

LONDON TO HAMBURG VIA THE NORTH SEA

Written by Elfrida deJaffa

Transcribed by Jane Garver

THE WRITER to THE READER

Don't turn the page over yet; read this first, please do.

Sometime ago I heard that Rudyard Kipling, that prince of writers as he is called, is never satisfied after having produced his thoughts on paper, to leave them as they are, but changes every line he writes very often five times.

I have no ambition of being compared to Rudyard Kipling, on the contrary, I am extra happy of being only an obscure mortal like millions of others, but the reason I have just said this about this writer, is to give you to understand that in writing the following pages, I have not had time to change every line as I would sometimes have like to, but have been forced to content myself by leaving every phrase as it came to me, that is to say, from brain to typewriter.

It is a different thing to be sitting quietly in your private room at home and have all the day at your disposal to write, rewrite, and change as often as you feel inclined to, then to be working in a City office, and being only able to find time by snatching 3/4 from your lunch hour, or by seizing every available minute during business hours in order to resume the thread of your story. Believe me, it has wanted some energy and perseverance to get through these pages, although they only contain a simple description of a holiday spent abroad. Indeed, I can consider myself one of the lucky ones amongst others to occasionally find time to write or read on my own account.

In perusing the following pages, I am sorry to say, you will often come across incomplete phrases, grammatical errors, typing slips, etc. which can now no more be altered, but taking the circumstances under which I have written into consideration, I bid you, gentle reader, to take up these mistakes in a benignant attitude, and not consult too often your critical powers.

You will no doubt wonder why I did not have the idea of first making a rough copy and then writing it off neatly.

This idea, in fact, did occur to me, but I will tell you frankly, that if I had done so, I would have started by changing so much and looking up for different modes of expression in order to improve myself, and seeing the immense amount of time which is wanted in order to produce really good work, months and months, nay, years even, and besides, knowing how difficult this would have been amidst the strain and worry of office life, I would have become discouraged and dropped my intention altogether.

Hoping you will sympathize with me for the drawbacks under which I have been forced to write this epistle, although I have enjoyed writing it all the same, and wishing you a few pleasant hours in its perusal, if you care to read a description of the yearly peregrinations of two simple-minded women, mother and daughter, I remain, dear reader, known or unknown to me,

Yours very sincerely,

Elfrida L.A. deJaffa
Monday, December 18th 1911

This was my last thought as I fell asleep in my berth on board the “PEREGRINE.”

It was Saturday night, the 26th of August. We were leaving Hamburg after having spent our annual fortnight's holiday there.

Why did we choose to go to Hamburg? For various reasons.

Firstly, because I had wished since long to see this place, having heard and read a great deal about it. Secondly, because there would have been the advantage of a sea voyage which would have been beneficial to both of us. Thirdly, because it is my birthplace. I left it when I was scarcely on my feet, and was glad to have at last the opportunity of visiting it.

It was in the year eighteen hundred and so and so, that the busy stork at last found time one bright May morning to carry me off from Stork Land and land me safely on German soil, where my family, I suppose, gave me a hearty welcome. They were living then in Hamburg, where some of

the Jaffa tribe had settled since long. Two little girls had already arrived, and I was the third and last. I suppose it is also a distinction to be the last fruit to fall from the tree.

And yet, there are many other Jaffa trees which still cheer the world with their wonderful productions, and we'll go on doing so as long as the world lasts.

"What trees are those?" you will no doubt ask.

Why, those trees which produce the big, round, beaming, luscious, delicious, juicy Jaffa oranges!

Hamburg! I am quite proud to say that I come from that wonderful place. I have seen many places, places renowned for their beauty, and I can say that I have found Hamburg almost lovelier than any other place I have seen. Only a seaport, you will think, it sounds rather prosaic, with its work and confusion, rough people sauntering about, and not even situated in the south, where the sun shines brighter, where everything must perforce savour beauty, but in the cold, prosaic north, where everything is (supposed to be) unpleasant, matter of fact, and, well, what else shall I say? No more, thank you, I have seen and enjoyed Hamburg. We have both enjoyed it, my Mother and I. We have lovely reminisces too. We have driven around the town, with its wonderful streets, old and new. We have sailed round the port, this extraordinary port all full of ships from every part of the world. We have stepped into one of these ships, and gone right down into its darkest foundations. We have enjoyed Blankenese that ideally lovely spot on the banks of the Elbe, from which sitting comfortably at tea, you can watch the great ocean steamers gliding into the harbor. We have visited Stellingen, that wonderful place where Hagenbeck keeps home for those thousands of fauna captives, who, carried away from their beloved haunts in the Tropics, the North Pole, the South Pole, and other zones, are doomed to live in cruel captivity for the rest of their days. But it is not so bad as it sounds, believe me. I would myself like to become an animal to be able to live in that terrestrial paradise. We have walked around the Alster, that adorable lake-like river dotted with charming little snow white steamers and lovely snow white swans. We have seen Ohlsdorf, that immense God's Acre, which is so large and beautiful, that you do not know in the end where you are and where you are going to. We have visited the museum, containing

all the relics belonging to Hamburg, and solely to Hamburg. And we have seen and spoken to many people. I noted them all down in my notebook. From the moment we left home till the moment we entered it again, I noted every man, woman, and child, who spoke to us, and they have reached the number of 205! Who were they all, those birds of passage, those "ships that pass in the night?" Tinker? Tailor? Soldier? Sailor? Rich man? Poor man? Beggar man? Thief?

"Is that all you have to tell us?" I imagine I hear you asking. "You say you have been here and there, and will you let us go without describing anything?"

Oh, no, allow me to tell you, this is only the prologue, this is only the introduction.

Sit down in my little theater. Silence in the audience.

I am beginning. The bell is ringing. The curtain is going up.

Now look with your mind's eye, and listen, please listen.

My holidays did not begin in the early morning of that blessed day, but only after one o'clock, when I left the office.

I worked calmly on the whole, trying to forget the excitement prevailing in me at the thought of the change before me. The gentleman all bid me goodbye in kind, generous, and shall I add it? in somewhat paternal tones. Mr. Wolf gave me kind advice and beamed all over as I made my little bow in touching his hand. Mr. Oliver wished me many kind things, and said he hoped I would like Hamburg, but on no account was I to remain there for good. Mr. Schurter when he approached me began a long story, but I requested him to repeat those wishes he gave me when I left for my holidays 3 years ago. We then went to South Germany, and now we were going to North Germany. The fact is, that Mr. Schurter could not remember how those wishes sounded, but as I have a good memory, he repeated them after me complacently! : "Gute Reise, gute Unterhaltung, kommen Sie gesund zurück nach Hause, und FALLEN SIE NUR NICHT INS WASSER!" Mr. Stern and Mr. Griffin had left us the day before to go on their holidays, and they too wished me happy holidays.

As I left the office, our dear Edward, the one who makes our office nice, comfortable and agreeable to live in, took my hand in his firm grip, wished me good speed, and sent me off in the best of moods.

Arrived home, I realized that I was really free. I was more than glad to get out of London. I was also immensely glad for my mother. Poor Mother, she had been ailing dreadfully during the last weeks. Since the departure of Peter and Hedwig she seemed to be wasting away, the heat had so oppressed her, that she had lost all her energy. Her two favourite occupations, reading and cooking, had now lost her attention, I had to think of preparing my food myself. I like cooking, but after a long worrying day in the City you feel little inclined to practice culinary art.

I prepared lunch, then had a rest. I really slept for a while. Punctually at 5:00, we both got up and began to dress. The taxi cab had been ordered for 7 o'clock sharp. Imagining that more of my sex will peruse these pages than any of the stronger (must I add mightier?) sex, I will describe our traveling apparel. Mama was attired in her inseparable black, with a little pointed bonnet screwed on. How I envied that bonnet! Once on the head, it never blows off nor gets out of position. She wore a black knitted coat, and a little black bag hanging at the waist. My traveling robes consisted in a black skirt, a white blouse with a tiny black pattern (a gift from my sister Hedwig, now important and dignified Mrs. Peter Benishek), one of my precious lace collars fastened with a black velvet bow, a gray knitted cloak, and my head was crowned with a wonderful creation, I had better say resuscitation, of white straw, bordered all round with black velvet, and a bunch of black velvet on one side. Let me tell you that this marvelous headgear had first belonged to Hedwig, she left it at home before starting for her adopted country Austria, and on examining it Mama found that it was still in an excellent condition, so she made it smaller (it looking like an enormous mushroom on me) re-trimmed it, and turned it into a comfortable going-away hat.

Bart Kennedy says that change is the salt of life. He is indeed right. Already as we drove off to Liverpool street, the excitement of traveling, the curiosity of the unknown, the novelty of a different life, made us feel better. We talked and laughed as the taxi rolled through the streets, and arriving at

our destination, I greeted the polite porter with one of my sweetest smiles, and in answer to his questions I shouted a well meant HAMBURG!!

It was 7:35, very early still, you will think, when I tell you that the train was only leaving for Harwich at 8:40. Still, we are prudent people, we are generally early on the scene. At 8:00 the officials let us pass on to the platform, we sat down on one of the trucks lying about, and waited, silent, wondering, dreaming. People came and went, they came in groups, some to go off, some to see others off. The train at last steamed into the station, and we eagerly stepped into it. There are some moments in life when mortals think that there is really no end on earth, some moments seem as if they will really never come to an end.. yet this illusion never lasts very long... everything passes in this world. Punctually at 8:40 we heard the whistle, the train began to move, people shouted and waved their handkerchiefs from the train and from the platform, and we were soon flying away. I have traveled a good deal, and I have come to the conclusion that humanity is however everywhere the same, I mean that we all behave alike when traveling in a train. At first you are quiet, then you enter into conversation, then you are silent again, you take up some reading matter, which invariably drops from your hand, your head falls on your chest, and the end of it is that we generally all doze away. This happened this time too. Still, before feeling the influence of Morpheus, I took a sharp look around and examined our traveling companions. They were all of our sex, with the exception of one stout, jovial German who gave up his corner seat to a lady who arrived a short time before the train's departure. She was also German, and as she fell asleep I noticed something very strange about her. Although her eyes were closed one part still remained open, you could only see the white. It did look so strange! Perhaps it does not sound so strange, but it was really, I had only seen the like in cats. These feline darlings, when they drop to sleep sometimes do show a part of their eyes, it is perhaps to let the mice know that they are however on the watch, that they sleep with half an eye and that with the other they are still on the watch. However, with our German lady, this could not have been the case (although, quite between us, we, not of the feline but of the human race, I mean we females, are supposed to be always on the watch for something good or bad, and therefore are a bit shall I say sly or prudent? well I will say

we are constantly on the watch!) she sat quiet and peaceful, still her way of sleeping interested me immensely, and now and then, between one nap and the other, I opened my eyes halfway to look at hers, and she too, opened hers wide, to close them again leaving one corner open.

Fair Selene, or let us be healthily prosaic and not indulge in poetic exclamations, I mean dear old Mrs. Moon, peeped in through the carriage windows, just as she did when we traveled on the same line, at the same hour 3 years ago when we went to Strasburg. Her yellow, beaming, jolly face seemed to cheer us (as the approach of the sea made us all rather nervous) I pointed her out to Mama, and at the same time the other ladies also looked at her. The German lady with the strange sleeping eyes said: "Is it de mon? Ach I must get up to look at her, I laf de mon!"

After 11 o'clock we began to feel that we were approaching our destination. I noticed water everywhere, the landscape looked different. The German gentleman, who after giving his place up spent the rest of the time in the corridor of the train, suddenly peeped in, he did not say a word, but we easily understood that he wanted us to put on our wraps and prepare to leave the train.

We had arrived at Harwich.

We moved on with the crowd, and entered a sort of large landing place well lit up, a lot of men with badges and special caps were hustling about. Three electrically colored hands were pointing without stretched fingers under the names "ANTWERP", "HOOK OF HOLLAND", "HAMBURG"! We naturally rushed in that direction, and at last noticed a large boat bearing the name HIRONDELLE, that is, The Swallow, the boat which was to bask us for 36 hours on the sea. Why they gave it a French name (the line being English and leading backwards and forwards to Germany) is a question to ask to the wind, as nobody would have answered it.

Arrived on board, we passed through a terrible time of confusion. Which way? Where was our cabin? Where was the stewardess? These were words emanating from everybody's lips. I crept into a corner and minded our hand luggage, while Mama went in search. You heard English and German spoken, everybody seemed excited and cross. At last we were led to a door, and entered the cabin reserved for us. I must here

mention that the only disappointment we saw before us was that we had to share our cabin with two other ladies, we could not find a cabin with two beds. The stewardess also told us later that there were none with two beds in that boat, so we entered the cabin not in the best of moods. Mama had however the luck to get the top berth with the porthole, which was very good, as she is so keen on fresh air. I then noticed in looking around that the lower berth on the other side was already occupied. A nice-looking woman was lying on the outer side, and on the side against the wall, I saw to my great surprise a baby. "A baby!" I exclaimed aloud, the lady smiled, and said gently: "Yes." We then crept into our berths very quietly not to waken the baby, whom I saw the next day in the shape of a nice little man two and a half years old, already promoted to trousers. We also learned that both parents were Germans, that they were going to Leipzig where both their families lived. They approached us at the end of the journey, just before taking their flight and disappearing to our eyes forever (?) and they were very kind indeed to us. The gentleman who knew Hamburg advised us to go and live at the Hotel Metropole, recommending it for comfort and modern charges.

Towards midnight the boat began slowly to move. I think Mama went off to sleep. As for me, I could not, in spite of the work and excitement of the day, I kept a long time awake, tossing from one side to the other. I could not help watching and admiring that young mother, she neither was sleeping, but there she kept motionless in order not to wake the sleeping child. I really thought her marvelous. I felt as if electricity were titillating in my nerves, my head was hot, I often had to turn the pillow to find a cool place. Still the mother remained awake and motionless. I suppose together with motherhood we develop all sorts of wonderful qualities hitherto unknown to us. I suppose we learn to keep motionless when our child must sleep.

Who is the other lady in the cabin? I was wondering. The upper berth was still empty. A very short time after, the door of the cabin opened, and she entered. A tall, rather pretty girl. She looked round, then exclaimed: "A baby?!" The mother again smiled and said "yes." Then the young lady brought some boxes and bags from outside, and said she was not going to

bed yet. Then she disappeared. I never heard her enter the cabin. Thank goodness, sleep had at last caught me in her grip!

SECOND DAY: THE NORTH SEA (Sunday, 13th August 1911)

I woke up. It was 4 o'clock. We were sailing. Just like in a dream. At 5 o'clock I made a sound, to which Mama answered. Then we whispered. Yes, let us get up. The cabin is very narrow. Let us go on deck. So I got up first. Before I go any further, let me tell you that when we arrived the night before, just before going to bed, we naturally wanted to wash. Mother managed very well in the cabin, but I (you will think this rather childish, but still it is so) cannot manage to wash properly without making a noise and splashing the water. It is like an exercise and it makes me feel all the more energetic. So, not to waken the baby, I went outside in a kind of vestibule with a row of washing basins all round, and enjoyed a good wash. I was rather surprised to see one or two men poke in at the door, and smile rather funnily. I then saw a lady enter, wash her hands, and in passing me, she said: "Do you know that you are washing in the men's quarters?" I took no notice of her, and slipped back into our cabin. Now in getting up, I did the same. It was so early, and I saw some of the sterner sex fast asleep on those soft velvety couches in the dining saloon (the boat being very full), none, however entered. It was perhaps an imprudent thing to do, still when traveling you cannot be so very particular. You can be thankful sometimes to find water and a place to wash in.

The baby never uttered one sound during the whole night. He really behaved gallantly towards the gentler sex. I know that when Mama once wakes up, she does not easily fall to sleep again. So after having both dressed we crept out of the cabin, and went joyously on deck, where we settled into nice armchairs. And so basking in the delicious morning sea air, we dropped to sleep again. Towards 6 o'clock, the stewardess, a nice attentive person, brought us some tea (I have always lived under the impression that stewardesses are nightmares) and biscuits. Then we looked around, watching people coming on deck and seagulls floating on the water and flying around the boat.

Towards 9 o'clock the breakfast bell rang, and all the passengers flocked simultaneously together like fowls in the farmyard gather together at the sound of the farmer's voice. I asked Mama to go down, but she refused, feeling no inclination whatever to partake of any food. So I went down alone. When I entered the saloon, the people had already taken their seats, and the chief steward seeing that I was not quite steady on my legs owing to the rocking of the boat, took me by the hand to a comfortable seat at the end of the table. Near me was a peculiar looking individual who got up and invited me to sit at the place before his, still, I refused, and told him I preferred to sit at the end. I then ventured to ask him of what nationality he was, rather a strange thing to ask a person whom you have never met before, but I feel sometimes just like Judge Willis (who has just left his terrestrial dwelling to go and live in the land of the unknown) who enjoyed speaking to everybody in order to learn something more and to hear something new. The strange individual answered in a strange accent: "Süd Amerika."

I then started breakfast, and looked around me. Two nice looking cheerful men were consuming their meal and chatting gaily. One of them said: "I always enjoy breakfast on board ship, but the only thing I miss is the morning paper."

We were first served with porridge, very well prepared, then came fish, etc. I ate and drank gaily, till all of a sudden I began to realize that something unpleasant was working within me. The boat was rocking terribly. The cruel demon whose name is unmentionable was working within me. Then the battle began. I said to myself "I won't, I won't," I invoked (as I have decided always to do in difficult moments) the well-known Cockney maxim "Keep smiling, you'll be a long time dead" and put on a cheerful, careless face. The horrible demon seemed however to be getting on the top of me, and still I fought bravely. The men opposite me looked at me queerly for a moment (what a funny face I must have made) then remembering their duty to politeness, they turned away their heads and began chatting together on indifferent subjects. At last I could bear it no longer, I however drank the coffee to the last drop, then gathering up my strength, I left the table as fast as I could and rushed on deck. Ah! Thank goodness, the nasty demon disappeared as if by magic, the delicious cold

air, the sun shining brightly, and Mama smiling as I approached, made me feel myself again.

I might just as well drop this disagreeable subject, let me however add before doing so, that we both escaped indisposition right through the voyage. The sea was delicious the whole time, not at all rough, only sparkling and dashing snow white froth up to us now and then. Still, I was greatly surprised to see how many people were poor sailors, and how many bent their heads despairingly over the boat. A German girl on board to whom I spoke told me that it was not the sea, but the boat which was such a shaking, trembling affair. She had come with the other boat, which she said was a much nicer and steadier boat, the one by which we knew we would return to England.

It would, of course, be a ridiculous thing to compare the glorious Mediterranean with the north sea. The Mediterranean, owing to the position of the sun (please don't examine me on physical geography) having quite another aspect. There everything is vivid in color, the water being of a rich soft blue, the reflections of the sun dazzling, the coastline sparkling with its tropical vegetation, and everything hot and alive. Nor can the North Sea be compared to the waters of the Atlantic, there the waves are gigantic and of a delicious transparent green. But one thing I love at the North Sea is the lovely air, it is so healthy and exhilarating, that you feel the benefit soon after you are on it. Also another thing, adorable in itself, are the seagulls, which appear in an extraordinary abundance. Pure and white and beaming, there they float and fly continuously. I watched some which followed the boat for hours and hours, their lovely white wings scarcely moving, their dear little feet held fast together, their pretty dainty heads with their coquettish yellow beaks bending down to us as if they wanted us to give them a share of the dainties we had in our bags near us.

As the day wore on, it was charming to watch the different tints the water and the sky took, not glaring and gorgeous like in the South, but those cold bright lights have also their peculiar charm. The sun too, behaved very kindly. It appeared enjoying itself as much as I did. Bright, and golden, it set at last in the horizon in the midst of lovely rosy clouds, and made me think of that passage which Mama once quoted to me of the

heroine in a Spanish book, who said that the sunset appeared to her like a grain of sand dropping into the hourglass of Eternity.

I still have to tell you how we passed the day. At 1 o'clock the bell rang for lunch. Mama would of course not dream of going down, and I would rather have starved then repeat the feelings I had gone through in the morning. So we sweetened ourselves with the dainties in our bag. A little later a stewardess offered us some soup, which we accepted. I went further, and asked for some cold beef and salad, seeing that a lot of passengers did the same. Then we dozed off. I remember that I dreamt. A funny dream too. I was back in the City, and walked right in front of a motor-bus, and woke up with a start just as the monster was passing over me. In real life we jump out of danger's way. In dream life we generally run into danger's arms. (Note in red pencil about the Cockney maim: I have heard lately that these words were not originated by the world-famed Mark Rubin.)

As the day we're on, after I had tired of gazing into the sea, watching the seagulls, and thinking of nothing, I turned my attention to the passengers. Some were English, some were German. An English lady took her place not far from us. She stretched herself on one of the seats containing life belts, her friend covered her up with cloaks and wraps, gave her a biscuit to feast upon, and then left her. She must have been traveling often on the "HIRONDELLE," as the officials seemed to know her. The captain, a tall nice-looking man, with gray hair and moustache, and a pleasant military face, approached her during the afternoon and said:

"I have been sent on a sacred message. Your friend wants to know whether you have consumed the biscuit she gave you."

To which the recumbent daughter of Eve lazily answered:

"I have eaten half of it, as I thought it would not be right to make a meal out of a whole biscuit!"

At 4 o'clock some tea was brought up to us.

The day was growing old. We were beginning to feel comfortably dull and inebriated by the influence of the delicious sea air. Mama was already sunburnt and feeling much better. There is nothing like the sea (at least in my humble opinion) to put you right again.

At 5 o'clock Mama after looking at her watch said:

“So, jetzt glaube ich hätte ich genug, ich möchte jetzt mich zurückziehen, Du kannst noch bleiben wenn Du willst.”

I made no comment, but gathered up our things, and went down with her. After helping her to undress and to climb up the ladder to her berth, a very comfortable little place with a porthole, I left her and returned on deck. I went everywhere. Into every corner as far as it was allowed. I peeped into the machinery. It looked terrible. All black and steaming. In one part you could perceive sparks and burning cinders. I also saw some of the human beings working. Black and sooty and strange they looked, the white of their eyes appearing dazzling next to their black skins. On and on they worked. I could not help admiring them. They were working for us. They were leading us to our goal. I remembered a saying of one of England's great contemporaries which I read in the paper sometime ago:

“ When we start on a journey, we cheerfully take our places, we carelessly enjoy the fun, but we don't think of the men who bring us to our destination.”

During my errand of inspection I might have spoken to some people, I might have made friends, but I really felt too lazy to speak just at that hour. So I wandered about forming my opinion on humanity as I thought best, keeping my mind active, and letting my tongue rest.

At 8 o'clock the dinner bell rang, but few people went down. The attentive stewardess appeared once more on deck. She brought me first some very welcome soup, then a generous helping of roasted chicken, potatoes, and peas. But the night air was becoming or better was beginning to awaken, the wind became so strong, that the seagulls seemed to have lent their wings to the little green peas on my plate. They naughtily began to fly off. I ate as quickly as I could, but the naughty riotous peas did not want me to consume them.

“You are sitting in a rather windy place, there is more shelter on the other side,” I heard a voice say.

But I did not move. I wanted to watch the sun go down. And I was amply repaid. It gently dropped down the horizon, slowly, peacefully, and many other people besides myself seemed to enjoy the spectacle.

I went down before dusk. Mama was sleeping. It was very hot in the cabin, in spite of the porthole being kept wide open. I undressed and crept

into my berth. I pushed the clothes off, stretched myself on my back, and there I lay, quiet, peaceful, immobile, just as I will one day be lying in my grave. The flannel night dress, however, burnt my skin. Mama thought it better to wear flannel on board ship, as we might have felt cold which would have been very unpleasant, as when traveling you cannot expect to find all your comforts.

As I was lying there, I felt calm and happy, quite proud of looking so long (which alas, is not the case when I am standing), the door suddenly opened, and the German lady entered with her little boy. When he saw me, he approached me, and do you know what he said? "Ein Baby, wir reisen mit einem Baby!" This of course set me laughing. I suppose I must have looked something like a baby in a cot as I lay there, quiet, narrow, with my hair hidden behind my head. After having wrapped her boy into a warm coat, the lady and baby disappeared, and I dropped off to sleep.

THIRD DAY: ARRIVAL IN HAMBURG. EILBECK. (Monday, 14th August)

4 a.m. We both woke up. We got up. The ladies and baby fast asleep. Thinking that every other passenger would also still be asleep, I thought I would go and have a nice splashing in the male washing room, as I knew the basins were large, that there was plenty of water, and that I would not disturb those sleeping in the cabin. So I took my belongings and turned my steps to that room. Oh, terror of terrors! A dozen men stripped to the waist, washing away. My heart stopped beating, the blood rush to my brow, and I flew, as Oliver Goldsmith says in his poem:

"As a hare whom horns and hounds pursue..."

I contented myself by dabbling a little with the water in the cabin. Then we went on deck. A lot of passengers were already there. I had forgotten that we were soon going to land, not so very soon, they told us towards 9 o'clock, but soon enough to make people prepare to leave their quarters.

We were in the Elbe. We had entered it during the night, after 2 a.m. A lovely sight, the river enormously wide, the banks charming and green,

with bright, clean houses. If you look on the map, you will see that the Elbe divides two provinces, so on one side I saw the province of Holstein, on the other the province of Hanover.

Everybody seemed glad and fresh.

At 8 o'clock the breakfast bell rang. To my joy and satisfaction, Mama hurried down with me. We took our seats exactly at the place where I had sat the morning before. The strange looking South American, the pleasant man opposite, they were there just like yesterday.

It is a different feeling to be sailing in a river than to be sailing in the sea. The boat was steady. We both ate with good appetite. Then we went upstairs. I must first say that at breakfast I heard the gentleman notice that we were passing Blankenese, that charming spot of which I will speak when it will be time to. I got up, looked through the porthole, and saw a charming view, green, green, rising high in the air, dotted everywhere with lovely houses and villas. The country up to that time had appeared to me quite flat, but at this point it was adorably hilly.

Once on deck, I began to watch the view eagerly.

The boat at last stopped at Altona. As you know, Altona is the forerunner of Hamburg, a busy suburb. Of course, from the river it is not pretty, being crammed with warehouses and stores. But the inside part is very nice, as you will hear later on.

The officials on board let down a ladder made of chains and wood, and the officials on land notified that only persons without luggage could leave the boat. Why? I wonder. Many people were on the landing place shouting to different people on board. One girl on board greeted another girl on land and asked her how long she had been waiting for the boat to arrive. The girl on land stretched out three fingers, and answered in German that she had waited 3 hours.

It was a funny sight to see big burly individuals climb over the boat and scramble down the chain ladder.

I looked at the people on land, and saw but little difference among the women to those in England. I noticed, however, that the men looked of somewhat stronger build, that they wore their moustaches trimmed upwards, and that the coachman had peculiar straw top hats with funny cockades. I saw some nice flaxen-haired children, who gave charm to the

scene. Some men high up in the warehouses were greeting us with loud exclamations and waving of hands.

The passengers who left the boat at Altona had nearly all scrambled down, still, you could see a lady walking up and down along the boat looking anxiously at every passenger. I heard somebody remark: "Das Fräulein sucht und sucht findeet niemand." At last (the men had already pulled up the ladder) she came rushing to the officials saying: "Ach, bitte, bitte, lassen Sie noch ein Fräulein hinunter, es ist gleich fertig." The Germans and the English however said no. It was too late. Fraulein then appeared. She was a girl dressed in blue, and had apparently only come on deck at that moment. She too, began to implore the men to let her down. The English on board remained impassive. The Germans onshore commenced to joke. One man stretched out his arms at her and said: "Ach, Fräulein, springen Sie in meine Arme!" assuring her in the most voluble language that it was the best and safest place for her to land into.

To this tempting proposal Fräulein, however, did not consent, but stood gazing at her friend despairingly and at the officials imploringly. At last the gallant sons of England yielded to Germania's pleading daughter, they let down the ladder, Fräulein stepped over the boat, scrambled down, and landed in her beloved Fatherland amidst the cheering and laughter of everybody around, in which I heartily joined.

I then went to Mama, and found her sitting next to the German lady. They were gaily chatting together as if they had known each other since long. We next heard the sound of multitudinous cheerful voices, and in looking to the shore, we saw an enormous flock of school children, boys and girls, running towards a steamer. They were no doubt going to spend the day somewhere down the river. They nearly all had sailor jackets on, they were all beaming and jumping through joy. The teachers, men and women, seemed just as bright and joyful as the children, laughing and walking sprightly as they entered the boat. I noticed that most of them carried botany boxes on their backs. As the boat glided down the river they all cheered us, waving their handkerchiefs and their caps.

The "HIRONDELLE" then left Altona, and continued her journey to Hamburg. Boats, steamers, barks, vessels, everywhere. Docks, quays, stores, warehouses, everything enormous, immense. In the distance I

began to perceive some spires. I noticed officials, cabs, people. We had at last arrived in Hamburg, it was Dalmann Quai.

The bridge was pulled over, and the people began to land. Mama had the tickets and the money. I had the hand baggage, a black bag, and a long Japanese basket. We first thought we could quickly take a cab and fly to the hotel. But no, we had to walk a long way to the custom house. Arrived there we spent a longer time than the proverbial *mauvais quart d'heure*." Still, the officials were not tiresome, although before we left they made us pay two Marks, I wonder why. After having fetched a cab we said goodbye to the German lady, her husband and baby, and then we disappeared both sides, they to us and we to them. They had really been very kind to us during the few moments we approached them. The gentleman had advised us to live at the Hotel Metropole, and we went there.

The coachman, a clean, nice-looking man with a pointed beard and good clean teeth and who spoke very good German, quickly drove us through the streets to the hotel. The town looked fine, I saw large streets and fine squares. Arrived at the hotel, Mama stepped out, and a man in a uniform approached. He was of square build, with a typical Teutonic face. It was the porter of the hotel. She disappeared into the building with him, then came out again, and told me it was all right. A moment more, and we were installed in our room, which was now going to be our home during our stay in Hamburg. Once you are in the hotel, you are of course at liberty to feel yourself at home there. I liked the hotel. I liked our room. It was on the third floor, large and square, with good beds, comfortable seats, but no view from the window. We did not mind this, knowing that we would be out all day, and that coming in in the evening, we would not object at seeing only a wall for a short time, as we knew we would sleep most of the time we would be in that room.

We first undid our straps, then took a bath, then had a rest. I think I must have slept a full hour, on waking up, I found Mama busily occupied hanging up our clothes in the wardrobe, and settling everything so that we should feel settled and in order during our sojourn in Hamburg.

Spick and span, in the best of moods, we left the hotel towards midday on our first pilgrimage. We chose Eilbeck, the country-like district

where we lived before we left Hamburg for good. As I have already told you, being scarcely on my legs then, my thinking and memory cells had barely begun to shape themselves in that stubborn brain of mine with which the fates seemed to have endowed me, so that I can remember nothing whatever of what happened in those days. We had first lived in the town on the road leading to Eilbeck, but for our benefit, the family moved into what was then the country. We took the tram, with the intention of walking back through the parish of St. Georg where I was born.

Arrived in Eilbeck, we stepped out of the tram, and began to look about.

Was this Eilbeck, a little country place? Why, I only saw large fine streets, shops everywhere, business, tramways, people about. Where were the lanes, the fields, where was the famous Sandplatz, that large sand field, where Papa and Mama Jaffa used to send their three babies to play in? Mama seemed almost dazed, she seemed to recognize nothing. Everything had changed. She looked into the side streets, but seemed to know nothing. The day was fine and hot, and we were free to do as we liked, so we took things calmly. As we were walking in the street, it had kept its former name, Wandsbeckerchaussée, we were just going to make enquiries when we heard someone shouting behind us and ringing a bell, we turned round and saw it was a cyclist. Without speaking rudely, we saw he was rather excited, as he pointed upwards to the side. We looked in that direction, and read the words "WEG FÜR RADFAHRER." We have traveled a good deal, but this was the first time we learned that there were roads or ways specially reserved for cyclists. We also learned later on that cyclists are forbidden to ride in certain streets of the town.

We still wandered about, Mama looking anxiously all around trying to find her way to the haunts she frequented so many years ago, but everything seemed strange to her. She looked at the people, I suppose trying to recognize faces, but all was strange to her. We began to feel tired and thirsty, so we entered an inn with the promise of a garden advertised at the window. We entered, passed the shop, then walked through an enormous hall having a large grand piano at the end with a lot of chairs hurled against the walls, to what we thought would be a cool nice garden. Instead of this we only found a very dusty farm yard filled with feathered

creatures. We ran back into the shop, and quietly asked for two glasses of beer. You must remember that beer is the national German beverage, and we could not let the day pass without participating in a good drink.

As we sat lounging there, quite undisturbed, a fine white cat entered the place. Feeling bright and contented, I quickly called out: "Puss, puss, puss, puss, puss," but Pussy took no notice of my call and passed on. I then remembered that I was no more in England, that I was in Germany, that I had traveled miles and miles across the sea before reaching this country. It is a strange feeling at first, when you are used to speaking and hearing one language, and in a short time, it seems sometimes as if it were all of a sudden, you hear quite another language, man, woman and child speaking a different language. For us it was of course no novelty, knowing German, and being partly German, but it must be funny for those who do not understand anything. There is a story of a man who had never left his country, and when he first arrived in another country, he could not get over his astonishment at hearing a different language. He hailed a tiny child in the street, spoke to him in his native language, and was surprised to hear the child answer in a different tongue. "How strange!" he exclaimed, "Even the youngest child speaks this language new to me!" Animals also understand the language in which they are spoken to by mortals, so that white pussy would have answered to my call if I had called him by his German name. However, cats are not such house pets abroad as they are in England, they never look so soft and well kept as they do in England.

Before leaving the inn, Mama spoke to the man who served us, and asked him for the way, telling him where we used to live in years gone by. Still, he could not help us much, he only said that a little further on there was a very nice park called "Der Bürger Park." He thought that that would perhaps be the sandfield of which I had heard so much, it had been cultivated, but there were still some patches of sand left for the Eilbeck children to enjoy.

So we went in the direction he pointed out. We arrived at the entrance and saw a charming park, small but beautifully cultivated. The position seemed however quite a different one to Mother, she did not remember that the road had to be crossed to reach the Sandplatz, as she knew on which side of the main road our dwelling lay. This garden was

lovely. Beautiful flowers and plants and trees everywhere. The fir tree, the tree among German and central European trees, was to be found everywhere. Fountains were playing, and although the day was very hot, we felt cool and comfortable. We sat down under a tree near two women who were guarding two tiny boys at play. Really, I can tell you, I have never in my life seen such sturdy, well built little human beings. They had nice round faces, clear light eyes, flaxen hair, and appeared to be about 3 years old. They wore blue cotton trousers and tight fitting bodices of the same color with white braiding round the neck, arms and legs. Their lovely statuesque bodies looking like moulded in their clothes. Backs straight as poles, chests charmingly expanded, beautifully shaped arms and legs, I had never seen such well-built human beings of that tender age. They were playing together, quite unconscious of our admiring eyes cast upon them. Nearby was a little cart which you often see in Hamburg (I suppose in other parts of Germany too), and which are used for conveying the children about when they have passed the perambulator stage. These carts are sweet. They are made of wood, low and square, with four wheels, and they can be pulled by little people themselves, while other little people sit comfortably inside.

We next wandered further down the park, and at least last came to a spot where Mama sat down, and I saw her eyes fill with tears. It was a good-sized square, all covered with sand. A few grown-up people were seated outside. In the square itself a large group of charming children were playing, rolling about, and building castles and forts of sand. I also saw some shaping all sorts of funny little balls and forms. I suppose they were playing at cooking or the like. The sand was clean and fresh, and the children with their lovely fair hair, sweet pure faces out of which stared lovely eyes, mostly of a light, clear blue, or a smoky gray, made an adorable picture. I like the German eye. It is nearly always light, if the expression is sometimes a little cold, still, it is a clear, keen, fearless eye. I also saw many people with lovely fair hair during my stay in Hamburg, of varying tints (though never golden); this fair color strikes the eye, and pleases immensely, looking so clean and fresh and healthy.

After having rested a good while in the park, Mama proposed to walk back and try and find the street and the house where I was born. As she

remembered it was a very long way from Eilbeck, we took the tram and asked the conductor to let us down at "Neue Strasse," to which he promptly answered that it was no more called Neue Strasse, but Danzigerstrasse. You mean in the "Steindamm" he said, "Yes, yes," Mama said, "that is it." She knew the street was a by-street of a great street called Stein Damm. The trams in Hamburg, let me tell you, are not very pleasant. They keep the doors closed, which makes it very stuffy, and there are no seats on the outside. This is perhaps one of the few things which did not please me amongst all the rest of which I went into raptures, as I will tell you as I go along with my story.

The tram stopped, we went down, and walked up the Danzigerstrasse. Mama looked all round. At first it all seemed unrecognizable to her, till all of a sudden she exclaimed: "Ich weiss jetzt wo ich bin." She looked at the shops, then she looked opposite, then she stopped. She had found the house. She showed me the floor, she showed me the window of the room where I first made my bow to the world. The stork took its immediate departure, as my two sisters never saw him leave (they never told me whether they saw him come, I suppose they were then too small to remember). I saw a lady at one of the windows looking at us, she no doubt was wondering why we were standing there looking at the house so eagerly.

We next left the Danzigerstrasse, and wended our way to town.

Do not think that I am exaggerating when I tell you that Hamburg is one if not the finest town I have ever seen. Everything there is large, even in the basements there are fine, grand establishments. I have never seen such a thing before. These basements they call "Keller" which means "cellar", I suppose they have no word for basement. These cellars are occupied by all sorts of prosperous businesses, just as fine as those higher up. All the world's goods seem to have found their emporium in Hamburg. I saw English jams galore, I saw Italian cheeses by the hundred, I saw Spanish wines in rows and rows, and lots of Russian caviar too.

What struck me most in Hamburg? I will tell you without hesitating. The church spires, the "FLEEHTe," and the Policemen.

The church spires, nearly all of them are of a light apple green, a most picturesque, fantastic sight. At first I could not make out what it

meant. I thought they were painted light green. Mama however told me that they were made of copper, and the green was verdigris.

Now, what is verdigris? In looking up the lexicon, I read that it is a poisonous matter which accumulates on copper and brass caused by "Kohlensäure!" Further I cannot explain, the description is too technical for me to understand clearly. Still, I read that verdigris is used in commerce for painting, in fact, I used to employ a tube of oil painting bearing the title "Verdigris" when I used to paint. Mother also told me of a monument to Peter the Great in Russia, from which she had heard that great quantities of verdigris was gathered at intervals and sold at good prices. I hope however, that Hamburg with its world productions can get this stuff elsewhere and not have to strip the church spires of their picturesque covering.

