

WIESBADEN AS I SAW IT IN THE YEAR OF GRACE 1912 (and a few flights beyond)

Written by Elfrida deJaffa in 1912
Transcribed by Jane Garver in 2025

PREPARATION before "STARTATION"

What an ugly word this last one, and besides, it does not even exist in the English language.

I know it does not.

"Well then, why do you use it?" You will no doubt ask.

Why do I use it? Dear Reader, simply because I have not the intention nor do I possess the power of writing in classical English, in an elaborate and learned style. I only intend speaking to you as you say in German "frei von der Leber weg", that is to say, just as the thoughts come into my mind. I only desire to repeat to you in simple language the happenings of the last few days, I only want to tell you how we spent the holiday which has just passed, what we did, how we enjoyed ourselves, and that is all.

If you have read my descriptions of the holiday we spend last year in Hamburg and have had the patience to read it right through, I feel confident that you will not mind reading these pages either.

One fact, however, let me bring to your notice once more. This fact will no doubt have slipped from your memory, but to me it is an important point, and I feel anxious to discuss it with you again. This fact is, dear Reader, that being very busy at the typewriter right through the day, I have but very little time to spare for myself, and therefore it is out of the question to first make a rough copy, to change and rechange and then write out the whole story neatly again like every self-respecting, well, what noun shall I use? WRITER? AUTHOR? Oh, my goodness, let me first creep blushing under the table before I attempt to classify myself amongst these mental giants of humanity!!!

Imagine yourself sitting in front of your typing machine with only just a few minutes to spare before starting work again. You begin to concentrate

your mind and start describing in your best style all the incidents of the holiday just past, you think of the pleasure you will give to your mother, sisters, friends, acquaintances, and unknowns as they eagerly follow you in their curiosity to read what you went through in your peregrinations. You imagine you see them smile as you anxiously cross over the sea in the hopes it will remain calm and that nothing wrong will happen. You imagine they follow you with keen interest as you fly past the Valley of the Rhine, as you arrive at your destination, as you enjoy the beauty of the woods and mountains, relics of bygone days, as you go far into the forest and enter into a strange dark underground dwelling, the abode where some mysterious and wicked beings lived and hoarded their stolen treasures. You deepen yourself to your work, you change and rechange, you try to improve upon such and such a phrase, you work at a sentence and alter it trying to make it sound as eloquent and finished as it is in your power to do.

Suddenly you look up at the clock.

Oh, horror of horrors, long past the time you should be working again, dozens of letters which have to be carefully transcribed, orders to be made out, price lists and invoices to be copied, etc., etc., how will you manage to get it all done?!....

What remains for you to do?

Why, nothing else but to jump from your seat, pull the paper out of the machine, tare it into so many pieces, squeeze the lot into a ball in your crazy hands, fling it in a fit of despair against the wall of the office, from where it darts back into the room, rolls for an instant at your feet, to disappear in a dark and dusty corner somewhere under your desk.

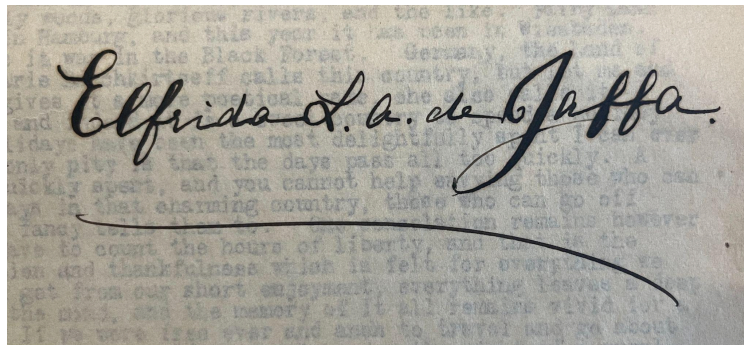
The next thing to do is to go back to your machine, sit down in front of it, and exclaim with a sigh: "There is no time for such nonsense, it is only vanity, it is only illusion, like so many other foolish illusions, illusions which vanish in the mind like soap-bubbles vanish in the air!.....

And this is the cause, dear Reader, why I have to content myself to write down my thoughts just as they come to me, and leave them as they are; life is too short to do more.

Taking it therefore for granted that you understand the difficulty under which I am forced to write, I willingly once more take up- not the poetic writer's quill- but I once more gladly take up a bright and hopeful attitude at the typewriter, firing away at every available opportunity, in order to echo back to you the sounds of the happy hours which have now passed into Eternity.

I remain, Dear Reader,

Yours very sincerely,



HOLIDAYS OVER ONCE MORE!!!!!!.....

Another year to wait, another year to work and toil till manacles can again be shaken off, till wings can be again spread out and flight taken once more back to FAIRY-LAND!!!!!!.....

“Fairy-land? Whatever do you mean,” you will no doubt ask me, “are you trying to put funny ideas into our heads? Are you trying to make us live our nursery days over again? What do you mean by fairy-land?”

Be calm, dear Reader, I am only trying to start describing my feelings, by Fairy-Land I simply mean the place where you spend your holidays. Don't you think that I am right on the whole to call fairy-land the place where you go to enjoy yourself, where you are free to do as you like all day long, where you see and hear only lovely sights and scenes and beautiful music, where no other thought worries you but to eat, drink, and make

merry? Fairy-Land is the place anywhere and in any country where you are at liberty to enjoy pure air, lovely woods, glorious rivers, and the like. Fairy-Land was last year in Hamburg, and this year it has been in Wiesbaden. A few years ago it was in the Black Forest. Germany, the Land of Sausages, as Marie Baschkirtseff calls this country, but let me add that she also gives it a more poetical name, she also calls it Sweet Germany, and indeed it is a sweet country to spend a holiday. These three holidays have been the most delightfully spent I can ever remember, the only pity is that the days pass all too quickly, a fortnight is quickly spent, and you cannot help envying those who can extend their days in that charming country, those who can go off again whenever fancy tells them to. One consolation remains however to those who have to count the hours of liberty, and that is the keen appreciation and thankfulness which is felt for everything we see, hear, and get from our short enjoyment, everything leaves a deep impression on the mind, and the memory of it all remains vivid for a long time. If we were free ever and anon to travel and go about where and when we like, would we deeply enjoy the sight of a rural cabbage patch growing at the foot of a group of simple unpretentious sunflowers?

