

Seventeen Days of Travel

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One day when we were seated in the garden of the hotel in Achern, which we had chosen as pied-a-terre to rest up after the vagabonding of the first days, I read an article in one of the German newspapers in which they said that never has the supposed idea that life is nothing other than a dream ever appeared more true than when one returns from a trip, when one finds everything just as they left it, the view from the window, the people, everything is there as always. That's exactly what I'm thinking now that we are home again and I have recommenced my usual life. The clock that sounds the wake-up call at 6 AM, the kitten which is still sleeping on the sofa, and my regular departure to the city, the machine which clicks under my hands, the daily routine.

(Every evening during the trip I took shorthand notes in Italien, and now will write a complete description aided by these notes.)

Friday, August 14

At 6:10 in the evening, after an anxious day at the office, where I tried not to let my thoughts wander and to work with attention, I said my goodbyes to Mr. Stern and the other gentlemen, who wished me bon voyage, good fun, and many other very lovely things. I know that one of them called out to me again in German, something like, "Have a good time, come back safe, and just don't fall in the water, etc. etc." but I was already not hearing anything. I wanted to go through the city streets to the little German restaurant where I go every day and where I order a tartine and a beverage of some kind before going back to London Bridge to look for Mama - whom I found in the waiting room frightened by my long absence. Without waiting an instant I quickly searched for a cab,

we jumped inside, and there we were finally en route for this trip or rather pilgrimage to Mama's native country, Alsace, and the region of Bade, where she spent the happiest times of her life, of her childhood. This pilgrimage that she had planned for such a long time was finally being realized. Not having been there for more than thirty years, she was naturally very excited and curious to see again all these localities. Me, on my side, I was only rejoicing in thinking that I had two weeks of vacation in which to amuse myself and to see all sorts of new things, and especially to see the places she had so often spoken to us about.

Having arrived at Liverpool Street Station we found a compartment for women traveling alone, and in the company of four other ladies, the train started out at 8:30. You saw people on other platforms where other trains were also leaving, who were calling out and throwing handkerchiefs and hats in the air at those who were leaving. Above all the train for Hook of Holland appeared very full, and the multitude seemed unbelievably excited. Our train was the one for Harwich-Antwerp, that route being of longer duration on the sea and because of that a much better way to go.

During the more than two hours that the train was rolling along, the women were calm and pleasant. Two of them started chatting, and the two others closed their eyes. The crescent moon lit up the countryside and seemed to look complacently into our compartment. I finally picked up my bag and took out a packet of crackers, another of ginger, and a bottle of tonic water. After we had both had some of these lovely refreshments I looked at Mama, who seemed a little nervous and fearful. I knew very well why, it was nothing other than she was afraid of the sea, thinking that it was necessary to spend ten hours on the water, she

feared being sick, but I reassured her, saying that the weather was good and calm.

Around ten o'clock we arrived in Harwich, we all left the compartment, except for one of the ladies, who had her dress stuck in the door that they had closed before the departure from Liverpool Street.

Arrived on the boat, they gave us a cabin in the lower level of the boat, everything was very clean, but we were very surprised to see that this cabin did not have any windows! They told us that even if there had been a window, we would never at any rate been permitted to keep it open, being very much too near the water, besides there was certainly enough air, because the walls and the door were pierced and the cold night air penetrated everywhere. We thought at first that we wouldn't be able to sleep when the boat, which was called "The Vienna" and on one wall of which we saw hanging a portrait of the emperor of Austria, began moving, but barely in bed, in spite of having left the light on, both of us fell asleep. I even know that I dreamed, and that before closing my eyes I was able to make up faces in the flowers of the little curtain around the bed.

I woke up about five o'clock and I got dressed, after which I went up to the bridge, well-rested and content, without feeling the least malaise, in spite of during the night being awakened because of the rolling, and the sea which made itself felt a bit, but nothing more.

We were in Escaut.

Saturday, August 15

I mustn't forget the dates.

So, it was after five o'clock in the morning, and I went up on deck to give Mama time to get dressed, the cabin being too narrow for two people to move around at the same time. There were already several passengers there, and I set myself to walking around to observe everything. The air was brisk and delicious, the sun shone, the river sparkled. The Belgian side was green and pleasant and vast, no hills naturally, we were floating along a part of the Netherlands. There were quantities of cows grazing along the water's edge, I could hardly believe that we had just left the open sea, the scene was so rural and protected. It was only in seeing the buoys in the water and the gulls in the air that I remembered where we were. I had to go down to look for Mama, so that she didn't miss this beautiful view. We heard a horn sound at seven o'clock for breakfast, we went down, and to my great surprise I saw Mama who was eating with great appetite, she who never eats at sea and who believes that you can do without nourishment while traveling. She had some tea, and I some coffee. We were first served some fish, then some bacon and eggs, and then marmalade and toast, all very English, but on getting up from the table, I said goodbye to English meals, knowing full well that in the little German hotels where we were going to be staying during our visit in that country, we would see neither toast nor marmalade on the breakfast table.

Eight o'clock arrived, when the boat sailed majestically into the port of Anvers. First we had to pass by hundreds of wharfs approached by multitudes of boats from every country and of all sizes before arriving at the point where the boat from Harwich was supposed to stop. I was especially impressed by a huge German ship, it was painted in a pretty gray, and the smokestack was vermillion.

Having arrived on Belgian soil, we had to wait until 9:23, when a train came to the wharf to take the passengers to Brussels. From there, we left at 10:20, on a train going directly to Strasbourg, where we were to arrive in the evening at nine o'clock. The conductor, a most polite young man, led us to a compartment for women, where we found one single person, who was to be our sole companion for half the journey, and the other half we remained alone until arrival. She was a simple, tranquil woman with a pleasant face (she appeared to be a rich farmer), two men entered the compartment several times to see what she was doing. They appeared to be her sons. I noticed that she was wearing enormous gold earrings with a huge blue stone in the center. I casted a sad glance, not at these ornaments, but at her ears which were so neatly pierced, thinking of mine because of which I had suffered greatly for long weeks this summer, having had them pierced, and the holes never wanted to heal, and the suffering of every morning until the earrings were finally in, and the crowning glory, after having rested my ears for twenty-four hours, resting them because the holes were hurting, to see them close up at double speed, never to open again, unless I got them pierced again! Just like that three pairs of beautiful earrings are doing nothing, and I don't want to see them again. It still seems to me like it was the gentlemen in the office who were teasing because one of them said to me once in seeing my red ears with the earrings dangling down: Fraulein, was haben Sie denn mit Ihren Ohren gemacht? (Miss, what have you done to your ears?) and another one said to me: Fraulein, es ist nicht nett sich die Ohren zu bohren, so etwas thun nur die Wilden! (Miss, it's not good to pierce your ears, only the uncivilized do something like that!) and the boss who looked at me and said in a somewhat sarcastic tone: "I see you have gone in for violent jewelry!" But I forget that I am in the middle of describing our delicious journey, and not a description of what happens every day!