Now for the "Fleethe," it is also spelled "Fleth," (I see I spellt the word wrongly on the last page) the "Fleethe," one, if not the prettiest thing in Hamburg. These are bodies of water, canals, formed by the waters of the Elbe and the Alster, which flow and intersect the streets almost all over the town. Everywhere you go you come across such a canal, and the site is charming. I have never been in Venice, but I fancy these canals with streets touching the water on either side must remind you of Venice. For the most part, you do not walk along these waters, and passengers do not sail upon them. They are used solely for traffic, and those long broad barks filled with all sorts of things, manned by strong healthy-looking men, pushing the boats along by thrusting long poles into the water or against the houses is a sight I never could get tired of. The houses along these canals are all or nearly all ancient-looking, I suppose they have been spared by the great fire which devastated Hamburg in the year 1842. I have read and seen pictures about this great fire, and will write about it further on, when I shall have introduced you more intimately with Hamburg. We read all about the town out of the lexicon at home before leaving for the holidays, but when you do not know a place, you never can take so much interest as when you have been there, when you know the streets, the buildings, and the different parts. It is quite different then, you read eagerly and listen to what others think, and are interested to know whether in your opinion you saw and thought the same. These canals are crossed by over 60 bridges, some

of which look adorably old and quaint, making you think of long ago and of those generations which have lived and passed over them and have now vanished forever. I know one day we passed such an old bridge, I noticed a quaint old statue perched on the middle of the bridge at either side, and I took down the words inscribed in gold letters under either of them. The bridge was called "Die Trostbrücke" and the inscription was as follows:

"SANKT AUSSEAR ERZBISCHOF VON HAMBURG REGIERT
834/865"

The other bore the inscription:

"ADOLF DER III REGIERT 1164/1203 GRAF VON SCHAUENBURG"

I have not yet spoken of the Alster, the lovely river flowing through the handsomest part of the town, this must be described by itself.

And now for the policeman. not nearly so tall and imposing as the Blue Men in London, still, those policemen in Hamburg with their charming uniforms consisting of white trousers, gray coat adorned with bright yellow buttons, and fine brass helmet which glitters daily in the sun, make bright and attractive pictures, as they stand in the middle of the streets and squares keeping a watchful eye on man and beast. They nearly all had agreeable characteristic faces, and you should have seen what fine manners they had. When you approached them, they would put their feet together, draw themselves up, put their right hand to their helmet, and say gaily "Guten tag!" When you ask them the way, they explain with intelligence, give you advice what to see in the direction you intend to go, and then bow when you trot off again.

As it is natural, when Mama left Hamburg after having lived there for some time, she also left some friends she often spoke to us about in later times. We of course intended to look these people up. Correspondence is kept up by few mortals when once they leave a place, still to meet people after a long interval is always interesting and exciting. Mama's plan was faithfully carried out, and this plan was, to spend the first week sightseeing, etc. and the second week to go and look the forgotten ones up. Were any

of the Jaffa tribe still living in Hamburg? This tickled my curiosity immensely. Uncle Jaffa, the head of this tribe of Jaffas had settled well over half a century in Hamburg and died while we lived there. Aunt Jaffa died after our departure, their five accomplished daughters all married and flew away. There remained their only son, Cousin Martin, a clever barrister, who remained in Hamburg. This man, was my godfather, and I was dreadfully anxious to meet him, knowing that all over this little world of ours, godfathers and godmothers are supposed to have very generous pockets. This sounds rather greedy and interested, still, I doubt whether another mortal knowing of the goodness and generosity for which godfathers and (fairy) godmothers are renowned for and who never had a share of her right would not feel the same?

So we went on our way. We at last found ourselves in a fine spacious square. It was their Rathausplatz, that is the Mansion House Place. It is really called Rathausmarkt, all those big places in Germany are generally called Market (I suppose because they are used to hold Market there). The Mansion house, a fine imposing building made of "Sandstein" in the style of German Renaissance, is a new building. Mama could not remember it. It is built in front of the stock exchange in the court of which building there is a lovely fountain. The Rathausplatz has a great monument of the Emperor William the First. Round this monument there are large stone seats built on an elevation which you reach by going up some steps. Between the seats are fine monuments representing allegorically last century's inventions. I always used to sit near a group representing the invention of the telephone. A lovely boy is holding the receiver to his ear, and the whole group of figures is charming. We often went and sat on those seats during the multitudinous wanderings round Hamburg, as the Rathausmarkt is the general starting point of nearly all the trams, and as we used to leave the hotel directly after breakfast every day, we never came back till the day was over, in order to remain in the open air as much as ever possible.

Leaving the Rathausmarkt, we wended our way further, when we suddenly came to what appeared a beautiful lake, quite square in form. It was dotted with swans and tiny white steamers, and Mama at once saw that we were in front of the Alster. I saw that there were fine buildings all round, and opposite to us, what I thought was the end of it, was really only

a bridge, as past that bridge the Alster appears again, this time five or six times larger than the former part. These two parts are called “Binnen-Alster” and “Aussen-Alster,” that is inner and outer Alster. The bridge which runs across is called Lombards-Brücke, and over it passed man and beast, train and tram. In the beginning of our stay I never could remember the proper name of Lombards-Brücke, I used to call it die Theobalds-Brücke, die Leopards-Brücke, die Leopolds-Brücke. Now, however, I have the Lombards-Brücke firmly carved in my brain. I will describe this beautiful lake-like river when I describe the whole day we spent near it, as it is really unique this river, just fancy, right in the center of a town, and when the Lombards-Brücke is passed you find yourself living in a paradise of beautiful gardens, lovely villas, hundreds of poetic nooks and corners, and swans, swans, everywhere. They are always visible, always floating about. Sometimes they appear in groups of a dozen or more, snow white, proud, enjoying their free and easy existence. Sometimes in the open space of the silvery water you see a dignified, important mother swan, floating slowly and carefully, followed by one, two, three, four, and five brown cygnets, following obediently one behind the other, learning their earthly career; sometimes it is a lonely bachelor, gliding silently and majestically. As you see him in the distance scarcely moving on the sparkling water with the broiling sun shining above, you would think it is an enormous snowflake, like the French poet puts it:

Comme un flocon de neige oublié par l'hiver.

However, in spite of all this beauty, my mother, although she no doubt enjoyed everything, did not seem so enraptured with everything. She found the town very changed, she thought it had lost its uniqueness, its charm, its prestige. Hamburg for centuries and centuries had been a free town, that means, I suppose, a sort of republic, everything was different from anywhere else, it had something original, something all its own. When she first came to Hamburg she adored this peculiarity, this strangeness. In Hamburg they even had different money from the other German states. Bismarck, however, changed all this in the course of time. The Hamburg money she thought was wonderful, large strong pieces of nickel and silver,

with the Hamburg arms (three turrets, one big one in the center and a smaller one on either side) boldly engraved in relief. There were three kinds of coins mostly used, the Dreiling, the Schilling, and the Mark. The Schilling, or better the Mark consisted of 16 Schillings, half a Mark contained eight Schillings, and the Mark itself contained, or better had the value of three ordinary German Marks. This money, however, long disappeared before Hamburg ceased to be independent and was given over to the German Empire. I saw some of these coins in the Hamburg museum, I could hardly believe that they had been still used in such recent times, they looked so grand, heavy, and ancient, not at all like coins look now.

My mother also looked all around searching in vain for the lovely Hamburg servant girls, who used to wear a charming costume all their own, she looked in vain for the "Vierländerinnen", a tribe of peasants who lived in a certain region on the banks of the Elbe, and who used to invade Hamburg regularly, selling their delicious products, fruit, vegetables, flowers, fowls, etc. They wore a picturesque national costume, and were known as leading exemplary lives of thrift, honesty, and sobriety.

In vain she looked eagerly around her, she saw nothing. Since Hamburg was given over, or shall I say had to surrender, or shall I even say was ceased by the German emperor, all these picturesque sites have vanished. We heard later, that owing to the rates and taxes which the Prussian government is forced to impose, this charming tribe of Vierländer has gone under. They lost interest, they neglected their occupations, goods came in from other places, and their region is now in a state of decadence, devastation. They wear no more their national garb, the light has gone out, like the light of a lamp goes out through want of fuel leaving only the wick which still glimmers for a while, tries to keep alight, and then darkens and dies too. During our wanderings, we did meet a few of them, very old women, they still wore the garb, which, by the way, is picturesque in its style, short, white skirts, black velvet jackets with large silvery buttons, colored apron, and a peculiar black bonnet at the back of which you see a large black stiff bow with long stiff ends, and over this a round straw hat with a curvature in the middle across which a piece of colored ribbon is attached. The different colourings of skirts and ribbons indicated the different districts to which they belonged. When my mother interrogated

one of these women, asking her why there were not more of her kind about, she answered smiling bitterly that the younger generation took no more interest in wearing the garb, times had changed, people had changed.

After wandering at our ease for many hours, we suddenly awoke to the fact that we had got tired and hungry. It was nearly six o'clock, and we had partaken of no food since breakfast on board the "HIRONDELLE." We had taken no refreshments on leaving the hotel in the morning as we felt no hunger, and had forgotten all about it through the novelty and pleasure we felt in seeing and hearing so many things. Hunger, however, began to make itself sharply felt, we could go no further, but began anxiously to look about for some place where we could satisfy Nature's call. The grand streets, the brilliant shops, the Alster, the swans and the boats suddenly lost all interest, and I smiled to myself in remembering a certain passage in Bulwar Lytton's charming poem "Lucille." (Note in red pencil: I have mistaken, I think it is the son, Lord Lytton, who wrote "Lucille.") I smiled when I first read that passage, I smiled now too. I do not remember the exact phrasing of the verse but I know it sounds something like this:

Why should we work, what is work but pining?
Why should we read, what is reading but tiring?
Why should we love, what is love but repining?
But where is the man who can stay without dining?

We soon found a nice place in a restaurant. one of those "Keller" and besides this in a Fleeth, just in front of the water, charming, lovely. You will no doubt suppose that we eagerly took up the menu in order to choose special Hamburg dishes, but we did not. Instead, we chose nothing else but a simple, everyday, unpretentious, but let me also add, gigantic delicious, Full Blown Royal Beefsteak! Am I right or wrong when I say that few things surpass a good beefsteak? When Dame Nature knocks at the invisible door to remind us that it is once more time to strengthen ourselves to be able to safely continue our earthly pilgrimage, in my opinion nothing gives us more pleasure than to partake of a good beefsteak!

As she appears brown, beaming, deliciously odorous, surrounded by her golden brown courtiers - I mean the fried potatoes - Queen Beefsteak is

an ever welcome friend. Amidst the rich, delectable, succulent, wonderful dishes which the pioneers of culinary art have lately set before us, Queen Beefsteak still holds her own.

From the grand table d'hôtes of the great hotels to the simple table of the wayside inn, we gladly welcome Queen Beefsteak as she triumphantly appears on the scene. On our travels, we sit down and consume the exotic dishes which the sons and daughters of the various nations proudly put before us, and yet we smile and feel happy when Queen Beefsteak appears on the scene.

We invite our friends and treat them all to all sorts of delectable creations which our brains, our hearts, our hands, and our purses can only produce, and yet they rejoice and are thankful when Queen Beefsteak appears on the scene.

Being in Germany, we naturally helped Queen Beefsteak along with a generous full-grown chalice of beer. In the Latin countries, I mean France and Italy, you would not dream of drinking beer, but wine would take its place, you could not get through a meal without helping yourself to wine. In England, I think, there is no rule, we drink what we feel inclined to.

It was getting late, we left the "Keller", and walked along a fine arcade built over the basement, where there were, of course, many other places of business. We saw some very fine shops in this arcade, which has a very nice view. First you see the Fleeth and then fine buildings, and everything is alive and prosperous. We spied a dainty looking shop in the arcade, bearing the grand title of English Tea House. Mother invited me to enter and partake of an ice before ending this memorable day. We found it to be a charming place, with cool comfortable underground rooms. The fruit ice was delicious, and I must frankly confess, since we often returned there during our stay in Hamburg, that I have never found a similar tea house to this one in London. It was called English Tea House, but nobody seemed to know a word of English, and the palatable dainties, cheap and good which we consumed during our visits to this charming place, have never appeared before me in any tea shop I have had the honor of visiting in the world's capital.

It was now judiciously time to end the day, as both were tired and well satisfied with everything we had seen and heard during the day. We

then made the agreeable discovery that our hotel was situated at quite a short distance from the Rathaus Square, which in its turn was quite near to this pretty arcade. The hotel bore the title of "Hotel Metropole, beim Rathaus, Hamburg, vormals Fahrenkrug, Inh. Konrad Hothe, Schauenburgerstrasse, 49/53."

The portly porter smiled genially as he saw us enter the hotel, he whistled to the lift-boy, who made us fly up in the "Fahrstuhl", and we entered our room, and we soon wondered away under Morpheus's generous wing.

FOURTH DAY: SAILING ROUND THE PORT. THE ZOO.

(Tuesday, 15th August 1911)

We went down to our first German breakfast. No more bacon and eggs, no more fried hearings. England had been left behind. We consumed a lot of honey, the best I have ever eaten. The butter and the three kinds of bread were good. They give you Schwartzbrot, a very dusky, dampish bread, Feinbrot, which looks and tastes a little like Standard bread, and Rundstück, small round, crusty little loaves. The coffee was indifferent, tea still more so. If you want to drink coffee as it should be, you must go to Vienna, there they prepare coffee fit for the gods. "Das Frühstückszimmer" was a cool pleasant room, and only very few people sit down at a time. Our intention was to see the town and the port under the guidance of "Käse". This is I suppose an enterprising firm who conduct strangers round Hamburg in their char-à-bancs, and make them sail round the port in their special boats. We saw "Käse" advertised near the Alster, we saw them advertised in the hotel. When we told our intention, the porter handed us tickets, and directed the lift-boy to bring us to the Café Belvédère in front of the Alster, where the char-à bancs pick the people up and from where they start for the daily tour.

We started at 10 o'clock, fresh and happy after a long night's rest. We took our seats right in front of the coach, before the horses, so as to have a good view of everything. The coachman, a clean, intelligent man, proudly explained the various buildings, streets, etc. Inside sat several people,

apparently all Germans. A man in the group also explained everything in a loud clear voice.

The coach first drove around the Alster, past the Lombardsbrücke, and then we had a full view of this lovely body of water, so clear, so fresh, so full of life and gaiety, with its charming banks, so green, so beautiful beautifully kept, and the lovely homes and villas all round.

One thing which struck me and which almost made me laugh till I knew the reason of its existence, were objects floating at intervals in the water, objects which looked like zinc baths placed on small platforms, the end of these baths being left open and a few wooden steps leading therefrom into the water. The inside of these baths were strewn with straw, and I soon discovered that they were swan nurseries, swan families, the handsome white mother surrounded by her ungainly little brown cygnets (but they are not ugly for very long, mind! the ugly ducklings soon turn into lovely swans) lying comfortably in them. Whether the cygnets are actually hatched in these baths, I do not know, but I know that they grow and live there, step out of them for their swimming lesson, go back to them for a little rest, to trot again into the water till they are big enough to make room for new generations. (Note in red ink: A special pond was pointed out to us reserved for the swans when the Alster is frozen.)

The guide pointed out to us various important buildings. We passed a fine private house, in which, he said, the Kaiser lived when in Hamburg. Hamburg, as you know, always having been a free town, has no royal palace. We passed the hotel at Atalanta, the largest and finest hotel in the town, with two large light-blue globes of the world on the top, which are probably lit up at night. We saw the offices of the Hamburg-Amerika line of steamships, a gigantic building with Father Neptune perched on seahorses on the tip-top of the building, trident in hand. Over the entrance you read their motto: "MEIN FELD IST DIE WELT".

After leaving the Alster the coach went right through the inner part of the town into St. Pauli, the district where all the quays, and everything concerning the port lies together. We saw a building, which is divided into two sacred parts, one consisting of the English church, and the other of the Danish church. Nearby was the St. Pauli Landungsbrücken, a line of landing quays, most of which (if not all) belong to the Hamburg America

Line, who have also all sorts of minor lines in hand. In the distance, perched high up, you could see an immensely imposing monument to Bismark, he seems a giant in size, and looks proudly around him.

We were also shown the Flehte where the Alster joins the Elbe, it is divided by a sluic, the water of the Alster being 2 m higher than that of the Elbe. The water of the Alster is not sufficient to support the Flehtes formed by the Alster, so some wonderful invention has been made to carry the Elbe waters to meet the Alster waters, so that those Flehtes belonging to the Alster do not dry up and can always be used for traffic.

The coach stopped near the landing quays, the coachman told us politely to step out of the coach and enter a boat in which were already many people. We trotted gaily into it, and the boat started off rushing through a thousand and one other boats of all size, shape, and aspect. As it moved on, a man appeared among the passengers, and he too, in a loud, audible voice, began explaining everything, through which we were passing. I now deeply regretted not having taken my notebook with me in which I took down my impressions at the end of the day. The man told us, or better described us every inch of the parts through which we were passing, all the passengers standing around him, silent, solemn and highly interested. I will repeat what I clearly remember, as I fear to make some technical mistakes in those things which I do not clearly remember. He pointed a kind of wooden railing floating in the water, and said that there ended the free entrance to the port. It used to be all free from one end to the other, but Bismark imposed taxes, etc., which has spoiled many things in Hamburg. "Still," shouted a voice in the crowd, "besides that you speak against Bismark, you have however erected a fine monument to him."

No answer.

We then sailed along a ship, the like of which in immensity I have never seen. It was red from the water up to a certain point, and gray for the rest. It towered above us like a gigantic edifice, and the guide pointed out that it was a steamer which went regularly to Calcutta and back. He said there were 60 Arabs employed on board, and just then we saw a chocolate brown face with a jet black curly wig and a beaming smile looking down upon us. A little further on we saw another dusky head grinning broadly, and at the end of the ship we saw a fair, typically German bearded face in a

fine uniform, also smiling benevolently at us. The ship was called SAMOS. A little lower down he pointed out another important boat, commercial, the cost of the keeping up of which came to 5,000 Marks daily! He also pointed out the various stores. The greatest coffee emporium in the world, the great salt stores, the great tobacco stores, etc etc.

After sailing for a good time, a signal was given, and we were told that the boat was going to stop, in order to let the passengers down to visit the interior of one of the great American liners of the Hamburg-Amerika Line. This made me very glad, as I had never been in one, there being much difference between an everyday steamboat and a gigantic ocean liner. On landing at the place indicated, we followed the others, and seemed to pass through miles of sheds full of tree trunks and boards, the first touches in the buildings of these immense steamers. All the workmen looked clean and jovial, I could not at first understand why they all had the initials HAL on their caps, till I remembered that they were workmen of the Hamburg-Amerika Line.

We at last arrived before the great liner "President Lincoln."

We were then told to go down first, and then come up again, as you could see everything better without missing anything.

"Die Käse sollen rechte gehen!" Everybody began to laugh, as you know Käse means cheese, and the firm who conduct this excellent guiding bear the name of Käse, so to distinguish the people who had taken their carriages from other passengers about, they called us "Die Käse."

"Sind jetzt die Käse all hier?" asked someone, to which another voice replied: "Die frischen Käse sind alle zusammen," whereupon they all began to laugh.

Down, down, and down we went, it seemed to me, as if the liner were as deep as the ocean itself. At last we all stopped in a large, dark, rather narrow kind of hull, filled with narrow tables and files of seats, gloomy, stuffy, hideous, it seemed like in a nightmare. I thought of being in a convent or an asylum, I won't say prison. This great horrible dark place was lit by a line of holes on one side. Portholes! I now remembered we were on board a ship, on board the great liner "President Lincoln." Portholes in a small cabin are snug and sweet, but in an enormous hall

they seem nothing more but small holes. Whatever was this underground cavern used for?

It was the dining room of third class passengers!

An important looking little man, with a short black beard and gold rimmed spectacles suddenly appeared on the scene, and in loud running language he began to explain the different divisions of this enormous liner. 18,000 tons, a great liner among other great liners of this world-famed Hamburg-Amerika line, who have 184 liners and employ 25,000 men in them. He explained all sorts of technical things etc and the "cheeses" all listened attentively. We walked down the corridors with cramped cabins on either side, these corridors made you think of being in some terrible prison. Next floor was better. It was second class. Nice, snuggy cabins, more space. Next floor was still better. It was first class. Charming, airy rooms, elegant music-room, lovely dining-room, and the cabins! Why, they looked like real bedrooms in a dainty private house. No berths, but real, comfortable, sleep-inviting beds, and there were also good wardrobes with nice drawers in the lower parts. The color scheme was green and light brown.

Do you know that there was also a fourth class on the liner? This class, however, they did not show us.

We also saw the wireless telegraphy Marconi receiver, and looked into the little room where the Marconi men work. Marvelous, really marvelous. If our ancestors came to life again and looked and inspected these modern wonders!

I peeped into the machinery region. Terrible, nothing else but terrible. I looked down an enormous cruel cavity, as deep as the whole liner. In there they store the cargoes, luggage, etc. You felt quite giddy looking down. Mama would not look into it, but kept pulling me away, as I enjoyed it all. It is hardly credible to think that you can lose your way on a boat, and yet if I had been left alone on that enormous liner, I am sure I would not have found my way in that labyrinth. I was a little cross and discouraged when I saw the cruel difference they make between first and third class. Money seems to be everything in some ways, still, two things money cannot give, it cannot force happiness, it cannot force love, the two principal things in life.

After leaving the liner, the “Cheeses” were again summoned to follow the guides, and after passing again through the works, we were conducted to a steamer, a little larger than the one we came in. I was wondering what was going to happen next. Where were they going to bring us now? There suddenly appeared men with all sorts of sandwiches, and beer, beer, all over the place. In Germany you always find something to eat, I suppose that is why the people eat so much and so often, not very moral for their figures. We did not take anything, but kept looking at the scene in the porch. In what other part of the world do you see such an agglomeration of ships of all dimensions, shape, nationality? And the names the little German Elbe steamers, boats, and barks have! Lüttchen, Lottchen, Elschen, Gertchen, Mariichen, Gustchen, Annchen. We also saw a little Hedwig proudly winding her way among the great foreign ships.

We sailed a good bit down the port, then stopped. “Die Käse sollen alle heraus.” And the cheeses meekly obeyed. We landed in a charming garden, up a few steps, into a most tastefully arranged room, where on a long table in the centre lay displayed hundreds of daintily laid out and delicious looking edibles on pretty plates, also thousands of the inevitable glasses of beer, and nearly as many large cups of bouillon.

The important looking little bearded man appeared suddenly on the scene, and said to us thinking we were English because he had heard us speak English: “Help yourselves.” It was one o’clock, and the sightseeing and fresh air had made us hungry, so we did not refuse. Mother chose a helping of fish, and I a helping of “Fleischklöse”. We both found on our plates a really German share of Kartoffelsalat also an equally German share of green salad, in fact, the helpings were not plates but dishes full. Mama declared the fish first rate (the Elbe and the North Sea are known to have a grand population of jolly, healthy inhabitants) and I enjoyed my choice immensely. Just fancy, this lunch was gratis, it was included in the fee of 3.5 Marks you paid for the tour around the port and the town!

We next went into the garden, and then the important little man bid all the cheeses to go up the steps, as the way was hilly, and not return to the boat. Up and up we went, till at last we came to a road where we found a line of char-à-bancs. The little man earnestly made all the people to take the same seats they had when they left in the morning. So we looked

everywhere, but could not find our coachman. We also noticed that all the coaches had four horses, whereas we distinctly remembered that ours had only two horses. I went up to the little man, he asked me where we had taken the coach, and when I told him at the Café Belvédère, he calmly told me that we had taken the wrong coach, and that we had to return per tram. This, of course, we did, the tram was not far from the spot. Still, we could not understand what had happened.

However, the next morning at the honey breakfast in the hotel, when we told the story to the head waiter, he calmly said he would put the expense of the outing on our bill. By this we understood that it was no doubt a new firm competing with the Käse and under the patronage of the hotel, although these guides seemed to know the Käse guides. It all sounded a bit dishonest, still we enjoyed it all immensely, and did not lose any money or time uselessly.

To go on with my story. The tram brought us to the terminus, viz, the Rathausmarkt. We took our seats on the stone seats surrounding the statue of the great emperor, and decided to spend the rest of the day at the zoo. So we went.

The Zoo in Hamburg is supposed to be the finest in Germany. It is always pleasant to visit a zoo. There is always a lot of fun in watching the exotic animals. Still, to tell the truth, I was not struck at all with it. It is not to be compared to the zoo in Antwerp. In Antwerp, besides the glorious assemblage of the animal world, the grounds are so perfectly carried out and constructed, that you can enjoy every inch without losing a minute's time. In Hamburg I saw the usual animals, some of which were very fine, but the whole aspect did not impress me very deeply. The monkeys were sweetly funny, as is always the case, but the lions attracted me most of all. I saw in one cage a lion and a lioness seemed to be so touchingly in love with each other, that we remained hours watching them. The lioness would approach her Lord and Master timidly and yet confidently, lie down before him, lay her head between his two fore feet, and bury her face in his glorious mane breast. Then the lion would pull out a fresh rosy tongue and begin licking her all over, then they would look at each other languidly and lovingly. I have never seen lions behave like that before. Usually you see King Lion lounging lazily near the bars, looking at the spectators with

drooping eyelids and his head on one side, whilst Queen Lioness generally lies sulkily brooding away from him looking at her shadow. But the animals which pleased most to Mama were some tiny fish in the aquarium. I never saw anything like these fish, so tiny, so perfect, so marvelously swift and full of life. They could not be a whole inch long, their color was goldy-silvery, and so transparent were the bodies that you could clearly perceive the middle bone running right across them. We also saw some lovely birds. How lovely it must be to see those winged darlings flying about free. How effective that electrical and multicolored plumage must be flying in the open, illuminated by the tropical sun!

We remained many hours there. We went into a pretty Pavilion where we drank tea. Indischer Thee call it in Hamburg, and the flavor was delicious. They brought us some “kugelhopf” a favorite German cake, which is made in a ribbed shape with a hole running from top to bottom and tastes excellently.

It was a most enjoyable afternoon, although, as I have already said, the zoo itself did not impress me very much.

When we left, it was about 6 o'clock, and we still had time to wander about. Mama is a wonderful walker. She goes faster than I do, but one thing she does not do, and that is to stop at every turning to see something new. That is what I like doing. You do come across strange things during your peregrinations, and as you know that you seldom come across the same thing twice, I always used to stop wherever my fancy told me to, and Mama trotted on. Still, she would listen attentively whenever I told her of something which to my mind seemed wonderful.

We ended the day by a visit to the dear little place in front of the first Flehte coming from the Alster, the dainty little so-called English Tea House. We both supped on a fine portion of ROTE GRÜTZE. This dish is the dish of Hamburg. Each portion appears in the shape of a mold. It is of a deep red color and trembles like a jelly. Rote Grütze would mean red gruel in English. I wonder why they call it gruel. Mother says it is prepared with fruit, cherries, red currants, and the like, this fruit is mixed with rice, or say go, or etc, then passed through a sieve, and cooked accordingly. It is eaten with an ample supply of milk strewn over, and the milk they give you is so thick and creamy, that with a little addition of sugar, you feel quite well nourished.

And yet Mama says that in Hamburg they generally begin a meal with this wonderful red creation, as, generally speaking, in Hamburg the soups are also sweet, cherry soup; apple soup being very popular. I suppose you get used to everything in this world, but it does sound strange to begin dinner with something sweet. Still, this wonderful Rote Grütze worked marvels on my digestion and on my temper. I felt hail and hearty, and earnestly promised to partake a lot of it during the remainder of my days in Hamburg, which oath, let me add, I faithfully kept up. If only such a dish were available in the City at lunch time, it would be a great consolation and cheerer during the hard hours of strenuous work and worry.

FIFTH DAY: STELLINGEN. Hagenbeck'S TIERPARADIES.
(Wednesday, 16 August)

We got up at 7:00 Our intention was to spend the day at Stellingen, the world famed place where Hagenbeck lives with or better in the company of the whole world's fauna.

We took the tram at the Rathausmarkt, and sat impatiently longing to arrive. We were before the gates a little after 10 o'clock. Stellingen is a suburb a good bit away from the town. We descended from the tram in a large square. We noticed an enormous porch surmounted on the left by an immense ice-bear, on the right by an enormous lion, with the statue of a Nubian with spear and an Indian with tomahawk on either side of these animals, whilst two immense elephants' heads appeared on both sides of the porch, their trunks holding two large electric lamps. These figures were all apparently made of bronze. It all looked very new and a bit gaudy.

We entered the gate. It looked like a well-kept public garden. I saw no animals. I heard no sound. A boy in a uniform approached and handed us a booklet bearing the title: Führer durch Carl Hagenbeck's Tierpark. In the distance I saw what looked like high rocks of a bright tint.

This booklet was to be our guide. I consulted it, and walked down the blooming alley, as requested. We turned to the left and came to a large lake crowded with birds of every description, tropical and subtropical waterfowls were they. Their plumage ran from pure white to flame red, their voices and their behavior astounded you, and yet they all seemed to live perfectly well

together. In the water you could see numberless ducks and geese of every kind, proud swans gliding by, severely snubbing those inferior darlings, although they left them in peace, whilst disporting themselves a little further on land where troops of high-legged and long build cranes, storks and flamingos, and flying about (there was a wire netting over the enclosure) seagulls and other seabirds gave life to the scene. These feathered darlings have a neat little Japanese house in the enclosure, as well as hollows in the rockeries around to retire to when fancy tells them to.

I looked around, and saw that the panorama was grand, mountains, and rocks everywhere. It is however only appreciable when you go near them and watch the different animals inhabiting these mounts and rocks, as at first sight it looks rather theatrical and, how should I say? Well, a little helped by human hands, which is naturally the case, the park being only open to the public since 1907.

We next came to an immense group of rocks which appeared to be populated, just as the guidebook says, by a really international company, every specimen of hoofed animal, the hay and grass eaters of the whole big round world seeming to have met there. From the lovely light colored Indian Zebus, which some witty Germans think looks like freshly boiled "Lachsschinken" to the heavy dark monsters, the buffalo of North America, you find them all there. The dromadar from the burning sands of Africa, llamas and guanacos from the heights of South America, you find them all there. Galloping Shetland ponies from the icy north, lovely and beautifully streaked zebras from hot Africa, Indian Axis-stags, Aristoteles stags from Java, European Fallow deers, Sika deers from Manchuria. They are all there. An equally mixed society is found disporting themselves higher up on the rocks, all in the same enclosure. this time there is only a railing which separates us from them, for the they are quite free. Goats and sheep are seen scrambling up the rocks. They come from the north, they come from the south. How do they manage to live so peacefully together? Human beings would not do the same. Moufflons from the Corsican and Sardinian mountains, the North African sheep with its endless mane, the Abyssinian goats, the Tibetan ones with only one horn. And yet, as the guide book remarks, all these animals, in spite of their different temperaments, characters, and let me add, thoughts and ideas, as I always have thought

that animals must think and have ideas of their own sometimes, they do get on well together, the little ones wisely getting out of the way of the big ones. The rocks are full of holes, and these holes are the only places these animals have to protect themselves against the raw Northern winter, as through experience it has been discovered that the tropical animals are not in the least so sensitive as the general idea has been, as long as they are allowed that perfect freedom to move and wander about as they are used to. under these circumstances, they acclimatise themselves wonderfully quickly. Mr. Hagenbeck (of whom I will speak presently) has always new animals coming in, but many are born in this terrestrial paradise, and many are sold, and they all thrive and develop perfectly.

Our next halt was before the pheasant thicket. These birds are lovely, like other birds. They live in a specially and perfectly arranged kind of little wood, the earth having been purposely laid out just like in a wood, so that the gold- silver- Royal- Mongolian- etc etc pheasants, may feel quite at home, nibbling at the berries, grass, herbs, and plants, indigenous to their poetic surroundings.

What came next, do you think? Ah, the site in the whole paradise, the site of which every self-respecting person must have heard spoken of or read about, the rock, the hollow, the promontory, but whatever you will call the place, where real, live lions live quite free, in the open air, quite unguarded, free, no barriers, no obstacle between you and them.

At first sight, it seems as if they could with one immense spring, jump over to you, catch hold of you with their cruelty, hold you fast with their powerful paws, and maul you to death in a short time, and leave you a shapeless mass of something which once has been!

But no, on examining this free home of this king of the fauna world, you begin to see how marvelously ingenious this great man Hagenbeck has arranged this.

Their habitation consists of an enormous hollow high up, surrounded by steep unattainable cliffs. The side in front of the public is open, and just in front of you there is a well-kept bushy extended piece of ground. This latter bush forms the illusion. We do not see that between the lions' ground and this bush there is a ditch 5 m deep and 8 m wide containing water, which prevents the lions from trespassing. Should any of the lions indulge

in the caprice of running away, it would only be able to slip down this ditch, and fall into the water. Still, this body of water is not deep enough for any lion to get drowned in it, but just enough to let it struggle till it finds on one side a safe outlet with steps leading up again into its lovely free home.

So here they live, these handsome imposing wild monsters of both sexes and different ages, here they indulge in life's pleasures, here they look down at us, who knows whether they do not sometimes however wish to try and jump over the ditch (which by the way has been measured so that no wild beast could possibly take it) to us, and triumph in their mighty power! The guide book says that judging by their liveliness and activity, especially early in the morning and at eve, they must feel quite pleased in their rocky home.

When we stood before them it must have been about 11 o'clock. they had just been fed, so they were having their siesta, and took but little notice of us. At first I only saw two or three, and they were lounging lazily about, one was resting against the trunk of a tree placed in the center of the clift. Clift, hollow, are the words given in the dictionary for Schlucht, die Löwenschlucht, the lions' hollow as it is called at Hagenbeck's. We saw one or two more lions and lionesses appear lazily out of the rocks. It must really be a marvelous sight to see them gambolling and rolling about and mauling each other when in an animated mood. Theirs was at this moment a placid mood, a noble mood, a dignified mood!

On paying zehn Pfennig you can enter the garden and walk to the ditch so as to be still nearer the lions. We approached and spoke to them, but they only answered with cold haughty looks.

These are not the only lions in Stellingen. There are others further on in cages, scores of them. I have a secret idea that they first put them in cages till they get used to living in captivity before they are let free on the rocks.

In the guide book they say that one of the most unique sights is to watch the lions running about in the freshly fallen snow, rolling themselves in the snow as if their home were really in the snow covered North instead of the glowing heat of the desert. Prudent, foreseeing Mother Nature gives these spoiled children of the South simply a thicker fell to enable them to

get better through the northern winters. Indeed, one of the attendants told us that the whole scene was even more effective in winter than in summer.

On the top of the rocks surrounding the lions' place, there are eagles chained at one leg. This is unfortunately an exception to the rule or the principle adopted by Hagenbeck of giving complete liberty to the animals. The eagles would naturally soon fly away.

There is a picture in the guide book showing Mr. Hagenbeck complacently caressing the old Lion "TRIEST" under the chin. I remember reading of Mr. Hagenbeck how he managed to calm a vicious and cruel tiger who sprang continuously against its cage with menacing yells and fiery eyes. Hagenbeck kept on speaking softly, kindly to the brute, till one day it came to know the master's voice and footstep, and gently ate dainties out of his hand.

We reluctantly left the lions' place knowing that there was an enormous lot still to see. We soon arrived near an enormous enclosure populated by numberless kinds of antelopes. They say in German "Hirschziegen-Antilopen." Their home is upper India, the land of the burning sun, and yet these charming creatures with their bright startled eyes and sylph-like legs are quite happy in Europe, and are therefore very adaptable for parks, "Wildparks" as they say in the book.

We presently found ourselves before the "Hochgebirge" high mountain, making us feel as if we were away in the Alps. The first division of this imitation of the great natural mountains is inhabited by the "Gemse". It is no joke, believe me, to know every name in the animal, floral, and mineral world in the four languages which I have had the luck to have imprinted in my brain and my tongue. I can easily distinguish all those adorable animals living in the mountains by their lovely startled eyes, graceful movements, and pretty light bodies, but to know the exact name of each kind is a study in itself. The dictionary (I luckily possess one mixed up with the four languages I know) and I find that they call the Gemse, chamois in French, and also chamois in English, as well as shamoy and wild goat. In Italian it is called "camoscia." These charming creatures the book tells the visitor, are quite young things, they only came to the park since last autumn, but seem to have settled down already quite willingly, and are said to become very lively and high-spirited towards evening.

Only divided by a kind of trellis work you come to the “Mähnenschafe” which would mean translating the word literally mane sheep, that is, sheep with a mane. These stately fellows of a rather heavy build hail from North Africa. In spite of their larger size and weight, they are just as swift climbers as their near neighbours the chamois. They live in the highest regions of the Algerian and Atlas mountains. They take easily steep perpendicular walls of several metres.

We are now directed to go up the mountains, which really seemed gigantic and enough to take your breath away till you arrive at the top. This part is inhabited by “Steinböcke” (which the dictionary again calls in English wild goats) and “Markhors”. I have no idea how this latter species of goat is called in the other languages, but by the description I will give of them you can perhaps make them out. These latter, they say, are an interesting species of wild goat from North Afghanistan and the Himalayas. They are recognized by their peculiar screw-like horns, slanting upwards, and they therefore also bear the name of “Schrauben-Ziege” (*Orthaegoceros megaceros*). The German name means screw goat. They are the original ancestors of the domestic goat. The book points out the buck Hans (Jonnie) an old boy, with his characteristically strong horns, who seems to take great pleasure in knocking with them against the visitors, but these being a little out of his reach, has to content himself by pushing and rubbing them against the rails. I looked out for old Jonnie, but could not make him out, there were so many of his compatriots jumping about.

Now down again into the plain. Built in an enormous recess of the rocks which contain the lions’ abode, we came to the tigers’ den. The inhabitants are huge monsters coming from East Siberia which differ from their Indian relatives by their longer hair and lighter colored streaks. I do not know why, but tigers always frighten me more than lions. Perhaps it is simply because they have a different reputation. Is not the lion generally acknowledged to be courageous, noble, and fearless? Whereas the tiger is supposed to be much more cruel, treacherous, and dangerous? They are, however, fine creatures, with their terrible eyes (by the way one seemed to have his eyes encircled in blood) and shudder-inspiring voices.