Would we walk enraptured along a brook flowing through the wood and watch it as it winds its way singing and chatting so sweetly through the moss and grass accompanied by the buzzing of bees and insects?

Would we stand in keen delight (not minding the muddy road and pouring rain) at the sight of hundreds of swallows nesting together on telegraph wires, their dear little heads resting one against the other?

Would we care to run in a field racing the butterflies and listening to the strange murmurs in the grass of that mysterious world of insects with their glittering transparent wings and tiny almost invisible bodies?

Would we watch in sweet melancholy as a pale and dying leaf detaches itself from the parent branch, drops at our feet, then is suddenly lifted by a gust of wind, is swept away and disappears, leaving us wondering longingly where it has gone to end its existence, and in our imagination it seems to us as if the breeze were whispering back to us its dying breath

Je vais où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille du laurier.

Why, we would not even notice such trivialities, such “insignificancies”, such “insipidities” would not even be worth mentioning. And yet, you’ll see as I go on with my story, you’ll see how these simple things caused me delight and pleasure.

During those swiftly flown days I enjoyed every moment. I kept my eyes open to see everything, I kept my ears open to listen to everything, and I kept my mouth open, not only to breathe the delicious breezes swept over the pine woods and over the wide, majestic, and fresh waters of the Rhine, but, but, dare I admit this enormity? Eugène Sue uses this phrase in his strange book “The Wandering Jew”:- “Oserons-nous admettre cette énormité?” I kept my mouth open, to let all the dainties and delicious beverages which were offered to me glide down the red alley, as I once heard a merry little British lassie define the human throat.

Yes, indeed, during this fortnight I have seen, heard, and eaten many good things, and now I am going to describe everything, as well as it is in my power to do. I shall, of course, have to draw help from two fountains, and these fountains are called the fountain of knowledge and the other the fountain of poetry. By drawing from these two fountains, I mean by drawing from the fountain of knowledge I shall be able to describe accurately everything interesting which is worth knowing, and by drawing from the fountain of poetry I shall be able to express my feelings when they become exalted and poetic and the words fail in my mind to express them.

With the fountain of knowledge I mean 16 heavy swollen volumes bearing the title of Brockhaus Konversations Lexikon, that German treasure we possess in our home, and without which I simply could not write. Is it not funny, in an ordinary mood, I look at these volumes, pout at them, and think they are dry, dull reading, I do not want to read out of them. The moment, however, I want to look up a fact, I want to freshen my weakened memory, the moment I want to know some technicality I cannot understand, or some historical or scientific point, ah, there I rush to the despised volumes, I grasp at them with both hands, I eagerly look up the subject, I

devour the words, and then I close the volume with a deep feeling of pity for those homes and people who do not possess this invaluable treasure! So every description be it historical, geographical, or otherwise, remember, dear Reader, that I have fished it out of my precious lexicon.

With the fountain of poetry I mean the poets and bards of many lands and many tongues. By reading them you come to love them, you enjoy quoting them. Mind, I shall always mention their names, all honour to those fellow creatures who have had such lovely thoughts, who have written such beautiful words. Longfellow, America's pride and glory, the poets of England, the poets of the Fatherland, the poets of the Latin countries, France and Italy, they all will stretch out helping hands when my own thoughts and words fail me.

I am now going to turn over the leaf, and start right from the beginning, if some passages will be dull, pass them over, if they will be interesting, read and enjoy them.

DAY OF DEPARTURE FROM LONDON.
Friday, August 16th 1912.

The evening before, I mean Thursday night, I wound my alarm clock very carefully, knowing that the next morning I should have to go as early as possible to the office in order to get my work over as soon as possible, so that I could be let off in time to go home and prepare for the journey which would start towards 7 o'clock in the evening.

Before putting the light out, I touched the alarm once more to be quite certain that in the excitement of the change before me I might have got out of my daily habits and overlooked to wind the clock. But I had not forgotten it, the clock was wound to ring me up as usual at 6 a.m., as it has done for several years, only failing once, and that was really accidental, as I had wound it, but through inadvertance I had pushed a certain hook against the alarm which prevents it from sounding. This hook comes in useful when you want to stop the noise and you push it against the ringer.

Well, do you know what happened? I heard Mama calling me. She was standing near my table looking at the clock.

“Do you know it is long past your getting-up time? It is over half past seven.”

I jumped up. How it happened that I never heard that shrieky, whistling sound ringing into my ear remains a puzzle to me. Mama says she found me rolled up into a ball right down under the clothes. No doubt with the blankets burying me, my ears never heard anything.

No time for an elaborate toilet as is usually the case. I sprang out of bed, scarcely had time to wash my face (thank goodness, every night I take a hot bath returning from the City, so that in this case the omission of the early morning ablutions may be pardoned) to dress in a hurry, whilst Mama prepared the breakfast, gobble down my meal, and rush off to the City. Rather than be unpunctual, I arrived at the office at the usual time. Otherwise, I greatly enjoy my morning splashing and careful dressing, then I prepare the breakfast, then I read the paper to Mama, and then I leave home as fresh and healthy as a country pumpkin and as merry as a sandboy.

The effect of this oversleeping left quite a different effect upon me. My face seemed almost swollen, my eyes seemed as if they would not open, I felt untidy and ill at ease. It is incredible how thorough washing and careful dressing influence the body and mind. In the same simple clothes I wear every day in which I feel bright and happy, I felt this morning uncomfortable, there having been no time to brush them carefully. Nature's sweet restorer can sometimes annoy you by keeping you too long in its tender arms. Nature's sweet reviver, pure, crystal, icy water, amply compensates you if you tare yourself in time from Morpheus's loving embrace to turn your attention to her.

