put

under the jurisdiction of an imp of a mädchen some eight years old or so, who scampered off heartily laughing at the vast importance of her functions. She led me by the narrowest of twisted pathways, through one hole after another—openings they could not be called—in the underwood; it was a maze which a year's experience could not have taught me, and the lady of the forest had expected me to find it by a few general directions. At length we reached a steep descent from the forest platform, and then were faintly seen the red roofs of Treseburg, with its glimmering lights. It was close on eleven o'clock, but there were still a few German students and other wanderers at the usual bench smoking and drinking beer, and enjoying the "nature." Soon after there came heavy torrents of rain, after the hearty Harz fashion, which of course tended to reconcile me all the more to the welcome roof.

I had thus got unintentionally a glimpse of what I suspect the stranger seldom sees in Germany, the reserved forest-land. It struck me in wandering next morning back to Blankenburg that a great deal of pains was taken by finger-posts and all other indicative arrangements to direct tourists to the Ross-Trappe, and all the other places to which their class resort; and that this was done not so much for their help and convenience as with a view to keep them clear of the forest, in the paths of which, by the way, there were several denunciatory notices, intimating that all the world were prohibited by royal authority from treading them.

If my account of the perils of the forest should prompt any simple person to prefer a fresh clearance for his explorations, it is but justice that I should warn him against that in its turn as worse than the growing forest. The method of forest-farming is to clear a whole hill-side at a time. When the work is done the ground looks as if it would be easily trodden. Here and there are great piles of wood not in your way, while everywhere else there is a perfect carpet of dried fir-needles. Yes; and under them are the stumps, and interspersed among them a lair of branches several feet thick, in which you are every moment liable to be inextricably jammed, or to be "snagged" as the Americans call it, or to suffer one of the countless calamities which such a footing predicates, as the logicians say. Perhaps it may prove some solace to him in his tribulation if the adventurer should encounter any of the denizens of the place, for the woodcutters and charcoal-burners are the men—and the only men—who retain the aspect of savage wildness which a stranger expects, but does not find, in the workers underground. He will find them civil according to their ways, very much surprised at the apparition of a stranger, and expressing their surprise by a wild wondering gaze, such as dwellers out of doors, afar from conventional civilisation, might easily be supposed to acquire. If he have any knowledge of touring districts he will know, too, that they are not got up for his special wonder under expectation of suitable recompense, like the picturesque *tableaux* one encounters in the Rhine country and the Oberland.

VII.—CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK.

(*Continued.*)

The Waters—The Underground World—The German Propensity to Spoil Scenery with Artificialities—The Passion accounted for—Cavern Theatricals—The Anarchic Geology of the District—How the Brocken is made up—The Arrangement of the Geologists—The Mineral Produce—The Museum at Clausthal.

AMONG the pleasant specialties to the pedestrian in the Harz is the abundance of water-springs. It may be a national prejudice derived from watery Scotland, but I must say I dislike so far a dry country like the sandy Saxon Schweitz, or the black volcanic vine lands. This unites with several other items to give an auld-langsyne Scotch feeling to the Harz. I felt it strongly in descending the Brocken, amid the familiar pines, the heather, the blaeberries, the foxglove, the bog-myrtle, the granite boulders, and the sparkling springs. The streams here, however, do not serve as guides to the wayfarer like our tumbling torrents. They are contorted and twisted, cheated out of their natural jubilant freedom, to be

the slaves of the subterranean operations of this vast underground workshop. A grim forester, who was barking trees, told me the stream that swept past us found its way to the works beside Clausthal. When I told him I was going thither myself, and would follow the stream, he laughed an eldrich sort of laugh, and well he might. Coming to a deep gorge the water was carried across it in a great trough. At the end of this it pitched itself into a black cavern in a hill. Then it appeared to join a parcel of watery friends from other quarters, and a little way on their united forces came out in a drumly torrent, after having performed I know not what sort of mining feats under the direction of the troglodític ministers of the interior of the mountain.

They are queer and startling, but it is wonderful how little offensive the mining operations here are. Take Scotland or the North of England—the Black Country as it is expressively called. You remember in your youth the clear trout stream gleaming round the overhanging sand-stone rocks feathered all over with ivies and wild flowers and glowing mosses: you remember the perfume of the wet birches and bog-myrtles, and the multitudinous music of thrush and blackbird in the summer evening. You come back a few years after: some clever searcher has found a seam of the blackband iron there. When you catch the first glimpse of your old haunt, an engine-house, like a church, only blackened with soot, confronts you, roaring away; a train of furnaces blaze alongside it, with their eternal-looking flames, and great

heaps of smouldering metal fill the air with heavy smoke and poisonous gases. The birches, the wild flowers, and the mosses are all dead. The very rocks where they grew seem charred, and from the stream, so clear and fresh in memory, break up bubbles of mephitic gases—a horrible travesty of the leaping of its old tenant trouts.

The great silver smelting-houses near Clausthal are a good deal in this character, but elsewhere the scenery takes kindly to the mining operations. They are of an old traditional character too—mellowed and assimilated to the rugged country. With us the sudden revolution that has made a new mineral district is accompanied by moral phenomena—loud, flagrant, and offensive—a contrast to the quiet traditional habits of the German mining population, who go on in the present generation much as their ancestors did a hundred years ago.

It is perhaps a far brought comparison to be reminded in this difference of that between a busy city graveyard, with its offensive operations and its attendant crowd, and the village churchyard with its undisturbed green mounds, and its old lichened stones under the ancient ewe-trees, and the Norman tower. Yet, turning this association round, and looking at it on its other side, an unpleasing analogy presents itself. Our pleasant reveries in country churchyards, from Gray's downwards, have been all along of what is outside, and because the turf is seldom turned to reveal the interior. We don't want to think of that when we are in our sentimental moods. And is there

not perhaps something of the same abstraction when we wend our way through this Harz country, and feel how little it has of the offensiveness of a mineral district. The great world of hard work is out of sight, like the contents of the village churchyard. In Farquhar's amusing farce of the "Recruiting Officer" —a picture of past military life in England—Sergeant Kite brings up a forced recruit under the clause in an Act of Parliament which authorised such a proceeding towards any man who had "no visible calling or means of subsistence." The man's appearance indicated work rather above the average in hardness, but the sergeant maintained that he came under the act, and had no visible calling or means of subsistence, because he was a collier, and worked underground. So here the whole population may be said to have no visible calling. Hence industry, with all its sordid accompaniments, is buried out of sight of the pleasure-seeker, who sees only the green surface of the earth, beneath which its inhabitants go through their daily toil. Out of sight out of mind. One can infer from their puny aspect, and their unwholesome countenances, that their condition is by no means that of high vitality and muscular development. Who knows what there may be in that subterranean world, that if it came out in a blue-book here would make the country ring from end to end with self-reproach; but you are not going as commissioners of inquiry into the mining districts, so let us drop the subject.

We have nothing to do at present but with the surface of things, and this is wonderfully little affected

by the great characteristic pursuit of the district. There are many things, indeed, done to the scenery, more in sport than in earnest, that are apt to be much more offensive to travellers from our side. You will not go much about in the Harz without becoming conscious of the provoking German propensity for spoiling the natural completeness of fine scenes by sticking in their most prominent places some protuberance created by the hand of man, intended doubtless to enhance the beauty and interest of the scene. The specialty, whether we are to call it æsthetic or psychological, which breaks out in this unsightly form, pimpling, as it were, the surface of God's earth, is worth examining. In fact, like foreign epidemics, it is of more interest to us in this country, since some people have expressed an apprehension that our own soil runs imminent risk of a visitation from it. Perhaps the predictors of such a calamity are the apprehensive class who are always prognosticating the coming of the plague, or a great metropolitan earthquake. The stouter-hearted will maintain that the one frightful case which has chiefly communicated the alarm—namely, the Wallace monument—is also the antidote from the general feeling of disgust and indignation which it has spread abroad. It may, however, be a relief to some anxious minds to enter on a calm examination of the physiology of the disease, with a view to the consideration whether it is ever likely to take root among our scaurs and craigs.

One broad solution given for the phenomenon is the inability of the German nature to stand the

horrible sensation of being at any time half-an-hour's distance from sausages and beer. Hofs and other houses of refreshment they must have wherever they go. Where these be not Herman is not. As with the boar and other fattening animals, to find him you must go to his eating-ground, where acorns or other like fruits abound. Such being the case, while the German also has, or believes he has, an eye for scenery, to indulge the two senses at once there is an inevitable conjunction—the scenery and the taverns must pair off together. The economic rule of supply and demand does the rest. The wily publican estimates the strength of the natural attraction, and completes the fascination by adding his own material element to it. Since taverns, then, must be in such scenes, it is well that they should conform to the genius of the place. Give them, forsooth, a Swiss cottage or an Italian villa aspect; erect a model of a mediæval stronghold, or of a hospice raised to brave the storms of the Alpine pass. Here you have no doubt a good deal of the phenomenon accounted for. And so far as this goes, we strangers take it with equanimity. It is wonderful how, in the most enthusiastic, the cravings of the flesh overcome the devotion to the beauties of nature, and reconcile the foot-sore pedestrian to the comforts of a good inn, though it spoil the outline of the mountain's brow. To the stranger ill-informed as to distances and other specialties, there is a feeling of security in a land so thickly strewed with hospitality, mercenary though it be. You are never, like the Irish mile-stone, "fifteen

miles from innywhere," unless you are so foolish as to get into a forest preserve. Surely a German, if he should be so far abandoned by his good angel as to find his way into one of our own wildernesses, would feel himself surrounded by the abomination of desolation. A top of Ben Nevis or Ben Muichdhui, with no Hof on it for the supply of sausages and beer, must impress him with such notions of penury and starvation as the African traveller experiences in passing through enfamined districts where the natives have enough to support life, and can give him nothing.

All parts of Germany are a remarkable contrast to our own country in this characteristic. It is in the Saxon Schweitz, however, that the scenery-tavern organisation reaches its climax; and if one would wish to record an impressive contrast, let him take a ramble there after he has a sojourn in Kerry or Skye. The Harz is less densely taverned than the Schweitz, but its affluence in that class of architecture is quite sufficient to remove the doubts of the most timid and suspicious as to the possibility of starvation.

Thus is a large portion of the decorative architecture of German scenery satisfactorily accounted for, and in fact driven home to a palpable and practicable conclusion. But what of the rest of it? Why, not satisfied by supplying the wants of the wayfarer with a graceful flourish, should they continue to torture the surface of this benign globe with temples, pagodas, Swiss cottages, ruins, crosses, and all manner of superfluous encrustations, which can do good to no

one, and are a sore distress to an eye endowed with a feeling for nature? I have my theory for this too, but it may perhaps be considered of a rather subtle sort. I think it proceeds from the general poverty of the country in fine scenery—I mean the poverty of the country as a whole, irrespective of the mere show-places. The dreary desolateness of the great sandy flats that make up northern Germany and stretch into Russia, is scarcely to be conceived by an inhabitant of our country. As we sweep through it in the train, its bald uniformity has something of attractive novelty: some people who have come from regions of hill and dale have been known to pronounce such a vision of it as sublime. But to live in it there must be a trial of temper and taste, and one can only feel a charitable satisfaction that the frequenters of such doleful regions are content to vary their gloomy monotony with trifles or toys of any kind. Over the plain generally these toys are to be found; but it is in the corner of the flat north inhabited by the busy Dutch that they seem to have been brought to their highest development. Take a pleasure-ground thoroughly up to the mark, and see what you will find in it. A stuffed dog is provided with certain machinery, external and internal, in such wise that when you approach within a certain space of him he springs up into hostile animation, and issues sounds resembling a horribly discordant bark. A timber sentinel at one point of the approach presents arms in the most courteous manner, but if you come a step or two nearer, he gradually makes alarm-

ing movements towards the present—fire. Cats pur, and sheep bleet, in a diabolical kind of fashion, and old women spin. These things all profess to be feats of pure mechanism ; but the imitations of natural scenery give the visitor a more touching sense of the utter desolation of the land. There are precipices and ravines built of crockery, danders, plaister of Paris, and odds and ends of rocky rubbish got from the ballast of vessels. I once saw a man who, thrice blessed, had got several tons of lava out of a ship which had to come in ballast from Iceland. Then there is a cataract which works at certain fixed times or when wanted, being impelled on its course by a neighbouring windmill, and an evil-smelling pond swarming with tin dolphins, swans, and mermaids. It is in Holland that such spectacles are rifest, but they abound throughout flat Germany. You will see an excellent specimen just on landing, at the noble geological garden of Hamburg, with its artificial precipices and caverns, and its machine-made cataract.

It is all very touching to the inhabitants of happier regions, and instead of treating it with ridicule we should rejoice at the capability for enjoyment that can find in such simple expedients a remedy for the curse which nature seems to have laid on the monotonous earth. The taste for such decorations becoming natural through the exigencies of the flat country, the practice has penetrated into those few picturesque districts where such aids are not originally necessary—such is my theory of the propensity of the Germans to give assistance to nature by very

bad art. I have more toleration for those absolute toys which decorate the swamp or desert for the unfortunate dwellers there, than I have for the efforts to improve mountain scenery. Take, for instance, that cataract tossing over a rock which nature never intended to carry it to. Such things spoil the eye for true scenery by deceiving it. The way of a stream getting down a glen is one of the most interesting of studies, and full of exquisite morsels of rock and water scenery. If a cataract there is to be, it is reached by a sort of inevitable fate. It has been grinding the rocks and adapting them to complete the harmony of the phenomenon ever since the crust of the earth was completed, and the deep black cauldron it tumbles into has been hollowed by the same natural tools. In place of all this there is a dam and a cutting driving the stream aside, and it falls where it should not fall, and runs on in a canal rather than a channel. A mill-race is quite as good a sight, and better, for it is in its right place. No doubt there is a splendid precedent for artificial waterfalls in Terni ; but that is a thing done for once, just to show what art could do, and as we sometimes say of crimes—its very magnitude makes it respectable.

Nor are people content with this meddling above-ground, but they must give it under-ground too after a peculiar fashion. In the great caverns of the Harz the showmen are not content with an echo or two, as in Derbyshire, but they have whole arrays of theatrical properties. If you go to Baumans-höhle at the

right time, you will find a regular set of performances. The capricious shapes which the stalactites and stalagmites have taken in this enormous cavern must be eminently satisfactory to the German mind. Here is a bishop in his robes—there a highly-decorated Gothic font. There is archery and tracery inexhaustible; and most wonderful of all, an enormous organ, its tall white pipes disappearing in the gloom above. But the genius of the place is not content with this. Blue lights, green lights, and diabolical pyrotechnics of all colours and smells are brought into the scene. Figures are stationed in picturesque positions. The trains of visitors passing from one department to another are made to do duty in bringing out the picturesque effect of the tableaux. There, for instance, the coloured fires burning deep down below cast a lurid glare on a shadowy band issuing from one of the upper orifices of the cavern and passing along one of its natural galleries. They are all decentish children of Herman, very anxious to get out of that place and fall upon the sausages and beer which they know cannot be far from the cavern's mouth. Seeing them as you do, however, you may imagine them to be any kind of terrible banditti you please, returning from some dire tragedy into the interior of the cavern, which hides from the chiding sunshine their guilty secrets, and you expect them to stand in a row, and explain in a long complex piece of music their imminent danger, and the haste with which they are fleeing before the enemy in fear. In short, the cavern, which if one could examine it deliberately would be found so rich in in-

terest, is made to look as like as it can to a vulgar scene in a theatre supported by side slips. You expect the curtain to fall—the lights to jump up in the front of the stage—and the band to burst forth —such are the things that give pleasure to the people we are taught to look up to as so eminently endowed with all mental and spiritual gifts.

Well! but we must remember that we had such things once ourselves. There was Pope's Villa at Twickenham, with its grotto lined with shells and spars, not a scientific collection to illustrate natural history or the achievements of the poet's geological hammer, but a set of things conspicuous for their colour and glitter, mixed up for show, like a gigantic child's grotto. There was Horace Walpole's pasteboard Gothic castle at Strawberry Hill, which the fastidious scholar and high-mettled genius was as proud of as any retired cheesemonger at Clapham Rise would be of its like at the present day. Are there not old people who remember a monarch indulging himself with Virginia water, with its cataract supplied by some water company or other, and its lake? In fact, these Cockneyisms, as we call them, were rife all over the country. They went out just as the taste for our Highland scenery, which used to be thought abominable, came in. This was so far lucky in itself, and indeed, perhaps, it was the healthy spirit communicated to the eye by the new class of objects brought into vogue that drove away the artificialities. Let us rest in confidence that there is not the slightest chance of their infesting our noble wil-

derness. Let us hope rather that the German taste may improve like ours, and come in the end to discard them.

To come back to the difficulties of the pedestrian. They, as well as other more serious difficulties which have become matter of history, are satisfactorily accounted for by the insurrectionary, anarchic, or heretical character of the geology of the district. Its elements, it appears, are not methodically arranged and separated from each other as they are in respectably conformable mountain-districts. In this country we go to Ben Nevis and Ben Muichdhui for the porphyries and granites of the great old irruptions. Spreading laterally in the minor Highlands we find the stratifications that, as we are told, have been roasted on the shoulders of the mountain-masses. We have further to go for the silurians and old reds. On the flanks of these again are the new reds and coal-measures; and for the lias and oolite, fertile in organic remains, we go to Caithness on the one hand, or the south of England on the other.

It is at once plain to the most careless observer that there is something very seriously out of order at the Harz group. Things which have no right to have anything to do with each other are in the closest contact. Under the very shadow of the granite of the Ross-Trappe you may pick up the ammonites and other strange monsters of that modern mushroom stratification the oolite, and there are little erratic seams of coal in corners where in this country we would as soon expect to find the palm-tree or the nut-

escaping from a sea of troubles, every formation rests in its proper place."*

No; there is no such satisfactory conclusion for the honest adjuster of the geology of the Harz. All the details show a struggle with a chaos of novelties, thus—"That this granite is newer than the rocks of the preceding class, is proved by the fact that it cuts them all off, and shoots its veins into them, or into the veins of the rocks of which they form an integral part. Neither can it admit of any doubt that it is a true eruptive rock; for in the upper part of the Ockerthal masses of grauwacke, with organic remains, are caught up in it; and ascending the Brocken we found several blocks of granite with embedded splinters of grauwacke. Again, the slates nearly in contact with it are often converted into hornstone, and the arenaceous grauwacke into quartz rock; and the junction specimens exhibit almost all those modifications of structure which are so well known in Devonshire and Cornwall. The granite of the Harz, like that of Devonshire, has, however, produced but a very small effect on the general strike of the chain. Yet does it appear to have produced enormous derangements in the position of the subordinate masses; for all the older rocks, extending for many miles on the north side of the granite of the Brocken, are in a reversed position, and few of the masses near it show any conformity to its surface."†

Besides the eruptive rocks, there is a mysterious interest in the heavy masses of grauwacke, that

* "Trans." *ut sup.* pp. 284, 285. † *Ib.* p. 286.

ancient residuary rock which the Germans brought into fashion, and gave a name to. Formed though it was believed to be of such mechanical deposits as elsewhere were rife with organic remains, it was believed to be utterly dumb, and to afford no hint by anything that had once had either animal or vegetable life of the state of the earth's surface when it became consolidated. Our geologists were resolved to conquer this difficulty. I believe our friend Professor Nicol of Aberdeen was the happy man who found the first graptolite in the grauwacke slate, on the Tweed opposite to Innerleithen, and thus gave the first solid support on which Murchison based his great Silurian system. In his Siluria he alludes to what these discoveries tell us of our district: "If we first glance at the range of the Harz—that shrine at which many poets have worshipped nature in her wondrous freaks, and where the German geologist long regarded his old 'Grauwacke' as a mass, the order and age of which could never be defined—its chief portions were first ascertained by Sedgwick and myself to be of no more remote antiquity than the Devonian era."