We retired out of their sight and rushed to a den of harmless, but at the same time rather insignificant little beasts, porcupines as the English,

Stachelschwein as the Germans, porc-épic as the French, and istrice as the Italians call them. These queer looking animals come from North Africa, they are also found in southern Europe, South Italy, and Sicily, where the Romans are supposed to have introduced them. Also at Hagenbeck's they are said to multiply easily and feel quite contented in their captivity.

Not far from the quarters of this prickly tribe, you come across a bronze bust of G. C. Hagenbeck, born on the 13th of March 1810, died on the 3rd of November 1887, the founder of German animal commerce and of the animal trading firm Carl Hagenbeck, father of the founder of the animal park in Stellingen. I should really here tell you all about this great man, as the guidebook gives an interesting account of his life, still, let me first continue my description of the mute darlings, and please wait till I take lunch in this terrestrial paradise, then I will go from animal to man.

We now came to an enclosure in which the earth's "running birds" dwelt. By this I mean those big birds who have wings, but do not actually fly. There you found the cassowary in different kinds, the Australian emu, the American "Rhea" (I cannot find the name in English), and here, since 1906 and 1907 for the first time, African ostriches have wintered without getting their shed heated, which gave the proof that these difficult birds can be safely acclimatized. Indeed, in the Square at the entrance to the park, Hagen back has a real ostrich farm, where you can see the young ones hatched, and watch the ostriches special way of living. you can also buy the feathers, etc, in the shop adjoining the farm. we did not however visit this farm, as when we came away in the evening, we were too tired to do anything more in the way of amusement.

To return once more to the wonderful group of artificial mountains, let me tell you that they have been constructed as naturally as possible, in order to enable the different kinds of animals in the divided enclosures to feel as much as possible that they are still living in the land or better the mountains of their fathers. The guidebook says that nothing can be more interesting than to watch them in the early morning, when at break of dawn, they wake up, and climb to the very top as if to greet their Inseparable friend the sun, and at eve, when the sun sinks into the west, they all gather in that direction and stand looking and watching the sun as it gradually disappears.

Does it not make you feel inclined to desire to live in the park for some time to be able to witness all this? As you can understand easily, it is not possible to appreciate all the beauties of this marvelous place by going only for one day. I should like to live in Hamburg just to be able to go and watch the animals for a bit of relaxation when I get cross or tired of my fellow creatures!

On the top of the mountains, there is a miniature lake, the water of which forms a tiny rivulet which rolls down the mountain and forms a little cascade. There is also a magnificent view from the top, you can see the whole park which is gigantic, as well as the surrounding suburbs and villages. The rocks are so to say broken into, making these apertures seem like windows where you can lean against and dream the hours away.

In going down the mountains there are of course seats to rest, and these seats have the charming shape of mushrooms, big wooden mushrooms, and very comfortable too. There is also a charming chalet with benches and table, just like you see them on the Swiss mountains. There we sat too, and smiled, and enjoyed life. In such moments of bliss, you wonder how you could ever have been cross with anybody, how you could ever have thought wrong or felt discouraged in life.

Near to the running birds' quarters, there is also the quarters of the grallic birds, I mean the long-legged birds. Here are to be found especially flamingos and cranes, of which often great transports are made.

We presently jumped over the mountain brooklet which flows across the visitor's path, and continued our pilgrimage.

Consulting the guidebook, I see that we should have entered or come near to the giraffes. Was it through absent-mindedness, inadvertence, or did something else attract our attention, the fact is that we missed seeing these wonders of creation. We did not see them, which I much regret, as no doubt there must have been an immense variety of them. (Note in red: I saw giraffes at the zoo the day before. One of them bent its long neck over the barrier and pulled its peculiar curl-like tongue at me, as if it wanted to pull off my hat; I however kept at a respectful distance. Any zoo, I am forced to say, besides Hagenbeck's emporium, must invariably fade to nothing.) The book also says that in the same part you can see "Nashörner oder empfindliche Antilopen" which translated into

English means “Nosehorns” or sensitive antelopes, also the division reserved to “ma- like monkeys.” These latter however, I did not regret not seeing, as further on during the day, we saw so “frightfully” many of our ancestors, to use Darwin's words, that I thought I would no more be able to banish them from my mind.

The next to see were the “Weissbart-Gnu” (*Connocoetes albobubatus*) the “white-bearded gnu”. These peculiar looking animals hail from German East Africa, a so-called “degenerated variety” of the streaked gnu, quite unknown to me, I have never seen the like before.

And now came the kangaroos. There were ever so many species of this well-known representative of the Australian continent. Yet, however many there were, I looked in vain for the pretty sight of the little treasure in the pouch of Mesdames Kangaroos. This, I have only seen once, and that was in London. The sleek little head and shining eyes peeping eagerly out of the warm and comfortable looking pouch is a sight never to be forgotten. Every species of kangaroo is to be found at Hagenbeck's, big-sized, little-sized “Beuteltiere” (pouch animals). How they jump! Red and gray giant kangaroos, stag kangaroos, and different species of *Helmaturus* kinds. I could not explain the difference between them all, I just give the names as they are indicated. It is also said that these animals multiply easily in the Tierparadies, and that some kinds are, (*einzelne Arten* means single kinds) can easily be kept in home parks.

Now some extraordinary panorama came into our sight, the Arctic panorama. There are two of these wonderful representations, the North Pole and the South Pole. Before we started examining these, we decided to have lunch, the great restaurant and concert hall being nearby. A little further down, still belonging to this large establishment, there is to be found a charming sort of little wood, all dark, shady, and full of trees. It is called “der Wurstelprater” I suppose to remind you a little of the lovely park in Vienna, the Prater, and Wurst meaning sausage, this was no doubt meant to represent life in the Prater. This little love of a wood, to quote the words in the guidebook, is intended for “bescheidenere Genüsse” (more modest tastes), and we naturally took our seats in this poetic little spot. Away with grand restaurants, let us remain in the open air, and enjoy our little meal accompanied by the songs of the birdies. The whole wood is furnished with

plain, rustic, tables, benches, and chairs, and we passed a lovely hour there. The piping hot sausages, fresh bread, and foaming beer, restored our tired limbs. It was well past 1 o'clock, and we had been walking and had remained on our feet a good while.

I read (as I did not enter the restaurant) in the guide book that the restaurant contains an immense and fine collection of horned animals' heads, etc, which have been brought together with the live specimens to Stellingen by Hagenbeck's traveler. This man is a certain Captain Jacobsen who has since many years been employed by Hagenbecks for great expeditions. It was he who brought a troupe of Eskimos to Hamburg from the west coast of Greenland. This Captain Jacobsen has also lately traveled for the Prussian government for the purpose of beautifying the museum in Berlin.

While I enjoy my lunch, I will let you listen to what I know about these wonderful men, father and son Hagenbeck.

This animal park in Stellingen, "Tierparadies" as it is justly called, is comparatively still a young creation. It developed out of the Hagenbeck animal trade, and this business was started as far back as 1848. In that year Gottfried Claus Carl Hagenbeck, the father of the present proprietor casually made the acquisition of some seals from a North Sea navigator and brought them to Kohl's establishment in Berlin for show. He became in this way the founder of the firm and of German animal trading, and in this capacity has the bronze bust been dedicated to him of which I have already spoken.

On the first of January 1866 father Hagenbeck gave the business over to his son born on the 10th of June 1844, which under his control extended and augmented and acquired its worldwide reputation. The business was conducted in the town of Hamburg, but as it grew, no place in the town was large enough for the ever-growing enterprise, so that a fit place was found on the outskirts of the town, in Stellingen.

The high grounds of the actual animal paradise was originally a tree- and shrub-less, flat soil, a very uninviting aspect. Through art and industry, this remarkable man has turned it into a real paradise, where every animal finds a home as the home it has left forever, be it a home in the desert, a home in the poles, or a home in the ocean. This great piece of land was

purchased by son Hagenbeck in the year of grace 1897, and in 1902 the wonderful plans for the execution of the various buildings and rockeries, etc, were put into work. The beautiful gardens are the work of a Hamburg landscape gardener J. Hinsch, whilst the mighty and imposing mountain scenery has been executed by the Swiss sculptor Urs Eggenschwyler. The execution of the whole, however, has been the idea of Mr. Hagenbeck, the plan, I had better say the dream of the verification of the Tierparadies and especially of the panoramas, has been his own idea. The book also tells us that since this wonderful plan has been carried out, it is being propagated by others, in fact, the zoo in Rome has been laid out in more or less the same way.

The park was opened with a grand feast for the public to enjoy it ever after on the 7th of May 1907.

A further part connected by a bridge was added in 1909. In this part there now stands the new summer restaurant near the great pond with a miniature railway which runs right around this pond. Then followed the Ostrich farm, the antediluvian landscape ornamented with all the prehistoric monsters by the animal sculptor Joseph Pallenberg. The year 1910 brought the sweet water aquarium and "vivarium", the bird's house, and the post and telegraph building. And yet, it is not completed yet, we are still promised more wonders in the future.

There is a charming villa lying in a sea of flowers and lovely plants. We did not inquire what it was, but I presume it is Hagenbeck's private house. We did not see this king of the animal paradise, his portrait is however given in the guidebook. It is a characteristic but not agreeable face. No doubt when you approach him, like half if not three quarters of mankind, he will display a charming personality. There is a picture of him sitting in front of a tree with a little girl on either side, round them are wild animals, he is nursing a young tiger.

Having ended our pleasant al fresco lunch, we decided to continue our inspection.

We were soon in front of the Northland panorama. You first go for the "Renntierplateau". You walk up blocks of granite, and near the top a large family of reindeer live. In going up still further, you can look down and watch the ice-bears at work and at play, and lower down you can perceive

a happy family of seals. You reach the top of this panorama by steps and a tunnel, and here there is the reservoir for the irrigation of the park. This marvelous panorama is divided in several parts. The middle represents the ice sea panorama, and further down just in front you see the great swimming place of the "Robben" and "Walrosse". It is difficult to find the exact names of these animals, as looking in the dictionary I find that "Seehund" and "Robbe" are both called seals. They also say for the first seadog, and the latter sea calf. "Walrus" is naturally the name for "Walrosse". They are no doubt the same race, all these sea mammals, but the difficulty is to know the exact name of each. On the left there is a smaller basin for the Northern birds. They are mostly white, and look pretty, like all birds do. There you see Northern gulls, "Tölpeln" which is called in the dictionary bitterns, "Tordalken" which are very much alike to the antarctic penguins, about whom Shackleton tells us such a lot about in his book about his South Pole expedition. "Lummen" and "Papageientaucher". This latter word means parrot diver.

The "Robben" and "Walrosse" basin is perhaps one of the most interesting divisions in the whole park. It contains as the book says, "the peaceful inhabitants of the Polar regions," every kind of seal, sea-dog, or calf or whatever they are called, and the "stately walrus." There is one kind of these animals which is called "Kegelrobbe" which means cone, does not derive its name through its cone-shaped head but through its cone-shaped side teeth, this creature is described as being far more lively than the common "Seehund." Especially at feeding time, (I regret we did not manage to see any animal fed except some sheep) 11, 4, and 6 o'clock, they display extraordinary agility on land, as for the rest all "fin" footed, that is those animals like the seals who have feet with which they swim like fish. There is a special cone seal there who shows himself to be a great singer of indefatigable perseverance. We, however, had not the luck to hear it give a concert. There are two walruses, terrible-looking creatures, the bigger one of which is said to be able to accompany the singer on various instruments. The walrus is not a difficult animal to distinguish, you often see it in illustrations, still, I was rather surprised while standing watching these sea monsters, that a gentleman standing near me quietly asked me what the animal was. These walruses are said to be young animals, although

they seem to have developed themselves gigantically, as the book says, "sie haben sich zu stattlichen Kerlen entwickelt." Their keeping up is said to be very expensive, as each of them consumes about 100 pounds of fish per day. We noticed a papa seal, mama seal, and baby seal, lying out of the water, one on the top of the other, it did look so funny, they did seem so happy together, and the baby was fit to be squeezed with its dear little body and sweet little eyes. We laughed and made a noise to attract their attention, but Mr. Mrs. and Miss seal remained impassive, and would not take any notice of us. I never could understand why the so-called seal-skin we wear looks so different on the animals, till I read the fact that it is not this visible skin but a skin underneath which is used for adorning and enhancing our beauty.

Now we found ourselves before several imposing and awe-inspiring monsters, the ice bears, the great beasts of the northern regions. The place is an imitation of some fjord-like landscape into which some very real looking enormous blocks of ice seem to have found their way. These huge, heavy, deliciously clean-looking creatures were rolling themselves and lolling about. They always seem as if their weight were too heavy for their legs to carry. They are separated from their neighbours, as the book says "des lieben Friedens willen" (for the sake of sweet peace) by a deep ditch, which however is not visible to the visitor. So it looks as if they lived together with all the other Northern dwellers. Ice bears seem dull creatures at first, their movements being slow and heavy, but if you remain some time watching them you end by thinking them quite funny and entertaining. This North Pole panorama indeed leaves a deep impression on the mind, everything is so light in color, so icy, the ice bears and the birds are very white, but not so the amphibious creatures, these are all very dark, and the walrus seems as he peeps out of the water opening its gigantic mouth, just as if it came from some terrible infernal region.

Between the North and South Pole panorama, you come across some strange looking animals, half sheep, half oxen. these are "Moschusochsen" musk oxen, they dwell in Greenland and polar North America. Only a few years ago stuffed specimens of these animals were even considered costly rarities. They did not impress me much, the eye being spoiled by the wonders of the North Pole.

We found ourselves at last in front of the South Pole panorama, which I was very anxious to inspect. You generally hear a good deal about the North Pole, but much less about the South Pole, I suppose it is because in books you often hear of navigators going to the North Pole, and descriptions of this pole vividly remain in the mind. Shackleton has made us take interest in the South Pole. The panorama shows a piece of seacoast. Between rocks and cliffs we noticed several basins in which strange-looking amphibious animals were disporting themselves, sea lions, sea bears, (these latter being famous for their surprisingly fine jumping power when on land) sea-elephants, the first ever enjoying captivity, penguins (Königs-Pinguine) conspicuous for their measured walking pace and carriage full of gravity, also their little relatives "Brillen" (spectacles) penguins. This panorama has been carried out by a certain Herr Heinrich Umlauff, with the aid of photographs which were brought home by the last expedition which Hagenbeck sent out to South Georgia.

The building containing all the birds of the earth is so complete that it would take more than a day to examine them all. the varieties are not in my descriptive power. I will just only mention some wonderful dark blue birdies, with lovely electrical lights on their breasts and under the wings. Birds with bills almost as big and long as their bodies. Perhaps the bird which pleased us most of all was the one called "Paradieswitwe" (Paradise Widow). It was a small bird, quite black, with an orange colored ring round its neck and floating down the breast this gaudy color also appeared, she had for tail one long, solitary, black feather, like a widow's veil, the strangest thing I ever saw, the tail of a bird generally comprising in many feathers. Outside scores of parrots of every description perched on their stands were making a noise and enjoying the fine weather. I however only heard one who could talk, and it only seemed to be able to say "Mama", fancy, not even "Papa"!

An enormous enclosure divided in so many parts contained all those animals classified under wild oxen and wild horses. In the first division we saw three strange looking quadrupeds called "Wisente", they are the European buffaloes, which in their time used to inhabit German forests. They are presents from H.I.M. The Czar of Russia, and indeed such extraordinary looking beasts I have never seen. They are immensely big and colossal, very dusky and hairy. They really make you think of

something Russian and as if coming from some out of the way region. Two of them were lying quietly on the ground, the other one was roaming about its enclosure. The profile of that animal was remarkable, half beast, half cruel man, I was quite frightened in looking at him, its eyes seemed more dangerous than any lion's or tiger's, it just seemed as if it wanted to speak. I understand they come from Russian Mongolia. How terrible it must be to meet such a creature on a lonely road!

The "Tarpan" a much less cruel-looking animal than the "Wisent" was exported under great difficulty by Hagenbeck from Kobdo on the Chinese frontier, it is supposed to have been the first parents, I mean to say that the domestic horse descends directly from this creature. The zebras were there in large assemblies. To tell the truth, I never knew there were different kinds of this pretty animal, I always thought that there was only one kind, as those I had seen previously seemed one like the other, till one day I read a description of them in that dear little home paper "Home Chat" where the different zebras were fully dealt with. The Grevy-Zebras are the finest, they are so well marked. It is now known that the idea that the zebra cannot be tamed is quite erroneous, they can be tamed and rendered useful. How picturesque it would be to see them pull a little carriage with pretty women and children inside!

We next passed an enclosure where they keep new arrivals. The cages are severely barred and wired, because when they first arrive in captivity, the animals are so frightened and upset at their new surroundings, that they frequently break their necks and legs against the railings. They, of course, enter into larger and freer spaces the moment they have calmed down.

We approached the Reptile house. Here Mama would not enter, till I forced her to, knowing we would only go into it for the first and last time. She entered, rushed through it, without looking at the horrors, having an abhorrence for anything snake-like, and rushed out at the other end, where she took a seat in the open, and left me alone to enjoy the monsters. Boa constrictors, tiger snakes (*Python molurus*) from Upper India, I mean "Vorderindien" that is the Indian peninsula, and a terrible endless monster from Borneo (*Python reticulatus*). There is a picture there showing this monster from Borneo after having swallowed a wild goat weighing 71

pounds. There were also many of them lying in their dens having their siesta. There they lay, their heads beginning at one end of the encasement, the bodies then twisting and twirling round and round and round till you arrived at the tails which you found after following with the eye all round the place somewhere high up in a corner or ending low down in the darkness. We are told to notice the wonderful elasticity of the “scaly” garment of the serpents and snakes, and really it is a wonderful sight this long flexible tube with one part bulging out like an enormous swelling five or six times larger than the rest. In that swelling lies their consumed repast. With the rays of the sun shining from above, some of them had beautiful colours variegating on their bodies. The crocodiles and alligators were in numbers there, they are ugly uninteresting members of nature’s confraternity, with their ugly little eyes and wide open mouths full of terrible little pointed teeth.

The monkeys appeared in thousands in an immense enclosure. They behaved as they always do. If you feel dull and in a bad temper, go and watch monkeys at play, you will soon find yourself smiling and getting excited over them.

Another sight, not quite so laughter-provoking, but perhaps more poetic in its kind, was a huge enclosure containing all sorts of hen- and water fowls, short-legged, long-legged, bright-plumaged, dull-plumaged, they were all there. Ibis, cranes, storks, herons, peacocks, pampashens, Alpine jack-daws, numberless ducks of every kind and colour. These birds, this feathered community, comprise guests from every part of the globe. Which did I like best? Difficult to say. The peacock with its lovely train and proud little head still stands supreme amongst its fellow creatures. They all seemed happy and jolly, and seemed quite familiar with each other’s languages.

Close by we came to some more birds. An immense lot. This enclosure contains all aquatic new arrivals, I mean water and marsh birds. Swans, pelicans, geese, ducks, etc. There were several black swans, they are Australians, I think, they can however not be compared to the pure white ones. There are a few of these in one part of the Alster, which were given to the municipality by Hagenbeck. In the same enclosure, just on one side, we found a lot of ugly little animals. These were “Wasserschweine” water pigs, (*Hydrochoerus capybara*). These animals like the pigs in name,

in the look of them and the bristly covering reminds you a good bit of them, in reality they are however big gnawers. Their original home is Brazil. Here I saw, and this was the only time I noticed any discord or disunion amongst the community. I noticed that these water pigs did not inspire any sympathy to the swans. There was one swan, who whenever a pig approached him, would rise up in an ugly posture, open its beak and let horrible sounds emerge, as if speaking in cross and offensive language. Swans, as you know, have nearly no voice, they seldom let any sound from them, and this only one cross. Besides, they are known to have very bad tempers, in spite of their calm, dignified and majestic exterior. Indeed, I have once read of a man, who while bathing in the Thames involuntarily touched a swan and so infuriated the bird, that it pounced upon him and became dangerously cruel. The man had the presence of mind of turning on his back and keep on floating in this attitude, at the same time kicking the water so as to keep the swan at a distance, who kept on following him without spread wings, open beak, and in a frightful temper, till the man with great difficulty managed to reach the bank and escape perhaps great injuries.

We now came in front of the principal building. This contains the trade division of the establishment. Here in rows and rows dwell all sorts of creatures, mostly animals of prey whose destiny it is to be sold to other menageries and zoos. In this building there is also the place where the different animals' food are prepared and portioned out. Here we saw an enormous lot of lions and tigers, and here I saw aged lions behaving so sweetly toward their better halves, just like they did in the zoo the day before. Mrs. Lion would approach Mr. Lion, lay her head between his paws, and he would begin to lick and cajole her. It was also wonderful to watch the way lions stare at the glaring burning sun without ever blinking, their steady, deep, calm, amber-colored eye never tiring, never moistening, as they lolled about, their fine heads a little on one side, and their fine eyes wide open looking at the sun.

We next entered the building containing all those huge water animals, rhinoceroses, Nile horses, etc. How big, heavy, and ugly they are! There they were, each of them in its separate tank of water, snorting and spouting. We did not remain long, I preferred to watch the seals.

The next thing we saw was the crowning sight of the whole day!

DIE KINDERSTUBE FÜR DIE RAUBTIERBABIES!

(The nursery for beasts of prey babies)

If only Erwinia had been with us! How she would have enjoyed the sight! You enter a large square hall, and in the middle you see a colossal iron barred enclosure, in fact, an immense cage. There in the sand a population of baby lions, baby tigers, baby leopards!! All kinds of wild babies! They were rolling themselves in the sand, the baby tigers digging holes in the sand in order to nestle inside, the baby lions poking their noses between the bars, everything around them seeming new and strange to them. We remained watching them, and laughed on reading the inscription in large printed letters high up on the cage! "Kinderstube für Raubtierbabies." There were hoops and bars inside, I suppose meant to be toys. An unforgettable sight!

We now wended our steps to the elephant building expecting to see wonders and marvels. We were however disappointed. All the enclosures were empty, with the exception of one which contained a fine elephant. The keeper was an Indian, and in giving him a coin you could obtain some dainty to present to the giant. I did not give him anything but watched some men who enjoyed putting a morsel at the end of the elephant's long flexible trunk which it reached out as far as ever it went. I suppose the other elephants were at work in the park (although I did not see any) as the guidebook says that they are to be seen in a long row, each in its particular enclosure. They have diligently helped in the transport of heavy stones, etc, when the park was constructed, and honestly earned their bread. The book also says that it is wonderful how docile these colossal beasts are and how they obey their attendant as he calls them by their different names.

Next came some beasts of prey. Magnificent specimens of lions, tigers, panthers, jaguars, leopards, and pumas. How many creatures are there at Hagenbeck's? Hundreds and thousands, nay, there are millions!

Some more monkeys! Ugly as they are, nobody can possibly pass a monkey house without stopping to watch the creatures. They always seem to be fleaing one another, and I think this to be the general adopted idea. But this is not the case. I have read that this continuous search in one

another's coats is to extract the salt which continuously rises to the surface; they are always kept so clean when in captivity that fleas never penetrate to their bodies.

We now came to the gallery housing the small beasts of prey, such as hyenas, jackals, wolves, lynxes. They are horrid animals, although the hyena has a lovely fur.

Tortoises are always considered uninteresting animals. Still, those gigantic piles with their tiny heads and feet crawling along as if their bodies were too heavy for them to carry are also sometimes entertaining. They live in utter bliss, lazy, idle, and slow, and whenever one rolls on to his back, it is a funny sight to see it try to regain its legs!

A very fine Japanese island and garden are to be found close by. After having seen so many wonders in this magical park, this dainty Japanese group is really not appreciated (at least in our case) as it should be. The whole affair is said to be quite original, the charming bridge, the vegetation, the winding stream full of goldfish and gold carps (Hingois) the temple lanterns, the gigantic statue of Buddha, the water spouting dragon and cranes. It is tinyly sweet. Everywhere you come across dwarf trees, the triumph of the Japanese gardener. Only through dextrous manipulation, without using any saw or scissors, the Japanese gardener has managed to give them their miniature shape. They look as if you were seeing them through the wrong side of an opera glass. In spite of their littleness, they are 100 and more years old. There is also a pavilion close by where you can purchase all sorts of Japanese articles.

It is really not possible to appreciate this Hagenbeck establishment by going there only once. I have done my best to give a description of what we saw, but I know that although we follow the guidebook, we still must have left many things unseen. I think that spending every day there for a week would not be too much to really see and watch the animals as they live and prosper.

We were now feeling tired and exhausted, it was near 5 o'clock, and we both thought of leaving. We then heard that some animals were going to perform, and this fun it would naturally have been a great mistake to miss. So we decided to witness these performances, and we were amply rewarded.

We passed some villages inhabited by Negroes and Indians, they all looked so picturesque and strange. Some Indians were working at some beautiful tapestries and carpets. We also saw the dwellings where lived the Eskimos. Oh, they do look strange! The huts are covered with skins, so are their bodies, the children are duckies, clothes like the grown-ups only in a smaller size, and their animals! Those big-horned animals, kind of reindeers, seemed to have the horns covered with the same skin as the whole body, the horns were not bony and shiny looking, but hairy. I should like to have remained longer among the strange, short-figured tribe, but as the performance was about to begin, we rushed to our seats. It was held in a fine arena, with a small lake in the middle and a fine promontory surmounted by a kind of Indian temple or dwelling on the top. The performance began with a procession of Indian men, women, and children. They all walked around the arena and looked with interest at the spectators. A tiny dusky boy started the procession leading a monkey, then followed the others with camels, a fine elephant, and two or three strange looking quadrupeds, the name and kind of which I must own my ignorance cannot reveal. One of these had bumps on its back something like the camel with a strange growth on its nose. I criticized the women in their picturesque costumes, and I must say frankly, that although some of them had well shaped bodies and pretty movements, I have never in my life seen a handsome or pleasant Indian face. The procession over, both sexes indulged in various dances, then one Indian had a wrestling match with a huge and powerful black bear. I screamed in the excitement of the scene, and so did others near us. Mama remained calm and pinched me in the arm, I suppose to remind me of conventionalities. Another Indian showed us a red handkerchief, which he rolled in a ball, put it into his mouth, then threw it in the air, then shook it, and out came a tumbler full of water! He drank some, and spilt some, to the wonder and amazement of the onlookers. The end of the performance was a swimming feat cleverly carried out by the elephant with its master on its back.

This was not enough, I wanted to see some more. This performance over, we entered a kind of theatre, and when the curtain divided, we noticed that the whole stage was barred. A curtain at the back was drawn aside and in pounced a fine lion. I have never seen lions perform, and I

thought it wonderful. Mama secretly was also glad to have yielded to me. Some more lions pounced in, and under the direction of their tamer, a handsome picturesque attired man, they did their work wonderfully. A seesaw was put up, a lion stood in the middle, his front paws on one pedestal, his back paws on another, a tiger sat at each end of the seesaw, and two ice bears moved the seesaw up and down. One of them was especially funny. He had to jump each time the seesaw went up in order to pull it down again. This wonderful performance went on to the amazement of all. I must not forget the two lions at the back of the stage, guarding the door one on each side, steady, attentive, and confidential sentinels! The lions also jumped through hoops, at first through a few hoops, then through several more, and always in higher and riskier positions. What would Erwinia have said to this!? You should have seen their attentive, preoccupied faces as they went through their performance. The last tableau was the entrance of a grand elephant, an immense one, carrying on his back a richly tapestry-covered seat in which sat a lion, he represented no doubt a noble Indian Maharaja taking an airing!

The performance over, there still was to see the aquarium and the insect house, an enormous colony of Asiatic stags and deer (from Japan, Cashmere and the Altai mountains) the beaver colony, etc etc,. Nature, however, began to remind us that we could not go on any further, it was past 6 o'clock, and we were deadly tired. We could not continue any further. We reluctantly said goodbye to this terrestrial paradise, but were also glad to end the day. I noticed that people only began to accumulate when we left, they crowded into the fine summer restaurant which can accommodate 6,000 persons, with an upper region for 1,500 persons, where you can give private parties and enjoy a day at Stellingen quite undisturbed with your friends, they crowded the miniature railway running around the pretty winding lake, laughing and making a noise, they dispersed to the tropical villages, they prepared to enjoy a long evening in the moonshine! It must indeed be lovely to go and spend the evening there, meeting there your friends, having a dainty supper, and visit the various animals, watching them and seeing them consume their evening meal. The little railway is sweet looking. It has a pretty little locomotive, a nicely garbed driver and

conductor, and the seats can only accommodate two persons, but the train is long enough to carry I think more than 100 persons at a time.

Farewell Stellingen! The tram was soon there, and the wonderful gates surmounted by bronze men and animals with the great mountains and rockeries in the background soon vanished from our sight!

Farewell Stellingen! I felt sad. I was wondering would I ever see it again.

I often think now of the happy hours spent there. I see the little seal family lying happily one on top of the other, the graceful gazelles and antelopes flying about, the lions staring fearlessly at the sun, the lovely birds with their dazzling plumage, the terrible Russian wild oxen looking at you with their bold threatening eyes.

As I have already said, we did not visit the ostrich farm, but the account the guidebook gives of this establishment is so interesting, that I cannot help adding a few words about it in these pages.

The book says that even only a few years ago it would have a subject of mockery to imagine that ostriches can be made to live naturally in a Northern climate. The establishment in Stellingen is also the only one in Northern Europe, and there is only one other farm in the south of the European continent, and that is in Nice. During the years 1905/06 Hagenbeck made the experiment that ostriches do thrive in winter even in non-heated spaces, which they even gladly abandon in order to remain in the cold air. In 1909 this breeding establishment was opened to the public, and the visitors are requested to see for themselves what magnificent specimens have been bred through the incubator. The very best and strongest ostriches alone were naturally chosen to become parents of the Stellingen generations, and of different "clans" or tribes, or nationalities, or what you think it best to call different kinds of animals. There are five different races or geographical varieties in the farm. Ostriches from Somali Land, British and German East Africa, Cape Colony, from the South West, and from the Blue Nile. Of the last, two big cocks, are especially precious. The birds are carefully coupled and separated, whilst the others are left to romp about in liberty. An interesting point is to watch how these children of the dry steppes enjoy the opportunity of bathing in the pond in the field at their disposal. The "grown uppers" are fed on chopped hay, maize, bran,

and barley. Besides this, for every ostrich a pound of ground bones is daily reckoned. Mama ostrich generally lays 11 to 13 eggs, her eggs however being taken from her (as must perforce be the case with artificial breeding) she graciously doubles this number. The eggs are hatched in the baby house containing the incubator where a high even temperature is constantly held up. The hatching time lasts 6 weeks. Sometimes the visitors have the luck of just seeing the duckies creep out of their eggs. On the other side of the baby house there is the place where the fluffy babies thrive. They eat very little during the first two days, they contend themselves by picking at their broken shells. With the third day they begin to obey Nature's pleasant call, and start eating green stuff, and this green stuff called "Lucerne" and "Alfalfa" is purposely sowed and reared for these fluffy little bits of nature. A little later, weather permitting, they are let out through glass doors into a cloverfield. After 2 months they are promoted to food similar to their elders. They grow very fast; indeed, after 6 months they already begin to be of use to humanity, I mean their first share of feathers is obtainable, which are later extracted every nine months from them. The feathers are cut in such a way, that a few centimeters still remain in the bodies, and these stumps are in their turn pulled out later on. The feathers of the cock are more precious than the hens, (the stronger sex is always the handsomer in the animal world, but thank goodness not in our world) and the operation of plucking the feathers is a strange one. The birds are put between walled partitions, and a cap is thrust right over their heads.

I cannot end my description of Hagenbeck's wonderful life mission without mentioning the great import and export of animals which the firm undertake, and which is quite a branch of its own. Hagenbeck does not only provide the colonial landowners of Japan, China, Chile, Brazil, and the Argentine with German horses, oxen, pigs, wool and milk sheep, goats and fowls, but he takes in exchange exotic races, zebras, buffalos, caracul sheep, mules, donkeys, ponies, etc, which in their turn are sold to European firms. He has traded lately and no less than 2,000 dromedaries.

Who has not seen Hagenbeck's animal paradise has indeed missed something very important, interesting, and amusing.

Arrived back in Hamburg, before retiring to the hotel, we entered the dear little English Tea House, and instead of the grand, conventional

dinner, as you might perhaps have thought we would indulge in, we chose to enjoy a snuggy, unpretentious, old-fashioned, bonny HIGH-TEA! We were served with hot, delicious little pies, they were called "Schwesser," the inside was filled with excellent meat with a white sauce, and the paste was puff paste. Eaten fresh from the oven, they were fit for the gods. The tea was nice and refreshing, and the rote Grütze all that could be desired.

SIXTH DAY: OHLSDORF. (HAMBURG'S PRINCIPAL CEMETERY)
(Thursday, 17th August, 1911)

You will no doubt think it strange after yesterday's jolly day to choose to visit a cemetery! We were told to visit it, as it is unique in its kind. We went to Ohlsdorf (the name of the suburb) directly after breakfast. In spite of the fatigue of the preceding day, I slept very little. I felt agitated, perhaps thinking too much of the animals. I had a funny dream. I dreamt that we were living in quite a different flat to the snug little nest we inhabit at Fulham, and that Queen Mary of England came to have tea with us. I woke up, it was quite dark, and yet from below in the hotel I heard people laughing and talking, plates, glasses, etc. being handled with great noise. I suppose it was the servants of the hotel washing up the things. I could not help admiring their cheerfulness, their voices and laughter seemed so gay.

We arrived in front of the cemetery gates, and were anxious that the keeper should direct us to some points which had been specially noted to us. We were told that there was a monument erected by some very rich people to their departed consisting of a high column surmounted by an angel, an imposing and fine erection. We were also told that the cemetery contained a rose garden, so perfect and complete with every variety of the queen of flowers, that the authorities received several prizes for it.

We went in the direction we were told. I saw no grave, I only saw a magnificent, immense park, full of exquisite flower beds and shrubs, and grand trees, the fir tree, the typical northern tree, reigning supreme. The walks and alleys seemed like a labyrinth, and it was only at some intervals that we noticed a grave. I have never seen such an immense space of perfectly cultivated land. We presently came upon a fine statue standing grand and lonely away from everything and everybody, alone with nature. It

was a statue of Christ, something like Friederich's statue I saw in Baden in the country 3 years ago. It looked as if it floated in the air. We afterwards heard that a rich merchant had presented it. Very few people were about, and the day was lovely. You always seemed to forget you were in a cemetery. It just looked like a gigantic beautifully cultivated private park.

We soon found the celebrated rose garden. It was built in a round, with lovely trees all round. There are, of course, many roses blooming right through from early summer into late autumn, yet June is the principal month, and we were there in August, so that the effect was no doubt not quite so perfect as it would have been then. Still, it was a lovely sight. Some of them were marvelous. Each bush was ticketed, so that you could distinguish them all. For those who live in the country there is every opportunity of getting to know them all, but for those who dwell in towns, and who have no occasion whatever of cultivating roses, they cannot know them all. I am not ashamed to own that although I love roses as every one of my sex does, I do not know much about them. I can distinguish easily the gloire de Dijon, La France, the delicate and distinguished looking tea rose, the moss rose, the rambler rose, the wild rose, but further I think I could not well name them. Books can only teach us up to a certain point, if we do not get the opportunity of practicing a subject in life, we do not advance much further. Could I expect anybody to understand nautical, agricultural, and commercial terms, without having any opportunity of hearing and getting acquainted with the subjects? Could I expect anybody who has only and always lived in one country, to understand the language and the customs of other countries? Could I expect anybody who has never dabbled with shorthand to understand me if I were to discuss the various rules of the tion hook, the intricacies of the duplicate fer and ver, the easy adaptability of the double-length principle to the fourth conjugation of French verbs? No; there is no reason whatever of being ashamed to own one's ignorance in anything.

Mr. Schurter who has lived some time in Constantinople, told me once that in the beginning of his sojourn in the East he could see no difference whatever between a Turk, a Greek, and an Armenian, he could only see that they were all dark and that they wore the fez. Little by little,

however, he began to notice that there was a great and pronounced difference between them.

It is the same with animals, it is the same with flowers. We see that lions are lions, that zebras are zebras, that swans are swans, but it is only on coming nearer to them, on reading and hearing about them, on meeting people who dwell among them, that we learn to distinguish them, to know them by their different names. Much can however be learned and much can be improved upon when you are the possessor of a blessed Conversation Lexicon, and we have one, an excellent German lexicon. In looking up the rose, I found a very interesting description. It says the rose belongs to that immensely propagated family of "Rosaceae" which comprises the strawberry, blackberry, raspberry, etc. The wild rose, also called hedge rose and dog rose, the latter name having been given to it by the ancients owing to the supposed efficacious power of its root to cure those unfortunate mortals who had been bitten by wild dogs, hence its Latin name *rosa canina*, is the mother of many varieties, especially of a certain white rose. The "Weinrose" (*R. rubiginosa*) called wine rose owing to its petals when being rubbed exhaling a real wine odor. The "Zimtrose" (*R. cinnamomea*) a South German variety, which lives in hedges and thickets has its peculiar name owing to its stem being the color of cinnamon. The "Französische Rose" (*R. Gallica*), which has produced countless varieties, and which thrives perfectly with scarcely any nursing or attention. This variety is also used to make sweets out of it, as it has sugar in its petals. I have eaten several prepared violets, but cannot remember ever having tasted rose petals as sweets. It is sometimes called "Essig" or "Zuckerrose." The "Damascena" rose (*R. Damascena*) which was brought to Italy already in the dark middle ages from Syria, is supposed to be the famous rose of Pastumi which the old Latin poets sang so much about. It bloomed already in the Roman days several times in the year, and the poets wrote about it as the *rose paesti bis florens*. The "Weisse" rose (*R. Alba*) is supposed in her early days to have bloomed in Trans-Caucasia. The "Campana" rose which has been produced by a crossing with the "Centifolia" rose and the "Damascena" rose. Its greatest merit is that it runs in perfect bloom from the purest white to the deepest red. The "Kapuziner" rose (*R. lutea*) is supposed to have come from Asiatic Turkey, is a climbing rose, and was

therefore always used to adorn walls, bowers, etc. The shell rose (*R. Sulphurea*) with indented petals, is recognizable by its bluish greenish foliage, the handsomest of which is the "Persian yellow." The "Kriechrose" (*R. Arvensis* Scop) comes from South Arabia, generally creeps on the ground or climbs hedges and walls, its finest specimen being the Ayrshire rose. The "Prairierose" (*R. rubifolia*.R.Br) which hails from North America has endless varieties, and its leaves look like blackberry leaves. The "China" rose (*R. Chinensis*) Jacques) a native of China from where it emigrated to East India where it has bloomed and improved ever after, and is now generally known under the name *R. Indica*, has many varieties too, the best known being the "Bengal" rose (*R. semperflorens* curt) which blooms over and over again, and even prospers in winter if allowed to bloom in front of a sunny window. The tea rose (mother's favourite rose) known as *Rosa Frangrans* has been designed as "die Krone der Rosen" is in spite of its delicate appearance one of the hardiest blooms, and recognizable by her delicate peculiar odour all her own. The tea rose retains her unique colour wherever you find her, sometimes she tries to blush through the petals near her chalice, her individual yellow tint (except with the "Kapuziner" and the "Sulphur" roses) appears however oftener than in any other rose. The tea rose is finally recognized as the loveliest owing to the infinite grace with which the flowers are carried by the slender twigs. 200 varieties are known of the tea rose. The "Bourbon" rose (*R. Borbonica* Hort) supposed to be a crossing between the "China" and the "Damascena" roses. More than 300 varieties have appeared from this rose. This rose blooms from middle summer till late autumn and gives endless blooms. Its twigs are generally shorter and thicker than the tea rose's, and each twig yields but one rose, its colours run right down the scale from the purest white to the deepest of crimsons. The "Noisette" rose (*R. Noiseteana*) a descendant of the *R. Chinensis* was "brought up" in North America, and came to Paris in the year 1817. It is also known as the "Moschus" rose (*R. Moschata*). It has a tiny cup and small flowers. There are 100 varieties, which only begin to bloom after the great summer "flor." The "Remontante" rose, with 500 varieties, whose parents were the "Damascener" and "China" rose, has been produced through culture in France. The first group is notified as the autumn rose, because in autumn it

starts blooming for the second time. The triumph in all rose culture is said to be the in the year 1812 produced "rose du roi" which "im blumistischen Sinne" surpasses every other kind for its endless varieties, glorious colourings, and long blooming (early June to late autumn) the rose du roi outshines them all, and has been the most successful.