Right through the day I felt low-spirited, almost sulky, I worked, but did not enjoy it as I always do, I felt dull and I don't know what. Suddenly, I felt as if an invisible hand were pulling my ear, and a voice whisper into it:-

“I say, do you know you are going on your holidays tonight, those holidays you have been hoping and sighing for since the last 12 months!!!! You are going to cross the sea, you are going to fly past lovely green landscapes, the Valley of the Rhine, you are going to land in a charming

watering-place, the lovely town of Wiesbaden, where your sister who has lived there since long has no doubt prepared everything to give you a warm reception and has no doubt planned all sorts of lovely walks and drives for your benefit!!!!

Oh, I forgot all about it, I had been sighing since long to go on another lovely holiday, I had thought about it a great deal, and just today, when the time has arrived, I had forgotten all about it.

IN THE TRAIN.

It was half past eight, dusk had fallen. The train began to move. We were on the way to Harwich, from where we would take the boat to the Hook of Holland, and from there the train to Wiesbaden. Spick-and-span, in high spirits and the best of moods, we sat facing each other, Mama in one corner of the compartment, I in the other. We began looking into our bags and enjoyed the dainty vanilla wafers and sipped gladly the exquisite Marsala contained in our little flask. Stem ginger is also good to eat when travelling, some people don't care for it, but one of the charms of life is the diversity in tastes and fancies. If we were all alike, oh, what a dull world this globe of ours would be!!!

We were not crowded in the compartment. A young couple took up the two other window seats, and on the seat in the middle of both sides sat a German gentlemen and a comfortable countryfied woman who went to sleep the moment the train started moving. As the train gliding out of Liverpool Street I noticed people on the platform waving their handkerchiefs as is usually the case, then came factories and lines and lines of those ugly little London suburban streets, which the great French actress Madame Réjane described as, I think, a huge chess board or something like that. Then I noticed a church lit up, then all became dark. With the exception of the lights of a few stations which the train flew past without stopping everything was dark.

I looked eagerly through the window to see the moon, I got up, went into the corridor, no moon. Generally, I mean both times when we started on our holidays for Germany in these same days in 1908 and 1911, the moon, full and beaming peeped smiling into the railway carriage, as if welcoming us on our journey.

As you will no doubt have seen in the papers, the moon came into violent discussion during the first part of August, owing to its supposed influence on the weather, which had been terrific during the last few days. July had been a fine month, but with the advent of August, the rain and cold was terrible. It was said to be the worst weather in August since 1860, and the people hoped that with the new moon the weather might change. Country folk it is said always believe in the moon as regards the weather. The "Daily Telegraph" called it a ridiculous and foolish superstition. The "Daily Mail" discussing the question, says that if the moon has influence on the water and the weather, it might be the case in England where the weather was so bad, but not so in Russia where the weather was glorious, but it adds, England is also very much nearer to the water which is influenced by the moon. Looking this point up in the lexicon, I read that the question of the tide is in some ways quite correct, but as regards its influence on the weather, this has certainly not been proved.

There exists a theory that the critical days of the moon are the 4th, 5th, and 6th days, not the first. This theory was made popular by old Marshal Bugeaud, conqueror of Algiers, and was based upon a paper written by an Englishman which this old warrior discovered somewhere on his travels, and which contained weather records for 50 years. The weather which prevails on at least two of these three days will set the note- according to the old theory- for the remainder of the month. But it is important to observe that the days must be counted as periods of 24 hours from the date and time given for the birth of the new moon, and must not be taken loosely as merely the daylight hours. The Marshall basing his theory upon these calculations was known to his contemporaries as a veritable weather prophet.

Be this as it may, the day we started on our holidays was the 4th or 5th day, and indeed the weather seemed to have changed, at least on that day. No rain, no cold. We felt very hopeful, and I felt a longing to go and speak to the moon. This sounds rather childish, does it not? Yet, I think that most of us, if not all, have at some time or other, in hours of despair, in hours of joy, with joyful eye, with tearful eye, we have looked up to the moon, we have exclaimed something to her.

The moon is one of the first things we notice when we first begin to observe things. The luminous orb soon attracts our attention. One of the first songs which French-speaking children learn is about the moon, of which the first lines run:-

Au clair de la lune, mon ami Pierrot,
Prête-moi ta plume pour écrire un mot.
Ma chandelle est morte, je n'ai plus de feu,
Ouvre-moi la porte pour l'amour de Dieu.

I remember a little poem in one of our German lesson books which left a marked impression on my budding intelligence. It started with the words:-

Guter Mond, du gehst so stille.....

A song about the moon which used to be sung at home also made us look up at the moon wondering what it was made of:-

When the quiet moon is beaming.....

The German rendering for which was:-

Wenn so sanft und mild Selene....

Some childish theories say that there is a man in the moon, the Slavonics say his name is Klotar, and that he causes the moon to grow through pumping water into it.

The great German poet Heinrich Heine tells us that when he was small he had been told that the moon was a fruit, which, when ripe, was plucked by God and was placed together with the other full moons in the big cupboard which is placed at the end of the world, where it is nailed up with boards. When Heine became bigger, he noticed, that the world was not quite so narrow as he had dreamt it was, and that the human spirit had burst open the wooden cupboards, and had with an immense Peter key,

with the idea of immortality, opened the seven heavens. Immortality! Fine thought, continues our poet.

Marie Baschkirtseff gives us a fine picture in her journal of the moon reflecting itself in the Mediterranean, and indeed nowhere to my mind does the moon and its reflections seem lovelier. She compares the reflections in the water like some immense fish stretching out its silvery fins as it trembles on the surface.

Marguerite Audoux, the humble author of "Marie Claire" that idyllic romance which caused so great a sensation lately also gives a picture of the moon, when after running through the wood in the dead of night she at last comes to a clearing lit up by a pale moon. Very simple words she uses, and yet, how they make you think.

Hans Anderson speaks of the moon too. He tells us how when sitting at his garret window how he would speak to the moon, and she would tell him about the sights and scenes she had witnessed during her nocturnal course. "Sometimes," he says, "a cloud used to pass gently over her face, which prevented me from hearing her."