And on the age of the whole affair, fire-made or water-made, we are further told thus—"The giant Brocken itself, sanctified by many an ancient legend, is a mere upstart compared with the surrounding irruptive masses which disturbed the bottom of the primæval sea. That mountain is composed of two kinds of granite, which having burst forth long after the slaty rocks of carboniferous age had accumulated, has through ages of decomposition been arranged

into those chaotic piles, or 'felsen meere,' so graphically described by Leopold von Buch. Again, subsequent outbursts of porphyry during the accumulation of the permian deposits were also manifestations of the subterranean forces which produced the last great elevation of the Harz, and gave to the chain as well as the surrounding secondary formations their present outline."*

If the Germans of two centuries ago had known some of the things which the geologists of this day know, they would have only had additional grounds for their belief that the Brocken was the devil's special handiwork. What we are to understand is something like this :—The crust of the earth after all its weary workings had set itself down in peace. The irruptive rocks had cooled and relieved their neighbours from the oppressive heat which had altered their very structure. The long succession of strata had each passed to its account and been duly buried. Alike that which flourished all over with rank tropical vegetation and that which swarmed with enormous and hideous saurians wriggling in its waters—had quieted down holding its old vitality motionless in a stony embrace. The great German plain long spread out in its monotonous quietness, and all seemed at rest, when suddenly the internal fires, pressed perhaps beyond endurance by this heavy flat mass of earth, made one last desperate effort, and upheaved this chaotic mass. A fine sight the operation must have been, though rather unsafe to witness too near. It

* "Siluria," pp. 413, 414.

was not, however, for man to behold it. Recent as it was—a "mere upstart" in the venerable genealogies of geological formations—it was before his arrival.

In other places besides the Brocken, the strange nature of the formation shows peculiarities which do more for the scenery. In our country, the granite lies in rounded masses, though it is here and there cleft, and then it produces mural precipices. At the Bodethal and Ross-Trappe, however, the granite rocks rise in spikes. Sir Roger speaks of them as "the bristling peaks of the granite that fringe the cleft a thousand feet in depth through which the Bode brings the rugged region of the Harz into the plain of Quedlinburg." Peaks rising right overhead a thousand feet high are worth looking at. They are more of the Alp character than anything else in the north-east of Europe. Indeed they recall the dolomite mountains of the Tyrol, and seem like a bit of them dipped in some die to change their warm carnation colour into dusky gray.

The peculiarities of the formation have, of course, something to do with the wonderfully varied nature of the mineral riches spread around. The feats of the Rammelsberg, estimated by the motley variety in the articles it daily delivers to the miner, have been somewhere compared with those of the conjuring juggler, who, from an ordinary hat brings forth watches, chains, razors, boat-hooks, ices, jellies, plum-puddings, and roasted potatoes. Here we have iron, copper, nikel, zinc, lead, silver, gold, bismuth, arsenic

barytes, antimony, and sulphur. Many of the ores are extremely beautiful, both in their crystalline structure and their colour. In Clausthal there is a museum, mineralogical and geological—that is to say, it contains specimens of all the varieties of ores which are the material source of the wealth of the district, and also specimens of the organic remains and other specialties which have no value in commerce, but give instruction about the geological formation of the rocks. It is a collection made in a small merely workmen's town from the industrial district of which it is the centre. Yet from the richness and variety of the specimens in that museum, one might suppose it to be the boast of some great capital, with resources enabling it to draw in the mineral riches of all the world.

Just a word before deserting geology on the specialties of your own selected corner. You will remember in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" the surprise of Monsieur Jourdan on being informed that he had been speaking prose all his days. I know not if it will be an equal surprise to you to know that you have been living on a calcareous mass consisting of a true Devonian limestone. The words of the sages are: "The fossils which are found in and about Grund entitle us to say that they exhibit a transition from true Devonian into the carboniferous group. They, in fact, quite confirm the description of this track given in 1839, which states: 'We have no doubt that the calcareous mass of Grund is a true Devonian limestone, and that the overlying beds are the equivalents of those parts of the Westphalian sections which ex-

tend from the great carboniferous limestone to the base of the coal-measures.' And again for the more conspicuous features of your surrounding landscape: 'We have merely to pass from the Lautenthal a few miles to the N.N.W., when, instead of the nodular calcareo-schists we have just spoken of as Upper Devonian, we find ourselves at the feet of enormous masses of crystalline limestone void of all alternating schists, which stand out from the dense woodlands to the south of the village of Grund. The chief of these is the pyramidal boss called the Hübichenstein."*

* "Proceedings Geol. Soc.," pp. 440, 441.

VIII.—CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK.

(Continued.)

The Hobbies that can be cultivated in the Harz—The Ecclesiologist and Archæologist—Specialties in the History of the District—Early Geographers—War of Independence against the Romans—Herman—Our portion in his fame—Battle with Christianity—Continued Heathenism of the District—The Teutonic Knights—Ancient Idols—The Harz Emperor—The Extern Steine and other Vestiges of early Christianity.

I HOPE and would fain believe that a considerable number of our tourists have some hobby or other to give zest to their wanderings—something either in nature or art with which they feel a closer interest than that of the mere wonder-seeker who looks on all he passes "with rude unconscious gaze." I was going to say that if he have nothing of the kind he had better stay at home—but no, that would be a mere spurt of cynicism. Let him go where the books tell him, and put himself in the hands of the commissioners, and do all the things that should be done, and come back with all of them awhirr in his brain like the impressions of a revolving kaleidoscope—he will come back to his functions with improved appe-

tite and perhaps improved temper. It is something to do this; but the man who can minister to a hobby or pursuit does a great deal more. He has done something towards the fulfilment of an object; he has gained something, and the enjoyment of motion and variety has rather been enhanced than diminished by what he has gained.

To tell every man of this class how far the Harz affords a field for his specialty, is beyond the scope of these casual notes, even though their author could accomplish it. The minuteness of modern inquiry, and the consequent divisions and subdivisions, have ramified such pursuits into multitudinous departments, which, minute as they seem at a distance, have each a grandeur sometimes majestic in the eyes of their devotee. There is the dredger of zoophytes, who tells you that his loathsome slimy bagfulls are gathered to furnish him with the means of fixing the grand boundary-lines between animal and vegetable life. The groper among algæ, whose devotion to ditch-water alarms his relations not only for the safety of his lungs but the condition of his mind, is after a still higher and subtler phenomenon—the types of the lowest grade of organic existence—the commencement, as it were, of life. The devotees of specialties so intense need no general guide—their instincts and the labours of their brethren will teach them where they may unpack their machinery with hopes of success.

In the study of art as well as nature, we have now, too, these minute philosophers, who find large conclu-

sions in what the world considers merely small specialties. It is almost needless to say that nothing is to be done, either in painting or sculpture, within the region of the Harz; the nearest gathering of works of art is a small but curious collection of paintings in Gottingen, which is not mentioned by Murray, and consequently is not visited by one tourist in a thousand. But there are now other openings for investigation regarding works of art as to which the resources of the district may not be so well known. Archæology has sprung up into existence of recent date; Christian archæology, especially, connecting itself closely with the most interesting and momentous portion of the recent history of mankind. Rapid as has been its rise, it, like natural science, has ramified itself into specialties. We have those who are deep in iconography or symbolisation drawing especial wisdom from the various representations of animal nature found in Christian edifices, and preserving notes of their characteristics in a "Bestiary." We have great pundits on the characteristics of sedilia lavatories, hagioscopes, and squenches. To these—if they should not already know it too well—I have only to say that they will find nothing whatever in the Harz mountains; they are, so far as I know, an entire blank.

But a blank is sometimes significant. The archæologist has but to descend from the mountains to the plain, and he will find it thickly crowded with very ancient types of Christian architecture. That they should press close upon the mountain-barrier, yet

should not have passed it, is connected with some historical events which should, in the eye of the true archæologist, deepen the interest they may have as mere types of Gothic art.

Before glancing at these events, let me notice another negative specialty of the district—the absence of monuments of a still more ancient character, monuments of a kind which we are accustomed to call prehistoric, and to carry back to heathen times. We are so much accustomed to these things all over Scotland, that a native of our country naturally misses them when they are absent, and it is especially noticeable to find them totally wanting in a district reputed to have been the last stronghold of heathenism in Europe.

Until recent times, indeed, the district got credit for possessing monuments of this kind on a transcendent scale. Here and there, in groups or alone, these protrude straight out of the earth, just like the things we call Druidical monuments—masses of stone forty, fifty, a hundred feet high. There is a pretty good specimen of them in your neighbour, the Hubichen Steine. The greatest of our Druidical circles are pigmies to these. The history of Stonehenge in our ancient chronicles is, that it was removed by the supernatural engineering of the prophet Merlin from the Curragh of Kildare, where it was known as the Giant's Dance, to its site in Salisbury Plain, where it defies the world to make anything of its origin. If this trifle is entitled to overawe us with mysterious interest, what should we say to the Teufels Mauer,

near Blankenburg, where the giants of old raised a forest of pillars ten times as large, or to some of those double rows confronting each other, as if in sportive imitation of the jaws of some monster to which the mighty megatherium would be a mere shrimp? Geology, however, came and carried off these prizes; and whatever superstition or romance might say, archæological science could not venture to retain them. In fact, it came to the alternative that, if we counted them the work of human hands, these must have been actually owned by giants, and would furnish real evidence of those monstrous beings of Aser land who teased Thor and the other deities with gambols that shook heaven and earth.

I shall now have a word or two to say on the historical traditions which seem to explain the peculiar destitution of this district in remains either of the early Christian or of a still earlier period. The early geographers and historians are naturally rather hazy in their few references to this district. They mention the Hyrcinian mountains and the Hyrcinian forest, and in this term they are supposed to intend to speak of the Harz.* Diodorus Siculus says that the Hyrcinian mountains are esteemed to be the highest in Europe, and that there are several islands in the sea which they overlook, among which the largest is called Britannia. Ptolemy, the Egyptian geographer, is particular as to a mountain called Melibocus, which is held to be the very Brocken or

* See the learning on this subject brought together in "Chiverii Germaniæ Antiquitates," lib. i. cap. 47.

Blocksberg itself—this native name having been so transformed that it might be spoken of in a book of geography written in the Greek tongue; and whether Ptolemy meant thus to speak of the Brocken or not, his name, the Melibocus, got into general use among geographers as the classical or polite way of naming the Brocken.*

Cæsar tells us that the Hyrcinian forest is nine days' journey in breadth. To its length, with his usual precision, he says he is unable to testify, because he has no data, only he has known instances of people travelling through it for fifty days and not appearing to come nearer an outlet. He tells us that it is frequented by the unicorn, at least by an animal half-way between a bull and a deer, with one horn in the centre of its forehead. The buffalo there is nearly as large as the elephant; and there is a third animal of massive proportions, more peculiar in its nature than either; it has no joints to its limbs. It consequently never lies down to rest spontaneously; and if it should happen to fall can never rise again. It rests itself against a tree; and the acute natives, when they find the trunk it is accustomed to lean on, saw it nearly through, so that animal and vegetable come down together with a

* Cluverius, after discussing the montis jugum quod hodiè dicitur Harz, says, Vertex hujus jugi altissimus inter opida *Osterwyk* et *Wernyngerode*, vulgari vocabulo adcolis dicitur *Blockesbarch*, qui antiquum illud nomen servet, quod Ptolemæus forte vitiose, ut pleraque alia in Germania scripsit Melibocus—qua Melbocus—pro Meblocus haud temere dixerim (iii. 48).

crash. Such is our information about the Harz from the most accurate of Roman writers.

No doubt the conqueror cast many a wistful glance at the dusky forest, stretching he knew not how far northwards, containing he knew not how many millions of those large light-haired muscular combatants who would be so invaluable as soldiers under his banner—who were so formidable as enemies. They had crossed the Rhine and entered Gaul in the face of his invincible legions; and though he twice crossed the Rhine to their side, this was little more than a bravado and a protest to the world that the great European river was not the absolute boundary of the Roman dominion. But this was all; and while he remembered his vision of the mere margin of that unmeasured field of warriors, he must have felt, when fighting hard in Britain and the Alps, that he was yet far from achieving the conquest of the world. He had not even a chance with the men of the forest: those who succeeded to him had the opportunity, but lost it.

The Romans never had any misgivings in conquering when they could, and were never driven to paltry excuses like that great nation which the other day had to condescend to plead the following formula in defence of a robbery:—King A reigns over territory B, but C claims it. We sympathise with C, and compel A to let go his hold. Having obtained the territory, we ask our lawyers, who tell us C is not after all the rightful owner—the territory belonged to A; but A has given up, and we may hold

it. The Romans, to do them justice, went straight at acquisition of territory, *sans phrase*, as the French say; and they no more thought of abstaining from the conquest of the German forest than of abandoning any part of the sacred soil of Italy. There must be a terrible feeling in a people conscious that there is a powerful neighbour whom nothing but their own strength will protect them from; that day after day, month after month, year after year, the mighty neighbour, growing ever mightier, never swerves from the fixed purpose of subjugating and enslaving them. It is an ordeal, however, that, if well met, hardens a people to great deeds, as we of Scotland found in the three hundred years' war of independence. In the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius the annexation of all the German territory as far as the Elbe appeared to be a political certainty. It entered into the nomenclature of the empire, and the official staff of Germany were numerous and brilliant. A number of the natives were appointed to high offices, with Roman names. It seemed a liberal policy in the empire thus to confer offices of trust and dignity on the natives; but there was no choice. If they consented to accept office, it was in the way in which the old Earl of Angus offered his devotion to Mary of Lorraine when she wanted his fortress of Tantallon—it was at the disposal of his royal mistress, but he must remain governor, for no one else could execute the office so well.

The Germans, after a deal of discussion among themselves, resolved to put an end to this solemn and

dangerous mockery. In imperial language, they conspired together and broke out in rebellion. They raised a great force, commanded by the renowned Arminius, who wisely took up his post on the outmost ridge of the hills. Varus, the Roman general, came up with a large army, impatient to put down the barbarian rebellion. The Roman general found the whole mountain-range alive with a countless throng of armed barbarians, and after three days' contest his army was thoroughly beaten. It was one of the leading battles in the world's history. Cæsar Germanicus and others tried to redeem the disaster, but the destiny of northern Germany was settled—she was gained to herself and lost to Rome.

The scene of this battle has been as keenly contested by the Germans as that of our own Mons Grampius. One of the sites contended for is Quedlenberg, close on the more precipitous district of the Harz. All agree that it was fought somewhere in the group of hills of which the Brocken is the highest, though perhaps the preponderance of criticism is not for the Harz proper, but rather the branch running north-west, called the Teutoburger Wald. The name of the victorious general has been the object of equally interesting criticism. The Romans, who knew him as an accomplished man of high rank in his own country, and also as a Roman knight, called him Arminius; but what was his real name at home? I have not much sympathy with the attempts to trace such names as Ariovistus, Caractacus, and Galgacus to their native original; but it were almost a pity if the Ger-

mans were mistaken in their theory, that Arminius is the Latin form of Herman. We have no exact response to this term in our language; but we may freely translate it as first of men. Everybody knows that this is the idolised term by which the Germans express their nationality, and that it is supposed to be the foundation of the word German.

Herman and his achievements have been commemorated in the characteristic manner of the country, by perching a gigantic statue on a hill. There is a greater monument to his memory in the pure and undefiled preservation of a great language. The Roman tongue prevails in Spain, Italy, France, and the northern borders of the Rhine. If it ever entered Germany, it was so feebly as to be exterminated, and the German language is as pure from admixture as if the Roman empire had never been. Whether its owners were right in always adhering to this purity, or on the other hand we, who are equally inheritors of the pure Teutonic, were wiser in taking in a mixture of the classical, is a question too heavy for discussion here. Before however passing away from the just pride of the Germans in their hero, and the victory gained by their ancestors, let me just note that it is a pride in which we, the Saxon inhabitants of Britain, are entitled to an ample portion. We belong to the people who, on and behind that range of mountains, were protected from Roman domination. Let us by all means honour the Harz mountains and their offshoots as the fortress and its bastions which protected northern Teutonic liberty from the enslaving

empire. Let us cordially hurrah and clap hands when the Germans call for "all the honours" to Herman. In fact, we are the chief gainers in everything they can claim as the fruit of the great victory. It was the very pick of the free Teutonic tribes northward of the mountain-barrier that swarmed into Britain, and made England and lowland Scotland. They were something greater than the mere descendants of those who successfully resisted Roman annexation; they were, in reality, those among the descendants of the resisters of Roman annexation who would not tolerate any other kind of tyranny. In fact, a great proportion of the Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon population of Britain consisted originally of refugees fleeing from tyranny at home—that home behind the Harz which the Latin conqueror could not approach. The Romans no doubt conquered part of the soil of Britain, and made it a province of the empire northward to the Forth. But what is that to us of the nineteenth century? We are none of the people who had become the Romanised Britons. They whimpered to headquarters about the Scots and Picts driving them into the sea, and the sea driving them back on the barbarians. What became of these poor things it is hard to say; perhaps the history of their fate would be a disagreeable one like that of the Red Indians, though some tell us that the Welsh are they. But one thing comes clear out of the confusion, that the great stock of the British population came over from among those whom the Germans believed to have been saved from the Roman yoke by Herman's victory. The mountain-

barrier which served as the rampart of freedom should thus have some interest for us.

There are two sides, however, to almost every great historical epoch, and this has another side with a rather ugly aspect. Wherever they went to seek liberty for themselves these wild men of the north carried a good deal of mischief and oppression with them. Their history is that wearisome narrative of the ravages of the Vikings, Northern Pirates, or by whatever else they are known, which covers some centuries of European history, and ends with the establishment of their successors, the Normans, in France, England, and elsewhere. All the attempts to reconstruct the old Roman empire, and especially that successful one of Charlemagne's, by pressing in upon them drove them to find liberty only in those wild northern lands where they could not live except by piracy. Rather than submit to despotic rule in Sweden and Norway, a body of them went farther off still—even to Iceland. There is a story about Charlemagne having shed tears when he first saw their white sails flecking the North Sea, being conscious that it was his oppressive conquests of the northern Germans which had thus driven them into wicked courses; and the story, though it may not be true, has its moral.

But we have not yet reached the worst of the other side. After Constantine embraced the faith, being within the Roman empire meant being within the pale of Christianity. A nation that had succeeded in baffling Roman conquest, had likewise excluded itself from the new Roman faith. After it had been

firmly established within the bounds of the empire, Christianity was able to establish itself here and there in fertile spots in the north accessible by seas and rivers. The inland states of Northern Germany, however, stretching away behind the barrier of the Harz, were far out of reach of the message of salvation, and long remained in their pristine heathenism. Charlemagne vowed that he would carry into this region the great influencing principle of the imperial system—one God, one Emperor, and one High-Priest or Pope. His struggles in this cause have left their mark on history in a long and bloody war. It was deemed to be ended by a decisive battle on the outer edge of the mountain-range somewhere so near the field of Herman's victory, that there has been an animated dispute concerning which of them it is that some local memorials commemorate. But the battle that is said to force a way in, is never so conclusive as that which keeps the aggressor out. Christianity was not made the law of the land by Charlemagne's victory, nor for a long period later. The planting of the faith was not accomplished without a long and cruel contest. Great part of it was the crusade of the Teutonic Knights, who, for pretty sufficient reasons, were believed to be much more anxious to achieve the wealth of this world for themselves, than the riches of the next for others. It was a formidable war, for the heathen population had a sort of civilisation of their own. We see this, indeed, very prominently in their contest with the Romans, which show policy, the art of war, and, if one may so speak, the usages

of society. What the nature of this civilisation was it is hard to say, and it is the more difficult to find out from the continually misleading influence of that book by Tacitus. I cannot sympathise with those who find in the "De Moribus Germanorum" a precedent for trial by jury, the Habeas Corpus, and the way of counting the votes in the House of Commons. I believe he had all a Roman's contempt for details about all that was doing among the barbarous tribes, and that his book was written entirely against the court of Domitian and its ways. The form of their civilisation, whatever it was, and with it their religion, seem to have long survived the fall of Rome. I would not be surprised by almost any lateness of period being assigned to the last solemnisation of heathen rites in the Harz.