So, here is the train leaving Brussels, Mama in one corner, the old woman in the other, and me in a third corner, with my nose glued to the window in order to observe everything well. Hours and hours pass. The countryside is green, pleasant, we pass along a forest, at the beginning of which there was a plaque, on which was written: “Bois de Choignes.” Everything there looked dark, bushy, romantic, and that makes you think, and elevates your mind toward something different than life of the present time. Later Mama fell asleep, the woman fell asleep, me, I fell asleep, me who didn’t want to miss an instant of the trip!!!! We woke up again, we resorted to the biscuits and ginger in the bag, being absolutely not disposed to take the meal that they were offering on the train. The train continued to fly, to whistle, tremble, we passed by endless plains, I saw quantities of butterflies fluttering, cows grazing, horses rolling in the grass.

Around three o’clock the woman arrived at her destination, got up, waved at us with a smile, and disappeared. Around four o’clock the conductor came back and told us to prepare our luggage, because Customs would be there in a moment, we were not to disembark from the train. A few minutes later, there he was, coming in, the representative of Germany. He frightened me. A tall man, dark, with a severe and critical expression, he said to us in a cold and firm tone: “Guten Tag meine Damen, was haben Sie zu deklarieren?” (Good day, ladies, what do you have to declare?) Mama arranged everything with him, he barely touched one or two of our bags, then looked at us once more, then disappeared. The Belgian conductor got out of the train, and the German conductor was just taking his place in the train. We said to him: “We are now in Lothringen, aren’t we?” “Oh no, ladies, we are only in Luxembourg!” But why is it then that the German customs

officer appeared in Luxembourg? What country does Luxembourg belong to?

Toward seven o'clock we entered the region of Lorraine. Oh, how beautiful it was! Enormous hills covered in pine trees, piles of giant stones (quarries I suppose), everywhere you see ruins on the mountain tops, on the plain you see the cultivation of hops, everything is so green, so grandiose, the sight is striking. We passed Metz.

STRASBOURG 9 PM Here we are, arrived in Strasbourg, birth city of Mama, and that she hasn't seen for more than thirty years. She doesn't recognize anything. The train station is a new construction. We leave the station, and here we are in a grand square all lit up, surrounded by grand hotels. Mama doesn't recognize anything. We enter the hotel National. Nine marks per night! Good evening, we go out. Where to try now? In one of the streets adjacent to the grand square, I see a blue plaque hanging from one of the houses: "Hotel zum Stern" Let's try there. Half the price, good, let's go in there. They gave us a room with two beds, and a pretty little maid came in to serve us. Looking at her, even before she said a word to us, I realized that we were no longer in England, because she looked so different! After bringing us some hot water, she placed a tray on the table for us displaying a huge beefsteak surrounded by fried potatoes, bread, and two unbelievable glasses of beer, one light and one dark, it seemed to me that these two glasses which began at the bottom in a point and ended at the top in a large circle, must be nearly more than a foot high.

Sunday, August 16 9:30 AM

We woke up earlier than I would have expected, after the long trip of the previous day. They brought us a breakfast consisting of cafe au lait,

rolls (which Mama recognized as the typical bread of Alsace) and honey. Then we got going to spend a long day inspecting the mysteries of this marvelous city that Mama had always told me so much about. The day was glorious, and I had put on my new dress, made of this pretty material given to me by Mr. Stern, my other one having had a lot of use during the long weeks of summer. On leaving the hotel we headed toward the river, which was very close to the hotel, and Mama instantly recognized St. Jean church, and just next to it the place where the house she was born in had been located, now demolished and replaced by another building. The new train station is where in her day there had been nothing, ramparts or fields I suppose. The spire of the cathedral appeared in the distance, and we hired a taxi and requested to be taken everywhere. I find the city charming, everything is very well-kept, everything is grand, and yet they have kept the old things of the past. Nearly all the houses have a picturesque look, with their high roofs sprinkled with little windows. We headed to the cemetery first to see the tomb of the grandparents, I was very curious to see the monument, being the first work that I was going to see created by the illustrious sculptor Andre Friederich, Mama's father. The monument shows a veiled woman (who represents Amelie Friederich) in sandstone, which he did at the time of her death. It is simple and unpretentious, you can see very well the folds across the veil, and all that in stone. As a work of art it pleased me very much. Mama was very moved, she thought in any case of entirely different things than I, who never having known either Grandpa or Grandma, I was left to critique and examine the statue purely from the point of view of art. After that, since we were outside of the city, we had passed by the ramparts by the stone gate, the coachman drove us as far as Kehl. First we had to pass the little Rhine, then the big Rhine by the bridge that Mama didn't recognize, in her time in this same place there was a bridge made of small boats with planks on them that

formed the route of passage. It was on that bridge that Mama loved so much to walk, because adoring the Bade region, she loved to cross this bridge knowing that on arriving at the end, she was putting her foot on German soil. This bridge made of boats still exists, having been relocated farther away. The new bridge is made of iron, and next to it is the railroad bridge, a grandiose edifice, with an eagle planted on the top, at each entrance, the entrance to Bade, and the entrance in Alsace. As I said, the weather was splendid, and I was enjoying everything, Mama began to come to herself, the Rhine which I was seeing for the first time in my life, in spite of the fact that I had traveled a great deal, flowed peacefully, its color somewhat green, and from every side I saw a line of poplars, no houses, you would have thought being in the vicinity of Strasbourg, that I would have seen it in the distance, the cathedral and several other spires forming a beautiful scene. After, we returned to the city, we visited the orangerie, the name given to the park. Mama looks around her, and still can't realize why everything is German, in spite of the fact that the coachman says everything to her in French. We pass by many streets that she recognizes, the street where her grandfather lived, the house, the windows, everything has stayed the same. I notice for the first time the famous knots (traditional Alsacien headdress) worn by the Alsacien women. They are all black, without exception, Mama says that they have been changed. Before the war they were much smaller and of different colors, she finds them too big and exaggerated. Finally at noon, the carriage stops in front of the cathedral, where we intended to go to see this marvelous astronomical clock. The crowd was unbelievable. They had put a curtain in front of a grill on the other side where the people had gathered when there was no more space in front of the clock. We were furious about this stupid arrangement, and we were told to come back early the next day, because it was just the season when everyone came to observe this phenomenon. So goodbye until

tomorrow. At 1:30 we returned to the hotel to dine. After, outside again, this time on foot. Our intention, before doing anything else, was to go looking for the museum where there is an area reserved to honor Andre Friederich, which contains all his relics such as his portrait, his diplomas, his silver cups, and his famous Munsterwerk, which consists of a lot of designs representing every centimeter of the cathedral, so that in case the edifice suffers an accident they will be able to reconstruct everything according to the work of its architect Erwin von Steinbach. The emperor William I at the time of his visit to Strasbourg after the war, stayed to admire and to examine this masterpiece for hours. We asked everywhere, and people sent us from one museum to another but without results. Being Sunday, most of them were closed. Mama pointed out to me that several stores remained the same as they were in her time, among others a building where they made goose liver pate, about which they say that the founder raised his hat to the geese in recognition of the fortune he had amassed through them. At five o'clock it began to rain, and we went quickly into a confectionery to have some tea, Mama making me taste the famous "Strasburger Mandelspecktorte" (almond bacon cake) as well as some meringues, even though Mama claims that Strasbourg pastry is no longer as good as it was. In the confectionery we telephoned the solicitor Loew, that everyone there knows, and of whom they say that after successfully playing a role in the Alsacien theater he went to rest in the lovely countryside not far from the city. We were told to come the next day to his office, where they would try to inform us about where to go to see some of Friederich's things. At six o'clock, walking again. I was enchanted by the view of the cathedral. It is built of sandstone and the color is reddish brown, it has the look of Domme made of lace, and one point missing, gives it a bizarre look, different than what people are used to seeing. The interior is simple, no red bits or nonsense like I've always seen in Italy. To my great surprise, I didn't

catch sight of storks anywhere. I thought that the city would be full of them. There was a single nest on a house in Broglie, one of the city promenades. The hotel owner's daughter, a pretty blond teenager, told us that she had seen some just the other day, a whole family, and that she believed that perhaps the parents had already flown away, leaving the little ones, who didn't know how to fly yet, to follow. I recognized her as German, by the formation of her cheeks and the framing of her eyes. Having returned to the hotel, we took the tram and went around the city. I observed the ramparts, the people, the countryside, the traditional headdresses of the Alsatian women. Mama found everything changed, everything different, everything so German, although in the stores everyone speaks French.