The moon looks lovely when it appears in the shape of a pale golden sickle with the evening star and a few dimmer ones in her vicinity on a clear night. But loveliest she is when she appears quite full and immense, then you should see her beaming over the Mediterranean. I have seen her sometimes look like transparent silver- sometimes shining like gold, sometimes like a ball of copper. I remember the night we returned from Monte Carlo to Genoa, the moon appeared on the horizon, and the people around us told us to watch her disappearing visibly down the horizon. I began to laugh never having seen the moon move, and sure enough, as we watched her, she moved inch by inch lower down, bobbing and bobbing, then she suddenly disappeared behind the sea to the accompaniment of shouts from all the Latin throats around us, including mine.

Is it not an extraordinary sight when you first see the moon through the telescope, after you have always imagined her to be as you see her with the naked eye, clear and well cut all round, and then you see the immense revelations inside her and the edge broken and trembling. The first time I ever saw the moon in this way was as a little girl in the Piazza

Corvette in Genoa. The man at the telescope, a grey-bearded, voluble, gesticulating Italian, began explaining many things to me, but in those days I did not understand the language, so I could only smile and nod. If his words were naught to me, the impression the moon made through his glass upon me has remained carved in my mind.

What do we see of the moon with the naked eye? Greyish shadings, which appear more or less like the face of a benevolent country woman. And yet, a poetic Frenchman has discovered still another picture on the face of the moon. We were once sitting in a garden at night in Italy, when I was asked whether I could see a couple of lovers in a tender embrace clearly depicted in the moon. I gave no answer thinking I was being made fun of, upon which a photograph was placed into my hand, and sure enough it represented the moon with a man and a woman in a tender embrace clearly defined on it. Two heads were seen, the woman's on the right, the man's on the left. The woman's face was partly hidden by the man's, who is seen kissing her. Underneath this photograph a charming poem was written in French about love, and looking up at the moon from that day and ever since I can quite clearly see this picture. It may be imagination, but if you look well at the moon, you will see it too. The only unnatural point about it is that the woman's neck is of an exaggerated thickness. Both heads have plenty of hair, and they look quite normal.

Hipparchus, the Bythnian, founder of scientific astronomy, Ptolemäus the Egyptian, Kopernikus the German, founder of modern astronomy, Galileo Galilei, the grand old man of Italy, Gassendi the Frenchman, Newton the great Englishman, all these "moony" gentlemen of many lands and many tongues took keen interest in the moon, and have opened our eyes to many wonderful things. They dissolved the secrets of all those wonderful planets.

I remember once in Italy when I was still very ignorant about the planets, I quarrelled with a little Italian boy because I was certain that the moon was larger than the earth. He then pulled out our lexicon and showed me the illustrations of the planets, and then I saw that our globe was immensely larger than the moon, its diameter being only 3480 km or $\frac{3}{11}$ of the earth's diameter, whilst its bodily dimension is about 50 times smaller than the earth. The reason why I thought the contrary was because the

moon seems so big besides the other planets, knowing that our globe measures about that of Venus and Mars, and these seem so tiny besides the moon. This is explained by the fact that the moon is the planet which is nearest to the earth round which it revolves in the space of 29 ½ days.

Selenography, which means the science of describing the moon is wonderful to study. What strange names are given to those large spaces which bear the names of watery nouns, although the moon is devoid of water. Mare Crisium, Mare Focundidatis, Oceanus Procellarum, Mare Tranquillitatus, Mare Serenitatis, Mare Vaporum, Lacus Somnorum, Lacus Mortis, all these names make you dream with your eyes open, I like to see on prints depicting the interior of the moon all those strange mountains which look like craters out of the hollows of which protrude those peculiar cone-like monstruositities. The interior of the moon is better known than that of any other planet, because of its being so much nearer to us. A propos of this, and a thing I never thought of before, is that we mortals are only allowed to know the moon on one side; the moon always shows us the same side, the other side is involved in mystery, and we never come to know the other side.

The moon has given her name to many earthly things. Monday, the first day of the week was dedicated to the moon. There is a very pretty stone called moonstone, and the light reflected upon it does remind you of the moon's rays. This stone is called Sélénite in French, Selenite in Italian, and Fraueneis or Marienglas in German.

The Greeks had a goddess dedicated to the moon. Her name is Selene, and the Romans called Luna. She was the daughter of Hyperios and Theias, and sister to Helios and Eos. She and Endymion were the parents of 50 daughters. Selene was so struck with the beauty of Endymion that she doomed him to perpetual sleep, so that she could admire him undisturbed as long as she pleased. The full moon nights were kept sacred by the Greeks to this loving lady.

There is a strange superstition prevailing in England that it is unlucky to watch the new moon through a pane of glass.

The poets of every country have sung to the moon. Listen to Shelley's words:-

The cold chaste Moon, the queen of heaven's bright isles,

Who makes all beautiful o which she smiles-
That wandering shrine of soft yet icy flame
Which ever is transformed yet still the same,
And warms not, but illuminates. (Epipsychidion)

And elsewhere he says:-

I recall
My thoughts, and bid you look upon the night
As water does a sponge, so the moonlight
Fills the void, universal air.

Now listen to Coleridge:-

The Sun, who ne'er remits his fires
On heedless eyes may pour the day;
The Moon, that oft from Heav'n retires,
Endears her renovated ray.
What tho she leave the sky unblest
To mourn awhile in murky vest?
When she resumes her lovely Light,
We bless the Wanderer of the Night. (Sonnet)

Longfellow speaks fairly of the moon when he says:-

The moon was pallid, but not faint,
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay. (The Occultation of Orion)

And then he says:-

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in Heaven,

And its wavering image here.

(The Bridge)

But enough of poetry to the moon, let me only end my epistle about the moon with the little English maid who seemed to be so fond of the moon that she implored her elders to let the blinds up during the night, "because," she ardently added, "because I like seeing the moon when I am asleep."

10 p.m. The train stopped, I mean the train began to slower gradually. I looked out of the corridor window, on the right all was pitch dark, on the left I saw lights and poles, and reflections in the water. We were approaching Harwich. The train immense and illuminated with heads bent out of the windows was bending on either side and looked like a gigantic horse-shoe. Suddenly doors were opened, and everybody stepped out.