We have now got, I think, pretty well at the causes of that extreme bareness, not only of ancient Christian art, but of such remains as one could connect with some form of earlier worship to which I have alluded. Both classes of remains are rife with us—they are totally wanting both in the Harz mountains and in the greater part of the vast plain stretching behind them through Prussia and Saxony. The absence is the more marked in the Harz, as it is a stony country with abundant materials for producing monuments of the permanent kind. But their absence is very natural. To us the missionary came—a meek, persuasive man of God, sedulous to please, anxious to avoid offence, professing especially that his ministry was one of peace. It is on record that instead of

making war on the symbols of ancient heathen worship he endeavoured to make them subservient to his object by appropriating them to his own worship. To Northern Germany, on the other hand, the missionary came with flame and sword. We have a lively repetition of his method of conversion in the later history of the Spaniards in Mexico:—

> "Horror covers all the heath,
> Clouds of carnage blot the sun."

Naturally we would expect the memorials of the old worship to be obliterated, and the histories tell us how Charlemagne set about the destruction of them. In particular it is said that he destroyed a statue of Krodo, the tutelary god of the Harz, which stood near where Henry the Fowler afterwards built the town of Goslar. He is described as an old man with long hair and a flowing beard. He stood on a large fish covered with scales and prickles, supposed to have been of the perch kind and a member of the acanthopterygious group. In his right hand he held a basket full of fruits and flowers, and in his left a wheel.* There has been a deal of ingenious speculation as to what these items symbolise—whether the wheel represents the rotation of the heavenly bodies, and shows that the Harz folks anticipated the Copernican system, and whether the basket and its contents represented the beneficence of the Deity in replenishing the earth with the useful and the beautiful. Authors of a classical turn again identify him with

* See "Eliæ Schedii de Dis Germanis," p. 493.

Saturn. If we could find out some of the sentiments entertained about him in Charlemagne's day by the inhabitants of the Rammelsberg it would be more to the point. Here is another notice of a heathen idol.

"In this ruined castle (Rottenburg), in the time of the pagans, was kept the famous idol called *Pustrich*, *Peuster*, *Beusterd*, or *Puster*, from the *Low German* word *Pust*, which signifies *to blow*. This idol is now in the arsenal of *Sonders Hausen*, and shown for a curiosity. The metal it is made of is a particular composition, which, although a piece was broken off the left arm on purpose to essay it, could not be discovered. The figure is two feet high, and weighs sixty-two pounds. The face is ugly, and looks like a rude boy, who out of malice distorts his features; the right hand lies on the head, the fingers of the left upon the left knee; the left arm from the elbow to the hand is wanting, by reason of the trial made, as above; on the crown of the head there is a hole, almost big enough to admit a man's finger, and instead of a mouth there is such another; the belly is two feet six inches round; the inside of the image is hollow, and holds about a pail-full of water; both the feet are lost; it kneels with the right leg, and the left is erect. When this image is filled with water, all the holes being stopped close, and put upon the fire, it sweats to such a degree that it falls down in large drops; and when the heat increases, the pegs fly out and give a report as if it thundered; whereupon from the two holes in the head, come forth flames of fire thirty feet vertically, and as many hori-

zontally, during fifteen minutes; which experimen being tried one day in the kitchen by a captain, in the count's absence, the castle was set on fire, which, with much difficulty, was extinguished. Some are of opinion that these flames do not come from that image by natural means, but that the pagan priests effected it by their magic. We cannot deny that these priests, by the assistance of evil spirits, abused the people, and that perhaps this image might serve for that purpose."

The impression made by this passage is, that the people who witnessed the phenomenon lost a grand opportunity of anticipating the discovery of the steam-engine. Take an iron figure, whether it had ever been worshipped or not, fill it with water and set it a boiling, while the escape of the steam is prohibited—every one in this enlightened age who has ever read of a steam-boat explosion will tell you what is to come of it. The flames, too, can be accounted for, as water when thrown in instant contact with extreme heat generates hydrogen gas. The authority says, further:—

"There are now to this day, in the county of *Schwarzenberg*, some lands which are called the *Flemish Lands*, because they belonged formerly to some pagan priests of *Rottenburg*, who being called in Latin *Flamines*, the family that possesses them now, without doubt, have their name *Flemin* from them; as Jonsonius Torquatus, in his *Treatise of the Honest Guardian*, has proved at large. Now, if there were formerly pagan priests in this country, they must

necessarily have had some idol, and according to all appearance this *Puster* was one. Some pretend that the *Romish* priests had placed this image in a wall in the castle at *Rottenburg*, and that one of them, who was on the other side, caused it to spit fire in order to frighten the common people out of some offerings to appease the irritated deity; which seems too gross to believe that ever any people should have suffered themselves to be imposed upon in so palpable a manner." *

Whether or not it be true that Charlemagne abolished Krodo, and that Puster lingered to be exploded in a German kitchen several centuries afterwards, we can understand from the pains taken to signalise the slight traces of such relics that there were no others to be found commemorating the same period—the latter age of heathenism.

While such was the fate of the memorials of older worship, Christianity had not an early enough hold on the country to give specimens of primitive Christian architecture. The Romish Church indeed had scarcely warmed itself in the nest ere Lutheranism came in. This makes the district a bad look-out for the ecclesiological tourist, but not so bad as it might be. There is something to amuse him not far off; but in the great plain of Prussia and Saxony there is scarcely a vestige of ancient Christian architecture, or indeed of anything else ancient, and the archæological votary who haplessly finds himself there is far far away from the objects of his devotion. In the Harz, however,

* Behrer's "Natural History of the Hartz," pp. 112-115.

he may get at something in a forenoon's walk; and, what should interest him if he is in any way endowed with the true spirit of his pursuit, and may prove indeed one of the most suggestive phenomena he has ever noted, will be the manner in which old ecclesiastical buildings seem to have pressed upon the barrier they could not pass. From the top of the Brocken he may look on the vast plain running northward which remained in heathendom down to almost recent times, while the more picturesque countries on the other side are filled with churches during all the types from the earliest round-arched Norman downwards. All through Westphalia specimens of early Christian churches abound. For instance, happening to spend a night in the little half-deserted town of Soest—known for little or nothing but the tortures it suffered in the Thirty Years' War—when taking my morning walk about the streets, I came to specimen after specimen, all distinctive and instructive; one of them especially was decorated by incrustations of very ancient sculpture representing fabulous animals, and somewhat reminding me of our Scotch sculptured stones. Norman work comes as close to the mountains as the old imperial town of Goslar, which in one sense indeed was the capital of the Harz. It was built at the beginning of the eleventh century by the Emperor Henry the Fowler, a child and hero of the Harz. He got his name from his devotion to field sports. You will see him in old pictures with his cross-bow, and it was thus that, according to German history, he was found

in the wilds of the Harz by the emissaries who came to inform him that he was wanted to fill the chair of the Cæsars.

But if the traveller cross the range of hills towards Detmold, he will see, just as they spring from the plain, one of the most remarkable relics of early Christian art in existence. It has attached itself to one of the geological wonders of the district. Here are five of the tall stones or rocks already mentioned; like the others they were long supposed to have been fitted in, like our own "Druidical" stones, by the hand of man, although they range from 70 to 120 feet in height. They are pierced by cavernous recesses either altogether artificial or worked into their present size and shape by human labour. The chief cave is 36 feet long and 11 broad. It is lighted by a cutting like a window from the east, and has a common entrance with another smaller cave. Much ink and imagination have been together spent on the original purposes of these caverns. In the words of one of the most recent commentators: "Might not these rocks and their mysterious recesses have been the temples for worshippers earlier than the days of Christianity? This idea has exercised a sensible influence on the more recent investigators, who have directed their attention towards these monuments. With remarkable events and traditions of the past, they have managed to mix up their own modern theories and suppositions in discussing of these rocks, while they have had no better foundation than this—that here were conditions suitable and appropriate for the practices they

refer to, such as they could not find elsewhere. So one assures us that here the Germans once held their worship of the sun and moon with all religious pomp; others that here the goddesses Estrea and Ostra had their holy abode and temple; others that here Velida, the sybil of the Germans, here uttered her prophetic oracles. Again, there are those who can find nothing but altars for sacrifices with rivers of blood, on which the leaders of the luckless Roman army of the luckless Varus was offered up."*

People are familiar in most parts of Europe and some parts of Asia with caverns of this kind used by early Christian cenobites. Those who said with Milton—

> "And may at last my weary age
> Find out the peaceful hermitage;
> The hairy gown and mossy cell,
> Where I may sit and rightly spell
> Of every star that heaven doth show,
> And every herb that sips the dew;
> Till old experience do attain
> To something like prophetic strain."

Whether the caverns of the Extern Steine were put to an earlier use, is a question that, as it cannot be answered, need not be considered; but there is other handiwork about these stones of which the Christian origin is beyond a doubt. Cut on one of them is a set of sculptured groups about life-size in moderate relief. The chief of these represents the descent from the cross —the same subject as the great paintings of Rubens

* "Die Externsteine; Fest-Programm zu Winckelmann's Geburtstage," Bonn 1858.

in Antwerp. Above, there is a group of three—the Father, the Son, and the Virgin Mary. Below is an embodiment of a different kind—a man and a woman are in the twisted coils of a typhoon, half snake half dragon—a composition in the spirit of the Laocoon. It no doubt represented human nature in the bonds of sin, and of the master of sin brought in contact with the great act of redemption.

In these groups the hand of the Christian artist is unmistakable. There is little doubt that they are of very great antiquity, and at the same time they are endowed with a tender artistic sentiment. Goethe, who was much struck with them, threw out some curious criticisms about their origin and character. He gave it as his brief decision that they were the work of some monkish artist brought with the crowd of clergy who attended the court of the conquering Charlemagne. Two authorities, whose pursuits were of a more restricted kind—Kugler and Schnaase—thought this a likely enough thing. Goethe observed that the conventional ladder of the common descents is dispensed with, and that Joseph of Arimathea seems to have ascended by a tree which is bent by his weight; but the poet's eyes had failed him, for Joseph is supported by a sort of chair of semi-classical construction. Placed where it is, that piece of Christian art has something like the effect of nailing a challenge in the very door of heathendom. The Extern Steine—a term by the way about which the etymologists have hopelessly pottered—are so completely the gate of the mountain-range, that by an almost

general vote among the learned it has been decided that it must be the very spot where Herman conquered Varus. Perhaps I have said too much about the Extern Steine, but though one can find little or nothing about the matter in British history, the number of German volumes written on them cannot be easily fixed. Besides the one already cited, which is only about seven years old, I hold in my hand a set of prize essays on the same subject written for the Berlin Academy in 1750, in German, French, and Latin.

IX.—CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK.

(Continued.)

Valhalla and its Inhabitants—The Heathen Mythology and the Classical—The Eddas—The Story of Balder and Loki—Thor and the Giants—The Spectre of the Brocken—The Wild Huntsman—Elves and Gnomes—Legend of the Hubichen-Steine—Diabolical Gifts and their Consequences—The Oldenburgh Horn—Faust the Wizard—The Witches' Sabbaths on Walpurgis-night.

HERE, standing as it were at the door that long separated Paganism from Christianity, a reflective mind may find material for its favourite occupation. I am not prepared to say that the musings and meditations on local associations are always the most valuable part of literature. I had once two hours of a rainy day on "Harvey's Meditations," and it was rather a surfeit. In similar circumstances I escaped a dreadful dose of "Sturm's Reflections for every Day in the Year," by getting hold of an old almanac.

If we are to have meditative association of ideas, however, it is well that the object should be large and fruitful; and standing on those mountains where the worship of the old Norse mythology had its last

of the old northern gods to light. In the first quarter of the present century they were extremely busy, and those who desire such work may find the fruit of their labours in several volumes—Latin, German, and Norse—chiefly due to the scholarship and industry of Finn Magnusen.

It is lucky that the original record is thus accessible, for all interpreters of its contents seem afflicted with the propensity to steep them in some philosophy or special learning of their own. Some will have the rude mass made into a philosophical system. The old notion of the Montesquieu and Gibbon school lingers with this class of writers. They cannot tell a plain tale as they find it; they must fit it to the philosophy of human nature, and not only varnish it over with their reflections, but sadly mutilate it to make it fit into its proper corner in their system. With others, again, the demon of comparison and analogy is rife, and we are hauled away to the Mithras, the Zend avesta, and Zoroaster, for the inspiration of stories that stand quite distinct by themselves and are the creatures of their own stormy home. Then, with others of a classical rather than oriental turn, Thor must be Saturn; Odin, Jupiter; Freya, Venus, and so on. The classical analogy is a sadly unjust one. Whatever we may say of the genius and taste that enshrine the classical mythology, no one will stand up for the virtue and good fame of its brilliant denizens. The big rough revellers of Valhalla, though they took good pulls of mead and ate astoundingly, were in other respects folks of honest repute

and pure manners; it had been better for the school days of many a classical student if such had been the conduct of those whose praises he was taught to scan. Experienced scholars, after they have borne with a good deal of classical prurience for the sake of the beauties it pollutes, may enjoy the freshness of this purer air, though its cleansing has come of the tempest. The northern gods were not ashamed even to boast of the constancy of their domestic attachment and the purity of their lives. Baldur, the best of them, must have been well known in the Harz, for it was either within or close by the territory inherited by him as a son of Odin. His palace of Breiderblick was blessed with the quality that nothing impure could pass its gate, and there he dwelt enjoying domestic happiness in the love of his beautiful and chaste wife Nanna. Baldur was not only the handsomest of the Aser, but he was the personification of justice and wisdom; his decisions on all questions were so perfectly just, that even those who suffered by them accepted them, and were unable to say a word in disparagement of them. A life so valuable must be surrounded by potent safeguards. His mother, Freya, laid this duty before a council of the gods, and they came to a resolution that the best way to accomplish it was to abjure all things both in heaven and earth in such manner that they should become incapable of doing injury to Baldur. Fire and water, winds and storms, metals, beasts, birds, fishes—all creatures that could be thought of were subject to this negation of power. The spell was

supposed to be so complete, that good fun might be had by setting all the powers of mischief to pelt at Baldur, and see how their missiles recoiled harmless. Thus they discharged javelins at him, hit him with swords and hatchets, pitched at him the biggest stones—perhaps some of those large boulders on the Harz—but all in vain. Loki the spirit of evil was much annoyed by this success, and set about finding something that had been overlooked in this general binding over to keep the peace. He went in the form of an old woman, and had a gossip with Freya, and he found that the mistletoe had been passed over as too trifling to do any harm. Loki takes a twig of the accursed plant, and gets one of the group who were amusing themselves with assailing the invulnerable to throw it. It would seem as if the mischievous power of all other things had been concentrated in the unexorcised twig, for it immediately slew Baldur. The general grief, the funeral, the punishment of Loki (who became a salmon when he was caught, and slipping through the captor's fingers gave to that fish ever after its taper tail), the desperate journey Hermod made into hell to bring him back, are all crowded with picturesqueness. So, but of a more ludicrous kind, are the feats of Thor in Utgard, or giant-land—or rather in the land where jugglers made themselves giants. The Aser themselves are all open honesty, and do things by their power, or brute-force as we should call it; the inhabitants of Utgard are full of guile and subtlety. Hence honest Thor and his companions appear at first to be beaten at all points.

In running, eating, and drinking, they are mere children to the Utgard folk. Then come the trials of strength. The children of Utgard amuse themselves by lifting Utgard Loki's cat; will Thor try its weight? To his mortification he finds that, with all his strength, he can but pull one of the animal's feet off the ground. Thor was now thoroughly despicable and downhearted. They would offer him no one but Loki's old nurse to wrestle with, and with her Thor had difficulty in holding his own. He was bidding good-bye, and returning home a broken-hearted man, when the deceptive gifts of Utgard Loki coming to an end, he had to make confession. He admitted that he was rejoiced at the departure of Thor and his set, such terrible fellows had they proved themselves to be. The youth who was set to run against them was Thought, and he only just gained the race. The competition in eating was conducted on their side by the devouring element Fire. The beaker from which Thor drunk had no bottom, but joined the sea—to the amazement and terror of all, Thor's draughts reduced the amount of the horn's contents, and he would see when he returned to earth that the sea had just so far receded. The cat was Utgard's snake or dragon, an object of universal terror. But the greatest feat of all was the wrestling. The old woman he had been matched with was old age herself, and he had all but conquered her.

We have now seen a good many specialties which may have more or less contributed to confer on the Harz its formidable reputation of being in a manner "the Devil's Own." The country swarms throughout

with diabolical beliefs and legends; but it is in the Brocken that they are to be found hot and hot. Besides these physical peculiarities which the monster has brought with him out of the region of fire, others tend to enshrine him in darkness and mystery from the region of the air. He is often—too often for the happiness of tourists—buried in impenetrable mists. In fact, the clouds that form themselves over the great northern plain, tired of wandering with no place of rest, flee to the Harz as to a haven of refuge, and there deposit the bulk of their watery burden like so many squeezed sponges. "The Spectre of the Brocken" is notorious all over the world—a gigantic shadowy figure, sometimes with a pine-tree for a walking-stick, striding from rock to rock, with the peculiarity that his motions seem always parallel to those of the traveller. It is equally well known now that the spectre is an optical delusion. It is produced by the sunlight throwing the traveller's shadow on a bank of mist. In the words of Tennyson—

> "He sees on misty mountain ground
> His own vast shadow glory-crowned."

We get up this spectre very fairly at home. He has been two or three times seen on the hills at the source of the Dee. Here, indeed, the demon seems to have had a more picturesque taste than him of the Brocken. Sir Thomas Lauder saw him on Ben Muich Dhui, and describes the vision thus:—"We had turned towards the east, and the sun shone upon our backs, when we saw a very bright rainbow described on the mist before us. The bow, of beauti-

fully distinct prismatic colours, formed about two-thirds of a circle, the extremities of which appeared to rest upon the lower portions of the mountain. In the centre of this incomplete circle there was described a luminous disc, surrounded by the prismatic colours displayed in concentric rings. On the disc itself each of the party, three in number, as they stood about fifty yards apart, saw his own figure most distinctly delineated, although those of the other two were invisible to him." A party on an excursion to the top of Cairngorm—I believe Sir David Brewster was one of them—saw an occurrence which hints at a method for exorcising the spectre whenever he is wanted, though the process may perhaps be rather difficult. They had been indulging in a freak which young people can never resist on a rocky hill, and grave seniors are sometimes tempted to join in—the rolling of boulders over the crags to see them thundering away below. One of these ploughing through a bed of gravel and sand, sent it up in a dusty cloud, and on the face of this dry mist were seen the figures of the onlookers, just as they had been on the damp mist of Ben Muich Dhui.