No mention is made in the lexicon of the black rose cultivated in Prussia, of which I have heard already when a tiny girl. And besides all its endless varieties, new roses still continue to appear. I was reading a few days after our return home of the autumn show of roses held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, where some marvellous new blooms were shown. One was a new cerise variety of splendid form and substance, and another a rose which many experts considered to be the finest of all, a new hybrid tea called Sunburst, of deep apricot colour suffused with old gold. It was shown on behalf of Pernet Ducher, the famous French grower, but no prize was given for this rose, apparently for the reason that it had been grown under glass. I wonder to which tribe of roses the moss rose, one of my favourites, comes from. There is a very pretty legend about the moss rose which I once read in an Italian book about flowers which Hedwig once gave to me. The moss rose in her early days had no moss framing, and being but insignificant beside her fairer sisters, she became envious and discontented. One morning, as an angel flew round the earth to scatter refreshing heavenly dew over the sleeping flowers, the moss rose asked the angel to let her have some of his glorious rays, so that she could shine and be admired like her sisters. Her vanity, however, so enraged the angel, that he picked up a hand-full of moss and threw it at the rose. From that day the rose has for ever remained imprisoned in moss, as a punishment for her vanity.

Roses have been sung by poets of every country. Thomas Moore's lovely poem to the last rose of summer is known to all. I love Karl Gerok's sweet little poem to a lonely rose blooming in the shade far away from her worldly companions. He consoles her with his words:

Einsame Rose,
Heute wie gestern
Blühst Du im Schatten,

Ferne den Schwestern,
Aber beneide
Du nicht ihr Glück,
Friedlich und freundlich
Fiel Dein Geschick

There is also a pretty poem written by, I think, a Polish poetess, the words of which are known in German as follows, dedicated to the white rose:

Sie ist ein Bild der reinen Himmelstriebe,
Die Keusche kennet keine ird'sche Glut;
Im heil'gen unentweichten Kelche ruht,
Der Götterfunke frommer Himmelstriebe.

Und schliesst der Tod mir einst die müden Augen,
Dann soll the weisse Rose bleich und schön,
Auf meiner letzten Schlummerstätte steh'n,
Und süssen Duft um meinen Hügel hauchen.

It was really lovely walking round that rose garden, nobody was near us, only some butterflies flying from rose to rose,

Naître avec le printemps,
Mourir avec les roses,

As Lamartine says of them, butterflies have a little charm all their own. The gorgeously coloured ones are perhaps the loveliest, but I think I prefer those simple pale yellow and white ones, they are so pleasing to the eye, especially when they nestle in a richly colored flower.

We reluctantly left this beautiful garden, knowing that a day is never long enough for all the beauties Nature has still to show you. We walked over a bridge, the water of the little river running across the paths was full of water lilies. I have always had a great admiration for this flower, as it grows so peacefully away from all the other flowers. When I see water lilies

I always think of a story I once read as a child. It happened in the latter half of the 18th century,

In the days of patch and powder, painful days of long ago!

as the poet says, in those days when men wore the jabot and lace cuffs, and the women the poetic fichu and picture hat. There was a picture at the beginning showing a man rowing a young woman, and she was in the act of plucking a water lily. I clearly remember that the story began with the words: "Water lilies! Ah! never can I see them without thinking of my dear old great aunt, so long dead and gone!" Then the writer goes on saying that this old great aunt of hers once showed her some petals of a withered flower which had once been a water lily, and in asking her about it, the old woman told her with tears in her eyes that she once went rowing on the river with the one that she loved, and passing near the water lilies, she plucked one for him, and gave it to him. A short time after, the war broke out, he left her, but never returned. Upon his dead body being found in the battlefield, a water lily was found on his cold stiff breast. She took it and kept it, and lived alone, faithful to the memory of the one she had loved. This story invariably comes back to my mind whenever I see water lilies.

Im Wasser wogt die Lilie, die blanke, hin u.her,
Doch irrst Du, Freund, sobald Du sagst, sie schwanke hin und her!
Es werzelt ja so fest ihr Fuss in Tiefem Meeresgrund,
Ihr Haupt nur wiegt sin lieblicher Gedanke hin und her! (Aug. v. Platen)

The water lily has 20 varieties. The Latin name for it is *Nymphaea*. It is found also in the Tropics. The ordinary white water lily, or what the Germans called die Seerose is called *Alba* poetically. There is one kind of water lily which blooms in the hot springs of Hungary and is called *Nymphaea Termalis*, it is of a reddish white bloom. The Egyptian Lotos lily is a near relative of this Hungarian. I only know the pure white and yellow water lily. The first one is the loveliest, with its strange kidney shaped big flat leaves and its exquisite white petals.

Before I stop my sermon on roses and water lilies, I must return to the roses once more. Few of us really know what a wonderful country Bulgaria is for roses. There they prepare that delicious oil of roses, Otto of Roses, or ottar, one drop of which perfumes a whole room. Hedwig once had a bottle of rose oil, it was a small and narrow bottle, and the oil (she never opened the bottle) seemed so thick, almost like cream. I have read about this rose culture in Bulgaria, and at one of the exhibitions in London, I saw the Bulgarian section, and you could see coloured scenes of the rose culture, fields, and fields, and fields of roses, peasants carrying large baskets filled with rose petals for the preparation of the oil. I thought of this only yesterday when Mr. Wolf showed me a rose he had plucked out of his garden, I could not distinguish the kind, then he said it was called Prince de Bulgarie.

We wended our way further into the park, and coming across some graves we all of a sudden remembered we were walking in a cemetery. We had forgotten all about it, the scene was so lovely, so immense, a real cemetery is generally so crowded that you can barely find room to walk about without touching some stones. We looked about, and found more graves. Some were simple and unpretentious, but where the rich are laid, Ah, there it is always spacious and conspicuous. We saw some very grand mausoleums, you could see that a lot of money had been spent in their erection, but in the point of art, I really saw nothing which left me any impression. Some graves had very sweet and pathetic dedications. You often read the phrase:

Die Liebe höret nimmer auf.

Although some of the graves were quite imposing, I preferred those simple obscure ones. Karl Gerok, that sweetest of German poets, has written a poem on God's Acre, a poem I consider one of the loveliest, if not the poem of its kind in the German language. I will only give fragments of it, as it is too long to give it all.

Wo sind sie all, die wechselnden Geschicke,
Der Erdenpilger kurzes Labensglücke?
Auf diesen Grabezkreuzen kannst du lesen:

- "GEWESEN:"

Wo sind die holden, blühenden Gestalten,
Die froh die Welt im Sonnenschein durchwalten?
Was decken diese moosbewachsenen Steine?

- "GEWESEN:"

Wo sind die Starken, die durchs Leben stürmten?
Und Himmeln die stolzen Pläne thürmten?
Dort von der Friedhofsmauer krächzen Raben:

- "GEWESEN:"

Wo sind die Theueren, denen beim Versenken
Die Liebe schwur ein ewig Angedenken?
Leis flüstern diese düstern Cypressen:

- "GEWESEN:"

(Karl Gerok)
(Friedhofstimmen.)

We went on wandering about the place, till at last we saw that we were losing our way, besides, we were anxious to see that wonderful monument of the angel standing on the top of the column. So we decided to ask one of the gardeners to help us. We approached an old man silently working in the grass, and asked him to tell us where to go to see the monument. He said he would show us the way, and leaving his work, led us for a whole hour, entering sideways where special tombs were to be found. He showed us one monument with hundreds of names engraved upon it. Around this monument were a few graves. He then told us that in the year 1902 a pleasure boat with over 100 persons on board belonging to a society of singers came into collision with another boat. They were all drowned, and only 19 bodies were recovered from the Elbe, these were lying here, all the others had been washed out to sea.

It began to rain. I was beginning to feel tired, my mother showed more energy than I did. She trotted gaily behind the old fellow, and seemed

highly interested. We however wanted to see the monument more than anything else. The foolish man, however, did not seem to know which monument we meant, and as we could bear this loitering about in the rain and mud no longer, we anointed his palm, and sent him flying.

The railings of this immense piece of land divide the soil between Hamburg and the province of Schleswig Holstein.

The man told us that the cemetery existed over 25 years, and that it was nearly full, which really astonished us, as the graves seemed so spaced out. He said that the day before 73 mortals had arrived at their last home. We no doubt only saw the finest part, where all the rich people sleep and are allowed so much space around their last homes. The crowded parts which are nearly full are no doubt well crammed together, as the poor have to content themselves by being squeezed together.

The rain stopped. The sun appeared again, bright and beaming. Still, we felt tired and exhausted. We could go no further. So we ended by abandoning the intention we had of looking up the monument, and slowly wended our way to the entrance. In passing through the gates I looked back at this lovely space, the sky was blue and golden, and the fir trees all covered with sparkling drops of rain.

We returned to Hamburg, after having had lunch in the village or suburb or whatever Ohlsdorf is supposed to be. Apart from the immense and beautiful cemetery, we took no interest, but hurried back to town.

We rested a little on one of the seats in front of the Rathaus, then took the tram to St. Pauli, to the St. Pauli Landungsbrücken, to enquire about the boat for Heligoland, as we had seen from the advertisements about the town that there was a regular Sunday service for Heligoland. Here was an excellent opportunity of visiting this interesting little island, this little Heligoland which has belonged to England for so long, and has been given to the Germans only a short time ago.

It is the Hamburg-America Line who have all these steamers running from Hamburg to all those little islands around the coast, Nordeney, etc, and to Heligoland. At the office in St. Pauli they told us that the steamer would leave there on Sunday at 7:30 a.m., and that we could get our tickets at Cook's near the Rathaus. We did not get them that day at St. Pauli, as we could not yet decide whether we should go for the trip or not. I was, as

can be imagined, very very anxious to go, seeing that it could well be done in one day, and that it would have been a great pity to lose this opportunity which would never happen to us again.

Leaving the St. Pauli bridges, we took the tram for Altona. We were let down at the very end, and told to enter a little wood which would lead us to the river. We gaily trotted down this path, steps and steps, we met a pretty fair-haired woman with a little girl, both carrying bathing clothes and towels. Hundreds of people enjoy bathing in the Elbe. I should have liked to bathe too, but the days were all too short, there were still so many things to see. Arrived at the end of the steps in front of the Elbe, I read to my surprise over a pretty restaurant in front of the water the words: "Käse Restaurant". So this was the place where we had that enjoyable lunch after sailing around the port under Käse's protection!

We decided to walk back to Hamburg along the Elbe, and so enjoy the novelty better than when driving in the tram, where, of course, locked up, with your back to the windows, you cannot see much.

Altona along the river is not very pretty, nothing but works and warehouses. High above, where the little town is situated, it is clean and pretty. Well-kept roads and streets, and flowers and trees everywhere. Seeing that down along the river was not very pleasant walking, we followed a path which leads into a kind of wood, like there are several there along, dividing the business part and the private houses. This was charming, you could find comfortable seats among the trees overlooking the Elbe, and although it rained a good deal, we did not mind, as we were bent upon remaining in the air as much as possible. During our whole stay in Hamburg we never returned to the hotel during the daytime. We generally left in the morning a little before ten, and came back regularly at 7 o'clock. This will sound rather dull to retire at 7 o'clock, but after being out all day long, it was not too early. Twelve hours enjoyment and twelve hours resting. We had to remember that although we were bound upon enjoying ourselves as much as possible, and seeing everything there possibly was to see, we had also to think of resting, remembering what busy, active lives we lead right through the year in London.

We walked and rested, and walked and rested. Leaving this kind of wood, I would call it rather a long expanded terrace, containing charming

little fountains, the water of which at one spot rolled down cascade-like among the verdure and flowers, we suddenly found ourselves walking along the streets of Altona, and were soon in front of the St. Pauli landing bridges again. We could walk no further, so we took the tram and went back to the Rathaus.

It was 6 o'clock. We dined in a fine restaurant, and then went to look at the shops. Mother thought all very fine, yet she said the shops had lost their individual touch they had in her time. The abundance there was then she did not seem to find so great this time. She said that there used to be shops selling only one and a single article, which made the abundance even greater. Eggs, eggs, and only eggs, butter, butter, and only butter, etc, etc. I thought the shops very full and generous looking. I noticed in a floral shop a square large box filled with water. It was framed in fine dark wood, and in the water grew water lilies, forget-me-nots, and bulrushes. I have never seen anything lovelier! Just fancy water lilies and bulrushes growing in your own room! Every evening I passed before that shop, I stopped to admire this delicious group of water plants. We also saw in another shop, in an immense bottle (no doubt in spirit of wine) a coffee plant, leaves, flowers, berries, it was lovely!

SEVENTH DAY: VISIT TO MARKET, BLANKENESE.

(Friday, 18th August, 1911)

We got up at 6 o'clock, with the intention of visiting the market, as mother was sure of finding some of those peasants she liked so much, the Vierländerinnen. They always assembled on market days, and went about the town selling their goods. Mama told me that when she first came to Hamburg, she, like every judicious housewife, bought all sorts of provisions for the home, and when the ladies she became acquainted with noticed this, they said to her that they could see she was not used to living in Hamburg, as the abundance of goods which the Hamburg people enjoyed was so great, that no household ever needed to buy provisions, every day goods came in fresh and sweet, and the sale was so great that always fresh goods came into the port, and every article was brought to the various homes.

A large square called "Der Hopfenmarkt," in which stood Hamburg's great church, St. Nikolai, a fine edifice, with the third highest spire in Germany, was where we were told to go to see the market. When we arrived the market was in full swing, I saw great abundance in fruit and flowers, but none of the peasants had the national costume on. Mama spied an old woman sitting in the midst of flowers. She was wearing the peculiar garb, but it looked spoilt and shabby. She spoke to her, asking her what was the reason the costume was so worn, the old woman answered sadly as did those we interrogated before, that the new generation had different ideas, the costumes had vanished, modern ideas did not care for these old-fashioned costumes.

We wanted to see St. Nikolai, but were told that it would only be open between 2 and 3 p.m. So we left the square rather disillusioned at what we had hoped would have been a picture of color and picturesqueness.

We went back to the hotel for breakfast at 8 o'clock. I noticed the visitors in the pleasant little breakfast room. Two ladies neatly dressed, opulent looking, but far too corpulent. I noticed a negro. He was gentle looking, and the few words he spoke in German were perfectly pronounced, when I inquired from the waiter "von welchem Teile Afrikas der schwarze Herr käme" was told that he was a gentleman from German East Africa, and was about to return to his native country. I also noticed a gentleman, a German, sitting at a little table opposite to ours. My goodness! Such beautifully shaped and manicured nails as that individual possessed, I have never found anyone of my sex to possess! Long, rosy, highly polished, filbert-shaped nails were they. They looked ridiculously fine on a man's hand, considering that anything approaching to beauty in a man is quite out of place. Men only want size and character. When the world hears of a man being discussed, it asks: "What kind of a man is he?" when anyone of my sex is being discussed: "Is she pretty?" "Est-ce qu'elle est jolie?" "Ist sie hübsch?" "È Bellina?" is almost invariably the, I mean one of the first questions which are asked concerning her.

We left the hotel a little after 9 o'clock, and walked up to a duck of a policeman, fresh, jolly, and clean-looking, and asked him to tell us which way we should take to go to Blankenese, that lovely spot we had passed coming up the Elbe on the morning of our arrival. He told us to take the

tram to St. Pauli Landungsbrücken, and that we would find steamers there running down to Blankenese right through the day.

So we set off in the best of moods. The steamer was there, and we started at ten. It took us exactly an hour to reach Blankenese. The row or better the steaming down the Elbe was interesting and wonderful. There is always something to see, always the charm of experience in meeting foreign vessels. Like birds of passage, these vessels fly past you, you watch them, you examine them from end to end as they glide before your eyes, then they vanish, and you see them no more.

We both exclaimed "PEREGRINE" as we passed the steamer bearing that name, as we knew it was the steamer with which we should have to return to England. Both steamers, the "HIRONDELLE" and the "PEREGRINE" belong to the General Steamship Navigation Company, and these two steamers travel alternately from London to Hamburg, from Hamburg to London.

It was just 11 o'clock when we landed in Blankenese. We first wanted to walk along the water, then Mama thought it better to walk up the streets which wind up step-wise high up, high up, look at the place, and then come down again, and rest in front of the water.

I have seen many pretty places in my life, but without the least exaggeration, I must honestly and emphatically say that Blankenese is one of the loveliest spots I've ever seen. Imagine yourself walking up the winding paths of Albaro, Nervi, Pegli, and you have an idea of Blankenese. The colouring of the sky, the water, the vegetation, is of course, not so vivid, so richly tinted as in the south, the people you meet are not like those dark Southerners, with their fiery eyes, picturesque, untidy look, and sunburnt, knowing faces, but instead you see lovely fresh plants and trees, the fir tree dominating, deliciously clean, well kept villas and houses, even the smallest fisherman's cottage is pretty and well-kept, with flowers blooming everywhere. The people are nearly all fair, with clear, steady eyes, they are also sunburnt, and the contrast with their fair colored hair and eyes looks picturesque in its way. The country children stare at you with wide open, lovely light eyes, and we walked on and on thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

The day was lovely, and the Elbe stretching out in the distance looked quite romantic. Before we decided to go down to the water, we sat down on a seat in front of some steps which lead to the water. I went to look out for some fruit, and found a little shop, where I bought a generous supply of pears, plums, and grapes. I asked the vendor what there was to see in Blankenese, as once down near the water, I knew we would not feel inclined to go up again. He proudly assured me, that in going still further up the paths I would find the finest and grandest view in Europe. I noticed before leaving the shop that he had a good supply of vanilla sticks 10 pfennig per piece, and knowing that we both love the flavour of vanilla in our sweet dishes, I rushed out of the shop with my juicy load and told Mama about them. She would hardly believe that they were only a penny per piece, as in London she can never get any under 3d. and 6d. per stick. Although rather tired, she went back to the shop to ascertain the truth of this pleasant discovery, and eagerly bought a good lot. It is strange that England with its great colonies does not sell this article any cheaper. Whenever we go abroad, we always bring back a supply of vanilla sticks. We bought some in the market at Heyst four years ago, we bought some in the market in Baden three years ago.

We now left the lovely heights of Blankenese, and descended to the water, and walked along for a while towards the mouth of the Elbe, as far as Cuxhaven, but I mean to say that we were turning our backs to Hamburg. We passed some neat little fisherman's houses, and smiled on seeing that instead of clothes hanging on the lines in the gardens there were numberless fishes being dried in the sun. It looked so pretty. You felt inclined to take photographs, or to sketch the views.

The banks of the Elbe and Blankenese have many pretty gardens belonging to the adjoining villas on the other side of the road, so you walk with houses on your right, and gardens on your left. Then you come to wild spaces, where fishermen are mending their nets. In the Elbe you see no swans, but dear little families of ducks; ducks, ducks, all along the edge of the water.

Towards 1 o'clock we began to get tired, so we decided to find a nice little place to spend a happy afternoon. The banks of the Elbe are all sand, lovely, white, sparkling sand, the color of the water is indifferent, nothing

like the lovely greenish tint of the Rhine as I saw it on the outskirts of Strasburg. But this sand is adorable. You just think of being at the seaside. All the places along the water seem either private or taken up by the fisherman, so we asked a fresh, burly fisherman, if we could pass over his nets and take our place in the sand, to which he consented, and pointed out to us where the sand was cleanest. We sat down near some tree trunks, and remained there for hours, basking in the sun. We enjoyed our fruitarian lunch, and watched the boats as they glided past us. There is no doubt that some congenial occupation makes life still sweeter. A fascinating book, some pleasant needle-work, sketching, writing letters, without which I could not have existed some time ago. Still, in thinking that right through the year eyes and hands, hands and eyes are being used continually, the few days holidays have to be devoted to rest as well as enjoyment. We even did not read the newspapers, to get a real rest cure out of our fortnight, to feel all the more refreshed when it would be time to take up every day life again. We therefore lay comfortably stretched on the sand, watching the ducks, the birds, and the boats gliding slowly past. The Elbe, which is very wide and grand at that spot, was flowing majestically on to the sea. In Bohemia where it rises out of so many little springs flowing out of the Riesengebirge (Giant mountains) it is called Labe, and the Romans called it Albis. The springs are 1396 m above sea level, and these flow in various directions till they meet nearly all together and form the "Elbbrunnen". It then meets the Moldau, which some great authorities suppose is the real Elbe, and should be called by that name. It then flows through Saxony, right through Germany, and ends its long pilgrimage at Cuxhaven, just a little before this port, at a spot called "Die rote Tonne". At Cuxhaven it is 15 to 23 km broad, and it is indeed a fine sight as it rushes into the North Sea. I will speak of Cuxhaven when it will be time to. During its course, the Elbe is met by more than 50 other streams, of which the Moldau, the Eger, the Saale, and the Havel with the Spree (Berlin) are the most important. The Elbe is famous for its sand banks, you see many of them at the mouth. This river is also famous for its fish, partly coming in from the sea, partly from the numerous tributaries. The Elbe always used to be a source of serious difficulties for its navigation, owing to the many different German countries through which it flows. In the year 1819

however, a certain political or parliamentary, or whatever it was called decision was made in order to allow the different boats and steamers to use the waters without permission.

We enjoyed our fruitarian lunch watching the moving panorama. Many many little boats passed. We once noticed seven boats one fastened behind the other being pulled along by a little steamer. I know there are many different technical words describing the various boats, but what is known in Hamburg as "Elbkahn" is a large, immense bark, which is used for conveying goods, coals, etc., down the river into the provinces. These big barks are also seen in the Flehte in Hamburg, they are manned as I have already said at the beginning by men who thrust long poles into the water, or pulled by a small steamer. Mama once told me of some comfortable Germans residing in Berlin, whose table was so generous, that people said of them that their dishes were as big as these Elbe boats "Elbekähne".

And so we passed some lovely hours. I really felt here that we were having holidays. Alone together, the outside world shut out. We seldom noticed a person or two walking down the path behind us.

Towards 4 o'clock, we thought of getting up, as there was a very long walk before us if we intended to get back in time to take dinner in Blankenese before taking the boat to Hamburg. So we got up rather reluctantly, and saying goodbye to the sandy spot we had visited for the first and last time, we began to walk slowly along the water towards Hamburg. In this way we could see all the beauty of Blankenese, on the right the river, on the left the hills and gardens and homes. There are many nice seats all along the path, so you can rest without losing any of the beauty of the scene. We passed some charming little houses full of flowers and shrubs rising always higher and higher.

Blankenese belongs to the province of Schleswig-Holstein, and lies to use the words of the lexicon auf dem hohen Stromufer". The hill on which it is built used to be a bare sand hill known as "die blanke Nase" and this hill the top of which is the Seilberg rises to 80 m. Although no port, Blankenese is however one of the most important seats of the North Sea fisheries.

I remember the first days we were in Hamburg, I used to notice a special advertisement showing a little girl pulling a long nose (if you know

what that means, I really think you must have done it too, at least once in your early years, I mean, you simply stretch out your hands and let one thumb touch the little finger of one hand while the thumb of the other hand touches the tip of your nose) pardon me this ugly, what shall I call it but the advertisement did look so pretty, and underneath there was always written "LANGENESE BISCUITS". Langenese, Blankenese, I always used to say, without knowing that the name Blankenese really came from Blanke Nase, Nase being no doubt a corruption or dialectical pronunciation for Nase, nose. We eagerly bought (we would not have been women had we done otherwise) a box of these famous Langenese Biscuits before leaving Hamburg. The box has, however, not yet been opened, we intend to unravel its mysteries when the other German goodies will have disappeared, so as not to get spoilt.

We slowly and joyfully went on our way, resting here and there. Blankenese seems to have a generous population of pastry cooks and confectioners, there were many such dainty shops about, and it being tea-time, I had better not say coffee time, Germany being generally speaking a coffee-not-tea-drinking country, you could see comfortable dames, pretty servant girls, and sweet fair-haired children, slip out of the pretty villas, enter the confectioners, to appear again a moment after carrying big paper bags swollen with invisible dainties. We did not enter any of these life-sweetening shops, as we began to feel the want of a good meal, having walked in the open air a good time.

As we were sitting in front of the Elbe in the blissful feeling, a thoroughly enjoyable dolce far niente, we suddenly saw an immense liner gliding up the Elbe. It was an adorable, shiny, brilliant vessel, black near the water, all the rest white. The orchestra was playing, crowds of people on board were shouting and waving their handkerchiefs.

Where did this gigantic steamer hail from? I looked at the stern, and found written in golden letters:

CAP VILANO
Hamburg

There is nothing extraordinary in meeting a great liner in the high seas, there is nothing extraordinary in seeing a great liner lying in the docks, but it is an extraordinary sight to see a great liner pass in front of you as you are quietly sitting in front of a river in a peaceful little village. I now thought of Miss Gutman, Miss Stern's dear friend, last time we met her, when we told her we intended going to Hamburg, she told us about Blankenese, that charming place on the banks of the Elbe, where you can sit comfortably drinking tea and watch the great sea-faring steamers passing into port. Dear Miss Gutman, should you ever read these lines, you will know that I enjoyed Blankenese and the big ships passing in front of me, and now realize the pleasure felt at the magic sight.

I was trying or better examining every cell of my brain to find out what this vessel was, and felt cross at not understanding why the name sounded so Latin, and yet that Hamburg, this Teutonic town should be written underneath. Who and where could I ask and enquire about it? Should I leave Hamburg without having my curiosity satisfied? Did I ever hear about it? Wait, and you will see.

All things come round to him who will but wait.

We now selected a charming little establishment situated high above the path to go and have dinner. It had a pretty garden with tables and seats, and we chose a nice little corner quite to ourselves, just in front of the water, unobstructed by anything which might have barred the view. Surrounded by flowers and foliage, I think we must have spent there one of the happiest hours of our lives. A polite waiter approached us and we ordered a simple meal, quite suitable to the occasion, that is, fish, rote Grütze, and beer. This sounds very little, but the quality and the portions we were given made up for the simplicity of the choice. The fish was called Elbe Butte or Elbbutte, and we were told that they had been fished only 2 hours ago. We each received one, and they appeared stretched comfortably on a big dish surrounded by slices of lemon. They looked like soles, and tasted deliciously, they were well fried and juicy, and they were consumed in peaceful beatitude. I sometimes looked up not to lose sight of the ever moving panorama, and sometimes paused to make friends with

the rosy or better goldy frothy beer. We sat back, made a little pause, and looked around. We saw some people sitting at the other tables, drinking coffee and consuming cakes, and knitting and chatting. They were no doubt boarders spending their holidays in Blankenese. The little hotel (the proprietor's name was J. Hass) consisted in a pension, a restaurant, and a sweets and confectioner's shop, a provoking looking hand pointing on a poster under the words "ZUR KONDITOREI". We equally enjoyed the second part of our little meal, the rote Grütze being exquisite, and the milk so abundant and thick, that it seemed as if each were consuming an island of jelly in a sea of cream.

It was about 6 o'clock when we arrived at the landing stage and took the steamer back to Hamburg. I regretfully looked back at Blankenese as it gradually disappeared from our sight! How happy hours pass quickly!

EIGHTH DAY

SAILING IN THE ALSTER. MUEHLENKAMP. OTTENSEN.

Saturday, 19th August 1911

We woke up hale and hearty, and at once decided to go the next day to Heligoland, the weather being lovely, and nothing whatever prevented us from going. So the first thing we did on leaving the hotel, was to go to Cook's Office and get the tickets. This done, we sat down in front of the Alster, Alsterdamm as that part is called, and began to think how we could best spend our day, as we had to be very careful not to tire ourselves out, remembering that we would have to get up at 5:00 the next morning, the boat leaving for Heligoland at 7:30.

We soon came to the happy decision of sailing around the Alster, as we just happened to be there, and the day being fine, we would have enjoyed it. So we took one of those sweet little snow white steamers, real gems in their construction, and sailed away, the sun shining on our heads, the wind blowing in our faces, and the swans floating with us, guarding us like sentinels guarding the monarch as he proudly moves along his people. Mama had the good idea of stopping at the Uhlenhorst. This is a district on the Greater Alster, Aussen Alster as it is called, and in this district she knew

that there lived all the rich and grand people of Hamburg, so there would no doubt have been many charming houses and streets and walks to inspect. Before I go any further, let me tell you what I know, have heard, seen and read about this charming river.

When you approach it first coming from the Rathaus, you first see a Fleht, on one side of which is a street with shops and trams, and on the other side the famous arcade containing our little English Tea House supporting a row of fine houses. This arcade contains all sorts of shops and restaurants. At the end of this Fleht there is a bridge, it is in fact an important street, and on the right of this bridge you see the Alster which looks just like a square lake, it is called the inner Alster. Here you take the steamer, and here is a grand establishment called the Alster pavilion, where thousands of people eat, drink, and make merry, in fact it looks the place where all Hamburg seem to unite in the evening. The bridge here and its continuation is called "Jungfernstieg", and on the right is "Alsterdamm," and on the left "Neuer Jungfernstieg." Both these streets or better embankments are exceedingly fine places, large, well built buildings and trees, trees everywhere. opposite to where you take the steamer is the famous Lombardsbrücke which I have already described. The steamers pass under this great bridge, and then you suddenly enter the outer Alster, a magnificent body of water. The shape is irregular, it has many tongues, gulflets and rivulets. The districts round this water are called going from the right till you come to a bridge, where the Alster suddenly narrows into a small river to continue its course into the country, and you pass this little bridge continuing your way back to town on the left, St. Georg, the parish in which I was born, Hohenfelde, Uhlenhorst, now over the bridge Harvesthude, and Rotherbaum. I hear that Harvesthude is now considered even better and more aristocratic than Uhlenhorst.

Looking up in the lexicon, I read that the Alster described as a tributary of the Elbe, rises in the "Timhagener Bruch" in Holstein. It is 52 km long, and becomes navigable after passing two sluices. It is very well stocked with fish. It flows in a narrow irregular stream with several arms jutting out of it to Eppendorf 5 km from Hamburg, where it suddenly widens into a big body of water forming a lake known as Aussen Alster. From this little river 16 metres wide it now becomes sometimes as wide as 1750

metres. It flows then under the Lombardsbrücke becoming after that the square body of water called Binnen-Alster, then narrows into Flehts and joins the Elbe. As they say in German “Die Alster kann nicht die Flehten speisen” the Alster cannot feed the Flehte, the Elbe manages this. Since the great fire in Hamburg, when many alterations and improvements were hit upon, the Alster has been arranged to flow underground in some parts and act as sewers and so turn Hamburg into one of the cleanest and healthiest towns in Germany. These sewers all flow into the Elbe, which in its turn flows into the North Sea.

Well, now to return to our sailing in the Alster, I will tell you that the view from the boat is adorable. I have seen much, I have travelled a good deal, but I really must say the Alster with its charming district is unique. As the water stretches away from you with all the plants and trees on its banks and all those lovely light-coloured buildings rising in the background, you really wonder what you could compare it with. The scene is not Italian, it is not French, it is not English, it is a picture of beauty, mirth, and sweetness. I quite agree to the fact that I was on my holidays, no worries whatever tormenting me, Mother peacefully happy sitting next to me, still, I do not think that I exaggerate when I praise the beauty of the scene. It is quite different to the Elbe, leaving alone Blankenese which is a little place of its own, but I mean the Elbe, Hamburg. The waters there are stocked with boats and business, it is healthily prosaic, the Alster is sweetly poetic. Mama told me that so many years ago, the first day she arrived in Hamburg, she went along the Alster in the evening with Meta, Uncle Jaffa's youngest daughter, and was also enchanted with this charming river, she too had never seen anything so picturesque.

I remember once in Paris, I met a Hamburg girl who was studying singing there, and she told me that in her opinion nothing could surpass the Alster, and I remember how she spoke of the swans and the pretty vegetation all around.

We left the boat at the Uhlenhorst. “Fährhaus” they called the building in front of the water where the boats stop. This building has a pretty garden and many terraces, it is a pleasure place like the Alster pavilion. There the Hamburg population gather in the evening, the orchestra plays, fireworks and other entertainments are held, and it is supposed to be one of the most

popular places in the town. We however never went out in the evening, this sounds rather cloisterly, considering that we were free to do as we liked, still I do not regret not having participated in any of these night revelries, as we both had to think of our health and not overdo our holidays by coming back more tired out than when we went. I saw a notice in the garden of this building, that the management cater right through the day, and that any dish whatever can be bought freshly cooked at any time and taken away. The Germans know how to live, they know how to make the most out of everything.

We walked up a fine lane with charming villas on either side, and asked a man to tell us how to best find our way to see the best parts of this suburb. We passed several streets, bordered with trees and houses. Every villa was charmingly kept, the gardens in front beautifully laid out. Hamburg is known as being the abode of many well to do rich people. On every house gate there was a name to be seen. I read many Latin sounding names like de Fereira and the like. I suppose these are South American merchants who live in Hamburg. The lawns of the villas had in several places groups of "Waldmännchen" or wood elves I think you call them in English. They were made of stone and bronze, some were painted in various colors, and looked so pretty, their long white beards and high peak caps and tiny bodies bringing you back to your early days when you reveled in fairy stories. You could just imagine princess "Schneewitchen" (Snow White) appearing on the scene among the little men. Some of the little men were wheeling barrows and seemed to converse together. Mama also enjoyed the scene, she moved along, and careful little housewife as she is, admired the well-kept windows, with their dainty curtains. She told me that Hamburg households were known for their marvelous cleanliness and excellent organization. We once passed a villa gay with sulphur-coloured flowers, and all the curtains were also sulphur-coloured, a quaint impression it left on the mind; it looked tropical in its strangeness. We crossed a bridge bearing the inscription ""SCHWANENBRUECKE". The Uhlenhorst is interspersed by rivulets and canals from the Alster just like Hamburg is interspersed by the Flehds from the Elbe, and this is so lovely, to find water wherever you go. Mama now remembered a certain district not far from this suburb, where she once went to spend the afternoon with

Erwinia and Hedwig and a friend of hers. The place was called Mühlenkamp, and there was an establishment there for the entertainment of women and children. Mothers could go there to spend a pleasant afternoon, chatting and enjoying themselves round the coffee tables, whilst the children could disport themselves on swings, roundabouts, etc. The lady who invited Mama and the two little ones to Mühlenkamp brought her own coffee to the place, and had it prepared there. I suppose she could enjoy no other coffee but her own.

So we left the Uhlenhorst, and directed our steps to the Mühlenkamp. It is a suburb like there are so many round Hamburg, and Mama soon found the establishment. It had been aggrandized and improved, but still it was there. How strange it must have seemed to her to see this place again after such a long time. There were some fine streets and good shops about. I noticed a picture in one of the windows which made us both smile. A stork was sitting in her nest, and before her stood Papa Stork with his long bill bandaged, underneath the picture were the words written in English: "I have had a very busy day!"

We did not remain long in that suburb, as we were beginning to feel tired, so we took the steamer at the bridge where the Alster changes from a rivulet into a lake, and we sailed down to Hamburg again. It was lovely and we were quite sad when we had to land at the Jungfernstieg.

We walked to the Rathausmarkt and sat down on one of the seats. The back of these stone seats rising several metres high, represent battle scenes worked in bronze, and between these project those wonderful bronze groups of which I have already spoken.

It was about 2 o'clock, and the day was still long, it was however far too early to go back to the hotel, so we held a little pourparler, and decided to take the tram down to Ottensen, a suburb past St. Pauli and Altona, in the cemetery of which Klopstock, the great German poet, lies buried. Mother remembered having visited the grave, and was anxious to see it again, she remembered it was in a churchyard with a big tree growing near it. So we took the tram, and drove a long way out. I noticed many ancient and interesting-looking streets and squares. I must tell you here in parentheses, that the polite and rubicund porter of the hotel gave us a kind of guide book of Hamburg containing every point of interest. We had the

luck to come across nearly all the monuments, etc., without having the fatigue to go in search of them. Everything dropped in our way as we wandered about, and I will mention them all as I come across them. The porter seemed very anxious that we should visit a wonderful estate which had belonged to Bismarck, but we never went, we did not seem keen upon seeing it, there being still so many other sights to see.

Arrived in Ottensen, we had still a long way to go. Still, every workman, every boy, answered with intelligence and knew where the poet lay buried. They directed us on the right track, and at last we arrived at the church. We could not open the gate, a tiny girl approached us and told us to try the other gate further on, which we did, and then entered the churchyard. Mama looked about. Everything seemed quite changed. She did not recognize the grave when we at last stood before it.

Friederich Gottlieb Klopstock, one of Germany's greatest poets (considered by some the greatest, as like Luther created a new language in prose, Klopstock created a new language in poetry) was born in the year 1724 and died in the year 1803. He is especially famous for his great poem "MESSIAS", and for his political views, hailing the American Independence War and the French Revolution as the dawn of better times. He lies buried next to his wife Meta, the daughter of an important Hamburg man, and whom he often sings in his poems. They only enjoyed their divine happiness 4 years. Many years after her death he married a woman who had been her friend. She too lies in the churchyard, but at Klopstock's feet.