IN THE STEAMER. In eager anxiety to get to our cabin which had been reserved for us, I rushed up to the stewardess, who upon hearing my name looked upon the list in her hand, then she said calmly that our name had not been inscribed. She then told us to go into the ladies' saloon and that she would call us when she had found place for us. In a terribly vexed mood we did as we were told. Several other ladies were already sitting in the elegant long room. The stewardess entered at intervals to choose the persons she had to attend before us, disappearing again without taking any notice of us. I felt very cross. Mama said she was quite sure the clerk at Cook's office had not reserved a cabin for us. I know very well that her inner thought was that the fault with me is that I do not know how to impose upon people.

So there we sat, silent and sulky, to what seemed to me an endless time. Well, one thing I did know and that was, that I clearly gave my order to the clerk to reserve a cabin for us, and that he upon handing me our tickets told me not to worry in the least, that the cabin would be carefully reserved for us.

Suddenly, everything began to tremble under us. We were sailing. I got up, rushed upstairs through an immense crowd, pushing my way through to get on deck to see the harbour disappearing. The people were

all talking at once, some seemed to be addressing me, it looked like an immense family, we seemed to belong all to the same place.

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
How restlessly they speed and gleam and quiver,
Streaking the darkness radiantly! Yet soon
Night closes round, and they are lost for ever....
(Shelley, Mutability)

At last I arrived on deck, I saw some people on the shore waving their handkerchiefs, I saw the steamer gliding into the dark. No moon, no stars.

I rushed back downstairs again. Mama was sitting pale and tired. I took a seat next to her. How tired and discouraged we felt. All the other ladies were provided for, there only remained one lady with a child, and we two.

The stewardess suddenly entered and said to the lady that she and the child would have to sleep where they were sitting, "and you two ladies" she said turning to us, "you can go and sleep on those seats over there, there is no cabin reserved for you."

I made an unpleasant pout, then keeping as calm as possible, I said: "I think we might just as well remain seated where we are."

"You can't remain seated there, those seats are taken."

I felt blood begin to boil in my veins. I got up, however, and walking with a dignified gait, I helped Mama to carry our bags to the seat indicated, then sat down looking Dame Dignity personified.

A steward suddenly appeared on the scene and whispered something to the stewardess, who at once said:

"Are you 'Dee Gaffe?' (This was how she read the name de Jaffa.)

"Yes, we are."

"Then come this way, please," said the steward.

Oh sweetest, oh loveliest, oh snuggiest of cabins, I wish I were a poet to express my feelings towards you.

I tore the clothes off my body, climbed to the top cabin, and gave a sigh of relief and happiness.

I tossed at first from side to side, at last I fell into a refreshing sleep.

Oh! Sleep! It is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.... (Coleridge, The Ancient
Mariner)

4:30 a.m. I heard Mama calling me. She was already up, and said she had “heard” me sleeping. I thought it strange that she had not closed her eyes, but said no more when she told me she preferred to guard certain bags and satchels upon which the greater part of the pleasure in store for us depended.

5.5 a.m. LANDING ON THE CONTINENT. The Hook of Holland. When we disembarked, it was pouring. Oh, what horrid holidays we are going to have, I thought. I expected to see picturesque scenes and quaintly-garbed Dutch people upon landing in that country. I saw nothing of the kind. I remember once when I came from the Continent to Flushing, I was struck by the quaint look of the people round the train, the men did look so funny and different from what I had seen before. But here at the Hook nothing whatever struck my eye.

We went into the Customs and had to pass through the terrible hour of bag inspection, the nightmare of travelling. We then waited patiently for our trunk which never seemed to arrive, other trunks arrived, were opened, closed, and packed off, but ours never came. I inquired of some men, and when I told them that it was registered to Wiesbaden, they told us to fly to the train which would be off in a minute, our baggage not being required to be inspected till Wiesbaden.

IN THE TRAIN. Scarcely seated, the train began to move. We mortals think we get experience as we go on through our travels, and we two who have travelled so much did not even know that when a trunk is registered to a place it is sent there direct!!! Talk of experience, you never possess experience, there are ever and anon experiences to be learnt, something now cropping up.

The sole occupant in our compartment was a young man with a pleasant face and nice manners. Mama took her seat at the window, and I

sat next to her. The compartment was very comfortable. The seats divided in three by arm rests were deep and soft. One thing I thought delightful , was the window of the carriage, which instead of being divided in three consisted of only one opening nearly as wide as the carriage. The window remained open all the time, and it was simply delightful to fly across the country, it seemed just as if you had wings on and were flying freely without any hindrance.

We went in to breakfast a little later, passing through the various corridors. I rather like taking a meal in a train. It is cosy and enjoyable. The train shook violently at times, which made the passengers shout and made me laugh. The bread and butter were nice and fresh, but the coffee very insignificant. How is it that so few people know how to prepare this most delicious of beverages?

Back to our compartment. Mama fell off to sleep, not having closed her eyes during the night. I lifted the little table up in front of the window, rested my paper on it, and enjoyed reading the news I had to leave unread the day before. Sometimes I would make a pause whenever anything struck my eye. I saw any amount of water, Holland is a “watery country,” and some lovely fields, and black and white cows everywhere. The houses about looked (as Mama signified them once she woke up) just like children’s block houses. No people were about, only a few peasants in the fields. As time passed, however, humanity seemed to be awakening. ONce we passed a small town, and the sight was charming. Men, women, and children in their quaint, Dutch garbs looked just like moving pictures. I felt delighted and happy in my comfortable seat, the unobstructed view caused by the immense window was adorable.

ENTRANCE INTO THE LAND OF SAUSAGES.

At 9 a.m. we were told that we were approaching Kranenburg, the German frontier, and that we would have to bring our bags to the inspection room. I undertook this and got over it very easily.