At seven o'clock we went back. Mama wanted to lie down without touching another thing, being exhausted with fatigue, but I had read in the morning on the hotel window the important announcement: "HOT PASTRIES FROM 10 O'CLOCK ON!" and I took the firm resolution not to let the day pass without making their acquaintance. Mama ordered two of them for each of us, plus two glasses of beer. We consumed them before going to bed, and when I praised them to the hotelkeeper, he responded, "Yes, we are famous for our pastries!"

Monday, August 17

Preparation for leaving Strasbourg in order to go to Ribeauville, birthplace of Grandfather, where he had presented a statue representing the city. At 10 o'clock we were already installed in the cathedral in front of the famous clock, which was not supposed to move until noon. Across from us, against the wall, was a large statue of Bishop Werner, founder of the cathedral, created by Andre Friederich. It's a very beautiful statue in its own style, the pose is natural and imposing, and at

the foot I could read: Andreas Friederich fecit (Latin for “made it”). The clock is difficult to explain. It’s an agglomeration which takes up an entire wall. At the summit you see Christ in a colored statue in a sort of enclosure, out of which all the apostles will come when the hour sounds, passing in front of the Christ, and disappearing on the other side. On the right, lording it over everything in the air, is an enormous rooster who crows when it’s his turn. Below Christ there is another enclosure, where you see Death who raps the quarter hours with a bone on the terrestrial globe while four people (I suppose the four evangelists) each appear by turn on one side of the enclosure, only to disappear on the other side of it. Lower down and around you see an enormous zodiac and other astronomical signs, as well as two chariots driven by allegorical people. The whole thing could only be well understood by reading the detailed description in a book for that purpose, which I saw many people doing. The crowd began to get bigger, and we had our eyes fixed in the air toward the enclosures which are supposed to offer such an interesting spectacle when noon sounds. The crowd got quiet, when finally Death gave the first signal. It was really very funny to see the Christ gently move, and the dozen apostles pass one after the other before him, while the clock slowly chimed noon, that is to say, Death, and the funniest of all was Sir Rooster perched at the summit, painted gold, who made to move his wings, throw his head back, open his large beak, and sang his “bocorico” many times, while everyone began to laugh. Not all of the machinery worked, as it appeared that the mechanism is not in order, and it must be yet again much more marvelous than how it appears at present. Even so, it is unique in its genre, I have never seen anything more strange, bizarre, and funny all at the same time. I could never represent it better myself than the description Mama gave me of it, and I think that my description gives only a vague idea of what it truly is.

2:30 pm. Goodbyes to Strasbourg, and en route for Ribeauville. We have bought for this part of the trip one of those renowned pastries of Strasbourg and a bottle of wine, but Mama found again that the pastry of the country had lost its finesse and its flavor. As for me, I think differently, being in these glorious days of my vacation, I was a little sad to leave Strasbourg, but knowing that we were going to return in fifteen days I consoled myself in the curiosity of seeing what was going to offer itself to my eyes next. I mustn't forget to say, that after having left the cathedral we went back to Loew the solicitor, where we found his successor, who spoke highly of Friederich, but who could not at all tell us where the jars and the relics could be found. He sent us to the city hall, from there somewhere else, until someone promised us to look into it, hoping that in 15 days, on our return to Strasbourg, they would be able to tell us where these precious objects are located.

Towards five o'clock we arrived at Ribeauville, Rappoltswiller in German. First we had to do yet another stretch by tram before arriving at the city. A woman started talking to us, and appeared to be stupified on hearing that Mama was the daughter of Friederich. So she told us that her father had often told her that at the inauguration of the statue by Friederich, which represents the city, and which was placed on a fountain in the center of the grand plaza, they had such a celebration, that instead of water there was wine which was made to flow through the pipes, a fact that Mama has often told us about, and which we used to laugh at, finding it silly and exaggerated. The tram stopped, and a gentleman carried our luggage for us up to the Hotel du Mouton, which Mama recognized instantly, and me, I recognized instantly the statue of the city of Ribeauville, because we have a photograph of it. It's in the form of a very beautiful woman with a mural crown. She is surrounded by many things which represent occupations of the countryside, such as

agriculture, the cultivation of wine. What is so beautiful in all the statues by Friederich, is that along with a great artistic sense, everything is so simple and natural that you would think the statue is going to move, that it has life onto itself. After having returned to the “Gasthaus zum Lamm” where a girl who seemed eager to speak only in French led us to a simple bedroom, from the windows of which you could only see trees, they were so thick and leafy in the garden (a good corner to forget about daily life), we went out, without hats, feeling more free and more relaxed without those adornments. Oh! What a funny little city, this Rappeltsweiler! It is built on hills, the houses are antique. The surroundings are adorable, everywhere, on all sides, mountains covered in vines with picturesque ruins on the summits. We were too worn out to climb up the mountains to get to the ruins, and then that would have taken too much time, and since we had to leave again the next day, we contented ourselves with contemplating the nature of the plain. Everyone spoke a funny form of French, I couldn’t understand why, the area having of course been German for such a long time. But Mama understanding the patriotism better than I, replied that the people had remained French in their hearts, even if the Germans had taken possession of the country. We sat down on the grass, admiring nature and the surroundings, there was something poetic, romantic in these high green mountains, these houses which recalled the past. The church is simple, the interior is all white with altars and other accessories in wood, very appropriate for a little city secluded in the mountains like this one. We had put ourselves through our paces for two hours and before going in, we stopped at a pharmacy to buy a remedy for Mama, she felt tired and she had a headache. Not being able to find anywhere picture postcards of the monument, the pharmacist politely sent his helper to buy some, but these illustrations only give a vague idea of the monument as it really is. At seven o’clock we returned to the hotel, where the

proprietor and his wife saw us for the first time. They seemed very interested when they heard who Mama is, and I couldn't stop myself from being surprised in noticing how these Alsacians didn't want to speak German, they were so patriotic in constantly speaking French. The woman told us that she detested Strasbourg, why? because it had become too German. All of this seemed incomprehensible to me, being too cosmopolitan. They served us a good supper in the garden, Mama contented herself with a little bouillon and an omelette, but for me they had to prepare their usual large beefsteak with fried potatoes, those being different from the ones that they served us in Strasbourg, cut in long rectangles while those in Strasbourg were round and flat and stuck together. Mama explained this phenomenon to me, saying that the moist, round and stuck together ones are German, and the dry and regular ones are French. Both methods of preparation are good, but the French ones certainly had a more appetizing appearance. At eight o'clock, when it was still light and the birds were singing, we went to bed, first preparing ourselves for a long day the next day.