We left the churchyard and wandered about Ottensen. Not very pretty, but busy and prosperous, like everywhere in Hamburg. You see no misery, no rags, every person looks clean and busy.

The day was hot, and we felt exhausted, so we entered an inn, and partook of the usual German lunch, sandwiches and beer, then went walking again. The tram brought us back to the Rathausmarkt towards 4 o'clock.

We took our seats in a cozy corner protected by one of the famous bronze groups, and remained there for some time, watching humanity passing to and fro. One thing struck us and that was how the women and girls wore low-necked dresses. At first I thought it strange, such a thing never being seen in a London street. Little by little, however, I got used to it,

and thought it very pretty. The weather was very hot, and no doubt they felt cooler. Some of them had very pretty necks and napes. I always wear low-necked blouses too, but in the street, however, my neck is not visible. The Germans seem to live very easily, and indeed seem to make the most of what they possess of earthly treasures. Still, in spite of their lovely fair hair, keen eyes, and nice necks, you seldom come across a dainty-looking person, I am sorry to say, that even when well-dressed, they looked heavy and over-dressed. During the last days of our sojourn many of the richer classes returned to Hamburg, no doubt to meet the Kaiser who came for the "Parade", and there I saw crowds of opulent people, but I could admire none of them. Although there were many beautiful lace dresses and lovely stuffs, and grand hats about, nothing really pleased me, it all seemed too much. Also the coiffures seemed exaggerated, too many coils, too many curls, "aufgedonnert" is the only word in any language I could find to express my opinion.

However, I noticed one kind of hairdressing which I thought simply charming. It was generally worn by children and schoolgirls, although I did notice a few grown-up women wearing this same hairdressing, and sweetly charming did it look in every case. I remember Hedwig telling us about this coiffure, she had noticed it in Vienna, and thought it adorable. This way of dressing the hair, which I have seen in no other country, and which I am sure would make also an Italian, a French, an English face look attractive, consists of the hair being parted in the middle of the forehead and divided into two plaits, these plaits are then twisted round both cheeks just above the ears, so that they look like two shells. The division made by the plaits at the back of the head which is never pretty is hidden by a large bow, giving it all a perfect finish. This coiffure can of course only be worn by those fortunate creatures possessing long hair, and I really think that no face can really look ugly in such a neat and becoming frame.

After having rested, we decided to go and have dinner in a little restaurant which we had noticed in one of the squares or better markets as they are called in Hamburg. It was situated in a corner, and there were many seats in the open snugly hidden behind a trellis work covered with creepers. The little place was called "ZUR BEEFSTEAK ECKE" an appetizing and appropriate name to give such a retreat.

So we started down the “Graskeller”, a long busy street filled with fine shops on the ground floor and in the basement, and arrived after 5 o’clock at the Beefsteak Corner. You will no doubt imagine that being so fond of beefsteaks I unhesitatingly chose one, the place being called the Beefsteak Corner there no doubt must have existed a speciality in its preparation. But no, we did not, we chose from the menu typical things, thinking that being right in the heart of the town, the dishes would have been perfectly typical to the country. We chose crab soup, which Mama remembered as being one of the soups of Hamburg, and a preparation of veal. Sitting together waiting for our portions, we made the disagreeable discovery that we were in quite a low place. Rough working men and untidy factory women took their places and lounged on the seats in their own unconventional and free ways. We kept very quiet and pretended not to see them, and they under the circumstances behaved very well towards us. The tables were unappetizing looking, the food did not taste bad, but it was nearly cold, there being only one man to attend to many people at a time. Mama could hardly get through her portions, I ate mine reluctantly feeling cross and tired. We slipped out of the place as soon as ever we could, realizing the meaning of the well-known proverb:

All that glitters is not gold.

The outward look of the place looked so pretty, almost poetic, considering that it was in the centre of a busy part of the town. I must however mention a man who sat opposite to us, although rough and low, on hearing us speak English, he ventured to ask us in English whether we were Americans. Then he told us that he had lived 15 years in the United States, and was now 10 years in Hamburg. It was quite interesting to listen to his description of rough American life. Any person who has travelled and seen the world, whether educated or not, is always interesting, and very often those who have no education at all, see and go through things stranger and more wonderful than others.

It was now 6 o’clock and we went back to our hotel. Before going to our room, we asked the porter to knock at our door at 5 a.m. punctually, as

we would never have forgiven ourselves had we overslept ourselves and missed our one chance of seeing the island of Heligoland.

NINTH DAY

HELIGOLAND

Sunday, 20th August, 1911.

Grün ist das Land,
Rot ist die Kant,
Weiss ist der Strand,
Dies sind die Farben von Helgoland!

5 a.m.

‘Fünf Uhr’ a hand could be seen knocking at the glass panel of our bedroom door and a voice sing out the words “Fünf Uhr.”

“Danke, danke, wir sind schon auf!” came the answer from both of us. In fact, we were already out of bed and had put the electric light on. Mama is a wonderfully energetic riser when she has to, as much as she enjoys her morning sleep when nothing prevents her from getting it. She woke up first, and began hurrying over her dressing. I did the same.

Heligoland, Helgoland as the Germans call it!

Both were happy and excited, Mama because during her life in Hamburg she had always longed to go to see Helgoland, and yet never could realize her wish, I because anything in the way of travelling pleases me, and also because I never in my life visited a tiny island in mid-ocean.

We soon went down to breakfast. The servants were cleaning the passages and rooms, and the little breakfast room was sweet and ready for our reception. The night porter was still in his box, a nice little man, quite a different type to the burly day porter.

We could hardly eat, as it was natural, being up so early and having to face a day of exciting and unknown happenings.

How would it pass? Would we really be back at midnight this same day? Would we bear the 5 hours voyage on the water going and 5 hours coming back? Would we be ill or bear it all in the best of spirits?

Well, listen, it all happened this way.

We left the hotel at a quarter to seven, took the tram going to St. Pauli Landungsbrücken, and smiled cheerfully at each other. We each had on a knitted cloak and carried a mackintosh besides, as we knew we would have to face any sort of weather. In the tram sat some people also with cloaks on their arms, bags in their hands, and scarfs around their hats. We guessed they were also going to Heligoland.

We arrived at the landing stage, and were directed to the special bridge where the boat for Heligoland was waiting.

“KAISER” was the name of the steamer. We were hurried over the movable bridge (gangway) from the landing on to the steamer, and quickly took our seats in a good place where I could have watched the scene undisturbed right through. I saw some faces looking at us from the lower regions of the steamer, and I was glorious to find such nice places on deck. There were already a good many people on deck, but scarcely seated, hundreds upon hundreds came flocking or swarming into the boat, till it seemed as if we would all be travelling shoulder to shoulder or knee to knee. It seemed to me as if there were thousands, I was however told during the day that the “KAISER” can accommodate 2,000 persons, but that only about 1,000 persons sailed that day.

At 7:30 sharp we were off. The steamer began to move slowly, the orchestra began to play, and the “KAISER” glided gaily down the Elbe. The crowd round us looked jolly, simple, and clean. I noticed three fat, comfortable, blue-eyed women, chatting gaily together. The moment the boat started, they pulled out packets out of their bags, and began to eat. Mama imagined they were “drei gemütliche Milchfrauen.”

We had three hours of river sailing and two hours of sea sailing before us. The day promised to be fine, and we sat peacefully enjoying life. Mama watching the crowd on the boat, I kneeling on the seat with my arms against the parapet watching the water, the boats, and the ever-changing scene.

I noticed several waiters appearing on deck from below with trays full of coffee cups, sandwiches, and last but not least, glasses and glasses of beer. I have never seen a country where so much food seems to be consumed like in Germany. I always had an idea that Belgians were such great eaters; they seem to eat more in Germany. Some people had big

bags full of food, others eagerly bought from the waiters. We felt inclined for nothing at the moment. All the same, it is a good way the Germans have of always having food, and good food too, ready wherever humanity abides, as in this way there need be no worry about getting food when you are in need of it. I remember two years ago, when we spent our Christmas holidays in Deal, we walked a long way towards a little country place, thinking we would find some restoring refreshments after our long outing. My brother-in-law, His Majesty King Peter, never got over the terrible deficient point existing in England, of not even finding decent food when arriving at the inn. The landlord had nothing else to offer us but a few drops of some alcoholic drink which burnt our noses and made us sulky, and a few dry, tasteless biscuits. In Germany, go wherever you like, an extraordinary abundance of food is found, and you can satisfy your hunger at any time. Still, this abundance of food, I fear, gives humanity too much opportunity of eating even when you are not inclined, and I think that is why the people get so corpulent. We wisely only took some food when we really felt hungry.

The sun began to shine, the day was getting glorious, the orchestra played repeatedly. I think the crowd must have been all German, I heard no foreign language, although Mama pointed out some people to me who had an unknown foreign look about them. She thought they must have been Scandinavians.

I noticed a pretty little boat gliding by. It bore the name of "HEDWIG". I also saw a very fine steamer, the name of which was "HELSINGFORS". I suppose it came from Finland, that wonderful little country belonging to Russia jutting into the Gulf of Bothnia. I have just read a few days ago a description of the country and the people of Finland, their wonderful advancement and civilization. Another fine steamer bore the name of "TRONDHJEM", a Norwegian boat no doubt.

Towards 11 o'clock I decided to have a peep at the lower regions of the steamer. I went below, and was surprised at the beauty and grandeur of it all. The "KAISER" praised in the guidebook as a magnificent "Turbinenschraubenschiff" looked nothing at all lying in the dark, neither on deck could I see anything so very grand about it, no doubt owing to the crowds about. But below, it was really grand. Two floors, each containing

immense saloons, round these saloons were (outside) large kind of galleries with real windows looking out onto the water. Comfortable seats were about, and I noticed that the people in these regions looked much more opulent and independent, they were finally dressed, and seem to give themselves more airs. In the saloons they were eating away real meals, you could hear the corks springing out of the bottles, you would have thought of being in some big hotel. Still, the air in these regions was bad and stuffy, I soon rushed up on deck among the humbler mortals thinking to myself "I am made of earth, and before I return to earth let me breathe sweet pure air". For the sake of comfort, however could these people remain in that crowded impure atmosphere?

I noticed that mother was looking tired and worn, so I decided we should eat something. I went down again and approached the man at the buffet. He handed me a plate with two dainty sandwiches, and a small glass of very good wine. I divided this little meal with mother, and it did us good, although we decided not to have any more, seeing that the prices were very high. Fancy, they charged us 2 Marks for this little glass and these two little sandwiches. By paying 50 Pfennigs more we enjoyed an exquisite little repast in Heligoland, as you will hear presently. The dinner in Heligoland was of course Mk. 2.50 per head and the snack on board was Mk. 2. together, that is true, still, it would have been throwing money away to take anything further. The price for a banana was 30 Pfennig, how dear, when you think you can buy them at 1d. a piece in London.

We sailed on and on. The weather was lovely.

I suddenly began to notice a few sea-gulls floating about.

We were approaching Cuxhaven. It was the mouth of the Elbe. Cuxhaven, the key to the great river, Cuxhaven the gate of the North Sea. The port looked pretty in the distance. The boat, however, turned right round, so that my back was turned to it. Seeing that a great many people were coming on board from Cuxhaven, I decided to remain seated, having the intention to find the same seats on the return journey, so that I would then be able to have a good look at the port.

The boat remained at Cuxhaven for a while, and in the meantime clouds of sea-gulls approached all of a sudden. They must have known that some goodies were expecting them, as I noticed all sorts of morsels being

thrown out to them. You should have seen what a charming picture these birds made as they floated about, eagerly catching the various morsels. They did look so pretty. Quite a different plumage from those dainty sea-gulls you see flying round London Bridge and Blackfriars Bridge, not yellow brownish tipped feathers, but the bodies snow white with exquisite dove grey feathers. Once, as they were enjoying themselves, in plunged another bird, this time much larger and brown of plumage. In awe and fear all the little sea-gulls fluttered away to make room for this big bird, and timidly came back as he flew away, to begin their gambolling and feeding over again. We watched them, taking no notice of what was going on at Cuxhaven, this never-to-be-forgotten sight of those hundreds of winged darlings was more interesting than to watch humanity. Suddenly the report of a cannon was heard, Oh, how the feathered darlings got frightened, they all flew away, some dropping their food out of fright, some quickly, quickly, picking them up before spreading their wings and flew away with their treasure. The lexicon gives an unfavourable report of these members of the feathered fraternity, not all of them, however, but of one kind, the "Raubmöve" (Laridae). These sea-gulls are so greedy that they become thieves. They invariably struggle with their cousins or uncles and aunts should they see them possessing any morsel. They beat them with their wings and peck at them with their beaks, till they are compelled to drop their find, which these greedy birds eagerly snatch away without the least remorse or conscience. The "Laridae Marinus" are more honest, they dwell on the German North coast and live right up to the beginning of the Polar Sea. I suppose it is this kind we noticed flying about, as they behaved very sweetly towards one another, I saw no snatching of morsels or quarrelling, they behaved like real little ladies and gentlemen.

The steamer now started again.

The land disappeared.

We were entering the sea.

We were soon on the high seas.

How different the feeling is of sailing in a river to sailing in the sea. The water changed colour. From an indifferent greyish brown it turned green, the spray began to get furious. It hit me in the face. The people looked nervous, anxious. You felt you were sailing in the open sea.

A waiter suddenly appeared on the scene carrying a large tray full of little glasses containing a brownish liquid. He glided round the deck singing the following sweetly poetic and romantic refrain:

COGNAC!! COGNAC!!

Bestes Mittel gegen Seekrankheit!

JETZT GEHTS LOS!

Which, of course, put everyone not in exactly a poetic and romantic mood, but in good spirits. We all laughed, and his fine song helped to fill his pockets with what he was no doubt hoping for, as he managed to find many customers for his wonderful Cognac.

It was past 12 o'clock. We all began to look anxiously towards the horizon.

Heligoland was not yet in view.

One jolly man exclaimed: -

“Ich sehe die Bäume von Helgoland.”

To which his companion gaily answered:-

“Es giebt ja keine Bäume in Helgoland”

After a while, I noticed a group of passengers looking in one direction. I quickly ran to the spot.

Ah! There it was! Heligoland was seen in the distance rising magically out of the ocean!

On the right at a good distance from the island I saw another island, smaller and flat, and white. I then remembered that it must be the “Düne” or “Sandinsel” I saw sometimes on pictures, the sand island where the visitors to Heligoland take their sea baths and spend the day stretched on the sands.

A short while after, and the steamer was in front of Heligoland.

How is it possible to describe this unique spot jutting out of the waves? Its colouring alone is worth a visit. Imagine a brilliantly lit-up scene in a pantomime, the sea a bright blue-green, snow white sands and all of a sudden an immense square rock towering above it all, the colour a rich brown turning to red, and the surface of this rock as green as the greenest field in your own country!

In the sands a group of charming queer white houses, on the rock just in front another group of dazzlingly white houses.

A tropical sun shining above it all.
And you have a picture of Heligoland!
Not a tree to be seen!!
A strange scene, and yet so lovely.
We stood side by side. Both were silent.

We were awakened out of our reverie by shouts and noises. The passengers were struggling to land. We went down the steps leading to the floor below and now saw that the steamer would not have touched the island, the water being too shallow, but that it would remain at some distance from the shore, whilst a small boat would bring the passengers across the water to the island. Mama was afraid, this was simply because she was not used to land in this way. This is often the case with great liners, that the people are taken in small boats to the shore. However, in spite of our numerous travels, we never happened to land this way.

“Seerose” and “Seestern” are the two little steamers which are at the disposal of passengers besides some still smaller boats. The two first belong to the Hamburg America Line, and the little boats to the island.

We at last found ourselves on the iron steps which lead down to the water, but the little boat being very full, Mama refused to enter it, but preferred to wait till the next one came up.

Now, while waiting on these steps, a sailor sitting on one of the steps to prevent any accident, and a higher official standing near us, with a big crowd about us, listen to what I have to tell you about the island of Heligoland.

Heligoland, this lonely island lost in the middle of the North Sea, lies 58 km from Cuxhaven. It is .55 gkm large. The rock, or foreland, or elevation, whatever you might call it, rises some distance from the sand up to an altitude of 66 metres above sea level. This rock which forms on the top of a kind of plateau is 1792 metres long and 600 metres wide. The rock itself wherever I saw it seemed quite perpendicular, and of a warm brownish red colour. The plateau is covered with grass. The earth underneath is not very deep, and therefore can only produce potatoes, clover, barley, and some shrubs. There is a path leading right across this plateau which has been appropriately named “Die Kartoffelallee”. There are a few rocks and cliffs jutting out of the sea on the sides of the island, also of

the same warm brownish red colour, they are called “Die Brünne” and “Der Panzer” and they protect the island against the fury of the waves. At a distance of 1200 metres on the East side of the island is situated the “Düne” or sand island, which is 300 long and 100 metres broad, and 6 metres above the sea level. This sand island, which in the distance looked like a sandbank of which there are several near the mouth of the Elbe, was connected with Heligoland by a narrow strip of land till the year 1720, when this passage disappeared forever. On the West side of this sand island there is a fine establishment for sea bathing. I suppose visitors who stay at Heligoland during the summer season spend their days, or better sail over from the island to this sand island for the sea baths. Heligoland itself has already diminished its circumference through the eternal floods breaking against the rocks. One of the lonely rocks near the island which Nature has placed there to protect the island like a sentinel is called “Der Mönch”. Heligoland has a charming bright lighthouse 80 metres high. On the level ground there are 70 houses. On the rock, at the edge, is a little town of 500 houses, all grouped together, with one church, and one school house. To reach this little town you have to go up 190 wooden steps. The Germans call the part of the island on the sea level “Das Unterland” and the part on the rock “Das Oberland”. Heligoland has a theatre, and several hotels. The population (our encyclopedia is rather antiquated) is under 2,000. The Heligolandians are great fishers. LOBSTERS especially abound round Heligoland. They make excellent sailors and are especially keen as pilots. This latter occupation is their specialty.

The early inhabitants of this lonely island were “Friessen”, a tribe of people who lived along the coast of the North Sea from Flanders to Jutland. In fact, there is now a province of Holland named Friesland. A “Friessen” dialect is still spoken in Heligoland. Church services and school work however is done in pure German.

Besides rain water, there is no drink water in the island.

A submarine telegraph leads to the German coast.

In bygone days the Heligolandians held “God Fosite” in great veneration, till the year 785 when Saint Willebrod destroyed this creed.

After this the island came into the possession of the Princess of Schleswig. In the year 1712 it went to the Danes. At one time it was in the

possession of a certain "Duke of Gottorp". In the year 1807 it was taken by the English, who made Heligoland their principal smuggling quarters during the time known under Napoleon's reign as the "Continental Sperre". During that time 1 lb. of coffee used to cost Fcs.25.-. In 1814 Denmark gave Heligoland up formally to the English. In the year 1890 the English exchanged Heligoland for Zanzibar with the Germans.

I do not know how it was in the English days, but I cannot imagine Heligoland as having ever been anything else but German.

Our encyclopedia says that the Heligolanders still retain their old "Friessen" laws, which consist of only 14 articles. I do not know whether this is still so now, the German Emperor, methinks, must prefer his own ways. This great personage knows everything better, does he not?

The Heligolanders are generally speaking given to simple and severe customs, and in no time has there ever been a prison in the island. They belong to the German Evangelical church, and choose their "Preachers" themselves.

The sand island in the distance is of course the special place for the sea baths, I suppose because the water is too shallow round Heligoland. These sea baths were inaugurated in the year 1826, although there are also sea baths in one part of Heligoland. Here there is a "Schwimmbassin" and hot sea baths.

We now saw a little boat approaching the steamer.

Mama was the first to enter it. Then I scrambled down the lattice iron steps. I could see the water through, it had a pretty colour, greenish blue. I jumped into the boat, a burly, pleasant Heligolander holding me by the arm with his immense sun-burnt hand. I smiled sweetly, but he took no notice. I suppose he was used to seeing bright faces. Humanity is generally well disposed in such moments, when the sun shines on you, the air is pure and lovely, a lovely sparkling cloth of water spreads out round you, and in front of you an island rises magically out of the water. On the level part of the island you see the pretty little harbour, with an enormous kind of Kurhaus and other white buildings, and on the rock a row of charming dazlingly white houses appear, they seem to be right on the edge of the red wall.

The boat soon filled itself with humanity, men, women, and children. We all grinned at each other, as if we were friends of long standing. One

portly lady was the last to enter the boat, which seemed to plunge down through her weight. Everybody laughed, and she laughed the loudest.

We were now going to land. The water changed colour; it looked brown. A strong smell of fish and sea-weeds filled the air. I felt we were in the middle of the sea.

I now noticed a large group of well-dressed, animated people, standing on either side of the way through which the passengers passed. I supposed they were visitors for the bathing season. They all seemed to be in a holiday mood, at the expense of the landing passengers, on each of whom they bestowed their opinion in the cheekiest and most bare-faced manner imaginable. They had left life's worries behind on coming to Heligoland, this I could plainly see. Grave men and dignified women (rich and poor, high and low, they all have their worries) who in everyday life go silently and resigned along the road of life, had now turned into naughty school children. It is the accepted idea that Germans are a morose and impassive race. I thought these Germans in Heligoland just as demonstrative and impudent as the Italians. For every passenger who landed they found something to laugh at.

At the sight of my mother they drew themselves up, threw their heads back, pointed their mouths, and then said: "Ah a-a-a-a-h...Mama-a-a-a-a, Mama-a-a-a-a!!!!!"

My turn came next.

My heart began to squeeze a little, I put on a bright, careless expression, and prepared for the worst.

To my surprise, however, and to my relief too, let me add, they let me pass quite unnoticed. I suppose there was nothing remarkable or conspicuous about me to tickle their Teutonic wit.

I next heard them exclaim:

"Ach, da ist ja die dicke Kleine! (I suppose they had already noticed her on the steamer) da ist ja die dicke Kleine!!!!"

I turned round and saw a girl about 12 years old, charmingly dressed in white with pink ribbons, but of such corpulence, the like of which I have not seen for many a day, indeed, I think you would never come across such a sight in England, her arms and legs looked like trunks of trees, and her body like a barrel.

The little girl seeing that she was the centre of unpleasant attraction blushed to the roots of her hair, dropped her head, and moved on looking wretchedly unhappy, which, of course, made the crowd laugh and jeer all the more.

Poor child, I thought to myself, she is still too young to hide her feelings, she has not yet discovered the importance of wearing her Life Mask.

“Her life mask!” I imagine I hear you exclaiming, “What do you mean?”

What do I mean with the expression “Life Mask”? Why, nothing else but our face, to which, through experience and reasoning we soon come to the conclusion that it is wiser to give it a certain expression on those occasions where, for prudence sake, we hide our real feelings behind it!

Has it never happened to you, dear fellow creature, that while on your pilgrimage on the road of life, you have been forced to put on a happy smiling face, whilst in your innermost self you felt sore, cross, and discouraged?

Has it never happened to you that you were forced to put on a face expressing deepest gravity and thoughtful seriousness, whilst in your innermost self you felt inclined to burst out laughing at the (in your opinion) foolishness and ridiculous behaviour of others?

Has it never happened to you that you were forced to put on an expression of calm dignity, something approaching to “prim indifferent” whilst in your innermost self you felt in a boiling rage against everybody and everything around you?

When we first come into existence we grin at everything that pleases us, we pull faces at everything that displeases us, we laugh at everything, we cry for everything. Little by little, however, when we seize toddling and running along the road of life, when we begin to walk with an attempt at dignity, we begin to perceive that this frank behaviour won’t do on every occasion, that we must perforce guard our feelings and we at last decide to wear our life mask.

Enough, enough, I hear you say, we don’t want to hear your philosophical opinions, we can live without your wisdom, go on with your story, tell us what you did in Heligoland.

Well, to continue my story, we followed the crowd, and went up a charming street, dainty shops and elegant restaurants on either side. The big casino-like building near the shore was so crowded with people eating, drinking, and making merry, that you could hardly realize you were in a solitary island in mid-ocean, it looked like a sight on the Riviera.

Feeling both exhausted and hungry after the 5 hours' travelling, we decided to have dinner, and then inspect the island.

It was near 1 o'clock, and we entered a pretty restaurant on the right of the street. The manager, a nice-looking, well-dressed man, with dignified manners and a white beard brought us to our places, and we enjoyed the loveliest little dinner you could possibly imagine. The menu was as follows:-

Real Turtle Soup

Seezunge mit Remouladen Sauce

Roastbeef mit gebratenen Kartoffeln und Gemüse.

Torte.

Gekochtes Obst

We noticed that the restaurant was named "Restaurant zur Königin Viktoria". Through the window I read on another building in large black letters "Prince of Wales..." the rest was obstructed by the wall. By a strange coincidence on getting up in the morning, Mama told me that she had dreamt of Queen Victoria, that she was living intimately with her. I wonder why the Germans left these English names about, as they no doubt are glad to reign supreme in Heligoland now.

There is nobody who can make such excellent soups as my Mama, but I must say that this real turtle soup was exquisite. Mama herself who is particular with her food whenever she goes anywhere, especially with soups, enjoyed this soup immensely. The fish, sea tongue, as it was called, was as fresh and good as possible, and the sauce tasted just like mayonnaise. They gave us two good slices each. Then came the roastbeef, again two very large slices each, was of best quality, deliciously under done, as we like it, the tiny fried potatoes excellent, they no doubt had grown on the plateau rising above our heads (the plateau, I mean the rock was situated on the left of the street, so that the restaurant was on the right toward the sea) and the vegetables were an agglomeration of peas, beans, carrots, etc., swimming peacefully in a very good sauce. The tart was very good too, although Mama thought they might have made the

portion just a trifle larger. The stewed fruit was of good quality. And for all this they only asked Mk. 2,50 per head. We also drank some pleasant light Rhein wine but this, of course, was extra.

The meal over, we hurried out. The heat was very great, just as great as in the South. We continued our way up the streets towards the famous wooden steps which were to lead us to the plateau.

Everything looked so white, so spotlessly clean. You must remember that in Heligoland there is no traffic whatever. No motor buses, no trams, no carriages, no bicycles. No wonder, then, that there is no dust.

The people about looked as if they were all enjoying themselves. As we approached the steps, we saw a group of sailors, four of them carrying one of their companions lying on a stretcher. His cap had been put over his face. His hands folded over his breast. Was he dead? Who knows, beautiful and pathetic the body lay there, motionless. We passed on quickly.

German sailors, let me tell you, have a charming look about them. I have never seen a tall or powerful-looking one, but for the rest they are very good-looking, their faces are always pleasant, energetic, and fresh-looking. They go about with their chests quite bare. They wear the orthodox blue, and on their jackets over the blouse they have rows of large, silvery buttons on either side and at the sleeves, which gives them an extra smart look. Is it the charm of the sea? The idea that they are nearer to death to those on land? The knowledge that they go to distant climes? There is always something fresh and interesting, even pathetic, about the sailor. English sailors are nice too, and the Italians are perfect darlings, so vivacious, so expressive.

We now began to go up the treadmill, I mean the endless steps up to the plateau. The sun was scorching, and with our mackintoshes on our arms and besides already wearing our knitted cloaks, we did not exactly enjoy this ascent. Still, we arrived at last at the top.

Here you saw some charming houses, the doors were open, and adorable interiors struck the eye. Extraordinary cleanliness, and many, many flowers. I remember I peeped into a door and saw a white bearded man sitting in a kind of vestibule, daintily furnished, a pretty fair-haired servant was handing him a little tray with tea, etc., on it. We walked on, and

I now noticed some natives, who were attired in a special costume, which, thank goodness, they have not abandoned. They were nearly all old women, and they were attired in black with a little colour. On their heads they wore a very becoming covering. It looked like a large handkerchief in black satin bordered with some black embroidery, it seemed to be held in position by a kind of frame underneath. It might have been imagination, but it seemed to me that these women wore a different expression to other women. They seemed as if they had gone through life without worry, I did not see that tired, life-beaten look you so often see in others. Who knows whether the peaceful, pacific life led on such a lonely island acts beneficially on the nerves. Some of these women perhaps never left their native island. Fancy never having seen a river, a tree, a horse, never having crossed a street full of traffic!!!

The view up there was lovely. The little town below looked like a picture, and when the eye had examined the houses and the lighthouse and wanted some more, there started the sea, and nothing else but the sea!!! Everywhere and all round, looking round the horizon was that eternal line of the sea mingling with the sky! Fancy to have known nothing else during all your life, day after day, year after year!

We, seeing all this beauty on a glorious summer day, with the sparkling sun illuminating it all, were quite enchanted. What must it however be, during the long, dark winter months, the dreary days, the endless nights, the fog and mist, the storms and tempests of the North Sea, the icy cold winds and blasts from the northern regions?

We went on our way, Mama was looking hot and tired. She suddenly stopped, sat down on a seat against one of the houses, and declared she could go no farther. She then told me to go, she would wait for me.

I was at first vexed, then I decided that a rest would do her good, and went on my way, telling her that I would come back as soon as ever I could. I hurried on, quite determined of walking right round the rock. I thought of the words Marie Baschkirtseff wrote in her journal:

We live but once! And life is so short....

I thought to myself: "I see Heligoland but once, and the hours are all too short!" and went on my way. I had left the houses behind me, I was just going to wander into the great green space, when suddenly a feeling of remorse crept over me. I had left Mama all alone, tired and worn, I was wandering there all alone, who knows but something might have happened to both of us? I might, in the excitement of the moment, not have looked where I was going, and might have slipped down the coast wall, or met with some other mishap? I quickly hurried back to her. She earnestly told me that the heat and the fatigue had been too much, that we had better go down again, and walk slowly back to the shore. I felt at first a little cross and disappointed, knowing that we would never have come back to this island. I do not think that there would have been much more to see on the plateau besides the church and the school house, but still to be able to say that you have seen everything is worth the doing. Before going down, however, I approached a stall where a nice-looking girl was selling all sorts of things dear to the female fancy. I bought myself a nice purse made out of the skin of the "Seehund". I use it everyday, and love it, it is strong and pretty, the skin is grey almost silvery.

We now approached the top of the steps, and do you know what we found there? Nothing else but a lift to carry the passengers up and down the rock. Was it not an irony of fate not to have noticed the lift before going up? In spite of the heat, had we gone up by the lift instead of the steps, I am sure Mama, who is an uncommonly energetic walker, would never have felt the fatigue, and would voluntarily have walked right round the rock.

Disappointments will happen to us mortals, but to end the story, we went into the lift, and before you had time to realize it, you found yourself down below. We began looking at the shops, and were struck by the beauty of the articles on sale. All sorts of bags and accessories in this pretty "Seehund" skin, lovely sets of wearing apparel in sea-gull. I saw muffs, neck and arm fitments, stoles, hats, and toques. How lovely such a set would look with a black velvet dress! Mama thought the hats stiffly made. Certainly, no Parisian hand had touched them, but I mean the thing itself was lovely, some toques were made of grey velvet matching the grey wings of the sea-gulls.

I also saw an immense quantity of sea-shells, simply lovely. Some were gigantic, some small and dainty, and the colouring, how lovely! They seemed as if beginning to blush in their innermost self at finding themselves rudely brought to light from their hidden retreats, and then gradually grow pale at the thought that they would never return to their haunts, but doomed to live for ever among rude mankind.

Schied auch die Muschel lange schon
Vom Meer, das ihre Heimat war,
In ihrer Tiefe rauscht ein Ton
Wie Meeresheimweh immerdar
(G. Scherer)

It was only 4 o'clock, and yet Mama wisely suggested our going back to the steamer if we intended to find the same comfortable places we had during the going-out journey, as she knew that most of the passengers would have returned in a flock, and there would have been much confusion. So after having bought some picture postcards, we sat in front of the sea, wrote them, and posted them. The "KAISER" was lying placidly a good way off, as well as two other large steamers. Near the shore were many little boats, I suppose ready to sail out to the sand island. I noticed that away round the shore several cannons and such like were to be seen, and soldiers I think near them.

Several passengers went back to the steamer with us. We soon found our seats, and kept our eyes on Heligoland, knowing that it would soon be all over.

I thought of the poem with which Lady Brassey heads one of the chapters of her lovely narrative of her voyage round the world:

Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled
Where the breeze warbles and the mute still air
Is music, slumbering on her instrument.

It was 5 o'clock. With martial punctuality, the "KAISER" began to move. Up to the very last moment people still came. The iron ladder was lifted. We were off.

We kept looking at the island as it gradually became smaller and smaller. Our eyes filled with tears. We turned our heads away. It was too sad. Such moments fill you with melancholy. You then realize how everything passes on earth, how ephemeral life's pleasures are, how the end to everything must come once. It made me think of the words a missionary used when narrating his life in South America, how he came, enjoyed hospitality and friendship, then was forced to go on his way never to return:

No happiness can last in this nether world, no friendships are ever formed, but must be broken or parted some time or other by separation.

"Wir sehen es nie wieder, wir sehen es nie wieder" I heard voices around me exclaim. We too said to each other "We shall never see it again"! I felt my arm being touched. It was a little woman who pointed in the direction of the island, and told me to look again. Heligoland was still visible, half sunk in the horizon, looking misty and veiled.

What had they been, those few hours now sunk into eternity?

A vision! A dream! An illusion!

I turned to the little woman, she was alive and smiling and eating ham sandwiches. I looked at the other passengers, they all seemed gay and as if they had already forgotten everything. Some were eating, some were smoking. We partook of some coffee which was offered to us, and sat quietly watching the water and the sky.

Towards 7 o'clock I began to think it was time that we should enter the Elbe. I looked at the horizon, and saw faintly two trees, then a little further 5 or 6 trees, then land. A short while after, we knew by the slowing of the steamer that we were approaching Cuxhaven. The steamer turned right round again, and there the charming port of Cuxhaven appeared magically. How small it is compared to Hamburg, but it is sweetly picturesque, a charming lighthouse, pretty houses and landscapes in the distance, and the people on shore all looked clean and animated.

The bridge was passed over the steamer, and many many people began to alight. To my surprise, I watched Mama beginning to count every person carefully and earnestly, she counted a long time, in Italian, and in a very preoccupied voice and mien. This gave me much pleasure, in thinking in what state of body and mind she was just before leaving London, and the marvels a little change can work upon us mortals. She counted exactly 300. When these passengers had left the boat, another crowd appeared, this time to enter the steamer. I noticed how everything is admirably organized in Germany. They were all waiting behind a chain which a policeman held at one end. He moved to the other side with one end of the chain in his hand, let a certain number of people pass, then quickly pushed the others away while he returned to the other side to close up the way with the chain, so as to avoid any confusion and crushing. This process was repeated several times, till everybody had passed safely into the steamer. A group of sailors were watching us on shore, they did look so nice with their agreeable faces and silver buttoned dark blue garments.

The steamer started again, everybody on land and on shore shouted, handkerchiefs were waved, and the pretty scene vanished before us like everything passes and vanishes in this world...

We now were sailing along the province of Holstein, and as the twilight began to fall, and the stars to appear, the scene on shore was very pretty indeed. Various lighthouses and lifebuoys were seen flashing about, and the little cottages in the country were all lit up.

It was now quite dark, and intense cold began to be felt. We however strictly decided to remain on deck, as it could only be healthy to remain in the fresh air, besides we put our mackintoshes on over our woollen coats, and held close together, knowing for certain we would not catch cold, being both in good health and well fed.

I went down for a while just to see what the grand passengers were doing in those comfortable stuffy regions. Heat, tobacco smoke, and a smell of cooking! There they all sat, eating and smoking away, lounging on comfortable velvet seat and couches. I rushed upstairs again, and told Mama to go down and look at the scene too. She went, but never seemed to come back. I was quite frightened, I thought something had happened to her. I was on the point of going down to look where she was, when she

suddenly appeared on the scene, and said she had lost her way. She had gone right down, and never seemed to find an opening to come up again. We both laughed at this occurrence, and took our seats again.

The band began to play, and some people began to dance. I saw a couple of grave, bearded men dancing together, it did look so funny, I suppose because I am not used to seeing men dance together, there is nothing strange at seeing two of my sex flying about together, but men together make me laugh. One couple in their enthusiasm danced against some people eating and drinking, upsetting a stool on which was posed a tray with beer and sandwiches. Shouts and reproaches, and yet the couple went on dancing.

At one time the band began to sing; of course everybody joined. German enjoy life very nicely.

It was towards eleven o'clock, the night was black and grand. We passed lovely Blankenese. All the villas and cottages were alight. It looked like fairy-land. We passed Altona, prosaic and busy as usual.

Almost on the stroke of midnight we arrived at last at Hamburg, at the St. Pauli landing bridges, just as we had left in the morning, there we were, at last.

We first thought we would let all the passengers get out first, but seeing that this would have lasted an eternity, and as we were tired and cold, we decided to slip among the crowd, and do our best to land as quickly as possible. Some girls bent upon having the best time to the end, sat on a kind of balcony watching the passengers going down the steps under them, and giving them advice how to get home safely.

Now we were at last on firm land again. We saw crowds of people swarming round the trams like bees. I was intent on waiting to enter, but Mama is not penny wise and pound foolish in such circumstances, she coolly went to a cab and was on the point of entering it, when the coachman politely told her that she could not take a cab unless she had first obtained a "Marknummer" from the policeman on the beat. We at first were vexed, we did not understand, we then went reluctantly to the policeman telling him what the coachman had said. The policeman at once and with calm dignity handed us a what shall I call it? Something round a little larger than a half crown piece with a number clearly inscribed upon it,

saying that we were to find the cab bearing the same number. We however soon found the cab, and were flying through the deserted streets of Hamburg to the hotel.

Why are all these precautions? Why, to protect the public.