The train now began flying across Germany. Is it not wonderful such a journey across the fields. Fields, fields, streams bordered by poplars, windmills, peasants in the fields at work with their cattle, troupes of sheep, flights of birds, a few tiny houses, then again fields. Then suddenly the

flying serpent begins to slower, a few mean streets become visible, then some factories, then larger streets, then carts, people, streets of shops, then the serpent halts. A town has been reached. Noise and confusion in the station, victuals are offered to you at the window of the carriage, newspapers are presented to you, you shake your head. The flying serpent starts whistling, trembling, then running, again streets of shops, again traffic, factories, and few more little streets, and once more we are flying across the country, across the fields, the streams, the tunnels.....

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

(R.L. Stevenson)
(From a Railway Carriage)

We passed Cleven. I thought of Ann of Cleves, the rejected wife of King Henry the Eighth, whose portrait did not answer the dear lady's real appearance.

Later on at one of the towns a lady entered, and still later on an individual. He struck me as being a typical German, big, blond, and burly, no doubt very wise and learned but German to the finger tips, I mean to say, that his ideas no doubt must have belonged uniquely to his country. His age appeared to be about 45, and as he took his seat besides me, I felt Germanism creeping over me.

Towards 11 o'clock we approached Cologne, and I thought we would have to change for Wiesbaden, upon which this gentleman told us that the train was going straight to Wiesbaden, "No change for Wiesbaden" he added, at the same time moving his forefinger from right to left several times, a movement which exists only in Italy and without which you cannot

possibly give a negative answer if you have learned Italian among the Italians.

Mama then whispered to me that the gentleman might be an artist who had been to Italy and had lived there long enough to be infected by this movement. I felt the man's blue eyes fixed upon us, he seemed to be longing to speak, he listened earnestly to every word we spoke in Italian (the language we generally use on our peregrinations) until at last when the train steamed into Cologne station I said aloud that I was keen on perceiving the cathedral, the world-famed dome of Cologne. The gentleman then quickly seized the opportunity, and said, in Italian, that we would perceive it over there, pointing to a direction over the bridge.

He was an Italian, just fancy! A Sicilian of Sicily, with a Sicilian mother and a German father!!!!

Now a flow of conversation started between us three. Oh, that man, that brain, that tongue. A walking encyclopedia, a marvellous fellow. Should we mortals always judge by the appearance? Never again! This man I thought to be German to the finger tips, whom I thought his liking to be wholly and solely for Germany, turned out to be quite different. He told us that he was an engineer and had travelled and still travelled everywhere. He severely criticised Germany and German talents and dispositions. He said that Germany was the dearest country in Europe to live in, owing to the endless taxes and rates, etc. imposed upon the population. He had an aversion for German talent. He said the people learn technique marvellously but that their souls and minds were nil. You should have listened to his judgement, I felt quite cross. But he not only spoke of Germany, but of many other things.

What did he speak about?

I will answer: What did he not speak about!!!!

Oh yes, he had seen every country almost of the whole world. Of Europe he considered the best country to live in was Belgium, everything there was cheap and good, rents low, very few rates and taxes, and a charming country altogether.

He seemed delighted with the Scandinavian countries where such excellent arrangements are instituted for the welfare of the poorer classes.

He spoke of Russia as the land of future days, the people seeming to awake to many things.

He spoke of the Balkan peninsula through which he never went without fire weapons, and where he always lived in the fear of catching some unpleasant disease, the people being lazy and unhygienic.

He spoke of Italy which he once traversed with his wife on bicycles, their only luggage being a change of linen, and with their pockets full of fruit they managed the journey with only a hundred francs!!!!

He spoke of France, a country he adored, his wife being a French woman, he said, a charming personality, and a frightful temper.

He spoke of Spain, saying it was still terribly primitive in many ways, owing to the influence of the priests over everything.

He spoke of Poland, where, to his mind, existed the loveliest women.

He spoke of London which he once visited briefly, arriving at Charing Cross, going up some streets on business, and rushing quickly back to the Continent.

This versatile and clever individual in his capacity as an engineer had had the opportunity of seeing this little world of ours from the highest mountain tops to the lowest underground regions. I must gather my thoughts to repeat what else he spoke about, it being really very interesting to listen to such a man, who himself said he felt much older than he really was. He told us he was 33 years old but felt fully 45, the age we thought him to be.

Did he speak of his parents?

Oh, a lot. His mama, he said, was a beautiful Sicilian, dark and fiery, his papa, a quiet, pacific, steady German. He had a brother, an artist, who lived in Italy. This brother had the exterior of the mother and the temperament of the father, whilst he had the exterior of the father and the restless versatility of the mother. He said he simply could not live like other people, have fixed hours and fixed meals, not allowing his wife to become a drudge. He had no children. Children being, he said, the luxury of the rich, and he being simply comfortable, he preferred to enjoy life freely without encumbrance.

Did he speak of music?

A great deal. He did not admire German music, he only wanted soul. He added that he had a baritone voice and wanted to earn his living with his singing, to which his family however opposed.

He said he had had six sisters, all of whom had died through the cholera in Sicily, the eldest being 21 and the youngest 10 months; the two boys luckily escaped.

Did he speak of clothes?

A terrible lot. He seemed to sneer at the way German women overloaded themselves with rich stuffs and lace and what not, and yet looked inelegant, and French women often with a few rags managed to look smart and charming. He told us that he always took great pleasure at adorning his wife, of whom he seemed to be very fond. He then pulled out his pocket-book and showed us her photo, a slim, quiet-looking woman. He said he had met her at a private ball 10 years ago in Paris. She was a small woman barely reaching his shoulders, he said, and she delighted in nicknaming him the bear (he indeed had a little look of this powerful animal). Once he said, he went to Nancy (town in France on the Moselle) where he was surprised to find how cheap furs were. He saw a magnificent coat in otter of Manchuria which only cost 200 francs, whereas in Germany it would have cost 600 francs, so he decided to buy it for his wife. In order to escape the customs where no doubt he would have had to pay a heavy tax, he had the excellent idea of engaging the shop-girl where he bought the cloak to put it on and travel with him over the frontier, where he telegraphed to his wife to meet him. Arrived at his destination, they went into the waiting room of the station, the wife donned the precious cloak, and the assistant calmly went back to Nancy, her fare costing but a trifle. On another occasion he bought a quantity of beautiful lace, soiled several parts to make it look old and worthless, then arrived home he cleverly removed the stains, and his dear wife was the richer for some wonderful possession. This dear wife of his, as a true gaelic subject simply could not master herself to converse in that terrible Teutonic language.