Tuesday, August 18

We woke up at five o'clock. Big loud conversations without thinking of others who slept next door. They brought us hot water at 7:30. After having closed our bags we went down into the garden, where they served us the habitual German breakfast which consists of coffee, rolls, butter, and honey. It's so different from England! Every country has its charms. The proprietress, a charming woman, who seemed very strongly interested in Mama, came to speak to us. The two women recounted to each other all sorts of things about Alsace, etc. which did not interest me very much. I looked around in the air, and on the roofs of the houses around the hotel to see if there weren't any storks to see, having seen a nest on a turret the day before. Instead of storks, an image

was offered to my eyes which made me smile. At the window of one of the dormers I perceived two cats, seriously occupied in watching us. They were seated at the window, one beside the other, showing their heads and a little of their bodies, they were looking down into the garden with gravity, as if they were wondering who we were, not having had the honor of seeing these two strange ladies before. I started laughing, thinking about our cat, Susie, who was installed at the veterinarian's, it being the first time that she had left the house. After having once again examined the statue, we got into the hotel's little carriage, and we left, the proprietors still smiling at us from a distance. Ribeauville would be a charming place to spend several days, and I was sad seeing the scenery disappear from my view. The carriage took us as far as the tram, and that took us to the train.

Departure for Colmar, where another statue by Friederich, the statue of the poet Pfeffel, can be found. We soon arrived in that city, and we immediately took the tram to Place Pfeffel, where the statue is located. It's a lovely statue of its kind, it represents the blind poet Pfeffel. The hand, which he holds on his chest, was copied from the hand of Leser, Friederich's good friend. The city museum, which is in the same square, contains a bust, also done by Friederich. Among the objects of interest there are women's shoes from the fifteenth century, I think, the heels of which have the shape of a spinning top, I mean that they end in an almost sharp point. How the unhappy woman must have suffered with the weight of her body on these little instruments of torture!!! There were also some very beautiful tableaux, among others one that represented the chariot of death. The artist had learned to draw with Friederich, Mama had known him. After, we went to inspect the city. It was well kept and vibrant, but not very interesting. We stayed seated in the park until the hour of departure for Baden-Baden.

Baden-Baden

Leaving Colmar at 1:34 pm, I felt very excited thinking that we were going to Baden-Baden, this city that Mama had always told us so much about, and this country that she loved so much. It was necessary to change at Strasbourg, passing first by this beautiful iron bridge, topped by the Germanic eagle, which had made such an impression on me. During this interval in Strasbourg, I watched the passing trains which stopped for a few moments, and the curious travelers who appeared in the windows of the train cars. These trains were going everywhere, and I marveled at the unbelievable size of the locomotives, I had never seen anything so gigantic. After Strasbourg (I was mistaken in saying that it was necessary first to pass the bridge, you pass it after having left the city, as it heads then to the region of Bade, I was thinking of the return, feeling a little confused because of so many things that were happening in so little time), referring back to my notes, it was necessary again to change at Appenweier, we were then truly in the region of Bade. Arriving at Oos, I thought I heard voices calling out “Absteigen, aussteigen fur Baden-Baden, aussteigen fur Baden-Baden (Disembark for Baden-Baden) in spite of the fact that it was written on large posters “8 Minuten von hier nach Baden-Baden (8 minutes from here to Baden-Baden) I thought nothing of it, nor did Mama, until the the train started up again, and I, peacefully occupied in contemplating the beautiful countryside which was passing before my eyes, began thinking even so that more than 8 minutes must have gone by, and I asked a woman if this train went to Baden-Baden, and she replied “Oh, no this train goes to Karlsruhe” Mama and I cried out in horror, and at the next station, jumped down; it was Rasstadt. We had to buy new tickets for Oos, and it was necessary to wait a good quarter of an hour before the arrival of the train.

Baden-Baden

I think it was about 5 o'clock when we arrived. I instantly spied a little hotel in front of the station named: "Burgerliches Hotel zum Markgräfler Hof". They gave us a very pretty room which looked out on the street, where you could see some pretty houses and flowers and trees everywhere, exactly like a grand garden. At the end there were mountains covered in greenery, and at the summit a large ruin known as "Das alte Schloss". (The Old Castle) Before freshening up and changing our clothes we took a carriage (in Baden the carriages are always pulled by two horses) and were taken to "Alter Friedhof" to see the statue of "Tosseyeur" by Friederich. Before this statue I stayed as if in ecstasy. It's placed on a high pedestal all alone on a big lawn, and the statue represents a young man leaning on a shovel. At his feet there is a skull. The subject is simple, he is dressed like a simple bourgeois, but it's the character, the expression of the statue, which is so marvelous. You would say that tired of digging the earth, for an instant he lifts his head and looks toward the heavens, and for an instant this being thinks about something superhuman. The expression thus produced in the stone is unbelievable, one would say that he is alive. The name of Friederich is clearly inscribed in the stone, and the following lines, composed by the friend Leser are found on one side:

Badens altem Kirchhof gehore ich,
Für stets nie mehr Baume steh'n nahn,
Auf funfzig Fuss von jeder Seite,
Rechts bleibt vierunddreissig die Weite.

September 1851

This old cemetery no longer exists. They made it into a public garden, with a sort of clinic in the center. I would have very much liked to stay for hours and contemplate this masterpiece, but we had to return to the hotel, because we still wanted to enjoy the evening. In spite of the fact that it was posted in the hotel “bathing in house” those baths consisted only of a single bath, so it was necessary that we take turns, which put me in a bad mood, thinking that the day was already advancing. But toward seven o’clock, both of us well rested, we got ourselves going. Mama proposed going immediately to the casino. The city is charming, one would say a big garden, and the houses are so white and so perfectly kept up. Naturally the hotels play the biggest role, the city being a tourist attraction. Having arrived in the gardens of the casino, Mama was struck by the big change. Before the war it must have been a dazzling look, all these diverse nations represented in all these ways. She found the whole thing very mediocre, the people appeared to her as no big deal, they looked to her like simple sick people moving slowly. Me, naturally, seeing again something that I had never seen before, I was enchanted by it all. There was music everywhere. The inside of the casino is grandiose, in one room they were playing a sort of game with some coins on a table covered with a green cloth, and several people seemed to be interested in it, but everything seemed slow, not animated, Mama found it too boring to stay and watch, saying that it was no longer the shadow of the shadow of what it was before the war. Farther along there were the famous thermal baths of Baden, a huge building whose exterior walls are covered in beautiful frescos representing the legends of the country like All Saint’s Day, Mummelsee Lake, etc. The doors were closed, but I promised myself to return the next day to drink a glass of this miraculous water.