Among the supernatural denizens of the Harz, not the least picturesque is the wild huntsman. The district suits him pretty well; for as he has to keep quiet during the day, there is abundant stabling and kenneling for his horses and hounds in the underground workings. He is a baron who has oppressed the poor peasantry by excessive exactions under the feudal prerogatives, restricting the right to extirpate wild

animals, and for his cruelties the doom is laid on him to hunt for ever, whether he likes it or not—a sort of sporting wandering Jew.

An author who wrote when superstition had come to a discount, but before it had been made a picturesque part of our literature, thus mentions him:—After having said that on the Harz "it happens often that on a sudden it comes so dark there by means of some cloud that passes by, that the people cannot see each other, although they are not far asunder." "People say a furious wild huntsman—a diabolical spirit—plays his pranks hereabouts in the night, wherefor some would not pass a night there for any money. I have stayed there two nights for company's sake, when we kept a good fire, and entertained ourselves with the observations of the motions of the stars, but perceived nothing of the huntsman."*

A writer of later times says—"He has never been seen except by a few Sabbath-born children. Sometimes he meets them as a solitary hunter with a single dog; at others, borne on a chariot with four horses, attended by six large hounds. All, however, may hear his fierce progress through the rushing air, the hoarse cry of his dogs, and the tramping of his steeds, as if dashing through the moor waters, and often, too, his wild *Ha! ha!* preceded by his guide, the large horned-owl, with his solitary whoops.†

We have him in this country quite as picturesque as he is in Germany. Hear him described in that

* Behrens's "Nat. Hist. of the Harz," p. 102.

† Roscoe's "German Novelists," ii. 82.

curious old poem called "Albania," of which no one has been able to discover the author :—

> "There oft is heard at midnight, or at noon,
> Beginning faint, but rising still more loud
> And nearer, voice of hunters and of hounds,
> And horns hoarse winded, blowing far and keen.
> Forthwith the hubbub multiplies—the gale
> Labours with wilder shrieks and rifer din
> Of hot pursuit, the broken cry of deer
> Mangled by throttling dogs, the shouts of men
> And hoofs thick beating on the hollow hill.
> Sudden the grazing heifer in the vale
> Starts at the noise, and both the herdsmen's ears
> Tingle with inward dread. Aghast, he eyes
> The mountain's height and all the ridges round,
> Yet not one trace of living wight discerns ;
> Nor knows, o'erawed and trembling as he stands,
> To what or whom he owes his idle fear—
> To ghost, to witch, to fairy, or to fiend—
> But wonders, and no end of wondering finds."

The country of course swarms with the demons of the mine. Writers on popular superstitions—especially those of Germany—have lately become so scientific in their classification of the different shapes taken by human credulity, that one is almost as frightened to go wrong in speaking about elves and fairies as in the more profound departments of chemistry and metaphysics. There is one general division, however, of the elfish tribes, into those that live above and those that live below the surface of the earth. The accommodation in the Harz is chiefly for the latter, and therefore they are the more abundant. This superstition has been connected with an uncomplimentary reference in the

Sagas to maggots bred in the interior of the mountains, which gradually turned into creatures of human form with diminutive bodies, capricious tempers, and a propensity for securing great hordes of the precious metals. Sometimes a miner returning home, after participating in some festival, has seen through a chink in the rock an incautious member of this tribe working a rich vein, or concealing the treasure which he has already accumulated by his diligence. In this way rich veins have been discovered by some lucky fellows, but the end of their career was seldom successful.

A forester's son had once a great opportunity of becoming acquainted with these creatures at the Hubichenstein. There are two stones, the one larger than the other; and the tradition is, that what is now the larger was of old the smaller. This youth had in bravado got to the top of the stone, which since has been shortened, but could not get down again. To save him from the demons of the place, it was thought fit by the neighbours in council that he should be shot there, and the merciful doom was to be executed by his own father. When he was preparing for the fatal aim, his arm was seized by a little old man with a long white beard, who required him to desist. The injunction had no effect, for the presence of this creature only awakened in him a livelier sense of the danger his poor boy was exposed to from supernatural agencies. The little man saw that moral persuasion would be insufficient, and physical force must be resorted to; so he brought countless coadjutors, after the fashion of such beings, to his help, and the father

was pinioned and deprived of the satisfaction of shooting his son. The little creatures—gnomes, elves, cobolds, or whatever be the scientific term applicable to them—swarmed up the rock, and swarmed down again, bringing the poor boy with them. They were not, however, to stop at the surface of the earth, but carried him into their magnificent establishment below. Riches and luxuries of all kinds there abounded. The chief of the little folks gave his confidence to the rescued youth. He was the Guebich or monarch of the tribes. So long as the larger of the two rocks retained its pre-eminence he retained his sovereignty, but when it became the smaller all was over with him; and he took this opportunity of requesting his young friend to use his influence with his neighbours to get them to abstain from firing at birds perched on the top of the rock, for the bullets knocked off little bits of it, and in the course of time might wear it down. The youth, when entrusted with his mission to the neighbours, got the run of the subterranean treasury, and was told to take as much gold with him as he desired or was able to carry. In the morning he wakened as from a dream, at the foot of the Hubichenstein, with his cap and his pockets full of gold pieces. So, instead of being the witness of a terrible domestic tragedy, the family became capitalists. They used their fortune judiciously, propitiating the religious and civil authorities; part of it went to the building of a church in Grund, part to the poor, the remainder was employed in supporting the family in respectability. If there were any of the usual arrangements in the

world of spirits for directing the wealth thus obtained towards the most disastrous consequences to its owner, they were all baffled by the pious uses to which the greater part of the fund was applied. As the story goes, in the Thirty Years' War, Tilly's artillery (it seems an odd freak for artillery) battered down the higher Hubichenstein until it became the smaller, and so king Hubich and all his people disappeared. Let us hope that if they had a comfortable home in the neighbourhood of Grund, they found one equally comfortable in America or elsewhere.

When these subterranean creatures were liberal with their gifts to human beings, which they often were when moved by some capricious influence, there was no way of getting rid of the calamities doomed to follow such a gift but by its transference to holy church. It is seldom that the recipient is so fortunate as the youth of the Hubichenstein in retaining a portion for temporal purposes. Pieces of quaint old plate are sometimes shown in churches, and connected with legends of such an origin. Among these is the celebrated Oldenburgh horn, one of the most beautiful pieces of Gothic workmanship ever seen. It does great credit both to the good taste and the knowledge of the details of Gothic work, owned by its fabricators. It was presented to a young knight thirsty with hunting by a female gnome or elve, who stepped out upon his path.* The faculty

* I do not know where—if anywhere—this horn now exists. In a curious book about the subterranean world, printed so early as 1678, by Johannes Herbinuis, called "Dissertationes de Admir

of the church for getting possession of such things comes in with the other happy adaptations of received superstitions in "Faust," when Margaret gets her mysterious caskets.

There are other and grander adaptations of the received supernatural agencies in that great drama. Faust himself is finely idealised from a well-known type. In the folk lore, or traditional literature of almost every country, there is a Faust. He is manufactured out of some man of science or great learning belonging to the traditional ages in which his actual history is too obscure and dubious to be fully cleared up by inquiry. In France he is represented by Nostradamus, in England by Roger Bacon, in Scotland by the wondrous wizard Michael Scott, who from his cave at Salamanca could cause the bells to ring at Notre Dame. He is known to the readers of Dante and of his great namesake, but it is not so well known that he is fully described in that curious collection called "Merlinus Coccœaius," by Theophilus Folengo, to which Rabelais is supposed to have been indebted. The likeness to Faustus will be at once seen in the following translation, made, I believe, by the late Patrick Fraser Tytler:—

andis mundi Cataractis supra et subterraneis," there is a representation of the horn given, with a minuteness unusual in that age, especially in dealing with Gothic work. The author boldly repudiates the supernatural origin—"De causa efficiente cornu istius, quam ego hominem aurifabrum artificiosissimum fuisse assero." The legends carry the story back to the eleventh century, but the horn is evidently the work of the fifteenth.

" Behold renowned Scotus takes his stand
Beneath a tree's deep shadow, and then draws
His magic circle--in its orb describe
Signs, cycles, characters of uncouth shapes;
And with imperious voice his demons call.
Four devils come—one from the golden west—
Another from the east—another still
Sails onward from the south—and last of all
Arrives the northern devil; by their aid
He forms a wondrous bridle, which he fits
Upon a jet-black steed, whose back, nor clothes,
Nor saddle e'er encumbered—up he mounts."

From the Macaronea, xviii.

Ecce idem Scotus qui stando sub arboris umbra, etc.

When we come to close quarters with the devil's hierarchy, we find it subject to a system of arrangement and subordination not much less perfect than that of the ecclesiastical hierarchy on which it has so long made war. There is one great point, however, in which it is at variance with its prototype, since its leader is liable to the degradations which he had earned by his misconduct and subjugation. Faust, it will be observed, held rank as a sorcerer. He was thus the master, not the servant, of the Prince of the powers of the air, and had authority, while his time lasted, of ordering him about at discretion. On the other hand, common witches, with the whole set of aerial and subterranean creatures, are his mere slaves. This distinction is finely kept up by Goethe, along with many other wild characteristics of this whole class of superstitions. Perhaps the grandest and most significant of all of these is the annual assembly of witches on the Brocken on the night that ushers in May day,

called Walpurgis Night—a term which has puzzled the etymologists. Witches met in assemblies in various other places; but this was their Vatican, to which representatives came from all parts of the world. When passing through the air they used the canonical broomstick—those who had aquatic tastes took the sea part of the journey in sieves. At the little neighbouring village of Gittlede there was a small permanent establishment of witches—a sort of staff, probably, to make arrangements for the great assemblages, just as there are permanent clerks and housekeepers about the Houses of Parliament between sessions. The saturnalia on the Brocken represent the old heathen ceremonials acknowledging the day that marked off summer from winter—that brought in the one and left the other behind. The witches were said to dance the snow off the Blorsbergs, and in some forms of the superstition they came back on the Twelfth Night afterwards to see if it had been effectually done.

People are so philosophical in this generation that they can leave nothing unaccounted for, and the Sabbath of the Brocken witches must be subject to the alembic, and brought out stripped of all its supernatural conditions and adjusted to others which render the legend and belief quite natural. The ghastly revel was there—it was only a mistake to call it a congregation of witches flying on broomsticks, goats, toads, serpents, and giants' bones from all parts of the world. We are told that when the Christian warriors pressed in upon the heathen priests, these made a last stand at their strongest point of defence

—the Brocken—and that the witches' Sabbath there is just the tradition of the events connected with their last conflict. Not having courage to examine this theory either in its objective or its subjective shape, I give it in the words of an English writer who professes to have distilled it out of much German lore. We are to suppose the heathen priests determined to perform their rites in defiance of their enemy :—

"At the period of their festal rites and sacrifices, Charlemagne stationed guards at the passes of the mountains ; though the Saxons succeeded in celebrating them by adopting the following contrivance : They arrayed themselves, like goblins, with skins and horns of beasts, with fire-forks in their hands, and those rude instruments which they used as protection against wild beasts, and during their sacrificial rites as they danced round the altar. Thus armed they put the whole of the terrified guards to flight, and proceeded to invite the people to their festival. Hence its celebration on the 1st of May, on the wildest region of the Harz, with the snow yet lying on the Brocken, naturally enough gave rise among the Christians to the belief of witches riding, that night, upon their broomsticks, to add to the infernal mirth and mystery of these heathen rites. In fact, the early Christians uniformly viewed idolatry as the worship of demons ; and firmly believed that the devil himself, in spite of Charlemagne's Christian guards, found his way through the air to give zest to the party assembled, in honour of him, upon the top of the Brocken. Such superstitions received force

from the appearance of the terrific and fantastic figures haunting the mountains previous to the festal day, and when seen by the soldiers were reported with a variety of diabolical ornaments and additions." I think it unnecessary to acknowledge the authority from which this profound elucidation is taken—it is but an example of a very common commodity of the day—a sort of formula for accounting, without trouble, for every phenomenon that challenges patient investigation and thoughtful consideration. I shall not be too hard on the method, however, since my concluding touch may probably lie under the reproach of a cutting instead of an untying of a complicated knot.

Having pottered over a good deal of supernatural lore in my day, one feature in the literature about witchcraft seemed to press for special consideration—the uniformity of the phenomena attending its development in all parts of Europe. This did not appear merely in the theories of philosophers, or in the traditional narratives, but in the confessions of the witches themselves, as set forth in the records of the criminal courts. In these, from Iceland to the Pyrenees, there is a remarkable uniformity, and that in some instances extending to specialties both physical and moral of the most horrible and revolting character.

It was clear as any proposition in Paley's Natural Theology, that organising hands were at work here. It was an open question whether it was the work of the devil or of human hands, and with a leaning to

the latter conclusion I found in it a satisfactory solution of the difficulty. There is no room here for the details even if they would be interesting enough. I may possibly be tempted to go into them on some more suitable occasion, but in the meantime I shall set down in a word my general conclusion. Discovering the ways of Satan in doing his work upon earth was one of the standard pursuits of pious scholars and philosophers, especially in the sixteenth century. A deal of lore they set together—part of it from the traditions of the church and the annals of the chroniclers; part of it no doubt, as a friend of ours would say, "drawn from the unfathomable depths of their own individuality." The matter collected by them was rather chaotic at first, but it got into a system. Having been announced by many learned men on their own private responsibility, it was at length embodied in a digest authorised by clerical authority in the book called the *Malleus Maleficarum*, or Hammer of Witches, you have often noticed lying about the library—the stumpy copy got from Berlin, with its quaint brass clasps, and its timber binding covered with hogskin, bearing queer eldrich devices worthy of the matter within. This, then, was a kind of handbook or directory for the sanguinary sages who took in hand the duty of ridding the world of witches. What these must have been about was all there set forth—the only thing wanted was confession. In the last extremities of the torture, then, when capacity remained to say "yes" or "no," but very little for fol-

lowing up such words to their conclusions — the charge was put in the terms set forth by the approved authority, and the admission was obtained. Such is my theory of this "uniformity of confessions."

X.—LETTERS HOME.

(*Resumed.*)

We set out—The Okerthal—New Features—German Tourists—Harzburg—The Upper and Lower Harz—Ascent of the Brocken—Belated—What we Thought of it—Descending—German Measure of Distance—The Ilsenstein—Ilseburg—Travelling Difficulties—An Exceptional Character—Wenigrode—The Horses, the Dogs, and other Specialties of the Country.

DR. SCHNEIDER and Anna had between them arranged a route for us, of which only one circumstance was unfortunate—that some of the marches were too long, especially for my companion, while our knowledge of our way and of the situation of inns on it was not sufficient to enable us easily to alter or curtail them.

All that we were to carry was stored into my two pockets, a small knapsack which the Schneiders lent us, and a botanical box which their little boy lent us, and which was packed full of black bread and butter—a sort of food considered here as nourishing as meat, and which I have with some difficulty learned to eat. The Schneiders also compelled us to take two little vials of rum, which they say is a great preventive of exhaustion, and also to fill up all crannies with lumps of sugar, which they also declared was

about the most portable sort of food. All sugar here is beetroot sugar, less sweet than ours, but very white and close in the grain; dearer also than ours.

The 25th July rose a beautiful morning, hot even at Clausthal, and after an early breakfast we set off, accompanied by Dr. Schneider, by a set of paths known to him through the open meadows which surround Clausthal, to the place which he had first tried to get for us, Voigts Lust, where now there is a theatrical company established, who give their representations in the open air. It is a charming place in its way; a long low rambling house, most completely "in the wood," the trees filling even the quadrangle formed by the building, leaving only room for some beautiful roses in front of the house. It is a Schenkwirthschaft, a place where people go to drink coffee or beer of an evening; but the building being large and much separated, the Schneiders thought we might have had part of it without interfering with the coffee and beer. There is no road to it, merely a track. About another mile's walk among fir-trees brought us to a high road, also pursuing its way through the same dense wood. Here Dr. Schneider took leave of us, very gravely bidding us take care of ourselves and not go off roads without a guide. We promised entire prudence, and set off down the Schulembergerthal into the Okerthal.

The Schulembergerthal is just like all the rest of the country—a valley having its high banks covered to the top with dense wood, very evidently planted on a fixed plan, a hill just laid bare being always

close to one quite newly planted. The effect of this is so peculiar, that not knowing we were to come to anything very different, I sat down to sketch our road. When we got into the Okerthal I was sorry I had wasted so much time, for there was something quite different from anything I had yet seen or expected to see. There for the first time I saw the extraordinary rocks of this country, which look like buildings, like walls, pinnacles, castles. One point I had specially heard Dr. Schneider warn Anna to point out; it is rather the principal point in the valley. The ground having become too rough for plantation, every spot on which there is any earth is covered with natural wood, birch, oak, everything; but more especially I was warned to look out for a very rare sort of pine called *Fürren*, which, when discovered, proved to be—Scotch fir! growing, to be sure, very picturesquely among the rocks, but only a dozen or two of very small specimens.

Just one other have I seen since I came to this country. The woods are a sort of spruce. About this point we encountered a shepherd *leading* his sheep, as it appears they generally do in this country. The sheep pressed eagerly after him; to him as tame as dogs.

The day had gone on getting hotter and hotter, and about the middle of our day's walk down came the rain, following on a distant murmuring of thunder. It rained as it rains here, so that in half an hour we were wet to the skin; and even this country, whose greatest want in the way of beauty is a want of water,

was flowing with its own discoloured liquid. Down the Okerthal there flows a fine stream, but it comes from its work of the ugly dirty white which the refuse of the silver imparts. I regretted, as I have already said, the period of beautiful weather spent in loitering in the Schulembergerthal, when I saw the mists rapidly concealing from our sight the much finer features of the Oker valley. In it the road winds about by the side of the stream, between excessively steep wooded *hills*—banks one can no longer call them, as they stand apart, distinct in shape and name, and each crowned with apparently a giant's castle; the tops of the hills being all formed of those peculiar jagged and pointed rocks which look as if by their sharpness they had pierced the *skin* of the earth, and had grown higher and higher by its subsiding from them. Occasionally these colossal natural edifices tumble, as if they were indeed buildings exposed to the fierce tempests of the Harz winter; then their grotesque basaltic-looking fragments strew the whole side of a hill, showing themselves most picturesquely through the woods, and forming all manner of caves and grottoes. In a pour of rain we passed the Römker-halle, a very Swiss-got-up hotel, exactly facing a waterfall, which I suppose we saw at its best—a very slender stream, coming sheer over a rock so abrupt that though not very high (200 feet) it cuts the sky. We were by this time so wet that we thought it best to go on rather than to stop at the Römker-halle, the only house we had passed since it began to rain.

It faired before we reached Okerthal, an ugly Clausthally village, black (from having its houses faced with slate or dark wood), with white windows, and, like most Harz villages, placed just *out* of the fine situation. At a very small inn we had some coffee, and waited for the coach from Goslar, which we hoped would take us on to Harzburg, the way being flat and uninteresting. Four young men, evidently like ourselves on a walking tour, came in while we waited, and shortly afterwards four ladies, travelling in a carriage, whom we afterwards passed and repassed several times; and there began an observation which we found confirmed everywhere on our way—and we had abundant opportunity for observation on fellow-travellers, for all Germany appeared to us to be afoot among these mountains—the great superiority of manners in the men over the women. The tourists might be said to be of all classes, for none in this country think themselves too poor to have *some* pleasure, and that one, a fuss-tour as they call a walk, is a favourite with both sexes, but especially the male, who being in greatest number might reasonably be supposed as a body to be of a lower class than the women, yet, without exception, the women were intolerable from what we call *vulgarity*—a loud, bold, rude, coarse manner—while the men were at least quiet, always sober, and some of them gentlemanly.