Did this clever man perhaps speak of his nose?

Oh yes, he told us how when a child he fell on his nose injuring the cartilage, which in the course of time caused the air passage to close, making respiration difficult. A short while ago he decided to have his nose

operated, and the surgeon used instruments so cleverly that our hero regained his breathing powers with just a short and abundant loss of blood.

One of the men of the day he said that he most admired was Sandow. Sandow who is just at present conspicuous in the public eye through his wonderful cocoa. Pointing to the young man seated in the corner, he added that he had been as slim as he, and wanting to become more stately, he adopted the Sandow dumb bell system, with the result that he felt now like iron. "Feel my arms, ladies!" We touched the upper part which seemed to be made of Portland stone.

The next thing was his watch. He showed it to us and exclaimed at the same time "radium, radium". I did not understand, only that the hands of the watch and a tiny spot above each number was luminous. He then told us that they contained radium and therefore were luminous at night. What is radium? Dear reader, we hear and read a lot about it. We know that that famous Polish lady living in Paris, Madame Curie, has her name attached to this wonderful substance, still, to explain what it really is, allow me to tell you that I am no scientist and cannot explain. This wonderful watch was at the same time an alarm watch. I am very well acquainted with my alarm clock at home, but an alarm watch living in your pocket, which on your travels you can make stand up on the night table ringing the waking hour and at the same time showing you luminously what time it is, is wonderful. He said it only cost him Mk. 18. and advised us to get one too.

He lived in Homburg which he declared to be lovelier than Wiesbaden. He called it a suburb of Frankfurt a/M, and told us to visit it during our stay in Wiesbaden.

Listening to this wonderful endless conversation of his, I forgot to look at the window. The view was sublime.

"We are now entering the valley of the Rhine," said the gentleman, "and as I go this way almost every week, I will describe the various places as we pass them."

THE VALLEY OF THE RHINE!! The Valley of the Rhine, of which I had read and dreamt of all my life, never knowing that I would ever have the opportunity of seeing it. I got up hastily, and went into the corridor, the Rhine was flowing right in front of us. The gentleman and Mama got up too, and I listened and looked at the beautiful view as it was enrolling itself

before my eyes. We were travelling on the right of the river, the trains also go on the left side, that is why you can take a ticket for the "RECHTES RHEINUFER" or "LINKES RHEINUFER". I think Erwinia did it both sides. We of course, could only see one side, because the train was running along the vine-clad mountains and passing continually through tunnels, the entrance of which were charmingly built like tiny castles.

As in a dream I looked at the view, we passed many lovely ruined castles on the top of the vine-clad hills. I saw charming places nestling at the foot of the mountains. We passed the Sieben-Gebirge so often mentioned in books. The river, slow and majestic, was winding its course on and on, disappearing round the left in the distance, and the train following it round every curve. I saw many boats gliding on its surface, I saw once a fine white steamer in the centre of which was written in letters of gold

BARBAROSSA

I looked eagerly at the lovely landscape which flew past me, I wanted to shout to the engine-driver to slacken speed, as it all vanished too quickly. I looked at the engine which could be winding right round the curve and longingly thought of the driver... I however soon recovered my senses, remembering that I had no more power to stop the trembling, hissing snake than King Canute had of stopping the waves. The gentlemen described as best he could, and I was delighted. We passed Koblenz, we passed the famous mountain associated with the legend of Loreley. It seemed to me like a big, dark, rocky mass, which was trying to push its way across the river, which looked all of a sudden quite narrow, the Rhine being immensely wide.

"This point of the Loreley," said the gentleman, "is the narrowest part of the Rhine."

I looked and looked, he mentioned something about the monument "GERMANIA" and pointed to a dark spot right on the top of a mountain. It was the Niederwald Denkmal, the monument in commemoration of the rebuilding of the German empire.

We approached Bingen, he told us to watch the tributary, die NAHE as it flowed into the Rhine. It did look so strange. This water was almost black and formed a distinct line where it met the Rhine which looked quite white.

Passed Bingen, the gentleman said, "Now, we have passed the Valley, there is not much more to see, the Rhine will now disappear, you will perceive it again now and then, but it is not worth remaining standing.

"The Valley of the Rhine passed already?" I exclaimed, and went back to my seat. How quickly it has passed, and the knights of old and the fair ladies, and the legends, and the Minnesänger, and the ghosts, and the Aeolian harps, and the romances interwoven round the ancient castles!!!! Why, I did not even think of this all.

I felt sorely disappointed. However, I then remembered what had been told to me, that it was possible to go from Cologne to Biebrich the port of Wiesbaden and vice versa with the Rhine, with the same ticket. We mentioned this to the gentleman, who said it was quite a usual thing to do. So we decided at once to go by the Rhine on our return journey from Wiesbaden.

ARRIVAL AT WIESBADEN. It was now near 3 o'clock and the gentleman told us we would soon arrive. He was going on further down the country. I then mentioned to him that we would now disappear like birds of passage and that we did not even know his name. He then said his name was Wenderoth, and explained upon my seeming surprised that it was quite a German name.

When the train steamed into the station, he helped us with our bags and waved his hand at the carriage window as we walked down the platform and disappeared.

Passed the ticket collector, I anxiously looked all round to catch a glimpse of my sister Erwinia, knowing her to be a conspicuous figure in her garb of a nurse of the Red Cross Association.

I saw no one.

We had our trunk examined, then a porter carried it to a carriage outside. Erwinia was still nowhere to be seen.

I eagerly looked at the sight before me, the first impressions of a new place always leaving a strong mark on the mind. Instead of large buildings,

traffic, noise, confusion, I saw nothing but a very pretty country view in the distance on the right, and a few houses with flowers on the balconies on the left. All was silent. All was peaceful. You would have thought of arriving at a country place instead of at a town.