Wednesday, August 19

Exhausted with fatigue, I fell asleep at 10 pm and slept without interruption until 7 am. I saw the pretty view of the mountains from my bed, and I finally had to get up, thinking that we had to leave again during the day, and that there was still so much to see. They served us breakfast in the garden, and the proprietress came to speak to us. Her eyes filled with tears while telling us that it always gave her so much sorrow when travelers came into her hotel, staying for a little while, that she grew very fond of them, and then poof! They disappear like birds of passage, and she never sees them again. She gave us a postcard illustrated with her hotel, and stayed conversing for a long time. After that we left. The weather was magnificent. First we inspected the city, then we went to the thermal baths. The doors were open, and in the grand open terrace you could see foreigners who were drinking glasses of hot water walking around or staying seated. I went into the room, where there were clean, fresh women who were pouring water from different faucets constructed in a circle, and giving it up on the counter to people who were requesting it. Mama didn't want to have any, but me, very eager to taste the natural hot water for the first time in my life, I paid my 10 pennies and I went out to the terrace all triumphant, Mama tasted a little, and I started to drink in small sips. I couldn't understand how this water could have taste and be so hot without the least artificial help. The taste wasn't very engaging, and I had to force myself to finish. It was like medicine. That finished, we turned toward the shops, where we bought a charming corkscrew with, or rather overcome with, the statuette of a peasant woman of Petersthal. After that we took a carriage, and did a long promenade in the mountains, always higher and higher. The coachman wanted us to do the entire tour, which lasts more than three hours, and during which one visits the old chateaus, but that would have been too much for our budget and for our time, before

leaving at 1:30. The coach went up and up, the view of the city was like a tableau, villas on all sides, unending pine trees. Once we saw a stag, so pretty, he looked at us timidly, but didn't budge. Further on we arrived at a lake, the coachman stopped the horses to give us a chance to get out and inspect the lake. It was entirely surrounded by trees, the water was dark, and sometimes you could see some red fish which appeared on the surface. Two giant swans, I have never seen any so enormous, could be seen on the shore. There were some people who were lingering on the benches in front of the water, a delicious place to go to dream. We would have very much liked to prolong our excursion, but it was necessary to go back, after having first been to the train station to buy our tickets for Steinbach. On our return to the hotel, we had dinner, a very German menu, then we left for Steinbach.

2:30. The train started up. I was curious and excited for several reasons. First to see a new place, then to see the famous statue of Erwin of Steinbach, architect of the cathedral of Strasbourg, for whom Friederich did the monument which he dedicated to the birthplace of Erwin, and in honor of whom Mama was named Erwinia. First it was necessary to change trains at Oos. A commissioner at the Steinbach station told us to go in front of him along the creek which led to the little city, and that he would follow us with our luggage. The walk was quite long, but as the weather was magnificent, it was very amusing. The countryside of the region of Bade is poetic and fresh, everywhere and always you see and hear the creeks which babble and sing. The abundance of fruit is unbelievable, nearly every tree was supported by poles, the fruit was so numerous. Vines everywhere, but these seemed to be still very behind, they even told us that the season was very late. We were walking slowly in the solitude, when we were surprised by the commissioner of the station, on a bicycle surrounded by our luggage. He got down, and

Mama asked him about several people that she knew in Steinbach in her youth, and he gave her all sorts of news about them. He led us to the “Hotel zum Stern” where Mama’s sister had been present at the wedding of the proprietor’s daughter, which took place at the hotel. Apparently on that same occasion, two girls, sisters, were present and danced and played at the celebration. The bride died a short time after, and these two girls became, one after the other, the wife of the widower. There was a big family from these three women, and the hotel now belongs to the two sons of the youngest of the sisters, who is still living, and of whom I will speak again. Having arrived at the hotel, a very nice person, wife of one of the sons, came in front of us. Before going up, I entered the kitchen for an instant, and I was surprised to see there an oven that appeared to take up nearly half of the room. It was so different from what you see in England, Mama knew all that and didn’t seem to be at all surprised. A pretty girl led us to our room, simple and without decorations like all these rooms in the Bade countryside, and after we washed up and refreshed ourselves, we went out, again without hats, Steinbach being nothing other than a village, and the day being hot. First we went toward the monument. A sign indicated the path you were supposed to take. “Zum Erwin Denkmal” (To the Erwin Monument) You had to go up a hill, and the path was very well maintained, and surrounded by trees. A long time before arriving at the summit, I recognized the profile and the proud and at the same time simple pose that Friederich had given to Erwin on the bas-relief (about which I shall speak later) of which we have a photograph. Finally, there we are in front of the statue, at the top of the hill. It is on a pedestal, and it looks out in a certain direction, it’s the direction of Strasbourg, there where the cathedral is. A stone a little further on, in the same direction, has an arrow cut into the stone, with the inscription Strasburger Munster. Erwin is there, standing, proud and majestic, dressed in a long vestment

with the Phrygian cap, like they dressed in the 13th century. An epitaph in his honor is inscribed in the pedestal at his feet, and on the other side on the statue, you can read the name of Friederich. The monument is surrounded by a light iron fence, and there are benches around it, on one of which we sat down, to admire and reflect on everything that was around us. A group of young rural girls was observing us with their ignorant and reckless eyes, they spoke a language that I could hardly understand, for Mama it was familiar.

After, we set about inspecting the little town or the little village, whatever you wish to call Steinbach. This place is not so surrounded by mountains as Ribeauville, although you can see so many beautiful hills farther away. A beautiful creek passes through the whole village, and at one point someone had to explain to me what was happening there. A young peasant was in the process of working I don't know what sauerkraut in a machine, and when we asked him what he was making he replied "Apfelwein". It was quantities of apples that he was crushing in the machine, something like a compote came out of it through a tube. The smell was pleasant, some apples had rolled to the ground, and some kids were around the machine speaking that funny language that I can barely understand anything of. Toward seven o'clock, we returned toward the inn, where they led us to the garden, to serve us supper. This garden was detached from the house, it was big and beautiful, tables and chairs everywhere, you saw that the place was popular. In the back there was a kitchen garden, where several young peasants were busy working. The landlady came to speak to us. I must not forget to recount that during the walk an old woman stopped Mama, said hello to her, and told her that she knew her, as her daughter-in-law, wife of one of her sons who had the hotel, had told her that she was there. She had us go back to her house, a funny little house, very clean and well cared for, and

installed us in her little parlor. Then a long conversation began. She recognized Mama very well, she remembered Friederich very well, Aunt Emma, etc. She was the youngest of the two sisters who had attended the marriage of the daughter of the hotel and who became in the third wedding, the wife of the hotel owner who in his time was nothing but a little traveling salesman, who had the luck to marry the daughter of this hotel. She also told us that the mayor of Steinbach who had done the honors to Friederich at the time of the inauguration of the monument still existed, and lived in perfect health.

To return to the garden where we were seated and where the landlady started the conversation, they brought us a good supper. The servant went to the kitchen garden to gather salad greens for us, and the wine was from the countryside, as was the water that sparkled in the glasses. The landlady had a big boy, age 12, who had come back from the school in Mannheim, and then two charming little girls of three or four, who had intelligent faces and enormous gray-blue eyes. As night began to fall and we were still seated, one of the landlords presented himself, gave his greetings, then asked Mama to follow him by offering her his arm, then led us to a gazebo that they reserved for lawn bowling. Then he told us to look up in the air, and on the decorative wood paneling there were painted the following words: "HERRN FRIEDERICH AUS STRASBURG ALLE NEUE 8/8/88" (To Herr Friederich from Strasbourg All New August 8, 1888). Friederich sometimes went to Steinbach, and it appears that on that particular day he had the triumph of knocking down all the pins with one throw, which is the height of this game which is so popular in these areas. We went to bed around nine o'clock. The evening was beautiful, but because of the insects, it was sadly necessary to keep the window closed. However toward one o'clock in the morning, we woke up because of the heat, and we had to

open the window come what may the delicious night breeze was wonderful, and we went back to sleep without difficulty.