Our four male companions at Okerthal were Dutch. I was puzzled at first by their speech, by hearing, as I thought, words of English; and when I knew that

it was Dutch I found I understood, from its resemblance to English, about as much of it as I understand of German not addressed to myself. The four youths, who had no pretension to gentility, were discussing their fare at the inns, and saying they were sick of veal—that at every inn the dinner consisted of veal soup, veal cutlet, veal stew, and roasted veal, which indeed is true.

The "Post" from Goslar came up about seven in the evening, apparently quite full. It was again pouring, and it was not a cheerful prospect to have to walk on another long stage through the rain. We were thankful when the driver consented to let us seat ourselves beside him on a sort of footboard of the *coupé* from which he drove. We underwent another sousing, both during the drive and a tolerably long subsequent walk to our hotel at Harzburg, where we had a late tea and an excellent beefsteak, but could not sleep at night by reason of the loud rushing of a stream close by. In the scarcity of water for ornament in this country I think people imagine something particularly interesting in having a house in very inconvenient proximity to a stream —in having such a din of water in one's ears as makes one perfectly deaf. Harzburg is a sort of capital of the Under Harz, as Clausthal is of the Upper, though it nominally belongs rather to the Upper than the Under Harz, and is considered a sort of portal between the two. All its actual characteristics, however, are those of the Under Harz, and it is a very highly-civilised place as compared with Claus-

thal. We saw there a carriage just like an English one, a villa ditto, and numbers of smart people. The place, like all such places at this season, is crowded with bathers—bathers in medicated baths. The character of the country had completely changed by the time we reached Harzburg. The vegetation indicated a much warmer climate than the one we had left, and our 1000 feet or so of descent gave us the Brocken on our right as a mountain-range. From the Upper Harz it is not one, the whole little country called the Upper Harz being held in its broad lap at about half its full height, while the Under Harz comprehends its northern and lower spurs and the adjacent country, which is nearly flat, with great tracts of wood, but also great tracts of arable land, in the midst of which the towns and villages are chiefly placed, the termination of most of their names (Rodè) being supposed to signify what we or the Americans call a "clearing." Harzburg is no town, though it has its *burgberg* (castle-hill), on which are the remains of an ancient fortress and (as on all such places in this country) an inn and restaurateur's. It is a great rambling village, with vine-covered houses and cherries! Cherries are all over the Under Harz in the most incredible quantities, and growing all along the roadsides without apparently any protection.

The 26th July rose on us a louring morning. My poor companion uttered unconsciously so fervent a wish that we might not have another day of alternate wetting and drying that I felt she must not be

exposed to it, come what might. Wettings are much more inconvenient here than in the Highlands. The want of open fires, either in the kitchen or anywhere else, makes it an impossibility to get clothes dried. Everywhere, however, we found that they understood the Highland plan of drying boots soft by larding them. Only by walking in rain did we ever get our feet wet, the soil of this country is so excessively dry; but that first day's wetting was so very thorough that our boots were hardly dry at the week's end. The weather looking perfectly uncertain, and occasionally raining, we remained at Harzburg till about twelve. It was part of the plan framed for us by Dr. Schneider that we should ascend the Brocken that day—spend the night at the inn at the top, and see the sun rise from it next morning. The ascent from Harzburg on foot might, I suppose, be achieved in about four hours by a good walker; a bad one would take six. The hill is so broad and flat that from one place (Ilseburg) an omnibus drives up to the top, and by all the different paths it is easily ridden up on mules. To me, however, who had formed but poor expectations of it from its Clausthal aspect, it was from Harzburg much more of a mountain than I expected, and the ascent much more fatiguing, because at first there is almost as much descent as ascent, several deep and beautiful glens having to be crossed—none of them rocky—none of them tangled with undergrowth, of which indeed there is but little in any part of this country—none of them to be compared to such like places in our own High-

lands; yet beautiful in their own way—the lower ones with a great variety of beautiful wood, apparently natural, the higher with the never-ending pines, and up on the Brocken itself the streams are in a state of nature, a little metallic in their hue perhaps, but clean.

But, alas, as we made our way through a beautiful beech wood it began to rain in a very resolute manner. Our first look of the Brocken proper (*i.e.* the topmost hill of the group or range) showed him enveloped in clouds, and our guide (an appendage whom Dr. Schneider had assured us to be quite necessary in ascending the Brocken) alarmed us by accounts of the difficulties of the path in wet weather—difficulties which a Scotch imagination readily magnified into something real, though I believe them in this case to be entirely chimerical; the people here are so accustomed to see the earth perfectly dry that they describe any place where any moisture at all is perceptible as frightfully muddy. Our nearest place of rest and shelter was a dairy known as the Molken Haus, a few miles up from Harzburg, where the Harzburg people go occasionally either for pleasure merely, or to drink whey, here believed to be a certain cure for many incurable maladies. The people at the dairy have forty cows, and their small habitation is a little, but only a little "got up" for the German Cockneys. There is no preparation for visitors remaining all night, but after some persuasion, and our promise to be content with any accommodation, they agreed to let us remain, in the event of the Brocken not clearing, which did not seem likely. So with my mind

somewhat relieved, I settled myself to finish sketches made by the road, and during intervals of fairness to make some more. The good people heated their stoves for us (a very acceptable attention, our situation being again so high as to be cold), gave us sour milk (a favourite dainty here) for supper, and made us very comfortable at night on their two sofas, on which they piled heaps of pillows, and of coloured woollen wraps by way of blankets. Sheets they did not offer us, and, without saying anything, we used our own clothes, damp as they were, as bed-clothes, fearing the presence of vermin in their haps. We saw none, although the floor was rough and sanded, and there were dogs in the house.

27th July.—Still a threatening sky, and I was at my wits'-end what to do, but my companion determined we were to go up the Brocken that day, fair or foul. We had appointed a guide to come from Harzburg sent by our former conductor, and a very small boy having presented himself in that capacity, we started under his escort, he in his turn escorted by an enormous Papa who went with us to guide the guide, who was but an incipient guide, not himself very sure of the way. It is indeed difficult to find, from the great breadth of the hill, which prevents the top from being seen till one is fully half up, from the thick wood which also obstructs all view till one is some way up, and from the countless paths partly formed by human beings, partly by cattle. These meet one at many points: some are indeed more than paths—cart or sleigh-tracks used by woodcutters

or charcoal burners, and leading, as one may say, nowhere. The hill, like the whole of this country, I imagine peculiarly devoid of dangers of any sort, beyond the danger of not arriving at the desired point. Here are no bogs, no precipices, no streams of dangerous size, but in many places it must be possible (not perhaps likely) for a wanderer to walk through the wood for a day without reaching any habitation, and consequently having to spend the night in the wood. We were cheered on our way by finding that we had surmounted the steepest part of our path the day before, and we felt a delightful fillip, on catching our first glimpse of the real summit, to see it quite clear—a very rare state of matters.

From the Molken Haus the ascent of the Brocken is, I think, about as long as that of Benlomond in time, longer in distance, being less steep—as the top is entirely round, there is no concluding scramble. The character of the ground also is not very unlike that of Benlomond.

It may be said to be wooded to the top. Only on the very top does wood altogether refuse to grow. Up to within a mile of the top there are scattered clumps of the universal pine clinging together to keep each other warm, and well furred with white lichen. Heather, small and stunted, grows on the top only. Blaeberries there, as all over the country, are the commonest undergrowth, and there are many beautiful wild flowers, many to me unknown; among others a yellow foxglove, which, like the bright yellow snails, black and yellow lizards called salamanders, and other

yellow objects which I cannot at this moment recollect, seem to me symptomatic of a soil rich in iron.

At the very top, close to the inn, were mowers busy taking in their hay. Though the sun shone brightly it was very cold, and although now that it is done I am glad I did it, I would not advise any one who had ever climbed any other mountain to ascend the Brocken. Except for Faust, I think no one would care to do it. The vast field of gray or rather white granite blocks lying scattered over the whole of the Brocken proper might well suggest the Walpurgis Nacht or other dance of witches, and the so isolated mountain commanding so enormous a prospect, and itself also visible from so far, presented a decidedly convenient theatre for the pranks, which are said to have recommended it to the mind of Goethe as the scene of his Walpurgis Nacht, the rude fireworks, sham spectres, and other frightful sights and sounds by which the heathens, whose last stronghold it was, are said to have striven to terrify the superstitious minds of the early Christians into letting their conversion alone. Then from the top one sees very distinctly the lie of the land—our Upper Harz hills, and woods, with the plain of Clausthal for centre, lying, as I have said, in the lap of the great clumsy hill whose top is technically considered to divide the Upper from the Under Harz, the Upper lying south-west, the more varied and beautiful Under north-east. Beyond this little country, of which one sees the whole from the top, lies on every side a plain, apparently as wide and level as the sea, of unfenced arable land. Seeing not

much to admire in the prospect, and finding it intolerably cold both indoors and out, we merely dined at the top, and having lost a day of our proposed tour by the rain, we made up our minds to give up the "sunrise from the top of the Brocken," and determined to descend upon Ilseburg, seeing the Ilsensteine by the way—a very remarkable set of rocks some 800 or 1000 feet high. Here, as everywhere, we found the intolerable inconvenience of the want in this country of any fixed measure of distance. The proverbial Scotch "bittock" is not to compare in provokingness to the German *stunde*, *halb-stunde*, and *viertel-stunde* (hour, half, and quarter).

There is such a measure as a German mile, but no inquiries have enabled me to ascertain what a German mile may be. Some people (and they are the best informed) say it amounts to five miles English, others that it is ten, others that it coincides with the familiar stunde (hour), the only term by which in common parlance distance is measured. But what is a stunde? If, indeed, five miles English, few will achieve that distance in an hour, even on level ground; but if one is to consider the difference of pace caused by unevenness of ground, by difference of strength in the walkers, by the state of the weather, by fifty things, what may "an hour's walk" mean? Yet even in maps and guide-books, besides in the mouths of the people, it is the only recognised measure. There are no mile-stones or other notes of measurement on the roads. Learning then that it was three hours' walk from the top of the Brocken to Ilseburg, and having

already walked three or four and rested one, we set forth on the descent. As we descended the climate became warm and charming, and the country beautiful from variety of magnificent wood clothing the banks of a rocky stream. Our "hours," however, prolonged themselves though we walked rapidly, and we found ourselves at sunset ascending what felt to us like a second Brocken. We had never contemplated ascending the Ilsensteine, such rocks looking much finer from below than from above, and we having had enough of extensive prospects for some time to come; but by carefully following Dr. Schneider's paper of directions we found ourselves at the top of a high beautifully-wooded hill covered with blaeberries, crowned by gigantic natural pinnacles, which also bristle from the whole front of the hill down into the stream.

We were so exhausted and so afraid of not reaching our journey's end before nightfall, that we had not the pluck to climb the crowning summit; but from the point where we stood the view was perfectly beautiful. A large and deep valley, wooded only too richly to the very tops of its hills with every beautiful sort of tree, much birch, oak, beech, a few pines only, and these all choice specimens. We refreshed ourselves by eating a few blaeberries, and here I saw the only wild animal I ever saw in the Harz—a roe—which looked at us not at all alarmed through the trees; but as yet no human habitation was within sight; and eager to reach Ilseburg, we half-slid half-scrambled down an almost perpendicular descent, which to us appeared interminable, but which at last

ended on the high road by the Ilse leading to Ilseburg, where we instantly found ourselves again in the civilised world. There were gaily-dressed people, nurses and children — everything again indicating another of those *bads* (bathing-places) which have newly come into fashion.

Ilseburg is a most lovely place, much prettier than Harzburg, and it might be pretty well compared with Grund. It is on a larger scale, and possesses all the manifold advantages of a superior climate. It is also open to the same objection as Grund—of being overwooded. When our Scotch doctors take to establishing such places for the cure of invalids, I think they will not put them in the bottom of a valley deeper than it is broad, and choked with wood. A good many of the inhabitants are goitrous, whether from the close situation or what else I cannot say. Chiefly on my companion's account, but really on my own also, I was truly thankful when we reached the inn, beautifully situated close to a lake in the centre of the village, and in great alarm when we were told the house was quite full, and again relieved when we were told we could be accommodated in the garden-house, if we could endure the rushing of the water underneath it!

Again water to keep us awake in this dry country! But this time the water proved to be a broad tranquil stream flowing into the lake under a part of our house, which was detached from the inn and had once been a bath-house. After a comfortable foot-bath and a little food, which we were too tired to be hungry

for, we managed to sleep much less disturbed than we are every night by our little Grund stream, which in rainy weather is very disturbing.

July 28.—A most beautiful morning in this most beautiful place; our little garden-house with its feet in the water, a charming little habitation, and we, to my inexpressible relief, both well, but both in the silly and expensive scrape of being totally incapacitated by the previous day's fatigue for further walking. We must proceed on our next stage by post, as they here call the mail. But man proposes—to drive in this country—always in vain. Some insuperable difficulty always presents itself. The real reason I imagine to lie in the character of the country, it being a particularly unsuitable one for driving, and particularly suitable for walking. Foot-paths exist from almost all places to all others, by which foot-passengers may reach their destination in half the time occupied by a carriage in making its way at the excessively cautious pace here always used in driving, and by roads which wriggle about in the most wonderful manner to avoid the slightest declivity, as if all horses were supposed to go always at a gallop, whereas they are hardly ever permitted to reach a trot, the slightest ascent being an excuse for allowing them to stretch themselves out, put down their heads, eat black bread, and crawl at about two miles an hour—an equally slight descent occasioning the most vehement holding-in, shouting of cautions, and the application of a powerful drag. All animals are treated with the greatest indulgence here, but the

end of this is, that so little driving is done in general that just during the touring season the supply of carriages is quite insufficient for the demand. Till the post for Wernigerode came in, I sat down to be baked by the side of the lake, sketching it and our little sleeping-place. The post came quite full—full beyond any more overfilling. No horse or carriage was to be had at the inn. Every possible return carriage was bespoken half a dozen deep. Some one had heard of some one who had a horse, some one else had heard of some one who had a carriage; and with all speed lest this last hope should be quickly snatched from us we repaired to the house of the person who was said to possess the carriage, who kindly sent out to request the attendance of the person who possessed the horse. With this latter person we agreed for the services of himself and his steed as far as Wernigerode, two hours' distance—not even whether the *hours* relate to walking or driving can any one tell! In fact, from circumstances already described, that makes little difference.

The possessor of the carriage was a stout elderly woman, inhabiting an enormous house entirely covered with vines, and situated in a large orchard full of fruit. She was the only person who refused money when offered it in the course of our travels, or who has ever done so to me in this country. She accommodated us with a room and a glass of water, while her servant fetched her neighbour of the horse, and when we asked what our debt to her might be for the use of her carriage, and offered to put money in her hand,

she refused it, desiring us to give anything we might be inclined to give to her as trinkgelt (payment over and above a bargain) to him of the horse, who she said possessed a carriage also, but borrowed hers in the meantime because his was out of repair. As we drove out of the yard we asked the name of this remarkable woman, and were told that it was Eckhardt or Eghardt. Long live Mrs. Eghardt! She is a very singular person for these parts. We reached Wernigerode about mid-day; the first Harz *town* I had seen. A strong distinction exists here between a town and a village, independently of size, and a town may not be so good to live in perhaps as a village; but how excessively beautiful these little old towns are! so old, so bright, so warm and so shady, so picturesque both in situation and architecture, so quiet and rural. The old Rath-house of Wernigerode is a very peculiar and beautiful old building; I tried to draw it from the window of the inn, which was just opposite it, but found it so elaborate that I afterwards bought a little picture for four grosschens, which gives a pretty good idea of the Rath-house; but every street, every house, would make a picture, and with colour as well as form. Here antiquity does not involve grayness. We mustered strength to ascend the castle-hill and wander about the queer simple old castle, the home from immemorial ages of the Stolbergs, Counts of Wernigerode. Wernigerode being a little independent state, I hoped, when I went to the post-office to purchase stamps for a letter, to see something which would be worth purchase for stamp-col-

lectors at home, but a Prussian stamp was supplied to me—Wernigerode being now attached of Prussia.

We had the advantage of seeing the Graf himself driving his carriage and pair—both English of course, and he himself driving, which it seems is English style, not practised by Germans in general. At Wernigerode I first saw dogs in harness, some in single, others in double harness. They were in carriages of suitable size for them, but exactly of the same shape and style as the usual waggons of the country. No two-wheeled carts or two-wheeled carriages of any sort are used in this country—part of the caution of the people I suppose.

The waggons are very picturesque, some of them preposterously long, all surrounded by high rails, oftener drawn by two horses than one, and easily turned into a pleasant carriage when their owners choose to go a pleasuring, by having a few boards placed across them, or along them, according to taste, for seats, and then an arch of branches formed over them to protect the inmates from the sun. Often two dozen people may be seen enjoying a Sunday or week-day drive in a vehicle of this sort. Horses here are never overloaded, and go as often at a trot, when engaged in country work, as when conveying people along a road. I see now that the horses which, when first I came to this country, I took for well-bred horses of bad quality, are really a distinct breed—a rather heavy head and drooping quarters distinguishing a horse in other respects resembling one of Arab race. There is but one breed for all purposes, and

individual horses are very generally used for all purposes, and generally so gently handled that they are nowise injured by such usage, except in the one and universal particular of bad harness. Almost every horse is more or less galled by the often picturesque but always ill-contrived gearing. Breast-bands are general, and I daresay better, on the whole, than the beautiful but cruel instrument of wood and brass, composed without any reference to any particular horse, and called a collar. The Harz peasants carry peculiarly large and heavy whips, and pride themselves on a peculiarly noisy manner of cracking them, but this is their only use; they never strike their horses. I have never once, since I came here, seen any animal with a mark of a whip on it.

The horses know so well that they will not be struck that the cracking of the whip has not the usual enlivening effect on them. They are generally rather thin compared to our work-horses, and almost all entire, apparently perfectly quiet, and (those of pony size especially) sometimes very handsome. The poor dogs seem to do their work very willingly. Those which I saw were in excellent condition, and I have no doubt would much rather accompany their master, or mistress as the case oftener is, to work, than remain tied or locked up at home.

XI.—LETTERS HOME.

(*Continued.*)

Wernigerode to Blankenburg—Studies in Harz Inns—The Teufel's Mauer—Thalé—Life in the large Hotels—Public Tables and their Social Influence—The Boden Thal—The Ross-Trappe—Treseburg—Rubéland—Baumann's Höhle—Elbingerode—German Children and their Usage—Clausthal again—Back to Grund.

JULY 29*th*.—We had proposed to proceed from Wernigerode to Thale (the Ross-trappe), the first part of the journey by post; but when we reached the end of our first stage, Blankenburg, I would go no farther.

On first entering it I exclaimed, "Still more beautiful than Wernigerode!" and although I afterwards changed my mind about the *more* beautiful, Blankenburg is as beautiful in its way as Wernigerode. Like it, an ancient town entered by a steep street underneath a quaint archway, also overlooked by its castle, a favourite residence of the Duke of Brunswick (who came there the day we did), with a town-house, in which five stone bullets have been built into the wall in remembrance of the place having been stormed by Wallenstein; a park full of cherries

and fallow-deer, white, black, and speckled; and, as from Wernigerode also, a beautiful view of the Brocken and its dependencies in the setting sun. Here, for the first time, we departed from Dr. Schneider's directions as to our hotel, and went to one in the centre of the town—a beautiful situation, and which suited us better, and was much cheaper than the hotel out of the town intended for tourists. Our dinner, to be sure, was not sumptuous, on the contrary, rather tough; but avoiding meat—as I think Germans who study economy on journeys and elsewhere generally do—we might have fared well. Good coffee and beer are everywhere; little new-baked rolls—the only form in which white bread is to be had—always good; butter and eggs generally, and throughout the Harz, milk always. At the hotels in the towns (we were at an hotel *in* Wernigerode also, there not being there, so far as I know, any other), we got large rooms neatly furnished as parlour, as well as bedroom; whereas at the tourist hotels we had, on more than one occasion, to content ourselves with mere pigeon-holes.