Mr. Robert Blatchford, in one of his articles which he contributed until lately to "THE WEEKLY DISPATCH" once wrote about Berlin, and the difference which exists in Berlin and in London. He said that in London we enjoy liberty, we can go our way and do just as we like, nobody tyrannizes over us. In Berlin, there we are ruled and governed by a grandmother, by this he meant that the people are not free to go about and to do as they like. There are rules everywhere. The police is ever and anon watching everybody and everybody. However, owing to this grandmother keeping a strict eye on her grandchildren, no calamities happen, we never run any risks, we never lose money, we never lose time. It is the same in Hamburg. Since the first day we were there, I always and everywhere read the word, in large letters, "VERBOTEN" which means "FORBIDDEN". "Verboten links zu gehen" "Radfahren verboten", "Rauchen verboten", in fact, Verboten, verboten, verboten, verboten, verboten, is to be read everywhere. We may not do this, we may not do that, we must do this, we must do that. "Verboten stehn zu bleiben" is read at the entrance to the railway station. Mama declares that the last word she saw posted up in Hamburg was VERBOTEN. As you can imagine, as I earn my living through "The flying art" as shorthand is sometimes poetically called, I always transfer every word I hear or read into an outline in my brain, this is the only way of keeping up this difficult subject if you want to remember it carefully in four languages. So this word "VERBOTEN" was put into shorthand every time I read it. If you know shorthand or not, you will

perhaps be interested to know that the outline which means “Verboten”



looks like this

It became encrusted in my brain, and let me tell you, if you do not happen to know shorthand, that the thick stroke means the sound of B, the thin stroke the sound of T, and the hook at the end the sound of N, whilst the little dot floating above means VER. “Verboten”

The number which the policeman gave us was for protection. If the coachman had happened to cheat us, we could easily have reported him, each cab having a number, they are all known to the police.

We arrived at the hotel in a very short time. The night porter came to meet us together with another man. They asked us whether we had enjoyed our trip, and dismissed the coachman after having carefully asked him how much he had charged us.

We both shouted with delight in entering our room, everything had been well prepared for us, and indeed it was a nice feeling to be at last back safe and sound. The window was wide open, the bassins full of fresh water, the beds open and with clean sheets, and on the table were two bottles of the delicious sparkling German “Sauerwasser”. Mama had wisely prepared our flannel nightdresses and knitted socks, knowing that it is difficult to go to sleep if you feel cold, hot water being unobtainable at that hour, and we felt half frozen, as was natural after those long hours in the air.

We hurriedly undressed, drank the delicious natural water, our throats being quite parched. We then jumped into bed, it was barely 12:15 p.m. [sic] we put out the light, and I cannot even remember whether I did drop my head on the pillow. I fell asleep before having had time to realize that I was really back. Everything had passed so quickly.

Our desire of visiting Heligoland had been fulfilled, it was now passed, only the memory of it remained...

TENTH DAY

VISITING. ELBCHAUSSEE. EILBECK.

(Monday, 21st of August, 1911)

The first week over, it was now our intention to look up the people Mama had known, and was anxious to see again.

We got up at 8:30. We had slept right through the night, in fact I think it is the only night I slept without ever awakening during this visit to Hamburg. The excitement and enjoyment of the day had tired us quite out, and we got up hale and hearty after an undisturbed night.

I now felt very excited in thinking of my godfather, Cousin Martin, was he really in Hamburg? How would he receive us? Would he be glad to meet again members of his family after such a long time? Would he recognize in me the speck of humanity, the tiny Jaffa lump he once held in his arms? Would he, at meeting me, be so glad of the event, that he would kiss and hug me, and I in the excitement of the moment, forgetting my dignity, would jump at him, and throw my feet right up to the ceiling? Would he, at the pleasure of meeting us, open his heart to me, his little goddaughter, bestow his bounty upon me, and send me off packed with good things?

These thoughts were in my mind as I enjoyed my morning splashing and toilet. I dressed carefully and turned myself out fresh and trim, to make up for the rest which Nature has forgotten to endow me with, as I knew for certain that he would not be struck with my looks.

You of the sterner sex, you need not listen to what I am going to say. What I am going to say concerns and ought to interest only my own sex, and that is, that quite between ourselves, we of the petticoat realm are all longing for beauty, but alas, how few of us ever get endowed by Nature with any form or colouring approaching to beauty! However, there is no reason at all to be discouraged, as in my opinion, any woman with a healthy body and a contented mind, by paying strict attention to careful diet, perfect cleanliness, and neat, suitable, and becoming attire, can work wonders upon herself. If you care to know how I dressed on this

all-important occasion, I will tell you that I put on a new black skirt, and a very nice blouse, a present from my sister Hedwig, lilac with tiny gold buttons, which were to represent the sparks coming from my soul. My head was crowned with a large shady black hat, a present from my sister Erwinia, and I will admit that I felt quite pleased with myself. Lord Lytton was indeed right when he said, "No well-dressed woman ever looks ugly!"

We went down to breakfast in the best of moods, and asked the porter to lend us the Hamburg directory. The good fellow promptly placed in my arms a gigantic book, almost as large as the London Directory. It was so heavy that the lift boy politely asked to carry it to our room.

So we sat down at the table in our room, and in great excitement looked up the names in the Directory. The name of Jaffa was not to be found. Other names were looked up, with the same result. We were becoming discouraged. At last we spied the name "Birgfeld". This was a family of musical people, well-known to Mama. The father was, I mean the husband was a well-known professor of music, and the wife a friend of Mama's. Both Mama and this Frau Birgfeld being pretty, they were nicknamed "Die weisse Rose und die rote Rose", Mama being the red one and that lady the white one.

We decided to visit this family, as they were friends of my godfather, and would have told us exactly where he was to be found.

So we set out, took the tram, and went down quite near the street where this family lived.

We arrived at the house, and after going up endless stairs, we stopped before a door bearing the name "BIRGFELD". We rang the bell. A very nice-looking young man opened the door, and Mama said in her most gracious tone: "Ist Frau Birgfeld zu Hause?"

"Ja", answered the gentleman, and politely let us in. We entered a kind of boudoir, and before disappearing he asked:

"Bitte, wen solch Ich anmelden?"

"Frau von Jaffa."

We remained for some time alone. The room was pretty, though too filled with furniture. I saw a portrait of Verdi on one of the pieces of furniture. I noticed that music reigned in that family.

The door opened at last, and a pale, weak-gentle-looking woman entered and exclaimed:

“Ach, es freut mich wirklich Sie nach so langen Jahren wieder zu sehen!”

After I had been introduced, the two ladies sat down together and had a long conversation. Various names cropped up, but to tell the truth I had only ears for my godfather. At last his name was mentioned.

“Your cousin Martin?” the lady said. “Why, he died ages ago, he died suddenly in the street.”

I exclaimed: “Oh!” and nothing else. I kept calm. Godfather Martin was dead. I did not feel any more the feeling of joy and excitement I felt a few minutes ago. I thought of the words of that pathetic English song:

Brother, thou art gone before us!...

The lady then went on to say more about him, she also spoke of his sisters, one of which is living in Cologne.

She then told us she clearly remembered where we used to live in Eilbeck, when we told her we went there the first day we were in Hamburg, but could not find the place.

“Oh, I know,” she said, “you used to live either in the Ottostrasse, or the Maxstrasse.”

We at once resolved to look up the place again.

We then told her how we were enjoying our holiday in Hamburg. I told her how I was enchanted with Stellingen. “Yes,” she said, “but I prefer the Zoo, Stellingen ist so furchtbar ausgedehnt, der zoologische Garten ist mir gemütlicher.”

We gave her our address in London, and after more conversation, we left her.

The weather being cool and pleasant, we decided to look up the “Elbchaussee” which the guide book describes as the handsomest street in Germany. So we took the tram near to it, and started walking along this road. It is past Altona, and is erected right above the footpath along the Elbe. It is 1 ½ miles long, and runs between park-like expansions, the beauty and size of which is not seen in any other town in Europe, as the book boasts. We had a very long walk down this road, but to tell the truth, it

made me but little impression. There are, of course, many lovely villas and houses peeping through the plantations on either side, but I thought it not comparable to the Uhlenhorst. One house struck me as being unique. It had three floors and was quite round. No corner to be seen. It was not narrow like a tower always is, but something like the size of the Chelsea gas works. It was grey and neat, and flowers and trees everywhere.

Towards 2 o'clock we came to a large opening, and saw the Elbe on our right, and a pretty building bearing the title "Gasthaus zum Bäcker" on the left. We decided to have lunch there, then take the boat (the pier being in the vicinity) and sail back to Hamburg.

I must tell you that the sandwiches they give you in Germany would make the English sandwiches declare war to the German ones. In England a sandwich consists in two slices of bread with a thin layer of something in the middle. In Germany, a sandwich, or as they call them "ein belegtes Brod" consists of a small loaf cut in two, laid flat on the plate, and both parts covered to overflowing with the layer, that is, that the ham or sausage hides the bread completely, a generous and tasty portion indeed.

Lunch over, we approached the pier, and noticed that the district bore the naughty name of "TEUFELSBRÜCKE" that means "D_____ 'S BRIDGE" [Devil's Bridge]. It is, of course, impossible to pronounce the actual word in English, in all other languages you are freer. But let me think, yes, I now remember that there is a place near Brighton called "THE DEVIL'S DYKE", so let me tell you the name of that district also bore the name of Devil, only instead of being the Devil's Dyke, it was the Devil's Bridge. In fact, on the board bearing the inscription, above the title, there was painted a very funny picture of a red devil with black pointed beard, upturning moustache and eyebrows, and a very provoking grin on his infernal lips. I asked the man in charge of the pier why the place was called Teufelsbrücke, to which he calmly answered that it was just to give the place a name, it might, he added, as well have been called "ENGELSBRÜCKE" (Angel's Bridge). I began to laugh, and returned to Mama who seemed longing to go back to Hamburg, the weather looking rather as if it were going to change. Dark clouds and mist shrouded the atmosphere, and it looked dull and unpleasant.

The journey down the river back to Hamburg was as usual, pleasant and interesting. There were no doubt many people I saw about in the various boats who actually spend their lives on the water. I was beginning to wonder whether I could not interrogate one of these men and ask them about that wonderful ship "CAP VILANO" we had seen gliding past Blankenese. Still, I could not make up my mind to speak to anyone.

At one of the halts, I noticed that 3 men came on board. At first, I saw nothing strange about them, they just looked like ordinary mortals. Still, when the boat started again and they had settled down near me, I began to notice that they were behaving peculiarly. They were making extraordinary gestures and signs to each other, they opened their mouths, and yet no sounds came out of them. I now knew. They were deaf and dumb!

Upon our arrival at Hamburg, I noticed these men making signs to other men on land, and these answered in the same mysterious fashion. They were also deaf and dumb.

We landed, and found ourselves moving amongst an immense crowd of deaf and dumb people.

It is really an extraordinary sight to watch a party of deaf and dumb individuals, the marvellous electrical rapidity with which they silently express themselves with the aid of hands and face.

I noticed a dignified, important-looking gentlemen with a long white beard, expressing himself by tapping two fingers alternately on his right cheek as fast as ever they went, at the same time keeping his mouth wide open and making extraordinary contortions with his tongue, in fact, he seemed to be the owner of two or three tongues instead of one.

I also noticed a little girl about ten years old, her face did not seem to be made of flesh and blood, but of indiarubber or gutta-percha, she seemed to stretch the lower part down to her chest.

Mama pulled me by the arm, and told me to come away, saying it was rude and uncharitable to take pleasure at the afflictions of others.

But it was not that I was taking pleasure at their affliction, I did not want to be rude, what I really wanted to see, was whether I could make out what they were saying. I have seen deaf and dumb people in Italy, in England, now in Germany, and I wanted to see whether I could make out the alphabet. I know the French one, the letters are shaped with one hand,

the English alphabet is with both hands. I saw these Germans make signs with one hand, then use both hands, but it all went so fast, that it remains a mystery to me.

One thing I think strange in deaf and dumb people, and that is the total indifference they display everywhere at the way, we talking mortals stare at them. I have seen them watched with intense interest in the other countries, still, they go on with their wonderful contortions totally undisturbed. I suppose they get used to it from birth.

In their appearance, if you meet them when they do not express themselves, there is absolutely nothing whatever about them different from other people. And yet how different it must be never to have known a sound!

To them the sweet sounds of music, of running water, of merry laughter, of birds singing, is all unknown.

We took the tram to the Rathaus, and once there, we saw it was too cold and damp to sit down on the famous stone seats. It was still early. Only a little after 3 o'clock. So we decided to go once more to Eilbeck, and look up the Otto and Maxstrasse, where Frau Birgfeld told us she remembered we used to live, perhaps Mama would however have recognized the place. We then took the tram, but took the wrong one. The conductor let us down as near to the place as he knew of, and we began to walk and walk. We at last spied these two streets, Mama looked all around, but could recognize nothing whatever. She however, firmly asserted, that the park we visited the first day we arrived could not really have been the famous sand field where we used to play, as she clearly remembered that it was on the same side as these two streets, there was no crossing of the road to reach it, and this park was a good way down on the other side, as we presently found out. So everything had been changed, the sand field had disappeared. It began to rain during our search, and we became very wet. We therefore decided to walk back, as by sitting down in a tram we might have caught cold, it was wiser now that we were wet, to remain moving about. We arrived back to the Rathausmarkt at 5 o'clock, both cross, cold, tired, and wet. I looked up to the sky, it had just stopped raining, and saw a freak of nature which I will not easily forget. It was not really as I say a freak, it being only the well-known cloud with the silver

lining, but I have never seen it so marked and vivid as at that moment. The cloud itself was so dark that it almost looked opaque, and the silver lining, broad and luminous, looked almost dazzling in its sparkling beauty. Even for those who do not live in the country, and therefore seldom witness the beauties of nature, still the cloud with the silver lining appears to us everywhere, in the town as well as in the country. We see it above our heads in narrow, slummy streets, we see it in every country.

Longfellow's lovely poem "The Rainy Day" came back to my mind, the last verse of which is the sweetest:

Be still, sad heart; and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

We were now thinking how we would end the day. Although wet and tired, we did not all feel inclined to return to the hotel, so we both had the good idea of going to the little English Tea House, down into the basement, take a seat at one of the tables near the window, and spend a pleasant hour there.

We went, and ordered tea. We also did not fail to ask for a portion of the Rote Grütze, as the days were now shortening for our stay in Hamburg. Our table was in a cosy corner, with the window wide open on the the Fleht, we felt happy and snug at last.

As you sit there sipping joyfully your Indian tea, or ice coffee, or relish your Rote Grütze, an ever-moving panorama is visible to you. You see the Elbe boats glide past you, filled with all sorts of goods, and manned by strong, healthy-looking men. Some pass you and take no notice, others smile at you benignantly. Swans also glide past, ever calm, majestically silent. At one moment I noticed two swans appearing on either side of the window. First I saw two beaks, then two heads, then two snow-white bodies. They will no doubt, I thought to myself, pass each other in total indifference as they always do. But no, do you know what they did? They approached slowly, met breast to breast, and beak to beak, remained in

that position for a moment, then put their heads together as if they were whispering something to each other, then turned, and glided off together!

This seems perhaps nothing to you, but it really did look strange. I was wondering whether animals in the end do think and have some sense.

We left the little tea house after 6 o'clock, wandered about for a while, looking at the shops, then went to the hotel. So ended the day.

ELEVENTH DAY.

VISIT TO St. PETER'S CHURCH. HARBURG.

(Tuesday, 22nd August, 1911)

Now that we knew there was no good making further enquiries about people we intended seeing, we dropped the idea altogether. Where were they all? Frau Birgfeld spoke of several, others she never knew. Some were dead. Some had disappeared.

Our plan this morning was to visit St. Peter's Church, the second largest one in Hamburg, the cathedral we would see later, as it was only open at 2 p.m., and we wanted to leave for Harburg, a town on the Elbe, in Hanover, just opposite to Hamburg, which Mama once visited with a friend, reaching it in one of the famous "Elbkähne".

"St. Petri Kirche" with its copper spire, covered with a coating of verdigris, light green, looks pretty and picturesque. The inside looks severe and simple, like all Protestant churches. You must admire the architecture, but don't think of pictures, as there are seldom any. The Catholic churches are generally picture galleries in themselves, so you can choose what you like best. I like both kinds. The first look quiet, solemn, cold, the latter look brighter and more interesting with their pictures, and flowers, and candles, and draperies. This church of St. Peter was first erected between the year 1134 and 1194. In the year 1814 it was used by the French as a stable. In 1842, during the great fire which lasted several days, the church was burnt to the ground, and was rebuilt in its original form during 1844 and 1849. It has some fine coloured windows, and the custodian showed us the main entrance door, one wing of which had been saved from the fire, and looked adorably ancient, and the other wing an imitation of this ancient one, exactly like it, without however the poetry and romance of the past.

This man, seeing that we were strangers, told us many interesting things, or better stories. He said that every week there were free concerts in the church, the organ and the voices being particularly good. He also mentioned a very rich man living in Hamburg, who contributed to these concerts, being an excellent organist. He then told us that he was (the custodian) a Pomeranian, coming from Stettin, and he gave us a description of the Baltic Sea, where he spent his early years. The Baltic, "Die Ost-See" as the Germans call it, he said, had a totally different aspect to the North Sea. The fish also were quite different kinds. The water had luckily a good outlet to the North Sea by the Cattegat and Skager Rack, as the amount of water pouring into it from Sweden and Russia and Germany was enormous. He could remember the gigantic fish brought in to Stettin, some quite metres long and of gigantic circumferences. He told us (seeing that we were highly interested) to go one morning early to Altona, and witness the extraordinary sights of the fish market, as the North Sea fishermen brought in their preys, which were at once packed in ice, and sent off to the various towns. I should have liked to go, but there was no more time for such early bird pilgrimages, these last days had to be given to longer resting, considering that in a week's time I would have to begin work again, and be fit to face a whole year's daily grinding in the City.

This custodian, an intelligent man, then asked us whether we had seen Ohledorf, and upon hearing our affirmative answer, he said that no doubt we had seen that marvellous monument surmounted by an angel, a sight unique in itself. We both felt bitterly disappointed at not having seen it, and at the moment I felt I should have liked to go back to Ohledorf to look it up. Before we left the church, the man sang out in his best tones, to let us hear the marvellous acoustic in the vestibule.

We anointed his palm, this being the invariable rule everywhere, and disappeared.

We now thought of going to Harburg.

We soon found the tram, a policeman on horseback, telling us what to do, and soon found ourselves flying through unknown streets, passing over a marvellous bridge across the Elbe (another equally grand bridge for trains was visible a little way off) and running down an endless country road. Why are there no seats on the top like in London? You enjoy

everything so much better up there. We at last were told to get down. We had arrived at Harburg.

This town which is described as having a citadel and several factories seemed to me a dull and uninteresting place. The only thing which caught my eye when turning into one of the principal streets, was a wax figure in a tailor's shop, which looked as if it came out of the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's.

I went up to a policeman to ask what there was to see, but he answered that there was not much to recommend in Harburg, except the park. So we went on walking, and entered a fruiterer's shop to buy fruit. I spoke to the woman, a nice obliging person, and asked her what to do. She said the park was a long way off, but what in her opinion was more worth seeing, was the wood, which we could easily reach by taking the tram round the corner. This we did, and soon reached the famous wood, at the beginning of which was an inn bearing the name "ZUR GOLDENEN WIEGE". Still, we did not enter this golden cradle, but entered the wood, and were soon right among the trees and ferns. I noticed a large establishment of entertainment, where meals, dances, and other entertainments are provided for the people on Sunday. This, no doubt, is one of the only excitements the inhabitants of this dull and insignificant place have. How horrid it must be to be forced to live all the year round in such a place!

We sat down, and enjoyed our fruitarian lunch. Then we went on wandering. Very few mortals were about. I saw a board placed on trees at intervals bearing the inscription "RAUCHEN VERBOTEN". Mama was feeling ill at ease and lonely. She wanted to go back. The wood did not appeal to her. So we slowly walked back. Fir trees, fir trees everywhere. Had the day been finer, no doubt more people would have appeared on the scene, and we would have ventured further into the wood. But it was perhaps better to get out of this solitude, as if some unwelcome monster had sprung upon us, we each had only a hooked umbrella to defend ourselves with.

We took the tram back to town, and walked about for a while, but seeing there was absolutely nothing to attract our attention, we decided to go back to Hamburg. This time we went by train. I was surprised to see that

the trains had not only 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class compartments, and also 4th and even 5th class divisions. I was also surprised to see that girls distributed the tickets at the booking office. We went 2nd class, and the seats were very comfortable indeed, divided in three with rests for the arms just like 1st class in England. I suppose 1st class must be so fine that only “SEINE HOHEIT FURST SO AND SO” or “BARON VON OBER-UNTER-VORDER UND HINTERBERG” (as the German Baron in that charming little comedy “Browne with an E” is called) chose to travel in.

The train passed the grandly-built bridge we had noticed when passing over the other one in the morning, and we at last arrived at the great station in Hamburg. The weather being cold and sunless, we decided to walk back to get warm. I must say that the weather appeared just like in London, Mama also told me that when living in Hamburg, she thought that many things reminded her of England.

We passed a certain building, and I was struck at a man standing in the porch. He had a uniform on, and was holding a gigantic hatchet across his shoulder. I then discovered it was the fire station. There he stood with his terrible weapon, looking quite indifferent at my wondering eyes and open mouth before him.

We reached the Rathaus. It was 4 o'clock. I invited Mama to have dinner at the Vegetarian Restaurant which advertised itself in gigantic letters on its façade above the arches in front of the Fleht. Mama seemed to have a foreboding that the meal would not have been quite to her taste, for she went up the stairs very reluctantly. I really only just wanted to see what it was like, as in London we only tried a Vegetarian Restaurant once, and never returned to it again.

I am sorry to say this one was no better. I started with some soup, which Mama tasted, and declared to be nothing else but a mouthful of salt-water. We then tried each a different dish and tasted of them both, after which Mama firmly and decidedly said: “So, jeizt have ich genug” and got up. After having paid at the counter, she flew down the stairs, rushed along the Arcade, dashed into the little English Tea House, glided down the steps into the basement, took her place at the table we occupied the day before, and settled down to make friends with the world again. We partook of tea, good pastries, and the inevitable “Rote Grütze”.

I wonder why it is that Vegetarian dishes are always prepared in such an insipid and uninviting or better unappetizing way? We often have vegetarian dishes at home, Mama however always prepares them with good butter, and they are always excellent. I think that they prepare them perhaps only with dripping, and do not add enough ingredients, as the dishes being of course very cheap, have, I suppose, to be prepared accordingly, with very little expense.

Later on we went to the Alster, and sat in front of it. Always a joyous spectacle. I saw a man in a little boat which he was moving along as if he were sitting on a bicycle. It did not look very comfortable, but it might have been good exercise.

On returning to our hotel, we saw carriages coming from the St. Petri Church we had visited in the morning. It was a wedding. There were 14 carriages, and the happy pair looked so handsome and bright. I saw several sweet fair-haired children dressed in white. Flowers in every carriage. It all looked very pretty.

TWELFTH DAY.

VierländEN.

Wednesday, 23rd Aug. '11

Erinn'ung grüsst duth Sturm und Wetter,
Und zitternd schreibt der Sonnenstrahl
Ins blasse Gold der welken Blätter:-
ES WAR EINMAL!- (Frida Schanz)

This day was going to be spent in the country, away from the town. We got up at 8 o'clock, as usual, and we decided to go to Vierländed, that part of the country near Hamburg, the home of that charming tribe of peasants of whom I have already spoken, who were always to be seen about the streets of Hamburg in bygone days, giving a note of picturesqueness to the place, carrying their baskets filled with the produce of the earth they cultivated so carefully, and going to the homes of the Hamburgese selling their goods to the different families. Mama loved these peasants, and she was bitterly disappointed at not finding them any more. She considered that

Hamburg had lost one of its greatest charms by the disappearance of these gaily-clad peasants.

Before I tell you what we did that day, let me repeat what I have read about this tribe in my beloved encyclopedia.

Vierlände, of which Bergedorf is the most important district, is described as being part of the state of Hamburg. Till 1867 it belonged jointly to Hamburg and Lübeck. It received the name of Vierlände, because it is really divided by four bodies of water, the Elbe, the Bille, and two others. The wonderful productiveness of the earth is caused by the waters inundating the country from the beginning of autumn till springtime, leaving a coating of manure on the surface of the earth. The peasants who inhabit the country are known for their activeness, love of work, and purity of customs. The country is divided into so many districts, and these districts are recognizable by the special colour which the men and women wear in their attire. The ancestors of these peasants, that is, the early settlers, were tribes of Dutch people who made Vierländen their home. They no doubt thought this country interspersed with water reminded them of their own country. Mama well remembers their language, which was a kind of dialect, which she soon got to understand. Three Dutch tribes settled in Vierlände in the 12 century. They chose to dress in a special garb to remain united and not mix up with the other tribes. They turned the country into one of the best cultivated and productive countries. Fruit of every kind, amongst which the peach stands foremost, vegetables of every kind, flowers of every kind. They are specially known for their wonderful cultivation of the lily of the valley, which is sent regularly without being separated from the bulb in enormous quantities to America, and in which they do an immense trade. This bulb cultivation is appropriate to the Dutch.

Now, I have told you this in the present tense, just as I have read it out of the lexicon, but the lexicon dates of 1884, and all this is now no more, it was once, it is now all past and gone, as you will see presently.

We started at about 10 o'clock, and went straight up to a policeman to make enquiries. He seemed not to know anything about Vierlände. He however directed us further down, thinking that some other policeman would know better. We walked on for a time, then I went to the middle of the road, where a policeman was standing, and said to him we intended to

go to Vierlände. Do you know what this dear fellow answers? “Ach, bleiben Sie doch hier!” I naturally began to laugh. He then told us we would have to take the boat at the “Stadtteich”, a branch of the Elbe which leads you, I mean that part of the river along which Vierlände is situated. We now remembered that one of the old women attired in the costume of the Vierländerinnen did pronounce that name when we enquired how to get to her country.

We soon arrived near the water, took our tickets, and the boat which was already there, started soon after.

The steamer, which looked something like a Thames boat, bore the name of “PATRIOT”. They told us they were going to Lauenburg, and we would have to get down at a place called “Zollenspieker”. We would arrive there in two hours.

We took our places and watched the view. We gradually left the town and entered the country. I saw nothing whatever wonderful, it was all flat, but fresh and green, nothing striking, you might have been in any country. It is of course always pleasant to be sailing on a river. The boat cuts swiftly through the water which remains almost motionless, you just hear the sweet sound of the water as it dashes against the boat. I noticed two women busy in the little kitchen on deck. One of them was preparing coffee, and the other was peeling a cucumber. Whenever they wanted water, they let a pail over the board attached to a rope.

The day was fine, and we sailed on and on.

I expected to see peasants in their charming costumes busy along the banks of the river, gliding, as we were now, along Vierlände, but I saw nothing of the sort. We at last landed at Zollenspieker. The day was fine and sunny, and we expected to see all sorts of wonders. But nothing but disillusion and disappointment greeted us. We walked up the bridge together with an old Vierländerin, dressed in the pretty costume. What a sad, bitter look these old women have compared to the peaceful, sweet look of the old women of Heligoland!

We stepped across a dusty road and entered an inn. I saw nothing but untidiness, flies, wasps, and other unwelcome insects.

We entered the house, an unpleasant dark place, and saw a young man at a counter on the left dressed as a baker, in the act of placing some

brown and yellow oblong cakes into boxes. We asked him what they were, and he answered something I could not understand. We then asked him whether we could have some dinner, to which he answered he did not know.

A disagreeable, unkempt-looking man now appeared on the scene, and in indifferent tones asked us what we desired. Mama asked him in her sweetest tone whether we could have dinner. He answered in the affirmative. We first stepped further inside, the outside with all the insects and that dust being but little inviting. The inside was no better. We saw a large kind of hall quite empty, with chairs heaped up on one side, and went out again, the air was bad. We saw another room with dusty cloths on the tables, and untidy girls dawdling about, and decided that we would eat outside. We sat down at one of the tables placed under a kind of verandah, and waited. We called the unpleasant man (he was the proprietor of the place) and Mama interrogated him about Vierlände, as she wanted to know how it was that it had all gone under this way. Where were all those prosperous, jolly peasant men and women, who came regularly up to Hamburg to sell their goods? What had become of them?

He answered in cold indifferent tones that times had changed, the Government by imposing rates and taxes had changed everything. All this, of course, only occurred since Hamburg ceased to be a free State, since the Empire took possession of it. The landlord then began to talk politics with Mama, and I got up on a tour of inspection round the back of the house, politics being a subject I cannot and do not wish to understand. I eagerly looked about, but I only saw devastation and carelessness. There was nothing to see. The garden had no culture, the fields look bare and ugly. I noticed a few rabbits in their huts, very few fowls, dust and bareness everywhere. I quickly went back to Mama, who looked sad and disappointed. She said the man seemed mysterious and peculiar. Have all these peasants turned sour and discouraged owing to their failure?

We ordered a beefsteak for each, knowing that the cooking could not be much in such an ill-kept place, it being the safest thing to take. I asked the man to let us have some salad, to which he answered in the negative. Fancy! Not even finding a little salad in the middle of the country!

Did some of these peasants emigrate? I wonder, there seemed to be few about, where was all the population?

I tried to approach the landlord by praising his dog. This dog was a kind I had never seen in England. I noticed from the first day we were in Hamburg that such dogs were often to be seen. They look like wolves, with a peculiar expression, and rather large, upstanding ears. I asked him what kind of dog it was, to which he answered in his cold, careless manner:- “Deutscher Schäferhund”, (German sheep dog). Seeing that I could not hear anything interesting and new from that man, I went back to our table.

Dinner was brought in. The beefsteak was not very well roasted, though the meat was not bad, it was accompanied with plain boiled potatoes and cooked pears. It seemed to me so funny to eat something sweet with meat, but Mama told me that this is often the case in Germany.

We drank beer, and ended the repast with a couple of those brown and yellow cakes, of biscuits, or better “Couques” as the Belgians call that kind of baked stuff.

I was now rather keen upon a long walk. Mama however not. It was near 2 o'clock, a boat would touch Zollenspieker at 2:30. Another one would pass at a much later hour, which would have arrived in Hamburg very late, and rather than run the risk of spending the night in this far away, dreary, and uninviting place, she decided to return to town.

Before we left, we bought some picture postcards and some more biscuits from the unpleasant landlord, we crossed over the road, walked down the narrow wooden bridge leading to the pier, and sat down, anxiously looking down the horizon on the left for the boat, which however failed to appear at 2:30, as we were told it would.

The view was pretty, as it always is where water is to be found. The country across, green, flat, and peaceful, with not even a house to break the monotony, no man or beast about, was very restful and made you feel at peace with the world, although this once prosperous and thriving country at the back of us had left our visit there very sad. We were both silent, and waited.

Suddenly, like an unwelcome visitor, there stood the unpleasant landlord of the inn before us.

I asked him whether the country across the river was also Vierlände, but he answered it was Hanover.

He then entered again into conversation with Mama, the subject of the decadence of Vierlände and the dissolving of the population was again taken up. I timidly asked the man, whether he thought it would all become prosperous and alive again as in days of yore. He shrugged his shoulders and gave me to understand that Vierlände had had its day, it had gone down like other prosperous nations went down too.

To the old it was now but a memory, to the young it was now but a fable.

Gleich wie Blätter im Wald, so sind die Geschlechter der Menschen;

Blätter verweht zur Erde der Wind nun, andere treibt
Wieder der grünende Wald, wenn neu auflebet der Frühling.

So auch der Menschen Geschlecht, dies wächst und
jenes verschwindet.

(Ilias.) (Gläukos zu Diomedes)

After a pause, the man said:

“Do you know that I have forgotten to charge you 15 Pfennigs for the cakes you ate at dinner?”

Mama promptly pulled out her purse, paid the 15 Pfennigs, upon which the man turned on his heels and disappeared.

So ended our visit to Vierlände.

The steamer arrived, and we too disappeared.

I love sailing on a river. The boat glides so evenly and peacefully through the water. Everything was silent and restive. You could just hear the faint thumping of the steam engines coming from below. A lovely breeze blew over us as we sat quietly together at the very end of the boat facing the people, as they too dreamily and impassive sat on either side.

Seeing that Mama was resting comfortably, I resolved to get up and make my habitual inspections. I went below into a pretty little saloon, where I found a few persons eating and smoking. A girl sat alone doing some needlework.

I came on deck again, and went right to the other end of the boat, that part which cuts into the water like an arrow, and stood there for a good while. Here you get the best view, here the breeze is felt at its keenest. Here you turn your back to humanity and can let your thoughts wander away into other regions. The only company near me were several oxen and other cattle, which had been shipped from the various districts at the piers of which the steamer stopped. I noticed how these cattle quietly walked along the bridges obedient and peaceful, at the sight of the steamer they seemed to be seized with terror and fright, they seemed to have a foreboding that their end was near, as no doubt they were being transported to Hamburg to be slaughtered. Their keepers had to push them along, I saw one ox which utterly refused to move, and six men had to use all their strength to push it on board.

And the boat glided on and on. Hanover on one side, Vierlände on the other. Fine high rushes were growing on either bank. How lovely it must have been in the days of prosperity to watch those peasants in their picturesque costumes working in the fields. Mama told me that they had, I mean to say, that an enormous building belonged to these peasants in Hamburg. This building was situated along one of the Flehts, and there some of them lived and it was there that they stored their provisions, where they were distributed to the different sellers who in their turn brought them to the families.

I looked at the deserted country, and the lines of the poet came back to me which I first read in one of my geography books, it headed the chapter describing Greece:-

Greece, I hurry from thy shore,
Thou art Greece, but living Greece no more!

We left the steamer at Hamburg at 5:15. Both being rested and feeling a little cold, we decided to walk back to our special haunts.

We soon found ourselves in a large square, where noise and confusion reigned supreme. It was a market. We walked right into the middle. Glorious products of nature were to be seen. Extraordinary abundance. Such fruit, vegetables, and flowers, I wonder would it be found at Covent Garden. I have never visited Covent Garden, so will not give my

judgement. I once intended to go one dawn, but overslept myself (I did not possess the cruel and yet indispensable alarm clock in those days) and never never decided upon trying it again.

We saw magnificent grapes. Upon asking the price, we were told that in taking the whole immense box the price would only be Pf.50. per pound, taken singly, however, they were much dearer. The German pound, you must remember, is a good deal more than the English pound.

All the women selling in the market wore clothes like everybody, with black sailor hats, just like you see the flower women in London. Were they Vierländerinnen, I wonder. The goods, judging by the cases and the names thereon, came from different parts of the world. Hamburg is a wonderful place. Genoa, Italy and Antwerp in Belgium, are also charming sea ports. However, I did not see such extraordinary abundance in those places as I did in Hamburg.

We went on our way, and came to another square, a strange, old-fashioned place. Mama drew my attention to a fountain in the middle of which a statue rose. Seeing only the back of it, and noticing a large bow at the back of the head, she first imagined it to be a man wearing the powdered wig of the 18th century. Upon going round to the front, I had the pleasure of seeing it was a statue I had been looking for since the first days we were in Hamburg. The statue of a Vierländerin in the national costume! There she stood in bronze. Her face was young and pretty, and it was turned in the direction of Vierländ. She stood on a pedestal, since when? Goodness knows. It looked ancient and interesting. She was standing on a pedestal, and would have been more picturesque had she not been partly hidden by four columns supporting a canopy, this hiding her almost, as not being life-sized, the statue looked somewhat smothered in this way.

As we stood there examining the statue, a man suddenly appeared before us, and in a loud voice, he pointed with outstretched finger to the pedestal and said:-

“Am Markte lehrt man die Leute kennen!”

I felt frightened, and wanted to run away, thinking the man was drunk, upon looking at him closer, however, I saw that he was sober and well behaved. He appeared of middle age, countryfied, and had a nice agreeable face.

“Am Markte lehrt man die Leute kennen!” he repeated again, pointing once more to the statue.

Mama smiled and repeated the words after him, thinking he was no doubt in a philosophical mood, and I not knowing what to tell him, said I thought the statue looked very ancient, to which he answered that it was.

Then once more pointing to the statue he said:- “Am Markte learnt man die Leute kennen!” after which he disappeared into the crowd.

Who was that man? Where did he come from? Where was he going to?

Mama thought he must have been a Vierländer, I suppose she remembered the type of face.

A moment after, she drew my attention to the statue again, she pointed to the pedestal, and sure enough, there on the four sides, printed in gold letters, were inscribed the words:

AM MARKTE LEHRNT MAN DIE LEUTE KENNEN

We went on our way, passing through the quaint old streets, I suppose these streets escaped the great fire of 1842, as they looked too ancient to have been built in modern times. Some houses had only a narrow entrance, leading at once to a spiral staircase, and the upper floors seemed to project over the lower floors.

I noticed a funny little eating house bearing the inscription” “ZUM ALTEN BLAUEN HAHN” and a blue cock painted underneath. I peeped into the inside, and saw the following inscription on the wall:

ISS'	NUR	WAS	IST	GAR
TRINK	NUR	WAS	IST	KLAR
SAG'	NUR	WAS	IST	WAHR

We next came to a great square, Der “Fischmarkt”. In the middle was again a fountain in the centre of which rose again a statue. This time I saw it was a monarch, as he had a crown on his head. It was a statue of Charlemagne, Emperor of the Ghauls, the founder of Hamburg, as I will tell you later.

The Emperor is made of copper with a gilt crown. His flowing beard and long trailing robes have light green reflections like the church steeples. How long has he been standing there? No doubt during his reign so many centuries ago the living Emperor will have passed that very spot upon which his statue now towers above the descendants of the people he once ruled.

Some music started playing, and a moment later several little girls appeared out of the crowd and began dancing in the square just in front of the statue. Such a pretty sight! There they danced away, these tiny German lassies, they did look so sweet, with their fat little legs, and their pinafores, and their double pig-tails hanging down their backs, some of which were flaxen, some dark. What would the Emperor Charlemagne have said to this, had he suddenly come to life in his statue?

THIRTEENTH DAY

WALKING EXCURSION ROUND THE ALSTER

(Thursday, 24th August, 1911)

Last three days in Hamburg! We both felt sad, and yet we were glad to go home again, these short days having appeared almost like some months to us. We were feeling quite different, Mama especially, she had been quite discouraged in everything. Ah, but Hamburg had put her right again.

All day long in the open air, the kaleidoscope of wonderful sights and happenings, had worked wonders on us both.

What shall we do today? How shall we spend this last day but two in the land of my birth?

The Alster, the lovely Alster, I had been longing since the beginning to walk right round it. Mama seconded my idea, as it was a healthy one. We would see no doubt all sorts, enjoy delicious air, and spend nothing, as, let me whisper it to you, our purse being a steady but a modest one, we preferred to spend the rest in buying good and useful things to enjoy later, at home, and during the winter, than continue travelling about.

Assitôt dit, assitôt fait, directly after breakfast, we started on our expedition. Of course, this meant, walking only round the Alster in

Hamburg, right round, then passing over the little bridge at the end where the river narrows and enters the province of Holstein, in short, I mean the lake-like part of the river, as I have already described it.