Thursday, August 20 Getting up at seven o'clock, we went to the garden, where the pretty girl served us the habitual breakfast of honey and coffee, the honey however had a bizarre color, nearly gray, Mama said that is sometimes the case, it depends on what the bees eat.

Sitting in the garden with the birds and the insects singing on all sides, I wondered if they weren't always happy, those who live forever in the country in their clean houses, with their income assured. Agriculture seems unbelievable in Baden, everything is so well cultivated. Another landlord came some moments later to speak to us, a brother of the one who had spoken to us the previous evening. He took us to their mustard and vinegar factory which he heads besides the hotel. Everything was very interesting, and his mother, the woman who had received us in her home, came to join us. Before our departure at nine o'clock we went again to the house where they said that Erwin was born. It's a small house, which in spite of the fact that it has been patched up, still recalls being "something old and worn out". It is at the end of a little cul-de-sac, where several pieces of laundry were hanging out the windows, and where several roosters and hens were pecking around. A young countrywoman received us and led us through the rooms. She told us that travelers often came to see the little house, there were often Americans among them. She had just started the process of making some apple jelly, and she explained the secrets of it to Mama. She had two little boys, and Mama gave them something so they could buy themselves some candy. In the end we had to leave, a boy from the village had already gone before us to take our luggage to the station, and after having said our goodbyes to the statue of Erwin and to the mortals

of Steinbach, we got on the road, but unhappily we got lost and had to return and take another path.

Achern Here we are now on the train to Achern, the place that Mama had arranged as a pied-a-terre after the vagabonding of the first days. We arrived there at 10 o'clock. We had to walk several minutes before reaching the hotel "Zum Adler" the same hotel where Mama had often stayed, and of which she has so many memories. She recognized it from a distance, and made me look at a monument which was on the square. It's the monument of the Grand Duke Leopold of Bade (grandfather of the present duke). This monument shows a bust of the prince on a pedestal on which a woman is standing and holds a crown on the head of the prince. All the works of Friederich for the most part are in sandstone and are distinct, a genre in their own right. On reentering the hotel, the proprietor came before us and after having spoken with him for a bit, he said: "Are you Russian ladies? You both speak so firmly." The double room he wanted to offer us was not yet ready, a French couple was occupying it, but they were supposed to leave in the course of the evening. In the meantime they gave us a much smaller room, and after we were rested we set out walking, as usual, Mama taking at the moment the road to Oberachern, the village she has always spoken to us about so much. Achern is a little city with pretty houses, everything is clean and cared for. A nest of storks was on view, I wondered why in each location that I have seen there is always only one nest to see. They told me later that it is generally one family at a time that comes to a place. Soon on leaving Achern we arrived at the famous Bachlein and at St. Antonius Chapel with the little house where the famous Brother Martin lived, memories of Mama's childhood. Mama recognized everything, the chapel, the stream, the surrounding houses, everything was like when she had left it, only that the trees had grown big, and that the chapel had

been patched up a little. She asked at the little house about Brother Martin and a woman told her that he died 25 years ago. Everything in the area was pretty and poetic. We went back into the chapel, where there was a mass of statuettes and images to St. Antoine. After that we headed for the cemetery of Oberachern, which is half-way between that village and Illenbach, where the property of Friederich's first wife is located. In the cemetery there is a monument in honor of that family, also created by Friederich, and with quick steps and curious, I walked fast, fast to get there. The route was uphill, pretty as anything, all full of woods, and of paths which led into thickets. The monument appeared very soon, rising in the air above all the other monuments, if you could call monuments the simple stones and crosses which decorated this pretty cemetery, simple and natural, just like the countryside. The monument represents Christ standing on an enormous stone which appears to rise to a height of 14 or 15 feet. One hand rests on his chest, and the other holds a skull and crossbones. The face is sad and expressive, and leaves a profound impression. On the enormous block of stone are found inscribed the following words: "TO THE WEBER-BUSAM FAMILY AND TO MY DAUGHTER AMELIE FRIEDERICH". On the other side there is a lovely poem, something like the one on the pedestal of Fosseyeur, but I didn't copy it, having nothing with me. Mama's mother had always found that this monument and the Fosseyeur were her husband's two most beautiful masterpieces. In spite of the fact that this monument leaves a profound impression, nothing can surpass the Fosseyeur of Baden. The enormous stone was detached from one place and transported there by quantities of countrymen, and the simplicity of the whole ensemble is truly admirable. Knowing that we were installed at the Adler in Achern, I had the intention of coming back again to dream before this monument which was so well chosen and worked. We wanted first to walk toward

Illenbach, but Mama no longer remembered the route, so we decided to go there another day, leaving sooner from the Adler. After having remained seated in the woods for some time, we moved down to the plain and sat down by a little creek where Mama always used to sit and dream, and where she had the idea to build herself a little house with a creek which would cross her garden. The water was clear and limpid, it ran and sang and chattered. It made me think of the words of Tennyson:

For men may come and men may go,
but I go on forever,

Sometimes you saw a little fish passing by, Mama looked for trout, saying that in her time the water was higher, but someone told us later that those fish no long exist there because of the factories which use a lot of water, and disturbed those dear little beings. The creek kept going and going. What pleased me a lot was watching a dead yellow leaf fallen from a tree into the water, passing in front of my eyes, carried along by the current and then disappearing It brought back a memory to me of the verse of a French poet:

Detached from your stem, poor dried-out leaf
Where are you going?
I go where everything goes,
Where the leaf of the rose goes
And the leaf of the laurel.

Since the weather was beautiful and it wasn't very late, we decided to go for a walk towards Sasbach, where there is another monument by Friederich, a granite obelisk with a profile of Turenne, which the French had commissioned from Friederich in honor of their hero. We walked and walked, passing by some very pretty villas, the sun shined and the countryside was adorable. Everywhere your gaze fell, everywhere, a

profusion of fruit trees. At one point we passed in front of a little house, before which you saw a quantity of pots of all imaginable shapes, barely finished. The gentleman who made them came out of the house to place another dozen next to the others in order to let them dry. Finally, after I don't know how much time, I read a placard which indicated: " TO THE TURENNE MONUMENT". It was necessary to enter a long alley of admirably maintained trees, and at the end we could, due to the long perspective, we could perceive the obelisk which lifted its point to the heavens. This monument, even though the profile of the grand marshall was very well worked into the stone, is not exactly worthy of Friederich, he never wanted to do the work such as it is, being the special desire of the French government, it was necessary that he cede to their wishes. The monument is surrounded by a grill, and very well guarded. By a singular coincidence, we were told at the hotel several days later, that this French couple who inhabited the room that we were given after their departure, that the man came to Achern every year, sent by the French government, to inspect the monument and see that it was well guarded and cared for. If he had known that Mama was the daughter of the sculptor! Exhausted by heat and fatigue, we checked into a little hostel just in front of the road to Turenne: "Linden Tree Guesthouse". The owner first offered us a bottle of the country's sparkling water, then she prepared us coffee, with some eggs and bacon. Her bread was rustic, an enormous round shape, it was a type of brown bread, with which she gave us butter, a true delicacy, I have never tasted butter with such good flavor. All this was very agreeable, sitting in the rustic garden of the inn, with birds and insects murmuring in the air, but we had very little desire to make the daunting return journey. We had been walking for 11 hours, and it was past three o'clock. The proprietress who came to speak with us, understanding how tired we were, proposed to telephone to Achern for a carriage, first because there was neither a train nor a bus which left