At these inferior hotels, in particular, we were overwhelmed with good bedding, invariably in the cleanest newest ticking, and in such quantity that the floor was strewed with it before a bed was cool enough to sleep in; there then remained the universal little deal tressle, of a size for one sleeper only, with its spring mattress (I have seen no other sort of mattress in this country), and one large pillow, a whole flight of triangular bolsters and pillows having been ejected,

with the finest, whitest, most unimpeachably clean sheets, and a white cotton quilt, which in the Under Harz is sufficient bed-clothes (in the Upper we are often glad to bury ourselves under mountains of feather-bed). It is a natural arrangement in a house here to reserve all nicety for upstairs. The entrance-hall, as we would call it, is very generally the whole lower storey of the house, and entirely unfinished, both floors and walls left rough.

In most houses common to several families this basement, though not positively dirty, looks more like the street than the house. In the common people's houses, wood, hay, tools, etc., are laid there. In a second-rate inn a large back and front door, both open, make it common to both street and stable-yard, but the perhaps darkish stair leading up from it to the storey above takes one into a totally different atmosphere. There are snow-white floors, innumerable lattice-windows, which, when you open them, admit plenty of air—and even when shut and veiled with white muslin as they always are—plenty of light.

Bedding I have everywhere, even to its inmost interstices, found irreproachable; bed-curtains and carpets having no existence, one is relieved of a whole host of possible enemies, and a certain amount of mustiness and fustiness always attaching to such articles in inns or hired houses. The absence of these needless draperies, the invariably clean beds, the abundance of cold water always to be had on request, has now put far from me all belief in the tales I have heard of German uncleanliness.

I think the German (perhaps I should only say Hircinian) domestic arrangements are a great deal more cleanly than the Scotch. I have seen no dirty house here of any degree, no vermin worse than a flea, and of those none except where there were dogs; in the inns none. The Germans, I believe (indeed I might say I know), do not wash any but the visible parts of their persons, neither do they generally open windows; hence a quality of the atmosphere (even without a heated iron-stove) which is not grateful to the sense of smell. In most of the great towns of Germany, I believe, the structure of their houses, and the insufficient supply of water, make ablution difficult, and stove-heating makes ventilation an extravagance; hence I have no doubt the crowding of almost all sorts of people to one or other of those "baths," where they live in the open air to an incredible extent, and get themselves washed enough to serve for the rest of the year, the fir-needles being perhaps as efficacious as the white stones in the drunkard's cup in the contrary direction.

To avoid opening their windows and letting in dust on their furniture and their beautiful plants, I suppose it is that during all possible weather people sit out even in a street. At Ilseburg we breakfasted in the inn garden, but at Wernigerode we and others breakfasted at tables placed on the pavement under an awning, the inn being situated in the market-place, and a little quiet business going on therein, while we drank our coffee quite unnoticed and unmolested, the splendid old Rathaus immediately oppo-

site us, two zigzaggy streets branching off on each side of it, both so beautiful one's hands itched to draw them; above the whole the pine-covered hills throwing plenty of green into the picture, to say nothing of the nearer cherry-trees and rose-trees filling every empty space, giving to these little Harz towns, seen from a short distance, the appearance of an orchard, with only a few red gables peeping out among the branches.

30*th July*.—Having let so much time slip in these two charming towns, we found ourselves bound to two very long days' walks, even after omitting a good deal of what of Dr. Schneider charged us to see.

To make the most of our remaining time we rose early on Saturday, and in a misty morning walked along a not very interesting path for two or three hours till we reached Thale, the place where we were to have set up our tabernacle had we made up our minds in time to find a house there, but it is just the choice spot of the Harz, now reached by a railway which runs its head in among the mountains at its terminus in a wonderful manner.

The path to Thale lay through country pretty enough, but not remarkable, and its distances that morning invisible from fog. Part of the way lay through fields—part through wood, not pine—and I had the opportunity of collecting numbers of flowers, most of them new to me. A beautiful blue one, growing amongst corn, on a rather ungraceful bush, we were told was chicory. During part of our way we skirted the Teufel's Mauer (Devil's Wall), a very

singular chain of rocks which runs in an almost straight line for thirty or forty miles, chiefly through arable land. Much of this chain is wooded—much more is too rocky to grow wood—and a great deal of it looks so architectural that one can hardly believe it to be a natural structure. In some parts of it natural caves have in former days been improved into dwellings. There is one celebrated set, of which I forget the name, but where little loop-holes having been pierced in the turret-like rocks the confusion becomes quite distracting as to which is nature and which art. The village of Thale is a large ordinary one, as usual a little out of the glen from which it takes its name, in a flat arable plain. Passing through the village—pretty like the rest of them from its entire irregularity—the natural mingling of houses with gardens and orchards—the clothing of many houses with vines—a broad space of emerald green turf dotted with pollards, and intersected by a little stream passing through the village and the adjacent railway terminus—we reached a frightfully large new hotel, a sort of town by itself, where some hundreds of the inhabitants of different cities are gathered together in the country to lead a far more artificial life than they do in town, at an enormous cost and with little comfort.

The place at the first glance looked palatial, but five minutes within it showed me as many small, but in their way important particulars in which it was as inferior to the unpretending country town inns as to a first-rate English hotel, which its prices equal.

There for the first and last time in our travels we dined at the table d'hôte. Only at Clausthal had I before dined at a table d'hôte, and there, there being but ten persons, it was no ways unpleasant. But if I had known what table d'hôte at Thale was, I would have thought twice before I went to it. In an immense room, gorgeously painted, every window shut, in a fearfully hot day, some three hundred persons in magnificent costume were assembled at one o'clock.

The table d'hôte must form great part of the business of the day to ladies living in such a place. To get themselves up to such an extent before one o'clock, to sit between two and three hours waiting for the different courses, and then to re-arrange their raiment for exercise, or to sit in their magnificence imbibing coffee all the evening, such must be the course of their day. *We* had less reason to deplore loss of time than most people, as we had planned to rest during the heat of the day, and might have sat at table as well as elsewhere but for the intolerable heat and sense of constraint.

It is surprising that travellers are admitted to a table d'hôte of that sort at all. It is so impossible that any travellers should equal the magnificence of the residents, then how much less poor foot-wayfarers like us! Our dinner was neither good nor bad, entirely composed of veal, like all other dinners here. Veal-soup, some sort of veal-stew, vegetables, veal-cutlets, pudding very short of sugar, after pudding, as always, the roasted meat; veal again of course, pre-

served plums and cherries, in which starch took largely the place of sugar; and with all the magnificence both of costume and decoration, an utter want of nicety both in manners and customs. As everywhere, no salt-spoons, the same knife and fork from beginning to end of dinner, and every one thrust their knives into their mouths and into the salt-cellar. The dishes were not handed by the waiters, but shoved up and down the tables by the company themselves to each other. Every one seized the dish eagerly, and helped himself largely, without regard either for his neighbours or for appearances.

Each one, as he or she came to an end of the protracted meal, rose, and unceremoniously walked off. A very splendid lady who sat next us on one side, with a little daughter and her governess on the other, told us she paid three guineas a week for a room containing three beds, in which the whole party live, and they have to pay for everything else besides.

A number of children formed part of the enormous party, and as I looked at their showy dress and forward manners I thought the custom of spending a part of every year in some such place as this, which I believe is perpetrated by every city German who is rich enough to afford it, accounts in a great measure for the utterly ungraceful manner of German ladies in general, their want of all apparent diffidence or reserve. Even daily dining in such a place must go a long way towards teaching a young person not to be modest, but forward—not to stand back and wait, but to push forward and elbow others—not to make

themselves last and least, but as nearly as they can first and greatest. At all the German watering-places, and even in country towns which are not regular watering-places, it is a usual practice to dine at the inn in this manner at the so-called table-d'hôte—long since of course entirely changed since the days when perhaps the host admitted a few travellers to his own table. Intolerably wearied of the protracted dinner, we sauntered out in spite of the heat, and up the wonderful valley—a valley too wonderful to be described, for height, narrowness, rockiness. Its opening is beautiful. It appears to be obstructed by a magnificent turreted castle, backed by blue wooded hills; but this castle is only the first of a succession of those castellated rocks rising one over the other out of a fine stream, up to a height of above a thousand feet. The name Ross-trappe—which should be Treppe—is bestowed specially on a particularly high and narrow gorge of this same glen, from which some gigantic horse is supposed to have leapt with a lady on its back, which lady slipt from the saddle by the way, and fell into a deep pool, known as the Devil's Kettle, where it is supposed the royal lady's crown still lies. The place whence the horse leapt is so distinctly marked, as if by a gigantic horse's shoe, that one cannot doubt some natural mark having been well helped by art. This point is the most striking in the valley, in the part of it at least which is penetrated by a path, and we did not try to push our way farther. At that one point, indeed, the Ross-trappe might be called more striking than beautiful.

As one looks at it from some of the points at which one can see from top to bottom of the thousand feet precipice the whole scene is almost unbroken rock. Above and below this special point the glen is more lovely. To the Treppe (the before-mentioned mark) one ascends by a newly-made path, which reaches the top by some twenty zigzags. Reaching the top of them brought us a sudden change of temperature—a great relief from the suffocating heat below. A very extensive view lay before us, but nothing in it was so lovely as the glen at our feet. No great distance from the horse-shoe mark is, as usual, a large inn and *restauration*, as they here call a restaurant. The whole Harz abounds with inns, but the Ross-trappe seems to be a sort of nucleus of them, and when we were there all seemed well filled.

Having ascended the Ross-trappe in the course of Saturday evening, we descended to our beds at the Waldcater (Wild Cat)—an inn about a mile up the valley from the place where we had dined, and which looked much more attractive than the enormous place at Thale, both in itself and its situation, though it also is a large tourist hotel, and even more expensive than the other. Its situation is something quite unparalleled. You have to thrust your head well out of the windows to see the sky, for the rocks which tower above it. From a door two or three stories above the front entrance a back-door leads out at once to the eleven hundred gigantic granite steps which lead up to the *Hexen-Tantz-Platz* (Witches' Dance-

place), the point opposite the Treppe, the spot on which the leaping horse is supposed to have alighted; and on 31st July we rose early, so wearied with the previous day's journey that on first rising neither of us felt as if we possibly could undergo another day's march. A cold bath, coffee, and the fresh air revived us a little; the day was beautiful; our walk on the whole more beautiful than any previous day's walk; and as we got on our spirits rose, and we felt our fatigue less; but still the walk was too long for any hot summer's day, and it was about the hottest day of the summer, and our walk was to begin in the torrid zone (the Under Harz), and lead us back to our "native hills" in the Upper. Our performance began by the ascent of the eleven hundred steps—no joke, the so-called steps being of the most irregular sort, some of them many feet high. At the top was of course a restoration, of course also full, and of course also a band was playing and several parties of people amusing themselves with part singing, their constant pastime, within or without doors, whenever several of them are met together. Our way then lay towards Treseburg, one "hour" distant from the Tantz-Platz, through wood which we were assured we should never penetrate without a guide. A number of other people being bent on the same journey, however, we took advantage of their convoy, and, not quite without difficulty, found our way through the beautiful wood (not fir-wood) to a point where suddenly out of the wood one looks down from a great height on a lovely little village in a little green plot with a little river mean-

dering about in it. As we scrambled down from our elevation, the village of course grew larger and proved to contain several inns, to the best-looking of which we repaired, and ate our *dinner* at about 10 A.M. I then induced my companions to rest indoors, the heat being excessive, while I went through the whole place, and I think interrogated every mortal in it in a vain endeavour to ascertain with the slightest precision either the distance to Rubeland, our next stage, the direction in which it lay, any possible means of conveyance thither, or the possibility of getting housed by the road in case of our being incapable of performing the journey, which had to be yet followed by a third stage that day to reach the point at which we meant to be picked up by a post next morning at 5 A.M.

No! No one could say anything more distinct about Rubeland than that it was a long way off—a very long way—a very bad path—much farther by the high-road than by the path, but not much nearer by the path than by the high-road. No post went that way, no inn existed on the road, no house whatever; no horse or carriage was there in Treseburg: our landlord possessed one, but it was out.

So, at midday, under a burning sun, afraid to wait longer lest the night should descend on us before our journey was ended, we set forth with a guide, all my informants agreeing in that only, and Dr. Schneider confirming them in the same, that it was impossible we should find the path without a guide. The German language is horribly inaccurate for such a

purpose as directing one on one's way. "Da oben," "Da unten," prefaces an offer to show one the way as easier than to find words wherewith to describe it. The offerer, of course, is not entirely disinterested; but a guide being necessary, it is best to have a certified one, of whom plenty are to be found at all the inns, where, as in the guide-books also, you are told their fixed charge. We agreed with our guide to take us to a point about a third of our journey, where he declared all difficulty in finding the way ended. The walk throughout was beautiful, through fine hard wood, at first across broad open meadows, beautifully fringed with birch, the country gradually rising and becoming cooler, till at last we felt at home again among the pines, and looked down from a height into a valley very like our own here in Grund, in which there is a picturesque marble mill and a high-road, and by and by the village of Rubeland—a place very like Grund, but a little more open and less pretty.

We had steered very correctly through the country for nearly four hours of active walking, yet I had often regretted not having brought the guide the whole way, the fear of having fallen into a wrong track, and the anxiety attending on such a fear, tending very much to increase one's fatigue. We were, however, delighted to find ourselves so far on our way, and in excellent spirits we performed a toilet at a river side, washed our faces, hands, and feet, brushed our hair, dismissed as much of our way-worn look as we could, and went to call on Mrs.

Rosenheim. We found Mrs. Rosenheim and her family delighted to see us. Miss Rosenheim threw herself round my companion's neck, and seemed ready to cry for joy at the sight of her; and Miss Rosenheim seemed to me the nicest and the only nice-looking girl whom I had beheld in my travels, neither awkward nor forward, but gentle and simple, like an English girl. Poor delicate little Fritz also made quite a pleasant impression on me. They of course did not expect us at any particular time, and had just finished tea; they made more, however, for us, of which we gladly partook.

They lodge in the house of the forester of Rubeland, or under-forester, the upper-forester, who is generally a gentleman, and called the revier-forster, having a much superior house close by, in which the Frau Revierförsterinn keeps a sort of ladies school, as we were informed when we saw six smart young ladies accompanied by a governess pass Mrs. Rosenheim's door. Mrs. Rosenheim has for country lodgings two excellent rooms nicely furnished, parlour and bedroom, and two small ones for her son, bedroom and study, all for 15s. a month! Rubeland is still unsophisticated; what Grund would be without Dr. Brockmann and his fir-needles. The fact of our having still another stage to perform hung a little on my mind, and I was willing not to have gone to see the Baumann's Höhle, the wonder of the place, that it appeared I must see, but poor Mrs. Rosenheim might really have excused herself and us the climbing of all the hills in the neighbourhood in the first

place, one to have a view of the Brocken which we had viewed from every possible point for a week back, another to behold the remaining wall of a robber's stronghold, then at last to the Baumann's Höhle, a really astonishing place, a natural cavern of still undiscovered length, its windings having been followed for twelve successive hours without the end being found (for three successive days I have since been told). Its first discoverer, about a couple of centuries ago, having found his way in could not find his way out, wandered several days in search of egress, emerged at last distracted and starving, and four days afterwards died. The day we were there was a *festa*, and the place was lighted with numerous candles, and a band was playing in one of the many large chambers near the entrance. The cave is entered by a small opening in a rock, beneath which a pretty long spiral stair, cut in the rock, takes one down to the first of the many spacious chambers with which this strange natural *souterain* begins. Of these, seven were on this evening illuminated; all are closely connected by extraordinary winding and up-and-down passages, some only to be reached by ladders. The air in the cavern was very much colder than the outer air. I cannot imagine where any air at all comes from. This place made the strongest impression on me—coming as it did without previously raised expectation—of any place I ever saw. It is quite indescribably strange, great, and singular. Formerly it was adorned with stalactytes, but these have been removed, from the outer chambers with the exception of a few

too big to carry, and more stagmalites too firmly planted to be transplanted. These are now all dark coloured, and some bear most fantastic shapes, and have had names in accordance with their appearance bestowed on them. One is the "bishop," another the "font," another the "organ," and so forth. Coming out of the cave, we proceeded at once, and without much difficulty, on our last stage of walking, from Rubeland to Elbingrode, keeping the high-road as the night was falling.

The Rosenheims accompanied us part of the way, which Miss Rosenheim declared reminded her of Hunter's Bog, because quite bare (unwooded).

There the resemblance ceases, the bottom of the little glen at Elbingrode, in which a little stream wanders about, is crowded with little pollard willows, reminding one in the failing light of the Erl king's daughter, and the heights are rocky with rocks of a perfectly different structure from those of Arthur's Seat. During our tour various tourists had told us we could not spend a night at Elbingrode, we should be so badly lodged, the inns (for as usual there are several) were all so very bad. Even the Rosenheims tried to persuade us to curtail our too short allowance of bed by stopping in Rubeland, because the inns in Elbingrode were so very bad. We desired, however, nothing in Elbingrode *but* our beds, and never having found these defective anywhere else neither did we find them so there, only perhaps there more than anywhere else were we overwhelmed with superfluous luxury in the way of bedding.

Bedrooms, as elsewhere, we found deficient in no-

thing. We asked for beer, and bread, and cheese, and were supplied as usual with excellent beer in our bedroom, and with slices of black bread and Harz cheese, a dainty I have not learned to appreciate. It is merely rancid milk.

I was not hungry, but my companion ate up the black bread, and then we betook ourselves to bed, but not to sleep. On the deafest side of our heads were we reminded that we were again in a Harz village, and in no one particular is the difference between town and village in the Harz more marked than by this, that while in the towns the most death-like silence reigns during the night, in villages the population appear never to go to sleep. In the first place, all the dogs, of which there were many—some for harness, some for herding cattle—opened a universal bark, then went "post" after "post" clattering through the rough street, the driver making all the noise he possibly could, both by cracking his enormous whip and playing discordant tunes on his key-bugle. Then, before daylight, a giant in a black smock, with broad-brimmed hat, horn, pouch, and shoulder-belt, stationed himself on the bridge immediately under our windows, and tooted for his cows, not with the ordinary cows' horn, which is quite loud and discordant enough, but with a metal instrument, whereon he performed with the whole strength of his lungs, as it appeared to our sleepy ears, for hours. His cows must have been unwilling to leave their beds that morning, but we were no better off when they did, for no sooner did one picturesque giant de-

part followed by his musical herd, than another began to summon his, then another, and how do I know how many? There are three droves under the care of three different herdsmen in Grund, and Elbingrode is a much larger village than Grund. Before we drove away, at 5 A.M., a drove of calves had also been mustered, and led away into the somewhat distant woods, and before that time, while we were dressing ourselves, we saw all the goats led forth, leaping up affectionately on their female conductors, who caressed them as if they had been dogs. The women, I presume, only led them to some spot where they were delivered over to the care of a herdsman; probably they have not the sense to answer to his horn as the cows do. So with no night between, with as little sleep as a Harz village seems to allow itself, we arose to 1st August, breakfasted quite comfortably at our much-condemned inn, which was not even the best of the bad lot, for we preferred taking our chance in one just opposite the post-house to going farther in quest of better.