Being free all day long, it did not matter at all when we came back, as we also knew that there were no really lonely spots around the lake, and if we felt tired, we could easily have found a place to rest and partake of food, as at every landing stage, there is always an excellent restaurant.

The day was glorious. The sun had arrayed itself at its best. The weather had dropped its crying and depressed mood, and was smiling at us.

We started our walk at exactly 10 minutes past 10 o'clock in the morning, and ended it at the same place where we started at exactly 5 minutes past four in the afternoon, so just six hours.

We walked and rested, walked and rested.

What did we see? Well, I can only say that I consider Hamburg and the Alster, as you say in German "VERKANNT", I mean by that that it is not known well enough, that is all. Why don't travellers visit this place more? The few people I ever knew who had visited Hamburg, spoke of it with enthusiasm. Hamburg combines everything. Sea, river, canals, great commercial town, pretty reposeful suburban villa land.

We began by walking down the Alsterdam, passed the Lombardsbrücke, and then found ourselves walking along the Aussen-Alster. The first part along the banks is called "An der Alster". It is the parish of St. Georg. It consists of a long street with fine houses, then the road, then a kind of narrow path for those on horseback, a rotten row I mean, then the path for walkers, then some charming nooks and hedges right in front of the water. These nooks are to be found right round the Alster, and they are the haunts of the children with their mothers and nurses. You see the first ones play and enjoy themselves, and the mothers and their attendants comfortably reading and doing needlework. And the swans! There they are, groups and groups of them, gliding along, proud and cold, with the sun shining on their lovely snowy plumage.

We saw one mother swan followed by her little family, quite a long file, and my Mama exclaimed:

"Quella ha fatto il suo dovere!!!!"

I am sorry I have not a very favourable report to give concerning the character of these birds. So white and lovely as is their exterior, their inside, I mean their disposition, is not sweet at all. Swans are described in the lexicon as being of a proud, tyrannic, and spiteful temperament, never showing and confidence or trust in man, never any affection for their keepers, quite different to the stork which can easily be tamed and made into dear pets, flying away to their warmer haunts as the cold European weather sets in, and coming back regularly to the same place, to the very same house. The swan (Cygnus) is, as everybody knows, nearly always pure white. There are however exceptions. There is the South American swan (Cygnus Nigricollis) which has the head and neck of a velvety black. There is the Australian swan, described as black, but those I have always seen looked more of a dull earth colour than really black. The swan only possesses an ugly, trumpet-like voice which it uses solely when fighting, in fact, I think nobody ever heard them utter a sound as they placidly glide along in the water. There is, however, one kind of swan (Cygnus Musicus) which possesses a lovely bell-like voice. The popular idea that the swan begins to sing before it is going to die, is described as totally erroneous. This never occurs, says the lexicon. I suppose that some romantic poet once gave this idea to the world, who accepted it as fact. And yet it must be the supposition in every country. The swan song, der Schwanengesang, le chant du cygne, il canto del cigno, is quoted in every language. The ancients held the swan almost sacred. They held superstitions and predictions based on the swan. This bird was consecrated to Apollo. Before closing my epistle on the swan, let me add that this proud and lovely bird lives wholly and solely in blessed MONOGAMY. It chooses one single damsel among the other white feathered damsels, and no more. His ideas are different concerning matrimonial bliss to the cock who reigns supreme in his harem.

I have often wondered where that lovely ornament known as swan's down actually came from. I have always looked all round the bird, but could never see anything. I never dreamt that this swan's down was to be found under the feathers, next to the skin, now I know it, I am not at all surprised, as ducks and chickens have also sometimes fluffy white bits against their skin.

Yet, lovely and pleasing to the eye as the swan may be when watched on the water, how it loses and turns ugly the moment it steps out of its natural haunts! The legs are placed right at the back of the body, which seems too heavy for the short legs to support it. And how it waddles as it moves along! The “Höckerschwan” is described as being the most adaptable for ornamental waters, owing to its lovely shape.

Die Alster, der Glanzpunkt Hamburgs,

as it is justly described in the guidebook, is well worth a visit in itself.

As we continued our way, we came to a bathing establishment, which was given to the town by a rich old lady. I felt greatly inclined to take a bath, the day being sunny and warm, but gave up the idea, not knowing how long it would take, and remembering that our mission that day was to walk right round, and this would have taken a lot of time, I mean, if I had decided to take a bath.

The way along the water now took the name of “Schöne Aussicht”, it led from the district of Hohenfelde to the Uhlenhorst.

We came to a body of water bearing the name of “Feenteich” (fairy lake). It was the Alster which let out an arm passing under the road, and widening into a lovely lake, then narrowing again this same water passes under a bridge and then takes the name of “Uhlenhorst Kanal”. We did not go down the canal, but stayed a good while leaning against the parapet in front of the fairy lake. It is fairly large, and surrounded by lovely villas and trees. I do not know where on the Continent I have seen anything lovelier. There are of course the glorious lakes of Northern Italy, but you must remember that this little lake is right in a town, you can easily walk to the shops from there, and yet standing before that lake you seem to be dreaming. It looks like a scene in an opera. Several boats were being rowed by gaily-dressed ladies. I noticed two girls in a boat. A fine dog was lying comfortably at their feet. They rowed themselves, passed under the road, and then glided into the Alster disappearing among the trees.

Somewhere in these regions in front of the Alster there is a fine bronze group representing a Walkiria bending over a warrior.

We went on our way, and touched the Uhlenhorst, where we had landed a few days before. Here there is again an opening of the Alster which forms a long canal running a long way off. It is called the "Osterbeck Kanal". Passing over a bridge, the Alster on one side, the canal on the other (the water on either side of this bridge being called "Langer Zug") we noticed the road now taking the name of "Bellevue". In this road you come to the bridge of which I have already spoken, and which divides the part of the Alster which looks like a lake to where it narrows into an ordinary river. This bridge faces the great lake, and the view from it is adorable. The Alster flows from there right up into the province of Holstein. Just before you come to the bridge, some water of the Alster capriciously rushes into the land in a narrow canal and ending in a little lake called "Rondeel Teich". We did not, as I have already said, go up that way, but judging from the plan of Hamburg which I have outspread before me, this little pond looks as round as a pancake, or better like a soup ladle, the narrow canal (Rondeel Kanal) leading to it being the long handle, and a little opening on the left of the lake from which a tongue of water flows to meet another canal being the soup poured out of the ladle. I now see that there are really two bridges you have to cross before getting to the other side of the Alster. The first is just at the beginning of the soup ladle where the handle begins, then you walk along a pretty road called "Fernsicht", then you come to the bridge down the steps of which you come to a pier, and now you turn into "Harvestehude", the district which we were told to be the richest suburb of Hamburg. The lovely walk along here is called "Harvestude Weg", and nobody who was not walked along the banks of the Alster there can imagine how pretty it is.

Along the water there are many gardens, I suppose belonging to the inhabitants of the lovely villas on the other side of the road. The Alster juts into these gardens, forming little gulfs and inlets. We often sat down on the banks, thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

From the district of Harvestehude we passed into the district of "Rotherbaum". Here there is a street coming from the inside of the suburb leading to the water, where the pier is named after the street "Alte Rabenstrasse". I noticed this street, because at the beginning of it, just at the corner leading to the embankment, there is a big black raven perched

high above the street, with BLUE SPECTACLES on his nose! Underneath him, I think I read the words "Der alte Rabe".

This embankment now took the name of "Alster Ufer", and we walked along it, the sun burning our heads, and we hale and hearty.

As I have already told you, there are many green and shaded nooks right down near the water, and there Hamburg's sweet fair-haired children revel. It is always sweet to watch children at play. They look of course different in every country, but still childhood is everywhere the same.

The children

with faces like flowers and voices like bells,

as Mr. Robert Blatchford says of them, are sweet everywhere. I saw several quite poor children look perfectly charming in their simple clothes and unaffected manners. With their clear, fearless eyes, laughing faces, and pretty fair hair, they looked like moving pictures. I noticed two tiny girlies busily searching among the immense green leaves growing near the water, when one of them stood up uttering a cry of delight. She showed something in her hand to the other, who rushed excitedly to the mother saying, "Mutter, Mutter, die Käthe hat einen Maikäfer gefunden!"

When little Käthe approached triumphantly to show the wonderful cockchafer she held in her tiny hand, the learned mother gravely said:

"Nein, mein Kind, das ist kein Maikäfer, sondern ein Herrgottskäfer!"

At another spot, we found a mother sewing, her baby boy fast asleep in his perambulator. Upon awakening, and no doubt feeling the ardent want of fidgeting, he raised himself, took hold of the quilt covering him, made it into a ball, and threw it to the ground. The mother quietly got up, lifted the quilt, folded it carefully, and put it on the seat beside her. Germania's energetic little son watched his mother for a moment, then gave her to understand with his face and his fists that he was quite disposed to continue the game of the quilt, to which, however, the wise mother answered with a clear, smart, well-meant, and extra Teutonic NEIN.

Further on we met a little family. The flock consisted of a girl of about 10, another of about 7, and a dear little boy of about 5. The elder girl (after they had partaken of their allotted portion of sandwiches consisting of a

slide of brown bread upon another of white with I hope something nice between) began to show her authority upon the two others, as elder girls are inclined to do in almost every family and every country. She began slapping and pulling the little boy about in the most merciless way, this adorable child, however, far from getting cross or irritated at his naughty sister's behavior, took it all up as a joke, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed so much, till his whole body shook with laughter.

We sat watching him, and began to laugh too. It brought to my mind the words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, that sweetest of American poetesses:

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone.

The Italian poetess Ada Negri, the poetess of tragedy and sorrow, has also written on that subject, of which I give a fragment:

Ridi.....
.....oh! Ridi.
Son così pochi al mondo i fortunati!
Io, te guardando, penso ai baci alati
De le allodole, ai nidi.

(Ada Negri, SORRISI)

We had now come to the end of our pilgrimage. We were beginning to feel the fatigue of 6 hours wandering.

We passed over the Lombardsbrücke, walked into Alsterdam, and decided to end our march with a good meal. We had noticed some days before a restaurant bearing the inviting title of "BUFFET FRANÇAIS", and soon found it. Upon entering, after taking our seats, we took up the menu, and seeing that the least dish cost double or three times more than anywhere else, we thought better, got up quietly, and wisely marched out again. We looked up the "Kaiserkeller" where you will perhaps remember we went the first day, crept down the basement, sat at the open window, and enjoyed the best of meals. I especially enjoyed the salad, it was so deliciously refreshing after the long hot day. This restaurant, although very

fine and tastefully decorated, every table being surrounded by benches with very high backs, forming kinds of pews, all in oak, had not the sweet snuggy charm of the little English Tea House, a few doors further down.

After having rested and gathered up fresh strength, we left the Kaiserkeller, having made friends with the world again, and went and sat down in front of the Alster to think how we could best end our day.

We decided to do some shopping, as there were several things useful, and let me add in a lower tone, ornamental, and let me add in a still lower tone, epicurean, which I was rather anxious to purchase, life, on the while being made all the sweeter by these three Graces.

So we got up, hurried past the Arcade, where we stopped for a short while to run down to the "Cellar" of the English Tea House, just to sweeten ourselves with a rosy ice cream and rush up again, and wended our way along the "Graskeller" to buy all sorts of life's sweeteners. I carried the parcels to the hotel in sweet contentment, and ended the day smiling all over.

FOURTEENTH DAY

CALL AT "DALMAN QUAI". (Last visit to the Alster)

THE MESSENGER OF THE GODS. (Last visit but one to the Tea House)

St. NIKOLAI CHURCH (Emperor arrives)

(Friday, August 25th 1911)

Am I doomed to leave Hamburg without finding anybody who could tell me about the steamer "CAP VILANO"?

I thought this on getting up, this last day but one, these last hours we were spending in Hamburg.

This magnificent ship which glided past us like in a dream during those happy hours we spent at Blankenese was still fresh in my mind. I was still wondering where it came from, still longing to hear about it. It left me the same impression as one has in meeting a person, becoming interested in her, wanting to know more about her. In a large crowd, you see

everybody and you see nobody, but meeting a person alone you feel quite differently than if you had met her in a crowd. So it was with this liner "CAP VILANO". Seeing this ship among hundreds of others in the sea or in the harbour, I would perhaps not have noticed it, but meeting it alone, I took a fancy to it, and wanted to know more about it.

Well, why did you not make enquiries? I imagine I hear you asking. But there was just where the difficulty lay. I could not expect that the friendly porter would know, he, locked up all day in his box, I could not expect that the policemen could have told me, these have enough to do in watching man and beast and motors passing in front of them. I might have gone to Cook's offices and enquired there, but our time was too precious.

So I decided to forget the fanthom ship, just as you forget a dream, just as you forget any happening which at first remains vivid in your mind, to weaken gradually, till it disappears and is forgotten like the rest.

The first thing we intended doing directly we left the breakfast table (and let me add this was my wise suggestion) was to go straight to Dalmann Quai, where English boats arrive and from where they leave, and make enquiries. We knew that the "PEREGRINE" which was to take us back to England tomorrow night, would have arrived in Hamburg this morning, and my idea was, as our tenancy of the room in the hotel would end tomorrow at 10 or 11 o'clock, to bring all our luggage tomorrow at that hour to the boat, place them in our cabin, and leave the hotel for good, so that we would still have the whole day to enjoy ourselves, without the worry of returning to the hotel in the evening to fetch our things.

So we started at 10 o'clock en route for Dalmann Quai.

The policeman to whom we enquired for the way did not seem to know anything about Dalmann Quai. He told us to take the tram to the St. Pauli Landing Bridges, and to enquire there. I suppose in Hamburg they have like in London, policemen who are always on duty in the streets, and others always on duty at the docks, so that the first do not know so much about the docks as those who are always there.

Arrived at St. Pauli, we were told that we could only have reached Dalman Quai by taking the ferry boat. This seemed rather strange to us, since we knew that we had driven in a carriage from there to the hotel on our arrival.

Still, we did as we were told, and stepped into the ferry. A nice sort of little cabin boy advised us when it was time to land.

We left the boat, having arrived at Dalmann Quai in a short while, and went up some steps.

A tall, powerfully built, rough-looking specimen of humanity, with a very red nose approached us, asking whether he could help us.

We told him we wanted to reach the English steamer "PEREGRINE" which had arrived that morning, upon which he told us to follow him, which we did, I trotting gaily at his side, Mama following somewhat at a distance, I suppose not feeling quite so attracted by his beauty as I was.

The man as he walked down the dock began telling me all sorts of interesting things about the port. He told me of a gas explosion which occurred at the Gas Works on the other side of the water some three years ago, and unforgettable sight, as the flames burst out into the air, forming an immense pillar of fire.

Seeing I was greatly interested in what he narrated, he pointed with his long bony finger to a huge liner anchored in the distance, and said "Do you see that great ship with the yellow funnel over there? It is the

CAP VILANO

(Ah! At last, at last!...)

"This liner," he went on, "belongs to the Hamburg-South-American line, and goes regularly from Hamburg to Buenos Ayres and back. Its twin sister, the "CAP FINISTERRE" although not yet quite complete, although it has not yet gone on its maiden voyage, has already 50 cabins (Kajüte as you say in German) booked."

I smiled sweetly at him and thanked him. He as the messenger send by the gods to inform me about the "CAP VILANO".

I must tell you that when this man first started with his narratives, I quietly fumbled in my bag and prepared 10 Pfennige to give him. Upon hearing about the "CAP VILANO" I thought to myself "Oh, this wants another penny", so added another 10 Pfennige to the first one.

Upon arriving in front of the "PEREGRINE", I thanked him once more gladly, and was on the point of bestowing my bounty of 20 Pfennige upon

him, when he looked at the two coppers, and instead of accepting them, do you know what he says:

“Nä, nä, nä, das ist mir nicht genug, ich muss wenigstens 50 Pfennigs haben.”

Half frightened, half vexed, I reluctantly handed him 30 Pfennige more, and turned my back to him.

This messenger of the gods had started his mission well, but I do not admire the way he abused of me on ending it.

We stepped on to the “PEREGRINE” from the gangway.

“Oh, what a horrid boat,” I thought to myself. Everywhere it looked dirty, and everything looked in confusion. Some rough men were eating and drinking on deck with bare legs, water had been poured everywhere, it looked horrid.

“How will we manage to spend 36 hours in this horrid boat?” This was my thought, without reflecting for a moment, that the boat had only arrived a little over an hour ago, that it had only just been delivered of its passengers and cargo, that the men were only just now finding time to feed after their labour before setting to put the boat right again!

We asked for the stewardess, and were told she was below. We soon found her, and she showed us two berths which bore the numbers of the berths which had been reserved for us.

It looked a dark, unpleasant cabin with two other berths, and we had lived the whole time in the hope of getting a private cabin!

How horrid, what could be done? We both felt cross and disappointed. The stewardess then advised us to go and see Mr. Pott, the agent of the General Steamship Navigation Company in Hamburg, perhaps he might have helped us. The boat would be leaving tomorrow, Saturday night, at 11:30, and till then there might perhaps have been a chance of seizing one of the two single cabins containing only two berths. There were some charming double-berthed cabins still free on deck, but these costing a guinea more were out of the question.

After telling the stewardess that we would have brought our luggage to the boat tomorrow morning, we left the steamer, and directed our way to the office of Mr. Pott.

Walking down the dock, to our surprise, we discovered the messenger of the gods quietly sitting & waiting. In his hands he carried some flowers. The moment he saw us he said "Ich kann Ihnen noch manches erzählen," to which we answered "Danke, danke, wir brauchen nichts mehr zu wissen," and hurried off.

This man, a nice, well-spoken man, told us that double-berthed cabins (there being only two in the boat) were generally booked weeks and weeks in advance. He could only hope that at the last moment one of the married couples would have changed their minds and not sail tomorrow, so that he would at once let us have the cabin.

"Besides," he added, "I shall come on board tomorrow night, and see what I can do for you."

We thanked him, bowed, and smiled sweetly, and disappeared.

The weather was frightfully hot and heavy, we sat down before one of the beer houses, so abundant in Germany, and drank a glass of beer.

Then we went on our way. We asked a policeman where the tram was for the Rathaus, upon which he answered that the Rathaus was so near that it was not worth driving to it. He directed the way, and we soon found ourselves near the St. Petri Church, only a short distance from the Rathaus.

We still felt thirsty and tired, so we entered another beer-house. The landlady, a pleasant woman wearing pince-nez, brought us some nice sandwiches, and upon hearing that Mama desired light beer and I dark beer, she surprised me by asking me whether I should like my beer mixed with raspberry syrup! I said yes, just for the novelty, as I had never tried beer mixed with the flavour of raspberry.

It was a pleasant and thirst-quenching beverage, I tasted more the raspberry than the beer, although the froth on the top reminded you well of the latter.

Upon leaving this place, we were surprised to find it was situated in the same street as our hotel. We passed the hotel, and reaching the Rathaus, we sat down on the famous stone seats, and rested till 2 o'clock.

I have forgotten to say that light-coloured beer is called in Germany "Die kühle Blonde" the cool Blonde.

At 2:15 p.m., we walked to the St. Nikolai church, as we were longing to see it.

The outside is plain and imposing, the spire which is the third highest in Germany is not made of copper like most of the other churches, but looks grey, so does the whole building, greyish brown I should say. It belongs naturally to the Lutheran religion, and the inside is conspicuous by its absence of ornaments, candles, flowers, pictures, etc., etc., so characteristic to Catholic churches.

This church was destroyed by the great fire in 1842, and rebuilt 1846-1863 at a cost of Mk. 4,200,000. In one of the aisles I was surprised upon examining a model of the church placed on a pedestal under glass, that this plan had been modelled by a modeller of Hammersmith, and that the architect was also an Englishman, Sturt or Strutt or something like that. The organ, an immense instrument, is the largest in all Germany. It has 101 voices and 5808 pipes.

Leaving the church, we walked to the Alster, and sat down on a shady spot. The heat was so great, that a storm had to follow, everybody looked weak and exhausted. As the afternoon wore on, it cooled, the sky darkened and it began to rain. We walked down the Alster, bidding it goodbye, as we did not know whether we would have seen it again tomorrow.

We just had time to rush into the Arcade, creep down the steps of the English Tea House, and settle comfortably at our favourite table near the window when a heavy shower fell.

We sat enjoying the dainties offered to us, and I looked regretfully out of the window on to the Fleht, knowing that this was our last visit to this dear little place where we had spent such happy hours. The wall separating the water from the room seemed to me about four feet thick. I suppose all the houses built on these flehts must perforce have such thick walls to prevent dampness inside. The view from the window was a picture in itself, the water bearing barks of all sizes, snowy swans gliding between on their own sweet will. Above the parapet you could see people and trams passing to and fro and houses rising above. The apple-green spire of St. Petri church rose high up in the air, and on the right you could see the Rathaus, that fine and imposing building looking complacently over the great square.

It now stopped raining, and a delicious breeze blew into the room. We sat enjoying ourselves and relishing the delicious rote Grütze, the “Apfelstrudel”. Mama drank tea, and I chose Ice coffee.

We then went walking. The town was all decorated in honour of the Emperor who was coming on one of his usual visits to Hamburg. We did not know whether he had already arrived, but the streets were crowded with all sorts of people, and I enjoyed it all immensely. I saw all sorts of faces, and judging by the look of the dresses, they all seemed rich and prosperous people, but as I have already said, there seemed a lack of something, “un je ne sais quoi” was missing. I felt as if I should have liked to divide a toilette into two or three other dresses. The dresses seemed to have too much show about them.

I saw an abundance of lovely flaxen hair, and fine clear eyes.

We came across a monument erected to Dr. Petersen (1809-1892) the once mayor of Hamburg. This man must have done a great deal for the town as I noticed his name several times, and one of the quays is named after him, Petersen Quai. He is represented wearing the picturesque costume of Hamburg mayors, which I will describe later on.

It was rather late when we returned to the hotel, and upon asking the lift boy about the Kaiser, he told us that he had arrived already in the morning.

We crept into bed, both quite exhausted after our long day, and I was quite certain that I would have dropped off to sleep at once.

This, however, was not the case. The noises in the street kept me awake. All the bells in the town seemed to be ringing at the same time, or when one stopped the other seemed to commence. I must tell you that no less than four different clocks regularly rung every quarter of the hour every night while we were living in the hotel, and I can assure you that I never slept much. Still, as we had made it a rule to retire every night very early, we did feel rested every morning.

This last night in Hamburg, however, was terribly agitated. The bells never seemed to stop pealing.

A carillon began. Oh, my goodness, it played all sorts of German airs, “Die Wacht am Rhein” being one of the first. I sang with the bells, thinking it would help me go to sleep.

Alas! Those chimes..... (Maritana)

Would they ever stop?..... Well, did they stop or did I eventually fall asleep?
The end of it was that I remembered no more. No doubt Morpheus did
come to my rescue at last.

FIFTEENTH DAY

VISIT TO HAMBURG'S WONDERFUL MUSEUM.

"THE ANCIENT MARINER"

VISIT TO HAMBURG'S PICTURE GALLERY.

FAREWELL TO HAMBURG.

(August 26th 1911, Saturday)

Last day in Hamburg! I could hardly realize it. I had become so used
to it. I felt sad. Still, we were both glad of going home again.

We got up at the usual hour, packed all our belongings, and went
down to breakfast.

Breakfast over, we settled our account, anointed the various palms,
and went back to our room. We quickly put on our hats and coats, went
downstairs where the carriage was waiting for us, looked round the hall for
the last time, and stepped into the carriage. They all came out to see us off,
the fat porter, the stately chief waiter, the lift boy, etc., etc. They wished us a
pleasant journey, and watched us slowly disappear. I smiled as I always do,
also wished them goodbye, but I felt sad.

Sempre stringe

All'uomo il cor dogliosamente

.....chi si disparte e dice

Addio per sempre

(Leopardi)

We reached Dalmann Quai in a very short time. Some men standing near
the "PEREGRINE" came to help us with our luggage. We entered the boat,
looked up the stewardess and told her what Mr. Pott had said, that we

might perhaps however have the chance of getting a private cabin. She told us she would also do her best, and in the meantime asked us to leave our bags, etc., on the two berths which had been allotted to us.

Everything on board was now spic-and-span. My feelings changed. Nothing is sweeter than a clean and tidy boat. I began to like the idea of spending 36 long hours in this now spotlessly clean floating hotel.

After telling the stewardess that we would return after having spent the last day sight-seeing, we disappeared.

Now, how we would spend this last day?

I took a large net out of one of our bags containing several empty boxes which we intended filling with life's sweeteners.

We walked down the dock, and crossed over a bridge, at each corner of which was a statue. These four statues represented the four great explorers of the world, Columbus, Magellan, Vasco de Gama, and Captain Cook. We had scarcely crossed over this bridge, when a group of officials stopped us. One of them touched my net, and said:

“Was haben Sie da drin zu deklarieren?”

To which I answered:

“Dieses Netz enthält leere Schachteln die wir mit guten Sachen füllen wollen.”

Upon which the officials answered:

“Dann können Sie ruhig weiter gehen. Guten Einkauf! Guten Einkauf!”

To which we smiled sweetly and went on our way.

I now proposed to Mama to visit a certain museum of which I had already read about in the guide book. It is a museum entirely dedicated to the history and development of Hamburg. It is called “Das Museum für Hamburgische Geschichte, bestimmt um die kulturgeschichtliche Entwicklung Hamburgs darzustellen.”

Oh! That museum, I never will forget it. How wonderful, how interesting every inch of it is. It is really worth going to Hamburg only to see this museum. It is situated in the Fischmarkt, where His Majesty, Imperial Father Charlemagne, has his statue.

Before I start describing the wonders of this museum, I think I had better give you a description of Hamburg's past, and all the rest about

Hamburg which I have fished out of the lexicon, and of which I naturally only give you a short summary, as if I were to enter into all the historical, political, and commercial details, I would never end.

In the beginning of the 9th century, the Emperor Charlemagne, to guard the place against neighboring heathens and brigands who revelled everywhere in those days, erected a fort and a church on the heights between the Elbe and the east banks of the Alster.

Owing to the wonderful immensity of water intersecting the place, several fishermen settled there, and went on building on their own account. Naughty pirates and brigands ravaged over the place, stealing and destroying wherever they could. Still, the early inhabitants were not daunted, they fought and built again.

Hamburg first began its commercial intercourse during the 12th century. The Emperor Friederich I in the year 1189 freed the Elbe from Hamburg to its entrance into the North Sea of any customs or duties, and the Emperor Otto IV elevated Hamburg to a free state. The town was united to the "Hanseatic towns" in the year 1241 together with Lübeck.

I have carefully read what is meant with these Hanseatic towns, "die Hanseatischen Städte" as they say in German, and find that the word Hansa was a name given to a German Confederation (Hansa Alemanniae or Teutonica) for the protection of German Commerce abroad. In the middle ages a company of German merchants divided into different towns of Germany and Central Europe and were known under the name of Hansa. They kept into communication together, and the name was eventually given to 90 different seaports and inland towns where these merchants carried on their honest work fighting against the unruly tribes around them. These Hanseatic towns (Hanseatic Städte) as they were called stretched from Reval and Narva to Amsterdam and Middelburg, from Cologne to Breslau and Cracau. This confederation, or guild, or whatever you like to call it, worked hard, and every member strove to better commercial interests abroad.

Hamburg became the most important of these Hanseatic towns. It is described as being the first commercial town of Germany and the largest of free ports. It is situated 110 km from the mouth of the Elbe. Upon looking upon the map I see that coming in from the sea, just after passing Altona,

the Elbe divides into two branches, one being the Norder Elbe, and the other the Nieder Elbe. Between these two branches there are numerous islands intersected by water, the largest being Wilhelmsburg, which we passed on our return from Harburg. At Vierlande the two great branches meet, and there the Elbe begins her uninterrupted course across Germany. So the river we sailed on when visiting Vierlande is the Elbe with no distinguishing adjective in front of it. What a wonderful labyrinth of water it is!

One arm of the Elbe runs into the town of Hamburg, and it is this arm which dividing into so many winding waters forms those pretty "FLEHTE" which give such a picturesque aspect to Hamburg, and which in their turn meet the waters of the Alster.

The "FLEHTE" are used for the transport of goods to and from the town to the numerous magazines and warehouses situated along the quays.

During the French invasion (1813) General Davoust one of the Napoleonic terrors built a bridge across the lower Elbe for communication with Harburg. This bridge was in time pulled down again, and in the years 1868-72 the immense iron railway bridge over which we passed and which is 408 m long was erected. The immense bridge over which we first pass in the tram was no doubt built some years later. It runs parallel at a distance with the railway bridge.

Hamburg is divided into four parts. The old town (Alte Stadt) the new town (Neue Stadt) the division of St. Georg (Stadt-teil St. Georg) and the suburb of St. Pauli (Vorstadt St. Pauli).

I do not know whether this is still the case, as you must please remember that my lexicon is not of the latest edition, and no doubt since then many alterations have been made (as they are still going on at the present time) but what I was going to say is that it says, that one portion of the old town is situated so low, that it is sometimes submerged by floods. Before these floods make their periodical visits, their approach is telegraphed by the authorities 4 or 5 hours before the flood from Cuxhaven for the people to be on their guard.

The "neue Stadt" or western part of Hamburg, was united into one town to the "Alte Stadt" in 1650.

The part of the town known as St. Georg, existed already under that name in the 13th century, it however only developed towards the end of the 18th century.

The part of the town known as St. Pauli stretches out to Altona. It used to be known in former times as "Hamburger Berg". For a long time this part remained quite obscure and insignificant, only developing in recent times, I suppose in 1865, when the great port of Hamburg was brought to completion. It is now the most important part of the town, containing all the docks, warehouses, factories, etc.

Hamburg possesses a great net-like number of underground canals which are called "Sielen" which convey all the refuse from streets and houses to the Elbe. I remember noticing once a large poster against one of the docks upon which was written in immense letters: "NICHT UNFILTRIERTES ELBEWASSER TRINKEN!"

The celebrated Hamburg water works rising 2 km above the town, provide the whole town with fresh water. From the tower there is supposed to be a magnificent far-outstretching view of land and water.

Hamburg has the privilege, I mean to say, the first Christian church of the Northern regions was erected in Hamburg. This dome which was first built in 1106 was pulled down in 1805, owing to the decaying condition. In its place 5 Lutheran churches were erected, St. Nicolai, St. Petri, St. Katerinen, St. Jakobi, and St. Michaeli. The two first were burnt down during the great fire of 1842, and built again, as I have already said. The Spire of St. Nikolai is 144 metres high.

Hamburg is only surpassed in commercial greatness by London, Liverpool, and New York. Its greatest production is of course ship-building. Sugar seething, factories of tobacco and cigars, iron-casting, silver-melting, ship biscuits (horrid I thought them when I ate some as a tiny girl, they might be improved now, they seem so hard and tasteless) export of meat, railway-carriage building, tailoring, furniture and household goods, breweries (these are said to have become very important in late years) fish bones and sticks (these are exported to every part of the world) etc.

All these wonders are worked and produced at St. Pauli. It is a rough, yet most interesting place, that part of Hamburg.

Without counting the lively intercourse of ships there is on the Elbe, there is a regular communication of vessels between Hamburg and London, Hull, Newcastle, Grimsby, Leith, Bergen Trondhjem, Christiania, the Havre, etc., as well as with the different ports of Spain and Italy. A regular intercourse is also with both sides of South America, as well as with East Asia, Australia. Then I must not forget the two great lines, The Hamburg-America, and the Hamburg-Südamerica lines, which come and go regularly.

Just fancy all these big ships and little ships, important ships and unimportant, which before arriving at their different places in the Hamburg docks, at that labyrinth of a place, must all, one and all, glide past the tranquil, poetic, snug little place which is Blankenese!

As to the railways, they are constructing an aerial railway running all round the town, sometimes disappearing underground (it will be running under the Stock Exchange), and that is why some parts of the town looked unfinished, but in another year, it will be grand, and handsomer than before. In 1881 an underground railway, running under the Elbe, was opened between Harburg and Cuxhaven.

In the middle ages many people came from the Rhein, Holland, and France to settle down in Hamburg, and so the town became more and more prosperous. During the 30 years war while everything was in uproar in Germany, Hamburg did not suffer, it had not an enemy, but opened its doors to those who took refuge within its regions. Great revolt in 1708.

Till the beginning of the 19th century, Hamburg was one of the richest and best free states. The town was invaded by the French in the year 1803 with very bad consequences. The year 1813 seems to have been the worst year for Hamburg. General Davoust entered the town with the Danes, and a terrible conflict took place. The Russian General Tettenborn was already there, and the town seems to have had terrible times. The winter was terrific, 30,000 people were driven out of the town. Houses with 8,000 inhabitants were burnt down. General Davoust robbed the bank. Hamburg lost 57 million Mark Banco (1 Mk. bco. = 3 German Marks). It is estimated that during the years 1806-1814 Hamburg must have lost through France 140 million Marks Banco (210 Million Reichsmark). In 1814 General

Davoust left the town and Hamburg united with Germany against Napoleon. It was Louis XVIII who ordered Davoust to leave the town.

In the year 1814 things began to smoothen again for Hamburg. A senate of 20 members was formed for the complete reorganization of the town. Out of the ashes houses and streets rose finer than before. Commerce and business began to flourish again, which were but little affected by the commercial crisis of the years 1825, 1826, 1837, and 1857.

In the year 1842 the terrible fire (to which I have often alluded) broke out. It began in the early hours of the 5th of May, and died out on the 8th of May. 4219 buildings in 75 streets were burnt down, including 3 churches and a great number of public buildings. The population (among whom was Uncle Jaffa) escaped out of the town, and only 100 persons lost their lives. Most of the German towns (foreign towns too) came to the rescue, and the town was soon built up again. The principal streets were given quite a different direction and shape, causing the town to assume a finer and grander aspect. Yet, I am glad to say, that several romantically old corners have escaped the flames, which just gives the touch of the poetic past. I suppose in their turn these old streets will once also be pulled down to make room for healthier and more convenient dwellings.

In the year 1882 the amount of money for insurance against sea peril reached the sum of Mk. 1,828,656,200, against Mk. 916,582,950 in the year 1865.

Hamburg has an immense library. I saw it from the outside. There are 3,000 (no doubt the figure will have since increased) volumes, and 5,000 manuscripts, some of which are extremely valuable. The commercial library contains 60,000 volumes.

Hamburg's colours are red and white. Its crest represents 3 turrets, one in the middle and two smaller ones on either side in silver with a red background.

Lappenberg (1794/1865) a learned historical searcher, after living for some time among the archives of Hamburg, wrote a book, describing the history of Hamburg from its earliest stages. If ever you come across that book, enjoy it well, only please do not begin to criticize me, as I have done my best to give you the shortest summary possible, having no pretensions whatever of being a technical searcher.

In the year 1888, Hamburg with its whole territory (with the exception however of a certain free port district) joined the Imperial German Union of Customs. This free port district was pointed out to us on the day we sailed round the port. I understand from what Mr. Dessau explained to me, that these free ports mean that goods arriving and stored there are free to be sold to any part of the world without there being any duty to pay to the Government, but duty must be paid the moment these goods are sold to Germany in any other part of the port. I would rather not go on explaining, seeing that I do not understand much about it, I only understand that Hamburg now belongs to the German Empire like all other German States, whereas in former times it lived in quite a little world of its own, being quite free of submission.

Mama thought Hamburg indeed quite different to what she had known it to be.

Now, let me tell you what we saw in that wonderful museum in Hamburg. Coincidentally, the last phonetic magazine I read before leaving for Hamburg contained an article about museums, how very disappointing it so often was when first visiting a town and looking up the museum, to find it contained instead of the expected local and authentic collections, an incongruous accumulation of things curious or supposed to be curious, relating to anything but what you expect to see. You generally find articles from the South Seas, a few badly-stuffed quadrupeds, some birds, a skinned alligator, part of an Egyptian mummy, Indian gods, a few common corals, some mixed antiquities, a case of minerals and fossils, etc. Nothing whatever belonging to the place itself is to be found. Thank goodness, this was not the case with this museum, where from beginning to end it contained objects relating to Hamburg, Hamburg, and only Hamburg.

Upon entering the museum, a pleasant-looking man with a white beard, and wearing a uniform took possession of our wraps and bags, and told us exactly where to begin looking round. We entered a good-sized room, and I noticed that everything therein related to the great fire of 1842. In the middle was a table containing an immense glass box in which you could see a complete model of Hamburg, showing exactly the part of the town which had been burnt down by the fire. I saw it was mostly that part of Hamburg round the inner Alster, just that part which is now so grand and

magnificent. One can hardly believe that those beautiful buildings round the water, the Alsterdam, Jungfernstieg, etc., had once quite different houses in their stead. It did look so ancient and peculiar. Against the wall I saw models (also in glass boxes) of the two churches St. Nikolai and St. Petri as they were attacked by the fire. You can see the green spire of St. Petri falling down, and the walls turning black and terrible.

I saw some medals which had been made out of the copper of the fallen spire. I saw a portrait in that room of a lady, the sister or the wife of Bergomaster Petersen, who no doubt helped to gather all these interesting objects, as the museum does not seem very old. Had we met more real Hamburg inhabitants, they would no doubt have told us about this.

I saw a heap of dishes blackened and sticking together, no doubt picked out of the ashes of one of the perished homes. I saw a pack of playing cards, half burnt; whom had they belonged to? I saw some statuary with limbs and faces broken and blackened.

We entered another apartment. Here we saw all sorts of nautical objects. A figure head of a vessel of the beginning of the 18th century representing Charles the twelfth of Sweden, a cannon which had been fished out of the Elbe, models of ship-building in ancient times and as it is today. I saw a picture of the first sailing vessel which started from Hamburg to America, thus beginning the great commercial relations which has since existed. I saw a large engraving representing the great fire with all the people, men, women, and children rushing out of the town, with their bundles under their arms, a terrible sight.

We now came to several partitions fitted out as shops and living rooms as they were in fashion ages ago. One was a chemist's shop as it used to be in the year 1610. It did look so sweet and strange, "Verklungene Zeiten" is the only expression for it, with its small window, peculiar furniture, and strange utensils. There was a kitchen as it was in 1827, simply sweet, also a baby's cradle of the same date; I felt inclined to creep into it. There was also a grocer's shop of the year 1820, on the wall of which the proprietor had proudly displayed the certificate bestowed upon him by "DAS EHRLICHE UND AMT DER KRAMER". We likewise saw a kitchen and a dining room in the year 1840. This is not such a very long time ago, and yet how ancient these surroundings looked! You would have thought it

belonged to the middle ages. I also saw some prints depicting life in Hamburg in 1840, the men with high top hats, the women with deep bonnets and shawls. How funny we mortals did look in those days!