from Sasbach, and then because without knowing it, we had made a grand detour and Achern wasn't at all so far away as we believed. Not even a quarter of an hour later, we saw the postilion quickly advancing toward the inn, and jumping into the carriage, after having said goodbye to the proprietress, in less time than we ever would have imagined. Returning to the hotel, we took a bath, then put on clean dresses, we went to inspect the lovely little city of Achern. A stream ran on one side of the streets, and there was a very old little chapel, which has existed I don't know how many centuries, and that Mama recognized instantly. Towards seven o'clock we sat down in front of the hotel, where there were some tables and chairs hidden from the eyes of passers-by with a chain of little trees in pots, and the proprietors came to speak to us. The family consisted of a father, a tall man with that kind of blue eyes you only encounter in the German race, his wife, a pretty enough person, a tall young man, his son, then a little boy in a sailor suit, and a pretty girl about 15 or 16 years old, with beautiful gray eyes, and lovely brown hair beautifully arranged. Divided in the middle, her tresses surrounded her head in the manner of "Gretchen" and the whole thing was topped with a grand knot. There was also the mother of the proprietress, a very amusing old woman who made Mama laugh, though I myself could hardly understand anything. At 7:30 they served us dinner, which consisted of some trout which was still swimming in the water before being chosen for us. Then they gave us "a little chicken" with some salad. The wine was local. After having enjoyed the evening, we were too tired to do anything more, and as the room designated for us was still occupied by the French couple, the family offered us their own apartment, which consisted of three beautiful rooms, the parlor in the middle, and a bedroom on each side.

Friday, the 21st of August Woke up at six o'clock. Big storm, and yet a little bit of sun. In spite of the fact that we were not yet truly at ease, the rooms being only for the moment, it was still a good feeling to know that we were finally settled for the rest of the vacation, and to be able to do the next excursions without the bother of always having to drag our baggage with us. I opened my eyes, half asleep, and there was Mama in the process of straightening up, putting our things back in our bags, knowing that our room would be ready in a few hours because the French man and woman had to leave today,

After breakfast, on the way to Offenbourg, where the statue of Sir Francis Drake is located, which Friederich presented to that city. At ten o'clock we got off the train and directed ourselves toward the city, naturally first toward the square where the monument is located. You could see it right in the center of a grand plaza, in front of city hall (I recognized the building immediately, from the photograph). Sir Francis Drake, with a face that you recognize so well from the prints of the time, with his handsome suit, with piles of potatoes at his feet, and the marine map in his hand, is truly a lovely sight, and I stayed in front of it a long time, critiquing this masterpiece minutely. A nice epitaph praising Drake, who introduced feeding the poor in Europe, is found written on the pedestal, which is surrounded with garlands of potatoes. The name Friederich is written in big letters at the base of the monument, and the whole thing has a very picturesque and artistic look. Moreover, in spite of everything no statue can surpass my admiration like the statue of Fosseyeur, that rustic being, clothed like a simple worker, raising his head towards the heavens, so simple, without pretention, and yet so poetic, so natural. After that we went to prowl around the city. Mama didn't recognize anything. Everything had been demolished, and new buildings constructed. As for me, I have to say that in my opinion Offenbourg did not please me at all, (sudden shift from French into

German >) an unpleasant, small town-ish, dead city, I wouldn't want to be buried there. (return to French >) Around three o'clock, after having been seated in the park, we went to get ice cream. At the park I saw a sort of phenomenon of nature. A little local girl about 12 or 13 years old walking with another one, she used her left arm with such unbelievable dexterity; she played with the ball, making remarkably nimble movements that I've never seen anyone else do. It was only when seeing her right arm that I was able to understand that nature had given her all the power in her other arm. Her right arm was dead! It consisted of a bone hanging by her side! Returning in the train, a gentleman started talking to us. Seeing that we were foreigners, he asked if we liked the Black Forest. Mama replied that she had known the countryside since childhood and that she had always preferred it to other countries. So he replied with pride that in spite of the fact that he had traveled in 5 different other countries nothing could ever compare to his dear Schwarzwald (Black Forest). It is the simplicity, the poetry of the Black Forest that is so beautiful, but I was still going to see more beautiful things the next day, having the intention to get ourselves to Allerheiligen, that place in the mountains of Baden where the waterfalls flow, and where there is the legend of the young girl, whose lover before leaving her gives her a ring, saying that if she loses it, she will lose him too, if she keeps it, he will hurry to return to look for her as soon as he is ready. But alas, when she is making the stones of the ring reflect in the sunlight, seated next to some waterfalls, a crow flies toward her, grabs the ring and disappears in the air. The lover does not return, and the young woman goes mad.

On our return from Offenburg, they led us to our room, finally available. It was a nice room, long and not too bright, there was a window at the back, opposite the door, and a bed on either side. After having arranged everything, hung our dresses and coats on the nails, we

went to bed for an hour, the heat being overwhelming. Mama had to call me, telling me not to fall asleep because the night would seem long, if I didn't make better use of the day. So we got dressed, and first we went to prowl a little around Achern, and then we sat down in our habitual spot in front of the house, at a nice little corner, where there was a rustic sofa and a table, nicely surrounded by foliage. The grandmother came to talk to us as usual, she was amusing, and her funny language which I at first took for a dialect, began to nevertheless seem to me completely comprehensible. It was only because she pronounced the words and connected the sentences in such a way that it wasn't clear to me.

Saturday, August 22. 6:30 AM. I jumped out of bed very excited, thinking about the ruins of Allerheiligen, the All Saints Monastery. First I wanted to put on the dress from Mr. Stern, being so bright, light, and comfortable, but Mama, who saw that the horizon was a little cloudy, advised me to dress more warmly. So I put on the black skirt from Manchester, a black blouse, one of my favorite lace collars, and the blue straw hat, which I had already worn quite a bit and which seemed to have recovered after all the storms. Mama was also comfortably dressed. We each had our raincoat over our arm, and one umbrella between us, and we were ready to brave any weather until our arrival at Allerheiligen, the All Saints Monastery. Mama had been there once at the beginning of her marriage, and she was also excited to see these beautiful places again. The grandmother bid us goodbye, smiling with good will, she no doubt knew that the route was not as easy as I thought.