We were just as well off as everywhere else, and at less expense. Without at all studying economy, our joint expenses had amounted to between two and three thalers a-day (between six and nine shillings). A little care would easily have kept them within a thaler a-day each (three shillings each), and a rigid economy might have made the half do. Though six hours' drive sounded like a formidable walk to us, tired as we were, and made us glad to avail ourselves of the post to Clausthal, yet the winding of

the road and the slowness of the driving made us often wish we were again on foot. Had we been so, we felt sure we should have found many short cuts, and not have found the journey from Elbingrode to Clausthal longer than our walk of the day before. Most of the way, till close to Clausthal, was very pretty, of the Upper Harz sort of beauty—deep, deep valleys, covered with pines, some of them of colossal size. At a pretty turn in the road, where stood two houses and no more, we picked up our only fellow-passenger, a very nice-looking boy of any age between twelve and twenty, a venerable-looking forester shaking him by the hand at parting, possibly his father, I thought, for social grades are less strongly marked here than at home; but the boy soon told us in reply to a very slight interrogation that he was the son of the *revier* forster; that his father had the largest revier in all the Harz; that the person who had accompanied him to the coach was his father's assistant, whose house was there at the roadside; that the Forst-house (his father's) stood back from the road, by a way which he pointed out to us. A forester is a gamekeeper or Jager also, the care of the game and the trees going together, and a government officer of course—this whole great fuel-garden being royal property, a peculiarity which makes it very suitable for tourists, all being open, but also gives a sort of dulness from the want of any other than these official residences within its bounds. The boy talked with delight of the pleasures of his home; his father often had to follow game all night as well as all day,

particularly in winter, and particularly in the high ground, which the game prefer to the lower, and he sometimes went with him, and had several times slept out all night. At every stop of the coach some friend met the boy, told him the trouts would miss him, or some equally interesting piece of news. While we kept him in conversation he was quite lively; told us he was going to school in Göttingen, where he had already been several years; and various particulars about his family and home.

After some time we fell a talking together, and forgot the boy. We were painfully reminded of him by hearing a little sob, and we then perceived that a checked pocket-handkerchief had been some time in play. An interrogative remark elicited, in a few beautiful German words, that the poor boy would much rather range his native woods than live between walls in Göttingen. I inquired if he had not many friends in Göttingen, the sight of whom would soon cheer him up. Yes; he replied. I asked if he had no one friend dearer than all the rest, whose presence would console him for the absence of all others? "Doch," was his strong affirmative; and "Friend" and he are to live together after Michaelmas, and then Göttingen will be much more bearable; but meantime the poor child lives quite alone, as it is usual for persons of his age to do in Germany—a cruel plan. Of all the creatures whom I see around me here in Germany, I pity only the children. Between a paternal government which schools them, and their natural parents who work them, I am convinced

children must lead a "horrious" life. Children in the rank of our Göttingen scholar are no better off than those who have to work with their hands; they have only to learn the more, and more I am certain than is wholesome either for mind or body. I have now seen several specimens of overdone-looking boys, and a trifling circumstance convinces me as strongly as any other evidence could, that children here have the spirit all worked out of them; that the wild fruits even, to say nothing of all the cherries, are not plucked, even at the very edges of roads and paths.

So within our eight days we brought our journey to its end. We would have been very glad of other eight, and twice as many days would by no means have exhausted all the beauties of this most enjoyable country; many and many were the shady paths which we would gladly have threaded, unconstrained by any fixed plan of travel or time of return, but the necessity of limitation as to time necessitates also the definite plan of proceeding if one would not waste all one's limited leisure in repeated losings and findings within a really narrow circle, however boundless it may appear to an anxious wayfarer. We each were glad to reach our different homes for the comfort of clean clothes, and I thankful to find my overflowing household all as well as I expected on my return, and to be able to tell them that I had seen no place in my travels which I would like so well to live in as this.

This long story has sustained one long interruption in the telling—the three days' rejoicings on the con-

clusion of the great Ernst-August-Stollen (Mine)—a matter much better worth recording than our very ordinary little walk.

On the morning of the 3d August, as we were sitting down to breakfast at the Schneiders, our party was unexpectedly increased by three members of my household at Grund, who had climbed up to Clausthal thus early to purchase some of the pretty cast-iron articles which the place produces, before they leave the Harz for home. Knowing that I was to come home on this day, they wished to meet me, so that we might walk home together. Their arrival caused the addition to our buttered rolls and coffee, of eggs, cold veal, ham, and beer—all excellent, and exquisitely cooked and served, as everything of Mrs. Schneider's always is. After some hours of shopping with the party, I once more re-entered Grund, and with all the elder members of my family repaired to dinner at the table-d'hôte, as every one else does daily—every one else, such as ourselves of course I mean, lodging in other people's houses. Cooking in the house, as we do, is unheard of, and is considered a great nuisance to all parties, and according to certain principles of mine I ought to admire such arrangements as tending to free ladies of some of their domestic drudgery, but candour compels me to denounce the table-d'hôte and hotel system of living as exhibited in this country as altogether disgusting, and enough in itself greatly to account for the want of refinement in the manners of German ladies.

One can see a sort of reason for the arrangement. These ladies, who at home are often terrible drudges, thus purchase at a very high price a short release from domestic worries. Every German family which has its home in a town, and can anyhow afford it, practises the thing to some extent. All I have formerly said of other table-d'hôtes applies to that at Grund ; only with the difference that at Grund the style was inferior, the price the same (two thalers —6s. for four of us !), and the dinner utterly abominable, consisting of very numerous different preparations of veal in a state of putrefaction. The quality of the atmosphere in a low-roofed room crammed with people and food, and entirely closed from the outer air, surpasses description.

The rest of that day was passed in hearing and talking, and getting into my place again—not a pleasant employment, though nothing had gone specially wrong in my absence.

XII.—LETTERS HOME.

(*Continued.*)

Rambles in the Neighbourhood—Wildemann—Lauthenthal—Unwonted Animation at Grund—Preparations for the Ernst-August-Stollen Festival—Arrangements for beholding it—The Mining Population in Holiday Array—The Ceremonies and the Amusements—Generalities about the Harz Folk and the Harz Animals—Winding-up and Return.

AUGUST 4*th.*—Our guests being still with us, one of them an excellent walker, and I having got so accustomed to walking that it seemed to cause me no fatigue, three of us determined to see some of the places in our neighbourhood, and we began with Wildemann, the nearest village to this, a beautiful walk of four or five miles, to a picturesque village of the same sort as this. Fanny and I both drew, so you may see it. We took coffee at the inn instead of dinner, and took a tea-supper on our return about 8, as people do here.

5*th August.*—Taking a girl with us as a guide, we undertook a much longer walk to Lauthenthal, another village of the same character, but spoilt by having a *Poch werk* at it, a place for smashing and

washing the ore out of the mines. The situation, however, is pretty, and the walk to and fro beautiful, as it had need to be, for it was very long, about six hours' good walking, over two high wooded hills. We had set out early, however, and Fanny got several sketches made before we entered on the rather anxious business of finding our way home before dark. We had dismissed our guide; we achieved our journey safely, however, notwithstanding some delay caused by desires to sketch numerous picturesque peasants, and each new opening of the valleys which we traversed. Sunset is the finest moment in the Harz; the metallic glow of the pines is something quite indescribable either with pen or pencil, and to us inhabitants of an unwooded country—as by comparison ours must be called—there is something new, peculiar, and solemn in the sort of beauty. It is undisturbed by any noise to a degree unknown at home, where always some twittering, rustling, or sound of life is to be heard. Song-birds seem to have no existence in the Harz, nor have I ever heard wood-pigeons; but life of all sorts is rare among those very dense pine-woods. Most of the game caught is caught higher up, where the wood is but scattered.

But when we got home, lo! Grund had transformed itself into a lovely garland; every house was adorned with wreaths of flowers, leaves, and red berries, with a taste and effect greater than you can conceive. Arches of evergreens spanned the roads, flags waved from the windows, coloured lamps hung from the trees. The great Ernst-August-Stollen festival, of which we had

heard ever since we came here (and indeed before it), was coming at last. I had, as usual, rather turned my back on it, declining to feel any particular interest in a national achievement by another nation than our own, and by one so small and poor as Hanover, and I did not believe that their celebration could in the least equal any great public display at home; but within these past days I have been forced to feel interest greater than I could have supposed, and to see so much to admire as makes me ashamed of much at home. Thursday was the eve of the festival. Next day the miners in every mine in Hanover were to have three days' holiday, and every one, high and low, was to do all he could to do them honour. The Ernst-August-Stollen is a mine having one opening at Clausthal and now another at Gitelde. Seventeen years ago the works at Gitelde were begun with a view to their meeting the great Clausthal mine, and so skilfully have they been engineered that they have now met without a hairbreadth's disparity, and without accident or misadventure. The distance is about fifteen English miles. First we understood that the king and royal family were to be here, then that one royal person, then another, was to come. In the end none of them came, and quantity was made to serve instead of quality, by the prime minister and about eighty other members of the Hanoverian aristocracy coming instead to walk through the Stollen from one end to the other, partake of an entertainment underground, and give *éclat* to the festival.

Before we set off on our excursion I had begged

the Schneiders to take a room or rooms for us at Clausthal, which of course was the centre of the celebration; but on my return I was met by the intelligence that every room in every hotel had been taken many weeks before by the Berghauptmann von Linsing, the head of all mines and miners, for all his friends. But before I left Clausthal on Tuesday Mrs. Schneider and I went and secured a room which I suppose she would hardly have taken for me, but which I had no hesitation in taking for myself.

It was in the house of perfectly respectable people; the lower storey a sort of grocery or dry-store warehouse, the upper storey an inn of uninviting aspect. The situation, however, being the market-place—the centre of the centre of attraction—and I having now by some experience learned that Germans (Hercinians) are thoroughly clean in their household arrangements, I took a moderate-sized room, in which four beds were to be placed, as they afterwards were, and, like all the other beds and rooms I have seen here, this one proved quite unexceptionable in the points of clean abundant linen and bedding, clean water, and the absence of vermin and superfluous draperies. The people gave us excellent coffee and milk each day for breakfast, and hot rolls and butter; and for the two nights and mornings, for us all, I paid eleven shillings English, all included—service, everything. I had determined to make the most of the room by using Saturday to let the children have a peep of the Lower Harz; and I thought to spend

Friday quietly at home, overtaking some letter-writing, while Fanny finished her sketches. But the little town early began to get into a state of innocent bustle, which made occupation difficult. The children were constantly coming in, bringing reports of how beautiful this point or that was; our rooms were invaded by persons hanging wreaths from the windows; then—marvel of marvels!—the cow-bells began about mid-day! The cows were coming home at an unusual hour. Then, indeed, we knew that this was a day by itself in the Harz, where, on all other days, all circulates around the cows—the cows only, must not be disturbed. The unheard-of sound had drawn me to the window to speculate as to whether the cows were brought home for the convenience of their guardians or of the expected influx of company, when *we* received an addition by a detachment of Schneiders, come to see the decorations of Grund, which it seems were celebrated, and to help us in the execution of our plans for the following day. My plan had been that the two weak ones, Mary and Lizzie, should not join us in our long drive to Harzburg, but come up to Clausthal by the post on Saturday evening to see the festivities next day. Fanny, Maud, and some Schneiders, I hoped, would go to Harzburg. Now, one or other of the invalids was offered a bed at the Schneiders on Friday, if they could get to Clausthal with our luggage that night.

We had to have our best clothes with us, and wished they were better, but alas! 'post' was full to

overflowing. It took our luggage, but could take no passengers, every place and every carriage and horse had been bespoken weeks before. There was nothing for it but to propose to the invalids to walk. They both declared they would try, so Lizzie was to walk with the little Schneiders and Anna at night, and Mary with us next morning.

The day passed in packing and arranging dress, and going from point to point in the little village. I persuaded Fanny to attempt a sketch of the centre of it, the mixture of colours was so very beautiful. If she makes anything of it she will show it you. Below the village the o'er-laboured water was, like its human companions, released for the day, and by means of a simple bore in the hollow threw up a fountain 200 feet high. About six was to take place what was called the procession, the arrival of the Hanoverian ministry. The miners, whom in their picturesque holiday costume I at first took for troops, lined the way; two excellent bands, formed amongst themselves, played, and amidst a slight commotion some dozen of most ordinary-looking persons, in very shabby carriages, came straggling up the road from Seesen. They repaired to dinner at the inn, and the miners, numbering some hundreds, seated themselves on benches prepared for them to partake of the beer which his Majesty had provided for them. In the performances here there was no salient point, no brilliant spectacle presented to the public; the people were amusing themselves, and we were welcome to look at them, and that was all. After the so-called

procession I came in to give tea to the Schneider party, to which, by the unparalleled incident of the return of the cows, I was enabled to add milk for the children, and then with Lizzie in hand they took the road.

I was surprised next morning to find them all alive after all the fatigue of the previous day, and *not* surprised to learn that night had come on before they got out of the wood, that they had lost themselves therein, and made their way to Zellerfeld instead of Clausthal, and not reached home till all hope of seeing them that night was at an end. For us who remained at Grund there was still the lamplight procession to be seen. I saw but momentary glances of it from the windows in the hurry of final arrangements for again leaving the greater part of my large family, but I did see all the carriages straggle up the road to Clausthal, rows of miners with lighted lamps lining the way, a brass band playing just at our door, and then the population took their short repose. We all took a ramble through the town to see the illumination, which was really beautiful, the mixture of flowers and trees and Chinese lamps. The little place is peculiarly suited to such ornamentation. It looks as if a garland should be hung from one side of the cleft in which it is situated to the other, with a wreath hung from it over the village. It is so small, five minutes' walk shows one every part, and nowhere at any time during the whole festival, held by 9000 miners, have we seen the slightest rudeness, still less any intoxication or blackguardism.

Such things, I presume, do exist in Germany, but they are certainly uncommonly well hidden.

Saturday, 7th August.—Rising at half-past four, and breakfasting at half-past five, Fanny, Scott, Maud, and I, set off on our long steep walk.

We reached the Schneiders' house as they were finishing breakfast, having marched to Clausthal along with a few hundred miners. During the march one or another miner quietly disembarrassed us of our handbags, and carried them for us. We gave them nothing for their trouble, and got none the less civil a farewell at parting. If we had offered them money I have no doubt they would have accepted it. We talked with them as we walked, and found them, like the rest of the population here, very intelligent. They are tall, thin, sad-looking men; their occupation so unhealthy that few are said to survive fifty. With great good taste their holiday costume is in form exactly like their working one. A sort of Garibaldi, with some rather peculiar frills and folds on the shoulders; it and the trousers of fine black cloth, a piece of bright black leather like a little apron behind, fastened in front with a brass buckle; a bright green cap of woollen velvet. All persons connected in any way with the mines wear a like dress, varied slightly according to their rank.

The Berghauptmann (necessarily a nobleman) wears the dress decorated with a cap of real velvet, with a brass ornament (two mattocks crossed) on it. Other officers wear other insignia. The pupils of the Mining school at Clausthal, where there are young men

from every country, wear a dress adorned with a little cape and certain buttons.

All have the little leather apron, which is the real characteristic and necessity of a miner's dress. Several of our friends who walked with us from Grund to Clausthal were accompanied by their wives and children in their usual plain raiment, and one of them carried his baby, its cloak pinned round his body, as they carry them here.

Dr. Schneider, who is an excellent arranger and planner of everything, had bespoken a carriage to take us to Harzburg at eight o'clock, and he assured us it should go, and so it really did; two ugly but excellent horses, without any whip at all, but the mere permission to trot when the ground was either quite level or slightly descending, took us our twenty-mile drive out and as much home very pleasantly. Anna only could find leisure to accompany us. Poor Mrs. Schneider was obliged to stay at home to let servants out. After some threatening of rain the day became beautiful, and from eight till almost one o'clock we drove down one of those profound valleys entirely clad in pines, by name the Radau Thal, till we emerged on our first resting-place in our walk, which we had reached by a different road from the one we now pursued. (We were to return by our former route—the Okerthal.) A thousand or more feet of descent had again completely changed the climate, and the heat was most oppressive.

Again I underwent, for the children's benefit, as a scene which for once they ought to see, a dinner at a

table-d'hôte, at a very highly-fashionable hotel. It differed in nothing from other such scenes, except that the fare was rather better than I had yet seen and the price higher, and the meal even more protracted than others, which was peculiarly provoking to us, as we wished to climb the Burgberg, and get home to Clausthal in time for the procession and illumination. Our coachman, I think, was also anxious to behold them, so, though we were not off on our return journey till four o'clock, we were in Clausthal by eight, enjoyed Mrs. Schneider's hospitable tea-supper, and then hurried off to our habitation to see the procession. In the morning, in going to Harzburg, we had passed the entrance to the Ernst-August-Stollen—the Clausthal entrance—and seen a fragment of the vast procession of miners, and Hütten Leute men and boys employed in one way or other about the metal in the sheds or huts above ground. These also wear a beautiful dress—white, with large aprons in front, of untanned unshaped leather, bound to the waist with a girdle. I was glad that I saw this procession—the nine thousand all marching to church, where I have no doubt they performed a fine choral service, many of them being armed with the inseparable music-book. There is a great deal of musical talent among the miners, and well-cultivated talent. All the music, both vocal and instrumental, performed at this festival, was supplied from among themselves.

It is a perpetual marvel to me how people here manage to do so many things and to live by labour

besides, at home the labour necessary to maintain a family so nearly absorbs a man's whole energies; whereas these feeble refined-looking men here cultivate music and literature and exotic plants, and train birds to musical singing, and practise I know not how many other elegant accomplishments besides. Their wives, to be sure, work hard too, carrying heavy burdens, and being, it seems, like our fishwives of old, a set of renowned Amazons, holding their gentle "men" in complete subjection—all for their good of course.

I have seen no policemen since I have been in Germany to my knowledge, and no soldier except at Blankenburg, where there is a barrack. On one only memorable occasion it seems were soldiers seen in Clausthal. The women chose to demand certain privileges for their husbands, which being refused, a good deal of tongue was given, and one woman scratched one of the over-men's faces, whereon their kind father the king sent eight soldiers to protect his faithful officers in the discharge of their duty. By the time the soldiers came the women had recovered their tempers, gave the soldiers a hearty welcome, and all went merry as a marriage-bell.

When we turned out into the streets on Saturday evening we found them thronged by a quiet crowd—the 9000 miners, accompanied by their wives, families, and friends, lamps in hand, all streaming towards the market-place. The lamps are bright brass lamps, but of the same shape as those of tin used in the daily work. About 9 o'clock, the night having set in

very dark, the bands played a march, and the miners marched into the market-place, forming a sort of polonaise about it, their lighted lamps making them look like glow-worms.

When all were in some of us were surprised by hearing "God save the Queen" played, till we recollected that Hanover and England both had equal claim to the beautiful anthem, and seeing a British flag waving from the Berghauptmann's house.

Clausthal would be a difficult place to decorate—in the first place because no flowers grow there, but besides, the black houses do not look floral, and the place is so immense. Clausthal and Zellerfeld form really but one town; all houses are so immense and streets so spacious, that the place covers a very large area. Mrs. Schneider's neighbours wonder how she can live in a house so small as the spacious mansion which I have described, and which contains three sitting-rooms, several bed-rooms, a great expanse of lobby and stair—is a great square house, in fact, though she talks of it as a nice *wee housie*. But then Dr. Brockmann inhabits one at least twice as big, and the Berghauptmann's forms one entire side of the enormous square which is the market-place. All these houses are of wood, which is worth nothing. In the centre of the market-place is a wooden church as big as St. Paul's in London.