We saw some wax figures dressed in the Vierland national costumes, as they were in 1850. One represented a girl in a ball costume, the other a bride. Both costumes were charming and picturesque, Mama said they were almost like what she used to see. We also saw the Blankenese national costume. One represented a fisherman of 1820 and the other a peasant. A woman of 1850 was also represented. It looked somewhat like the Vierland costume, only that the hat was different, it had no brim, just a flat straw cover, like a pancake.

One strange object was the death shield of the Baker Company of 1832. DAS STERBESCHILD DER BACKERGESEKKSCHAFT, aus Kuchenteich am gefertigt, (made out of cake dough). It was of a good size, and the past had been worked into all sorts of flowers, and the epitaph was quite clearly written.

We next saw a carriage as used in 1840. It was called "PUNCH BOWL" and I think I never saw anything so adorable. We both began to laugh when we saw it. The shape was oval, and a comfortable seat ran right round, I could not see where the door was. In the middle was a round table, so that people while travelling could eat, drink, play, and make merry. I never envied a carriage like this one. Away with your marvellous swift motors of today, step into this dear carriage, and go off for a ride to Blankenese.

As we were crossing the entrance hall to inspect the other side, the white-bearded attendant spoke to us, and as he saw that we were highly interested, he began telling us his life story.

"Ich bin der erste Mariner in Hamburg", he said.

The first mariner in Hamburg, I did not quite understand. It meant he was the oldest seaman, and what he told us was indeed wonderful.

He began life at the age of 14, had gone through the wars of 1864 and 1870, had been several times round the world, had lived 3 years in China. Upon my eagerly asking him which spot he considered the loveliest in the world, he answered unhesitatingly "Valparaiso".

I have heard this said before. I wonder what fascination there is about South America. An Italian lady living over there passing through London once told me how insignificant she thought Europe was compared to the beauties of South America, and the charm of life out there.

“Vivere in Europa non è vivere, è vegetare!” she said.

I also met another lady somewhere on the Continent. She was of German parents but born in Valparaiso. Although she adored her husband and children, she deeply lamented her fate of being forced to live in a dull little provincial European town.

The ancient mariner went on speaking in a most interesting way. The kaleidoscopic events of his life seemed to pass before him again. Upon telling him the different nationalities to which we belonged, and upon hearing that I was born in Hamburg, he seemed greatly surprised. He then said that when we entered he had wondered to what nationality we belonged. He thought to himself it was not English, it was not American. At last he came to the conclusion that we were Dutch ladies.

We would have liked to go on conversing with him, but seeing that he had to attend to new people coming in, we continued our inspections. Some excellent etchings representing spots round the port, the Flehte, the Alster, etc. were exhibited on the walls, worked by a Hamburg artist.

I noticed a wax figure representing a Hamburg burgomaster, and the costume pleased me immensely. Not so conspicuous and gaudy like London's Lord Mayor, the Hamburg Mayor wears a charming costume like it was worn in the days of Phillip II of Spain, only that it is quite black. Black velvet, black satin, and astrakahn trimming. The trousers are puffed and the sleeves too, and with this he wears a fine ruche collar, snow white, just like in those paintings of the Renaissance. The whole looks most picturesque and dignified.

I saw the model of an epitaph, of which I copied the words:

Es reift die Saat zum Tage der froh'n Garben,
Nicht hier belchnt Gott jede That, der Edlen die ihm starben,
Nicht hier ist volle Seligkeit,
Drum hofft mein Geist Unsterblichkeit.

(Epitaph für Elizabeth Steetz, Gest. 1790)

I then saw a model of an old church, underneath was written:

Ansicht der ersten Hamburgische Domkirche, der ersten Christlichen Kirche des Nordens.

I then saw some interesting things concerning the early fire brigade of Hamburg, a wax figure was dressed as a fireman in those days. I read a long document signed by a fireman, aged 31 years, upon his taking the oath in the year 1853. By day, by night, he would be ready to help his fellow creatures, and it ended with the words: Mir hilfe Gott.

Two little boys seeing that I was taking notes in shorthand ventured to ask me what I was doing. They both seemed highly interested in what I told them. Upon hearing that they were learning English and French at school I began talking to them in those languages, none of them would however answer, they said that they understood, especially what I said in English, but that they would never venture to speak themselves. I saw there the difficulty of acquiring a language out of a book. By going into the country itself, the language seems to creep into you, you end by talking without the least timidity, seeing that everybody talks around you. I was also surprised to see how such little boys were earnestly inspecting everything and giving their opinion on everything. It was their half holiday, and instead of dawdling about in the streets, there they were instructing themselves. I have never seen Italian or English boys like that at that tender age. When they had done the museum, one pulled the other and told him to hurry to the Natural History Museum, not wishing to miss it for anything.

We reluctantly left the museum, seeing that the day was not too long if we intended to see the Picture Gallery. So we bade farewell to the Ancient Mariner, who looked sad as we told him we were returning to London. I suppose he imagined he would have seen us again and told us some more of his wonderful past.

The Picture Gallery, "Die Kunsthalle" as they call it, is situated a little way off the LombardsBrücke, and most of the works of art have been given to the town by rich and influential Hamburg people. I saw that under nearly

every painting was the name of the donor, very few have been bought by the town.

We began our inspections. It was 12:40. The first painting I saw bore the name of Domenicus Vander Smissen, born in Altona 1704, died there 1760. I saw several paintings by this artist. The name seemed strange to us, as we had known a Dutch family of that name, and we were wondering whether this was a relative.

We saw a painting which had adorned the principal altar of St. Petri, and which had been saved from the fire. The artist was living in Hamburg 1367/1415. One painting took my fancy. It was small but perfectly executed, entitled "Der Knabe mit dem Pfannkuchen". It represented a boy sitting at a table, and instead of eating the pancake, he had made two holes in it for the eyes, one for the nose and another for the mouth, and was holding it in front of his face grinning through it. It would have made anybody laugh. (Gottfried Schalcken. 1643/1706).

I noticed a painting of still-life. These subjects are of course never so interesting as figures or landscapes, but this little painting was so exquisitely done, that I could not tear myself away from it. It only just represented a glass filled with wine, and a few bits of broken biscuits lying about. The wine seemed to be trembling, as if the glass had only just been placed on the table, and you felt inclined to sweep the crumbs away, so realistically untidy did they look.

We enjoyed everything till it began to darken, the atmosphere became heavy, and a thunderstorm broke out. We sat down and nearly went off to sleep. At 3 o'clock we left the gallery, after having first looked out of the windows, the view from which were pictures in themselves.

We decided to have dinner, as being rather tired, we would have much walking still to do, having to buy several things. So we took our seats outside a pleasant restaurant, where you could watch the scene in the street quite unobserved behind some creeping plants. This being our last day in Hamburg, we chose a beefsteak like we did on our first day in Hamburg.

Queen Beefsteak was once more gladly welcomed as she triumphantly appeared on the scene. I thought the meal wonderfully cheap for the excellent quality. Queen beefsteak was surrounded this time not by

her golden-brown courtiers (who appeared gleaming and shining brightly heaped up generously one on the top of the other on a separate dish) but by a group of brightly attired maids of honour. These were called tomatoes, pickles, cauliflowers, etc., etc. With this two high glasses of beer came to keep us company, and bread galore and gratis. It was only Mk. 1.50 per head.

Then we went shopping. The empty boxes in my net were soon filled with Hamburg wonders, and we enjoyed this last shopping expedition very much. I noticed in one the shop windows in large letters black and gold the wonderful announcement: "HERE SPOKEN ENGLISH". I felt very inclined to go inside, look up the linguist, and listen to that marvellous English. In a bootmaker's shop I read the following tempting notice: "HIER WERDEN VERNUNFT STIEFEL VERKAUFT". In another shop I saw a notice in the window giving the list of all the languages spoken inside. Beside each language was a flag of the respective country; a pretty good idea.

After 5 o'clock, we had quite enough of our shopping excursion, and went to rest for the last time on one of the stone seats in the Rathaus square. We were now beginning to feel it was time to go home. We sat and talked together, I naturally enchanted with my stay in Hamburg. Mama not quite so much. In her opinion Hamburg had lost all its indescribable charm. She said she so well remembered the sounds and cries peculiar to Hamburg. When the men sang out in the streets: "KRABBEN, KRABBEN," (shrimp) it was a sign of rainy weather. She often bought these shrimps. Another sound was "STOLLEN, STOLLEN," these were delicious fish something like soles. Another cry which was the cause of some hilarity, was "HONIG, HONIG". The man selling honey used to sing out as he glided down the streets with his sweet burden: "H-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-nig!" to which the urchins in the streets used to shout: "WAS MACHT DEINE FRAU?" and the man involuntarily answered: "H-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-nig! H-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-nig!"

As we sat together, a couple, man and wife, came to sit beside us, whilst their two children, tiny girls with dolly faces and eyes like forget-me-nots gambolled and rolled themselves in front of us. They looked like twins, but the parents told us that there were 2 years between each. One was called Sissi, and the other Anna Marie.

At 6 o'clock we went to have tea for the last time at the little English Tea House. We sat at our usual places near the window, and I felt sad. Mama drank tea and ate chocolate tart, and I greeted the rote Grütze for the last time. I looked across on the pretty scene. I noticed a bright rainbow appearing in the sky behind the apple-green spire of St. Petri church, the green of the spire and the green stripe of the rainbow matching perfectly together. A second rainbow appeared a little further away, and the sight was lovely. I slowly sipped a glass of lemonade, every moment being the last. It stopped raining, the air became cool, and it was now time to begin our homeward bound journey, as from the moment we got up we would have to walk in the direction of the port, the last hours having arrived. We got up, smiled at the girls, nice-looking and willing one and all, and disappeared forever.

The air being fresh, although the streets were muddy, we decided to walk the whole way to Dalmann Quai, there being quite enough time, and this would give us the opportunity of buying anything further we might have desired to get.

I sent a last regretful look at the Alster, we crossed the Rathaus square, we walked down the streets, now almost familiar, I glanced at the Flehte and the quaint little bridges for the last time, and looked sadly around me. We entered one of the cellars (the first one I had the opportunity of visiting) and bought some fresh butter. A pretty fair-haired girl served us, and before leaving Mama said to her:

“So, wir nehmen jetzt Ihre Butter mit nach London.”

The girl opened her eyes and mouth, said: “So-o-o-o?” and we vanished.

We arrived on board ship at 7:20. Mama was tired, and would have liked to retire, but the stewardess reminded her that perhaps she might have given us a private cabin, seeing that we had been so keen upon it.

So we went on deck, very few persons were about, and we settled on the highest place we could find, so as to see as much as we could of the surroundings.

Twilight began to fall, the moon rising pale and solemn in the horizon. Lights began to appear round the docks casting dim reflections in the water.

I felt sad, melancholy, and discouraged. For the moment I had forgotten the happy hours I had spent in Hamburg, I had forgotten all the lovely scenes and sights I had witnessed. I looked mournfully at the spires of the various churches towering in the distance. I gazed reluctantly at the cruel black water reflecting ghostly lights in trembling streaks. I got up, wandered about a short while, then went into the lower regions. All was dark. I heard a voice sing out:

“The lights will be put on presently, Miss!”

I went upstairs again. I found Mama looking tired and worried. She was not enjoying the scene either.

Towards 9 o'clock, we decided we could bear it no longer. So I looked up the stewardess and told her that there was no good waiting any longer, we would take the berths reserved for us, and retire. She then said:

“I know what I can do for you, Miss. I can let you have two top berths, one with a port hole, if that will suit you, since nothing can as yet be decided for a private cabin.”

I jumped at the idea, certainly it would do, a top berth is incomparably nicer than the other one, more air, and the advantage of the port hole from where you can watch the scene outside.

I called Mama, helped to carry our belongings to the other cabin, helped to unpack the bags containing our nightdresses, shawls, sponges, etc., and then, just before retiring, I went to peep into the first-class dining saloon. “Like fairy-land!” I thought to myself. Everything looked spick-and-span. The supper tables were laid with shining crockery and snowy cloths, sparkling lights everywhere, I also saw a few flower pots. Not a soul had arrived yet. I returned to the cabin, the stewardess told us that only one person more would share it with us, so we climbed to our top berths, and laid down peacefully and happily.

Still we did not sleep, the feverish feeling of departure was upon us, we spoke a little, then kept silent, then tossed from one side to the other.

Everything was quiet outside.

Towards half past ten, however, sounds were heard, noises on the top of us. Footsteps and voices. The passengers were at last arriving.

This uproar lasted for a while, then everything became silent again. I only heard hurried footsteps pass to and fro outside our cabin. I suppose the people were at supper.

Half past eleven. Everything quiet.

Suddenly I felt a jerk, everything seemed to tremble under me.

I heard rattling of chains, I heard rough voices shouting, I heard the gangway being pushed off the boat and pulled on to shore.

Sailing, sailing at last.

The ship (as allegorically described in an Italian sea story I have just been reading) like a great sea monster, was awakening, tossing and jolting, as upon being startled out of its sleep, it was hurrying to get back to the high seas.

We both scrambled to the port hole. Some persons were standing on the edge of the water.

I lay back in my berth again, I felt tears come, and as the boat slowly glided away, I heard the sweet-sounding German goodbye ringing in the air:

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

SIXTEENTH DAY
THE NORTH SEA
(Sunday, August 27th '11)

Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
Mild, majestic, foaming free;
Over time itself victorious;
Image of Eternity.

Earth- her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behest obey:
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.-

Such art thou, stupendous ocean!
But if overwhelm's by thee,
Can we think without emotion,
What must they Creator be?

When I woke up, it was broad daylight. The sky was rosy, and I heard the waves splashing against the boat. To think that only a few inches separates us from the water!

It was only 5 o'clock, yet we decided to get up. I saw a young woman lying in the berth under Mama's. She had a pale face crowned with a gorgeous mane of delicious gold-red hair. I have rarely seen such a rich tint. The eyes too, were not bad, a reddish brown. She told me later in the day that she was of Hamburg, which rather surprised me, as I had never seen such hair in Hamburg, where I generally saw pale flaxen hair. This colour was more English.

We hurried on deck. The air was cold and exhilarating. We sat for a long while. I had to fetch our mackintoshes, as the spray flew over us. I noticed that the clock on the landing leading to the saloon was an hour earlier. Our watches pointed to 8:40 (German time) and on the boat it was 7:40 (English time).

At 9 o'clock we were called to breakfast. We both ate plentifully. The boat did not rock like on the going-out journey.

I liked everything around me. I liked the staff. The stewardess was kind and obliging, the head steward a dear little man with a white beard, and a soft, gentle voice, (what a nice Father Christmas he would have made!) the other men busy and polite. The sailors were all jolly and healthy-looking, and His Majesty Captain Hunisett had a charming personality. Perhaps not so refined-looking as Captain Wright of the "HIRONDELLE" but more how you would expect a sailor to be like, big, broad, bearded, and very sympathetic.

We returned on deck, and I was surprised to notice how few people there were on board. Not half as many as when going to Hamburg.

We settled comfortably in some open space, and I enjoyed being on the sea as I always do. I noticed, however, that Mama was not enjoying

herself. She looked pale and suffering. Towards 12 o'clock, she decided to return to the cabin, and spend the rest of the day lying in her berth. There she would be more comfortable, and have just as much fresh air, her head being quite near the port hole. I consented at once, seeing that she is not a very good sailor. When I had helped her to settle down, I returned on deck, and began my round of inspections.

Slowly and silently I moved among the other passengers, I stranger to them and they strangers to me. Upon further examination, however, I noticed that some faces were not quite strange to me. I saw a lady, she was not unknown to me. I looked into the past, and who do you think it was? None other but the German lady who had travelled with us from Liverpool Street and who slept with her eyes half open!

We looked at each other, still, we did not speak, and I passed on. I then saw two gentlemen, they too were not strangers to me. I looked again into the past. Now I remembered. They were the two gentlemen who had sat in front of me at breakfast on the going-out journey, one of whom had said that although he always enjoyed his breakfast on board ship, still, one thing he missed was the morning paper.

The sea was beautifully calm, and yet I was surprised to see how many people were suffering. There they lay, stiff and helpless, just like corpses. Men, who in ordinary life are energetic and full of character, women, who otherwise are active and animated, there they lay, the picture of terrible suffering. Some people seem to suffer even when the sea is quite calm. I must admit that in rough weather I have to yield to the cruel monster, but otherwise I adore being on the sea.

The late Lady Brassey (passages of whose charming books I almost know by heart so much have I enjoyed reading them) who seems to have travelled about ever since she came into existence, had to admit herself that she never managed to get rid of sea-sickness. "That would be a great benefactor to mankind" she adds, "who could find a remedy for this cruel evil." In that pretty sea story I have been lately reading in Italian, there is a very good definition of sea-sickness.

"Il mal di mare è simile all'approssimarsi della
morte: i ricordi più tristi e più lieti, i fantasmi più odiati e i

Più cari circondano il sofferente, a cui la cabina sembra
Una tomba ove egli ha deposto ogni vanità e ogni ambizione.”

[Note in red: Sea sickness is similar to the approach of death: the saddest and merriest remembrances, the most hated and most cherished phantoms surround the sufferer, to whom the cabin seems like a tomb where he has deposited every vanity and every ambition.]

I peeped into the ladies' cabin, nearly all the berths were occupied, pale and helpless my fellow creatures lay.

The stewardess seeing that I was cheery and well-disposed approached me and said:

“I know it is rude to make personal remarks, but I cannot help telling you how much I admire that sweet little pointed bonnet your mother wears, it does look so nice.”

I then told her that Mama always wore such bonnets and that she made them herself.

At one o'clock, the bell rang for lunch. I noticed that there were but few women in the dining-room, two nice-looking ladies sat on either side of the captain, all the rest at his table were men. Some of them had very nice characteristic faces, they were German and English, I saw no other nationality.

After lunch, I visited Mama, and seeing that she was quite comfortable I returned on deck. I soon found the best place in the boat to spend a fine afternoon. Right at the beginning, where the boat point-shaped advances into the sea. I was quite alone only surrounded by ropes and irons. I lay down, and put my head at one of the openings of which there are two out of which project a mushroom-like shape, which is used to twine rope round when the boat is in port. There I remained for hours, the sea splashing into my face, the wind blowing round me, the sea and only the sea in front of me. I hoped to see some fishes rising to the surface, knowing that the sea-gulls catch them when they appear, but I saw none.

I remember that during that unforgettable sea journey we made in the Mediterranean some years ago from Genoa to Monte Carlo, in the

sparkling blue of the sea a fine dolphin appeared. It was 3 or 4 feet long, had a pretty shape, and it ran along the surface sometimes appearing, sometimes disappearing, and all the passengers were excited, and shouted:

“Guardate il delfino! Guardate il delfino!” [Look at the dolphin!]

The North Sea, as I have already said before, cannot be compared to the gorgeous, sparkling, richly-coloured Mediterranean, with its marvellous cobalt blue waters. Still, it has its charms. I watched how the waves shaped themselves forming like hollows around them, in which I felt as if I wanted to jump into. I opened my mouth as they threw up the delicious icy-cold, snow-white, salt-tasting surf over me. How wonderfully pure and clear the sea always and always remains, in spite of all the dirt which is thrown into it from ships and towns. Year after year, the waters remain fresh and clean.

Mr. Edward Clifford in his interesting book on Father Damien, that hero among heroes who sacrificed his life for the Lepers in the Hawaiian Islands (a copy of which he personally gave to Mama) also remarks on this wonder of the ocean. He says:

“I often leaned over the ship’s side and looked at the sea gleaming in sapphire and emerald, and then turning to whitest foam as the keel cleft it.

I saw how all the filth and garbage of the ship were flung into it, and how it received them and absorbed them and yet remained pure. All the refuse of rejected food was poured into it; all the dirty water of that ship and of all ships; all the dead bodies of its sea-monsters had found their tomb in it, and all the dead bodies of all drowned men and women.

Yet it was sweet and clean and clear. Into it the deadliest poison might be poured and yet none would fear to bathe in it or drink of the next minute.”

In describing the Pacific round the South Sea Islands, he says:

“How lovely that sea is can scarcely be told. One puts one’s hand in, and all round it is the softest and most brilliant blue; below are growths of pure white coral, and among them swim fishes as brilliant as

paroquets. Some are yellow like canaries, some are gorgeous orange or bright red. I tried to paint a blue fish, but no pigment could represent its intensity. The loveliest of all was like nothing but a rainbow as it sported below me. The coast is wild, as the waves dashed against its rocks, the spray rose fifty feet into the air.”

In reading such glorious descriptions of the tropical seas, our North Sea must perforce appear very grey and uninteresting. Still, I am not ungrateful, I was very thankful to find myself sailing on it inhaling its delicious and life-giving ozone. I was feeling new strength enter my body and soul, and if the tints of this sea are but pale and insignificant compared to other seas, still its character reigns supreme.

The North Sea, or German Ocean as the English call it, or West Sea as the Danes call it, is really a piece or fraction of the Atlantic Ocean (that grayest and most uninteresting of oceans, the Atlantic, as Edward Clifford calls it.). It has an area of about 500,000 sqkm, reaching from the Straits of Dover to the Shetland Islands, exactly up to 60 degrees latitude. It has ebb and tide (not so the Mediterranean which is like a lake) the strongest being felt round the coast of England and Holland, these coasts being very low, the rocky coast of Scotland and the torn coast of Norway being better protected from the sea. The North Sea contains much more salt than the Baltic. The North Sea often appears to have a phosphorescent shine owing to the quantities of molluscs which live in its waters. The depth of this sea augments from South to North. It ranges from 25 to 100 metres in depth. Round the Orkneys it is 146 metres deep, in South Norway 180 m, and suddenly, further up round the coast, it is quite 500 m deep. There is one part of this sea stretching across from Newcastle to Schleswig Holstein called the Doggerbank where it is only 18-20 metres deep. This name Doggerbank has been given through the “Dogger” a kind of fishing boat used by the Dutch for their herring fisheries.

Heligoland is the only rocky group rising out of the North Sea. It gets an immense amount of fresh water from the Elbe, Weser, Ems, Rhein, Scheldt on the East, and from the Thames, Ouse, Humber, Tees, Tweed, Tay, Dee, and Spey on the West, as well as numerous smaller bodies of water on either side. The currents in the North Sea are very capricious and

this causes the water to be continually agitated. It is also said that owing to the quantities of sand banks, the navigation in the North Sea is very dangerous.

My family does not seem to be so passionately fond of the sea as I am. They like to see it, but not to be on it. There is indeed nothing like watching the sea. At any time of the day it is lovely. I like to see it when it is calm like a lake, but still more when it is boisterous. I love to watch from the shore how the waves shape themselves in the distance, then gradually swelling higher and higher till they reach the shore in round shapes of transparent colour tipped with white, and at last break in all their fury dashing sand, pebbles, and surf high up in the air, accompanied by a thousand roaring voices, retroceding into the deep a moment after sighing and frothy and vanishing. Into such waves I love to run into when I bathe. I run through the surf, but generally have to crawl back on all fours, the terrible waves tossing me about and rendering me half dazed. I remember once while bathing at Brighton, I rushed into such immense waves, and somehow got entangled in sea-weeds. In stepping out of the waves like Venus is supposed to have done, I did not look classically beautiful like the fair goddess of Mount Olympus, but like some terrible monster of the deep. Mama who was watching me from the shore, said I was dark purple in colour, and the sea-weeds had stuck to my face, making me look as if I had a beard. She never got over that terrible sight.

I like to hear the sound of the waves, like any other water also produces sweet sounds. The waves breaking on the shore and hissing through the sand and pebbles is a sound I never can tire of. The sound waterfalls produce, the river as it quietly laps against the banks, the brook as it winds its way across the country, singing, chatting, sometimes moody and slow, sometimes excited and rushing; I love to hear all these sounds.

As I lay quietly wrapped in my thoughts, I heard a bell ring. I woke up to the fact that I was on board ship. It was the tea bell. I got up and went to see what Mama was doing. She was quite comfortable, but would take no tea, so I decided I would have none either. I returned on deck, and began walking about. I gazed at the people, and tried to read characters as I always do. I have read Lavater more than once. Lavater, that great Swiss genius who discovered the science of physiognomy, who has taught us to

decipher character by the shape and lines of the face and body would not have had a very grand pupil with me. Beyond a few instances, I never managed to learn the rules of this wonderful science, and have always had to recur to my feelings or instinct, as I think most of us do when we make an attempt at reading behind the masks of fellow creatures. Every person has a different face, and yet Lavater managed to read them all. Having travelled a great deal, I have naturally come across many people. We are all different, and yet we all know the same feelings. Love and hatred, stinginess and generosity, etc., etc., belong to every individual in every country. We human beings are funny creatures, we think we know each other, and yet every day we hear and see something new. I often tried to compare the eyes, noses, and mouths with those given in Lavater's book. I looked at the people, then went back to the book, but I invariably had to close it with a sigh, I very seldom came across the same features, and ended by returning to my instinctive feelings. I suppose as we get on in life, character-reading must come quite easily to us. Centenarians must be wonderfully keen then, as they have had enough time and opportunity of seeing humanity pass and repass before them. Still, not many of us enjoy the privilege of becoming centenarians. I read in the "Daily Mail" a few days ago that The Imperial German Bureau of Hygiene has published statistics of centenarians in Europe, who number in all 7,000. Bulgaria leads with 3,883 centenarians, her two neighbours, Roumania and Servia, having 1,074 and 573 respectively. The other figures given are: Spain, 410; France, 213; Italy, 197; Austria-Hungary, 113; England, 92; Russia, 89; Germany, 76; Norway, 23; Sweden, 10; Belgium, 5, and 2 in Denmark.

A propos of Bulgaria, let me tell you that we lately received a very interesting letter from my sister, Mrs. Peter, who says that her husband's brother has been to Sofia on business, and describes the town as the liveliest place on earth. The national costumes are charming, but the town is frightfully dirty, and pigs run loose all over the place. Wild dogs are also plentiful about the town, and the living is wonderfully cheap. For Kr.1- he could get a good dinner and wine galore. Generally, we know little or nothing of those lovely countries in the Balkan peninsula. Mr. Schurter who has been to Bucharest describes this town as very fine too.

I have seen much, yet the more you see the more you desire to see. Before I close this epistle, let me describe a few tableaux or living pictures I should call them, which sometimes come back vividly to my mind as I go through everyday life. On my travels I have seen and heard much, but some things seem to impress you more than others.

MONTE CARLO. As you stroll along this lovely place, with its handsome light-coloured houses, its marvellous flowers and plants (the prickly pear growing out of the top of stiff upright thick leaves impressed me most) its clear transparent sky, and the sparkling dark blue Mediterranean kissing its soil, is I think the loveliest place I have ever seen.

INNSBRUCK. The capital of Tyrol, which I only rushed through in the train, seemed to me like fairy-land, with its pink houses, and snow-covered mountains.

HANOVER. The capital of the province bearing this name, which I also just passed in the train, left an everlasting picture in my mind. I saw outside the railway an immense group of red houses. It was winter, and a pale setting sun was shining on every window, giving the place an enchanting look.

ALLERHEILIGEN. The waterfalls of Allerheiligen, a place buried in the Black Forest in south Germany, with its roaring waters rushing furiously down high rocky walls into natural kinds of tubs, into which the water screams, boils, fights, is pushed on by further howling cruel water, to rush down another wall into another hollow, till tiring and exhausted it turns into an even-flowing, placid, peaceful, eternal, heaven-reflecting brook.

LUCERNE. Lying sweetly on the borders of an immense lake, which is separated from a river by an old wooden bridge, is a picture in itself. On one side the green beaming Rigi, opposite the towering dark rough Pilatus, give the scene an unforgettable look.

LOCHEARNHEAD. The only place I visited in Scotland, struck me as being unique in its beauty. It was in October a few years ago. All the trees were clad in autumn colours. I have never seen such gigantic and marvellously-coloured vegetation. Some trees had the leaves uniformly of a pale yellow, others almost golden, whilst some had their leaves nearly blood-red. And the waters of the lakes around, just like so many looking glasses! Not a ripple on the surface! An extraordinary sight! The country

around which was reflected in the water looked just as if seen in a mirror; on a painting it would have looked quite exaggerated. The Italian lakes with their sparkling waters surrounded by hills covered with lovely gardens and wonderful villas, the Swiss lakes with their lovely tinted waters surrounded by bold mountains dotted with poetic little chalets, are, of course, exquisite in their different styles, still, these silent, lonely, Scotch lakes surrounded by heather-clad hills and striking trees, left me a deep impression.

PORTOFINO. This tiny spot on the Genoese coast in the Mediterranean must not be forgotten. We arrived there one evening, and one of the daughters of the hotel took us out to show us the place. She brought us to the top of a hill from which you had a magnificent view of the sea. Twilight was beginning to fall, the deep cobalt blue of the sea had turned dusky, the sky looked sad and sleepy. At our feet (we seemed to be standing hundreds of feet above the sea) the water was as black as ink. Above this strange scene an immense moon, quite golden, was peacefully reflecting itself on the water. "And yet," Italy's daughter, breaking the silence, assured us, "at this very spot, one night, a man who had come from Monte Carlo where he had played and lost every penny, hurriedly walked up this hill, and threw himself down this abyss, without the least hesitation!"

As I wandered round the deck of the "PEREGRINE" these pictures came back to my mind, and I thought to myself that this picture I was now seeing of the North Sea would also remain in my mind.

I was beginning to feel cold, the day was getting old, the sun tired of its long day, was slowly sinking down the horizon, casting pale golden and reddish tints all round before it disappeared, reminding us that another grain of sand was about to drop into the hour-glass of Eternity!

The sea, however, seemed to be only just waking up. It was getting very rough, some waves dashed right over me, the wind was high, I could hardly stand on my feet. I decided to retire. I was feeling tired, sad, and lonely. I consulted my watch. The hands were pointing to 7 o'clock. I gave a last look round, then I wended my way downstairs. I had a peep into the dining-saloon, and saw the captain sitting comfortably at dinner with all the male passengers. It all looked so pretty and festive, you would have

thought so many friends were enjoying a jolly meal at their club rather than so many strangers dining in a ship floating on the high seas.

I entered our cabin, Mama was sleeping soundly. I undressed hurriedly, and had some difficulty climbing into my berth. The boat was rocking terribly. I heard the waves break furiously against it. The rays of the departing sun illuminated the cabin. My head dropped on the pillow in utter exhaustion.

Heligoland, Blankenese, Stellingen, Ohledorf, the Alster, were now to me but a dream! A dream, however, which will not easily be forgotten.

I gave one last thought to the man at the wheel and to the other men in the lower regions who would be spending the night amidst the heat, the soot, and the grime of the immense furnace, working for us, bringing us to our destination.

Some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away. (Shakespeare, Hamlet, III.2)

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

HOME AGAIN.

(Monday, 28th August, 1911)

6 o'clock. England once more! We were sailing along the coast. We both got up, and hurried on deck, where several passengers were already leaning against the parapet, looking longingly at the English country. It looked pretty and green. We were approaching Harwich.

We went down to breakfast, then went on deck again. As we sat there feeling the boat moving slowly, and the land getting nearer and nearer, I noticed a lady sitting next to me. It was the lady who had so impressed me by sleeping with her eyes half open. Now I really will speak to her, I thought to myself. So I turned round to her, and asked her whether she remembered travelling with us on the going-out journey. She smiled, and said she did. Then we entered into friendly conversation. She was a Berlin lady, and was doing the same work as I was in the City, with the exception, alas, that hers was no comfortable, no happy place like mine. She then told me her life story, which of course I am not going to repeat.

We of the fair sex are talking parrots, still we are at the same time prudent and tactful pussy cats.... don't you think so, you of the stronger sex?

8.a.m. Time to land. There was confusion, the Berlin lady disappeared. We soon found our places in the train, a smoking carriage; how horrid, still, it can't be helped, it will pass like the rest.

10:30.a.m. LIVERPOOL STREET. Back in London. A jump into a taxicab, and we were off to our home. The taxi rolled through the familiar City streets, my daily haunts, a, here are the guardian angels, I mean the dear policemen, I know them nearly all by sight, (still, I never met again the blue giant who one day helping me across from Fenchurch Street to Lombard Street, bent over me and whispered almost tenderly into my ear: "WHAT A FINE PAIR WE WOULD MAKE!") how different they look from the Hamburg Police, solemn, erect, and quiet, they lift one finger, and man and beast obey them. And the motor buses, and the mail vans, and the carts, there they were, following the endless stream of London life. As we were driving very near my office, I eagerly looked round to see if I could spy Mr. Wolf, or Mr. Oliver, and Mr. Griffin, these important ministers of our little kingdom in Fell Street having a lot of business outside during the day; still, I saw none of them.

11:15.a.m. HOME AT LAST. We entered beaming into our little flat. On the table in the kitchen I found a paper which Mama had deposited just as she did before we left on our Continental peregrinations 3 years ago, bearing the following words:

Quando saremo di ritorno saremo fresche come le rose, e sapremo tante cose!

And we did indeed feel as fresh as roses after having been so much in the air, and indeed we did know a lot of things after having wandered so much about!

They were not expecting me at the office that day. Tomorrow was early enough to start working for another year. So we both took a bath, the boiling water ever ready in the pipes (a great privilege in a little London flat), began to unpack our belongings, then crept into bed. I think Mama did sleep for a while, I however, took up the bundle of newspapers which had

been kept for us, and indulged in some hours of reading. Later in the day we enjoyed an old-fashioned, yet very palatable high-tea, with all the wonders, I mean the culinary goodies of Hamburg spread out on the table, to which we did ample justice.

Then we began to order our things, I mean, we unpacked every article and put everything in its right place. I felt very glad at my Hamburg purchases, especially the blouses which cheer me a long way, not being one of those privileged ones of the feminine community who can indulge in a new dress whenever fancy tells them to. The jams and the cheeses were stored away, to make their periodical appearance whenever we want them to. Then we sent news to Erwinia and Hedwig, and ended the day in the best of moods.

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

BACK TO WORK.

(Tuesday, 29th Aug. 1911)

6.a.m.

Tinghe-linghe-linghe-linghe-linghe-linghe-linghe-linghe-li-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i!!

“Oh my goodness!” I imagine I hear you exclaiming, “whatever is that? Is that Russian, or Hebrew, or Chinese? Or perhaps the Jaffa language?”

Don't be alarmed, it is only the little clock on the table near my bed, ringing the waking hour, reminding me it is time to get up. Many of you no doubt know the sound well. How we hate to hear its piercing, cruel voice whistling in our ears; and yet, how thankful we are it has called us once we are up, and are peacefully enjoying our breakfast after having had plenty of time to make a careful toilet!

How will I ever be able to endure that sound again? I used to ask myself, a few days before our departure, and yet, I felt quite glad when I heard it on that morning. It seemed ages since I had last heard it, although little more than 2 weeks had passed since.

I jumped out of bed, hale and hearty, enjoyed a good splashing, then dressed carefully, prepared breakfast, and trotted off to work in quite excellent spirits. I climbed to the top of the motor bus, and settled comfortably on the front seat. The motor rolled down Chelsea and Victoria, rushed past Westminster (how lovely Westminster is!) to Charing Cross, then glided down the Strand, past Fleet Street, up Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's, to the Mansion House.

I jumped off the vehicle, and walked in the direction of the office as fast as my legs could carry me. I well remember on the evening we left London, as the taxi passed the City streets, I was wondering how I would ever manage to start work again and move about that terrible traffic and that everyday life. And here I was, quite glad, energetic, and perfectly willing to start again!

In a short while I arrived at the little kingdom in Fell Street.

His Majesty King Stern surrounded by his wise and important ministers, received me with benevolent smiles and outstretched hands.

I rolled the top off my desk, pulled out the typewriter,

La macchina per cucire i pensieri, (the machine for sewing thoughts as the Italians call it), and started work.

I have now come to the end of my story, before I close, before I disappear from the scene, I must gather my thoughts to see whether I have not forgotten anything.

As you can imagine, when you know a place, it is always highly interesting to read about it. Since our return from Hamburg, I have often read interesting accounts about that town, about Hagenbeck and his wonderful animal paradise.

The other day I read a very good article in an Italian magazine about the North Sea fisheries, what a wonderful body of water the North Sea is for fishes of all sorts. The Mediterranean, in spite of its delicious heart-warming atmosphere and exquisitely tinted surface, is but little good inside, whereas the North Sea with its bleak atmosphere and dull-tinted water is marvellous inside with its countless population of cold-blooded, silent inhabitants, some of whom are born to be fried, some to devour

others. The Italian Government with paternal anxiety is doing its best to remedy matters, but be it through the waters of the Mediterranean being too warm, beyond the eel, the sardine, the tunny, the baccalà (which the Italian cookery book assures us can be prepared in 60 different ways) and a few others, the fish is dear and scarce.

In the icy North Sea, the abundance of fish is extraordinary. The best fishing banks are to be found between 56° and 59° parallel. The fishermen go out to sea in great steamers, already furnished with big quantities of ice in which the fishes are packed as soon as they have been cleaned, I should say first emptied, and then washed with sprays of water which are dashed over them by strong pumps worked by steam.

When the nets are pulled out of the sea and hurled over the deck of the steamers, a population multi-shaped and coloured and moving about, making the place look like a silver lake in ebullition, is suddenly brought to light, very often undesirable and dangerous monsters of the fishy community appear very unwelcome guests on the scene. The men have therefore to be on their guard and have to be armed to the teeth before they attempt to empty the nets. It does not seldom happen that the pacific occupation for catching fish turns into a veritable battle. They are however compensated for the risk they run as specimens of excellent fish weighing well over 30 lbs. is a common occurrence. The men then break the ice with hatchets and deposit the fish in layers in the various cases, when they get deposited in the lower region till the steamers well equipped with a fishy cargo sails back to port. In these ports (I saw some from the outside in St. Pauli) there are special inns, where nothing else is eaten but fish and only fish. And these inns are also much frequented by the other inhabitants of these districts as well as by tourists who go to eat “the dish of the day”. Every day one single kind of fish is served swimming in various kinds of sauces.

“Yes, yes, that is all right,” I imagine I hear you exclaiming, “but we are not too much interested in fishy ways and doings, these stories are not new to us, tell us something more interesting.”

The fact is, my dear audience, the real fact is, that it is time to end my narrative.

It is getting late.

I should like to tell you a lot more interesting things, but I have awoken to the fact that you must have had quite enough of me by now.

Do not begin to yawn yet, but allow me, before disappearing from the scene, before the curtain is let down, allow me to make my bow to you, and bid you

FAREWELL!

THE END

Thursday, December 14th, 1911
11:25 a.m.