7:14 AM We left on the tram, which is located just across from the train station. Rain began to fall, the clouds were heavy and dark. After having passed some very pretty places, the tram stopped at Ottenhofen, and we had to get out to walk all the rest of the way to Allerheiligen, which must have taken us more than two hours, a carriage costing more

than 20 marks. The route was uphill, and you could see the mountains before you. We were the only ones on the trail. Sometimes we passed by an inn, or a few houses or cabins of the locals. But always more tranquil and solitary. Some of the locals said hello as they passed us and disappeared, and we continued on our way. The trail went up and up, and the rain began to fall in torrents. Happily we were dressed reasonably. The view was adorable! Only now I began to realize why they call this area the Black Forest. The woods everywhere are so thick, the pine trees grow so close to one another, that it looks black, daylight seems to barely appear at certain points. Everywhere and always you see and hear water, streams are running on both sides of the trail and the sound “grows so much upon you” (written in English) that I wondered how I would be able to live afterwards without this continual murmur, this song you might say. From time to time I saw some charming little waterfalls, formed by the stones, leaves, and branches carried along in the torrent, and my thoughts turned to poetry. All of this was very good for a while, but little by little we began to feel a certain fatigue, the rain continued furiously, the route became more and more steep, and the inns and the cabins had disappeared. Not a soul in sight. We had been walking for more than an hour, we were getting drenched. Finally several locals appeared in the distance, and as they passed us we asked them if we were on the right route for Allerheiligen. “Yes, but you still have over an hour to go!” And this cruel sentence was repeated to us again many times further on. We started to not speak anymore, to no longer admire the adorable surroundings, we walked with heads down, each one with a secret regret for having undertaken such an excursion, already seeing when we got up in the morning that the day was not very promising. Mama was remembering that they had also said at the “Adler”, that the route to Allerheiligen was weird, because you had to first climb up for a good amount of time, then when you got almost to

the summit of the mountains, the route went down again gradually, until finally you found yourself in the burying place of Allerheiligen. It was past eleven o'clock, we had been walking for two and half hours, and yet it seemed like we were still climbing all the time, when suddenly, without even knowing when, we saw ourselves descending little by little, and the mountains around us were going up and up. A ray of hope! We could not go on any longer, we were and we felt, as they say quite rightly in English "like two drowned rats". An instant later Mama called out, "I see the old monastery!" I looked in the direction she indicated, and there, like from an enormous cauldron the reddish-color ruins rose up, and a little further on, alas, taking away the poetry from it, a little group of hotels, with gardens and plantings, I mean fields, cultivated plots. No waterfalls in sight, and truly we had no wish to look at them nor to search for them. Half dead, we entered one of the closest hotel doors, and a servant with red cheeks approached us. "We are wet through and through, through and through," we told her, both speaking at the same time, both being quiet at once, both shivering with cold and exhaustion. The servant (her name was Rosa) looked at us calmly, with ignorant and indifferent eyes, led us to a pretty room on the ground floor, then brought us hot water, then some cherry brandy, and some bread and ham. After she helped us remove our clothing, even our stockings, and brought us two enormous pairs of straw slippers. The only thing left for us to do was to go to bed, because it even seemed to us that all our bones were hurting.

Here we are now in bed at Allerheiligen, far from everywhere, not knowing a soul in this oasis, our clothing taken away. What if they had to burn them or some other accident happened to them? There we were, without the least luggage. I remember that I had seen some gentlemen and ladies walking with sacks on their backs, containing no doubt some changes of clothing in case of need. Mama certainly had enough money

with her to pay for any necessity. However it was not a very pleasant feeling that we had, the rain which was falling in a deluge, and us not very well disposed in bed. To return to Achern this same day was out of the question. We didn't even know if they would bring our dresses back to us today. I had a mortal fear that one of us was going to get sick. It was useless to regret having come, because there was nothing to be done about it. Mama had had the good idea that we wash our feet in nearly boiling water and then to drink as much as possible of the famous cherry brandy, a specialty of Baden. It's a liqueur made with cherries, the preparation was explained to me, but I wouldn't be able to repeat it. One thing which still seems very funny to me now, is that the liqueur is like water, without color, and yet it is prepared with cherries, and only cherries. It's a liqueur which first makes itself felt a little in the nose, then in the head, and then, happily, it heats up your entire body. So after having drunk it, and after having gone to bed for a while, instead of the shivers which I feared were going to seize us, each of us felt a strong heat take hold of our body, and to my very great joy, Mama was soon fast asleep, in a deep sleep. I even had the joy of hearing a gentle snore. That calmed me down so much, and cheered me up a lot, knowing that there is nothing like sleep to restore you, that I was too excited to fall asleep myself. I started to sing very softly, and to review thousands and thousands of things in my head. My bed was in a corner, and the window was straight across in the opposite corner. The view was charming, a mountain, of which I couldn't see the summit, all covered with pine trees, ferns, etc. Beside the window was one of those plants bearing grapes made up of little balls of such a vibrant red color it caressed my eye, and I ended up coming back to life and feeling very much at ease. Alas, the rain didn't seem to want to stop, and I began to count the hours that we still had left in our day. Around two o'clock Mama woke up, sat up in the bed, and looked in my direction. She

couldn't believe that she had slept for more than two hours, and that I had not closed my eyes. She seemed to be completely recovered, and we both really wanted to get up. Rosa appeared when we rang the little bell, and told us simply that our dresses were beginning to get dry, but that our boots were still wet. We still had to wait! How annoying! We told her to say hello to the owner and that we would go to visit her as soon as we got washed up. About four o'clock, just as the rain began to stop and the sun appeared, there was Rosa who came back loaded with our clothing. We both cried out with joy, I was so excited that I would have liked to jump out of the bed to give her a hug, but Mama was more practical, she showed her appreciation by giving her a Mark, which Rosa took, smiling, her face animated, her eyes lit up. Our clothes were stiff and dry. Thank God they were all black so they didn't look so messed up as they would if we were wearing colorful light-weight dresses. As soon as we were dressed we went instantly to look for "Frau Wirtin". They led us into a grand room where we found her. A beautiful woman with a pleasant face and very beautiful creamy, transparent skin. The water in the mountains is so good that it must give this sweetness to the skin because the people in general seem to have this beautiful skin. The owner, helped by a young person and a beautiful old woman with white hair busied themselves all three peeling quantities of apples. On the table there were a number of good things like Kugelhopf, tarts, etc. The room was simple and pleasant, without any useless ornamentation. She smiled at us benevolently when we told her about our escapade. Mama told her then that it was the second time she had visited Allerheiligen. The first time that she came, directly after her marriage, she met two little boys with their tutor. These same boys are today the Emperor of Germany and the Grand Duke of Baden. The girl then said that she had read about that visit in the big book where they inscribe the names of visitors, and that her grandfather had told her about it. Now it was time

to go in search of the cataracts of Allerheiligen. The owner told us to follow the creek, to walk along it, we would arrive there without incident.

THE CATARACTS OF ALLERHEILIGEN.

How can I describe that splendor of nature? You have to go there yourself and observe each point to appreciate it. So we went along the creek which flowed and sang as always and always, then suddenly a louder noise was heard, the same creek which was at first singing and babbling began to cry and scream, because it had fallen into an enormous precipice, the water plunging with unbelievable force into the abyss caused by the path, the rocks, the earth which stopped abruptly to allow the water to fall in the form of cataracts. Then these same rocks crushed again forming like a type of basins so that the water could reassemble like in a lake, reunite, calm down, rest, in order to continue to flow, fall again into another precipice and then again onto another plateau or basin or I don't know what name to give to this game of nature which from the plain forms itself into rock walls, then again a plain, then again walls of rocks, with water, which is at first a tranquil little creek then transforms itself into a furious and savage torrent.

I didn't count the cataracts, but there are at least nine or ten, and they keep going down lower and lower, until at the end the plain forms again for always, and the creek becomes again