Fir branches and flags of every nation were the only decoration attempted. Beside the royal flag waved the German, green, red, and white; Hanover and Oldenburg, yellow and white, and green and

white; and oftenest of all, and most characteristic, the dark flag of the metallic city itself, the black, green, and yellow of Clausthal. The national anthem being played, the miners in full chorus sang the Miner's Hymn, a beautiful air with which we are very familiar here, not very unlike the national anthem, and with words, I am told, as unworthy of the music, consisting chiefly of a reiterated *gluck-auf*, the miner's pretty watchword. After the hymn there ensued a silence more complete than I thought could have been preserved by so large a crowd, and which certainly could not have been protracted above a minute; and not longer than that time certainly lasted the Berghauptmann's neat little complimentary speech, in which, from his balcony, he told the crowd that his Most Gracious Majesty the King and all the royal family sent their most hearty thanks and all good wishes to their well-beloved miners on the great occasion of the happy conclusion of the stupendous work begun under his Majesty's lamented father, and now in his present Majesty's reign concluded, and he hoped they would reply by a thundering "gluck-auf." A long but not loud cheer followed. The words, I suppose, are not very good for an exclamation, but the gentle people are better at being quiet than at making a noise; and although there were afterwards several very willing cheers, none had the right loud sound of the English hurrah. Music, vocal and instrumental, alternated for about an hour, with short speeches from the Berghauptmann's balcony, each followed by a cheer, and the beautiful

spectacle of the uplifting of all the lamps over the heads of the bearers, showing the whole characteristic scene in a most characteristic half-demoniac light.

The enormous black and white houses waved with coloured flags against an inky sky; a flood of light from their own lamps and from the torches of the Hütten Leute showed the upturned faces of the whole multitude; the black dresses beautifully relieved by the white ones of the torch-bearers, who bounded the crowd. About ten all was over, and an hour afterwards the town sank into the profoundest silence—that silence so much more complete than ever reigns in one of the little cow villages.

8th August.—At five in the morning the organ in the church began to peal, and one service, of about two hours' duration, took place then; another began at eight and lasted till ten. From that time onwards the streets were crowded with people in their best clothes, every one having been surprised and delighted by the cloudy night being followed by a beautiful day. All persons walked about and looked at each other; every party included one or more miners, but no noise was to be heard except one which seems peculiar to a Clausthal Sunday—the singing of a troop of boys and men, who walk about the town in choristers' clothes, attended by a cantor (singing master or conductor), and singing beautifully, music in hand, though they walk at a very rapid pace—sacred music of course. It sounds beautifully—now near, now far; now from one quarter, then from another. Dr. Schneider took us

to the museum, where we saw models of mines and mining apparatus; and where one of the exhibitors of a machine for drawing the miners up from their work remarked in a parenthesis, as if stating an incontrovertible fact, "Miners are not very heavy." At one we dined with the Schneiders, as usual most luxuriously; some soups, sauces, and puddings Mrs. Schneider has so very good that I shall ask her for the recipe for them, but I do not believe I shall ever succeed in making them both so good and so pretty as hers are; and her veal (the eternal veal) is of a whiteness and tenderness incredible. This day, however, we had for a wonder mutton as tender as the veal—the tenderness achieved by some process of cooking, for meat is all used newly killed here. Immediately after coffee we joined the general stream up to an enormous shed, which had been many weeks in course of construction, and in which the miners were to dance. The instant I saw this shed I understood the significance of the graceful black dress and green cap.

The shed was thatched outside and in with the small bright green branches of the spruce, the ground strewed with the same, except on the four platforms left for dancing, their strong aromatic odour filled one's nostrils to the exclusion of all other; and they and the miners' caps are just like each other—the black dress symbolises the dark scene of their labours, the green cap the fir-clad mountains over their heads, and the white dresses of the shed labourers the silver which their labours elaborate. The building was exceedingly beautiful by daylight, thickly studded

inside and out with Chinese lamps in devices, and little coloured cups in a sort of network covering the pillars. The sides of the building were entirely open; so there was plenty of fresh air within.

An almost impervious crowd filled the whole immense space, and after a mere look we went away, intending to return when the lamps should be lighted. Then the scene was beautiful indeed—beautiful in every sense. These simple, laborious, religious men think it no sin to enjoy their innocent festival on Sunday evening, and no one here reproves them. It must be a hard heart that is not touched to see their enjoyment, and that they are proud of their toils.

The whole detail of the ceremonies was managed by themselves. A miner who is also a fencing-master (what all do not miners do?) acted as master of the ceremonies at each platform, permitting only a certain number of couples to dance at once. All classes mixed, the Berghauptmann's family and guests opening the ball, with miners for their partners. Many of the miners danced with their own wives, in their white caps and cotton gowns, and very well they all danced. The younger women were more gaily dressed, some in white, some in coloured muslin. Between the dancing-platforms were benches and long tables, at which sat those who were not dancing—old people and children—and ate their own frugal meal of black bread along with the beer, which, besides the holiday and the building, was all that his gracious Majesty *gave* the miners. A good deal of

beer he did give them—no less than seventeen chopins (enormous glasses) each. Let us hope they were supposed to divide the portion with wives and children; whether they did so or not, there was no inebriety. We remained with most of the determinedly non-dancing part of the company, and some wearied dancers, on a platform over the orchestra which overlooked the dancing-platforms. A miner and his wife, who had been dancing, sat down near me, and on my bowing to them, the man (a particularly nice-looking miner) asked me the general question—"Is it not beautiful?" Most heartily I replied that it was, I thought, the most beautiful thing of its kind I ever did see.

"The nature" (a regular phrase) "is here so beautiful," he said, holding up a bunch of the little spruce twigs, "it is that which gives the scene all its charm." He was quite right. It was the delicate feeling shown by the people for the very peculiar beauty of their metallic hills which gave the whole festival its whole charm. Low or vicious natures cannot feel such beauties.

Dr. Schneider's young guest, a Königsberg student, with a gash across his face from duelling, but withal a handsome, modest, and gentlemanly lad, whose father assures Mrs. Schneider that he is "well drilled in all the Ten Commandments," joined in the dance, as did also a young Spaniard and a Frenchman, both pupils in the Mining School; but as some of us did not dance, the fatigue of waiting, even with such a pretty sight to look at, sent us away. A long

look at the truly beautiful building — an illuminated fairy's bower magnified—from the cool green turf outside, and then we walked through the silent streets to our several homes. The dancing, alternating with singing in full chorus, was to last till two A.M. At that hour I fully expected to hear at least some noise in the town, and that very possibly some jollification might take place under the roof where we slept; but no. Every one appeared to go straight to bed as quietly as we did. A prolonged knocking at our front door between two and three o'clock showed that some inmate was unable to awaken the sleepers within. At last entrance was obtained without a word uttered, and all again slept. Maud would have given her ears to have stayed over Monday, on which day the Pavilion was to be again lighted, and a concert (by the miners of course) given, followed by dancing, but I wished to bid part of my household farewell before their return home, and was therefore forced to deny her the pleasure. Leaving Scott to bring home Lizzie and the luggage at her leisure, Maud and I had our hot rolls and coffee on the 9th August at five A.M.—took the road at six—and, the homeward road being much easier than the outward one, lying all downhill, we were home in time to waken our own family —see the travellers finish their preparations—and take a regretful leave of them.

Wednesday, 11*th*.—Has been devoted to writing, interrupted by a general scouring in honour of John's expected arrival.

We dined in the garden, and I have written some of this in the summer-house, to be out of the way. When I came in I found a wreath of flowers surrounding our parlour-door, manufactured by the servants in the house in honour of John. The miner who lives upstair, and who, I suppose, is in practice in such things just now, is to construct a *willkommen* (welcome) to be placed in the middle; and now this day's post from Seesen has come in, bringing neither him nor his luggage, so he can hardly be here till this time to-morrow, which will give us time for divers pretty little decorations. His bed has been covered with the finest flowered damask sheets—an attention which I fear he will hardly appreciate. The decorations in the town are now fading—some few of the inhabitants have the good taste to take them down—but a Glück-auf, either of moss, paper, fir-needles, or flowers, still hangs over almost every door. I shall be glad John should see a trace of them.

Dr. Schneider asked me with a little tone of triumph as we left the pavilion, how we liked Germany now? "We keep a little more alive than you do in Scotland, do not we? We all amuse ourselves, you see." I granted it, and that it must have great advantages. Domesticity is such a dream amongst almost all classes, so impossible in the lowest, that it would be absurd to condemn amusement in its behalf. To discourage amusement is, in fact, not promoting domesticity but the public-house. Those who are strong enough will get out of a comfortless

domesticity into amusement either virtuous or vicious. If I ever turn philanthropist, it will be my object to promote all innocent amusements in my ill-used native land, where it now appears to me that our working-class are the most abject and degraded slaves compared to the people here—slaves to a hopelessly hard master—not an individual, but an enormous dominant mass of money.

To another Correspondent.—*12th August*, at five A.M., came John, drenched and starving of cold and hunger, having walked all night in the usual weather we have here. He had lost his way of course, between Seesen and Grund, and has as yet found nothing so much to be admired here as a stove-heated breakfast in a stove-heated room, in the discussion of which he showed the same insatiable appetite which we have all felt amongst these storm-swept hills. Having written two enormous letters last week, I have since taken a holiday from writing, and I do not feel now as if there were anything very particular to journalise about. The great miners' festival, the great *Glück-auf* as it is here called, seems to have exhausted the people's inclination for amusement just at present; we have no more village concerts, and the beautiful floral decorations on the houses hang withering on the walls—the people seem too much exhausted to remove them. The weather, too, which was most propitious for the Glück-auf, returned to its usual courses as soon as it was over. John arrived, like Macbeth's witches, in thunder, lightning, and in rain—all at a temperature which one does not natu-

rally associate with witches—so cold that no exercise would keep one in heat.

On the 13th August we all walked to view a mine in a pour of rain.

14th August.—Clearing up. John and I walked to Clausthal; he on his way to the top of the Brocken, afterwards to proceed on his tour in the Lower Harz.

Nothing would please you more here than the indulgence with which all animals are treated. I saw the other day a herd of those animals so proverbially hard to drive—pigs; not driven, but led by a little herd-boy, without the smallest trouble or attention on his part beyond the diligent cracking of his whip in *front* of them. The whole flock trotted on merrily, pushing each other with their snouts in their anxiety each to be nearest to their conductor. Sheep, cows, and goats all do likewise; they answer to a call and follow their shepherd, like the sheep in Scripture. Goats, I suppose, are naturally demonstrative—to see them going out to pasture is like seeing Foxie receive his human friends. Every engaging sound and gesture of which the animals are capable do they manifest towards the hard-handed women who lead them to join the general flock under the care of the village goatherd. They leap on their keepers just like dogs; lick their hands, and even their faces; rub their necks against them; caper and career forward, to gallop back again to their owners.

Dogs are a good deal used in draught. Often a man or woman and dog are both harnessed to a cart, and the manner of the human animal towards the

other is much more that of a companion than of a master. I never saw a whip or stick of any kind carried by persons driving dogs. Milk cows in milk are also often driven, and I am told by their owners that if not over-driven they yield no less milk for the work.

Near Osterode we saw one dog drawing a cart, which on inquiry we learned had come about thirty English miles that day. I inquired of its master if dogs so worked required much food, and of what sort? "Oh, no, not so very much; whatever he ate the dog shared with him; he would eat anything that the wife at home cooked for him, but meat never came the way of either of them." The dog was quite fat, and showed no sign of distress after his long journey.

To understand this country aright, you must remember that it is all royal property. This circumstance makes it peculiarly convenient for tourists—everything being open and every one welcome to wander where they will. It also gives it a sort of dullness to British eyes. The forest is broken only by the towns and villages, and the few unfenced fields around them; and they are at long distances apart. Here are no mansions, no farms, no cottages. The forest is uninhabited, unless you count the temporary hut of a charcoal-burner a habitation, and they are not numerous. The country brings very forcibly to one's mind all the fairy or goblin tales one ever read—almost all of which, in fact, have had their origin in this Harz country.

The government Forst Haus, the house of the forester and huntsman—these two occupations being united in one person—is the only substitute for our innumerable farms, mansions, and their dependencies.

The Revier Forster is counted a gentleman, wears a picturesque Jager uniform, and is often of noble birth; but foresters are very very thinly dispersed, and this circumstance I believe greatly to account for the superiority of the labouring class of people. Here are no "gentry" to patronise or tyrannise—no one from whom anything is to be hoped; every one is dependent on his own industry alone. Add to this, that all are educated compulsorily; every child goes to school; and you will partly understand how immeasurably superior in intelligence the working people here are to those at home. I do not enter into the *pros* and *cons* of all this. On my limited experience I cannot form an opinion of the effect of these circumstances on general wellbeing or prosperity. I can judge only of the specimens which fall under my own observation.

On the 20th or 21st of August I think it was that three of us visited Osterode, the last place within walking distance from Grund—a very curious old town, of narrow streets, and many tanneries; but the walk to it was two to three hours of a high road; in returning, all ascent—the only walk of the sort we had taken, and through an uninteresting country after we were out of our own glen.

A pleasanter walk about the same time—I cannot

remember whether before or after—was to Gitelde, with for object the ordering for one of the family a child's Kiepé (pannier), and the sight of the arch through which the waters of the new Stollen flow ; over it is a plate inscribed with the length and depth of the mine, and the names and dates connected with it.

The walk to it was pleasant, also a complete variety from any former one, over open hills, unwooded, and pastured by sheep.

The 28th of August was our Grund Schutzen Fest, a sort of closing festival of the season. One could easily see that the brief summer of this country is now over, and the people preparing to wrap themselves up for their long winter. Another fortnight (making up three weeks spent by me on a sick-bed) saw us again driving down the little glen which had been our home for three months, as three months before we had driven up it.

Conclusion.

I have now put in writing all that could possibly interest any one about our long-projected summer on the Continent. I have not endeavoured to colour up any scene, to give any exaggerated or even picturesque view of any object. My aim has been to give as true a picture as I could of our German home, its surroundings, and our mode of living amongst them, partly in hopes that my details may

be of service to some one else doing as we did. I have not described the country we visited as the most charming in the world merely because we had visited it. It has its charm, and I have striven to define it gradually as it gradually grew on myself. One would need not to have seen as much of the beauty of our own country as I have done, I suspect, to find any other surpassingly beautiful. Not at least, I am convinced, till one reaches the Lake of Como, the Tyrol, or a few other far-famed scenes, can one find anything even to compare in actual beauty with our own West Highlands. Never yet having seen anything nearly so beautiful, I remain quietly incredulous of the existence of anything more beautiful till I see it.

But the gratification of the eye by viewing splendid scenery is not the only object of travel. If one would identify oneself with the feelings and interest of a family of young people of different ages, it is but a very secondary object.

I need not here enumerate all the advantages to be derived from a visit to a foreign country; the world is sufficiently persuaded of them; the question of "to go or not to go" is generally one of ways and means. I have shown as well as I could how, with some drawbacks, from which others might be exempt, we achieved it; and I have, I think, given a general idea of the pecuniary cost at which it was achieved.

The part of the world in which people can live upon nothing is not yet discovered, though some people have the much-mistaken notion that it is to be

found in Germany. As the world goes, the Harz is not expensive: it suited our objects perfectly, with the one exception of its climate, of which, on all hands, I am assured that this summer offered a quite unfair specimen. No summer was ever known so wet and cold I am told. As it suited us, it might suit others; and in this hope they are welcome to my experience.

THE END.

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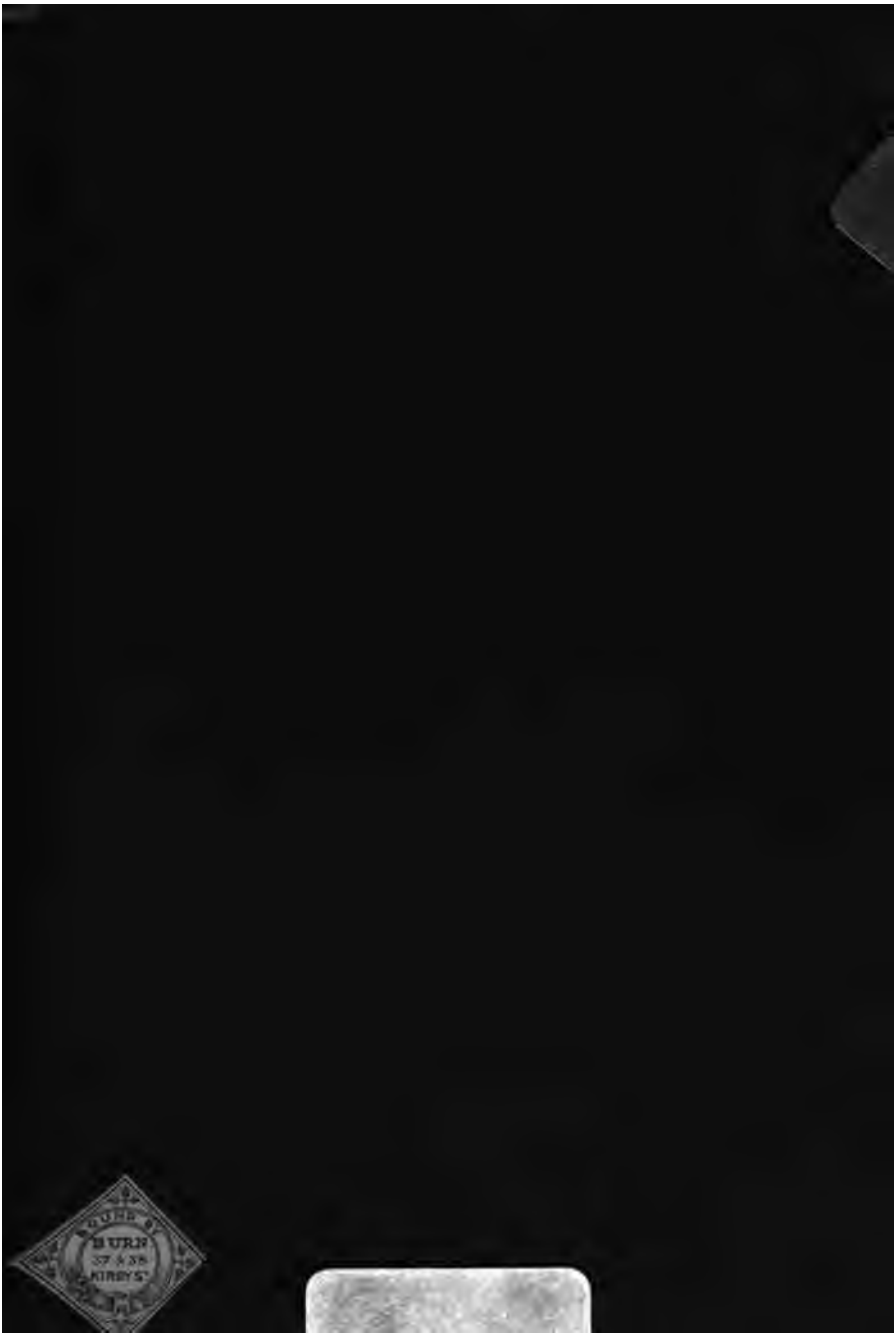
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