The porter asked us where to direct the coachman, and upon looking once more round to see whether Erwinia would appear, I told him we wanted to go to Abbaistrasse.

“Abeggstrasse, meinen Sie, oh, da ist es schön, shöne Luft, schöne Bäume! he said.

The carriage began to move, and we passed through several streets. We entered a long fine street with elegant shops on one side and lovely gardens on the left. It was Wilhelmstrasse, which Erwinia afterwards told me was the Regent Street of Wiesbaden. Everywhere I saw immense trees and foliage, at every window almost, flowers, red and pink geraniums, and lovely passiflores. I next noticed an immense opening across the Wilhelmstrasse, on the left, it consisted of a fine square, surrounded by pretty hotels and in the centre was a monument to the Emperor Frederick on the right the space consisted of a lovely garden with seats. Bushes of gigantic leaves were dotted in the grass, further on you saw a kind of hill quite covered with dark red flowers, again further a lovely fountain was playing, and right at the end a fine, simple, and yet grand building struck the eye. I saw several columns in the middle and on the top I read the words in large letters:-

AQUIS MATTIACIS

What this inscription meant, I learnt afterwards, and will mention it in due course. The view of this charming flower garden with a row of immense plantain trees guarding it on either side is really lovely, and often did we sit all three among the flowers there during our stay at Wiesbaden. The building I saw with the inscription I soon learnt was the Kurhaus or casino, where entertainments, concerts, etc, etc, are given, and which I will describe in a little while. I also noticed that there was a road on both sides of the trees secluding the garden, and that opposite these roads were long

colonnades, which I afterwards saw were full of stalls where all sorts of wonderful articles were sold, in fact, a kind of bazaar.

The carriage went into the left road, then entered a street called Leberberg, higher and higher, then turned into Abeggstrasse. How green and lovely this street was! What a lot of different trees, and what charming houses nestling in their own gardens. I noticed that almost every house was a boarding house, and the carriage stopped in front of No. 6, which bore the name in large letters on the wall PENSION MIRANDA. Mama went into the house, and I followed after having paid the cabman. A pretty little servant told me our room was on the top floor. As I went up the stairs I noticed that the house was simple and pretty, a large clock was hanging against the wall on the stairs, and some nice plants were placed near the windows on the landing. Arrived at the top, I found Mama standing in the middle of a large room talking to a pleasant-faced, tall woman, dressed in brown, and looking the image of a simple "gediegene Deutsche". It was the land lady. I shook hands with her, and she pointed to two charming bunches of flowers in two vases, which she said Erwinia had brought for us that morning. She then retired, promising to send us up some hot water. I noticed that the room was large and airy. The wall opposite the door consisted entirely of 3 large windows, which looked upon a charming view, the street with a kind of wood rising behind the houses with fine trees. On the left entering were two beds placed length-wise against the wall, on the right was a sofa with a table in front of it, a large wardrobe and a towel horse. Near, I mean next to the door was the washing stand with a large mirror on the top. But where was the dressing table? There are no dressing tables in ordinary German bedrooms. But where do you then put your combs, brushes, and other accessories so dear to the female heart, at least in England? Well, this problem is of no importance in Germany, so when you go to that country you must put your things in the drawers of the washing table. But if you leave the top drawers slightly open the water will enter and make a mess!!!! Well, you must remember and keep the drawers closed so as to avoid a mess, that is all.

Hot water was soon brought to us, and after having admired the two vases, one of which contained a large bunch of magnificent roses and the other an immense bunch of tiny white flowers which could exist a long time

without water, a kind of everlasting floweret (I am no professor in Botany so do not ask me the name of this dear little flower) we undressed, and opened our trunks and began putting things in order.

Suddenly, the door opened, and my sister Erwinia entered smiling.

She looked slimmer and fresher than she did two years ago when she came to London, and her nurse's garb suited her very well. It consisted in a black shiny dress with a long cape of the same material, and on her head she wore a black veil bordered on the top with a narrow white band upon which was woven in red the following initials RKT RKT RKT which meant ROTES KREUZ. This veil only started in the middle of her head and upon asking her whether this was not delightfully cool she answered that it was, although at first in winter she felt very cold on the scalp but soon got used to it. At first I could not understand how the veil could stand up so well and stiffly, she then told me that there was a small white bonnet underneath which she always kept on her head in the hospital when the black veil was removed.

Upon entering the room we pounced upon her and kissed her. She looked at me for an instant, then said in French:- "Do you know that your neck is quite black?" I assured her that it could not be expected otherwise after a train journey, and besides I had not yet washed. I then went to the washing table and deliberately began to scrub my neck with a nail brush, which set Erwinia laughing and laughing. Then she said after examining me again:-

"JE VOIS QUE JE DEVRAI DE NOUVEAU M'HABITUER A VOUS!!!"

I next crept into bed, feeling rather worn and wanting to regain strength, Erwinia having already planned a nice excursion for the evening. Mama too rested, she however entered into a long conversation with Erwinia whilst I turned my face to the wall and began to doze. I heard some sweet music in the distance which Erwinia said came from the orchestra in the Kurgarten. I heard an insect buzzing round my head, and then I remember no more.

It was 5 o'clock when we got up, and Erwinia invited us to have supper at the Neroberg, a lovely place she said high up which you reach by funicular railway.

NEROBERG

We all three left the house in the best of moods. Erwinia told us that she had been to the station, but the porters seemed to be strangely ignorant as to the Hook train, they knew all about the Ostend and other trains, but she waited in vain in the earlier part of the day, and then wisely left and went out walking. It appears that she was in one of the streets through which our carriage passed, but we did not notice her. Upon seeing us run as we crossed over the roads she asked us why we were in such a hurry, and upon our answering that we feared the traffic she laughed and assured us that the traffic in Wiesbaden was not so numerous and dangerous as in London.

I was surprised at seeing so many people bow to her, she then told me that they were or had all been once her patients, or relatives of patients. This interested me immensely, and I began asking her what illnesses they had all had, upon which she quietly answered that it was not in her power to remember every illness the inhabitants of Wiesbaden had had in their time.

We now took the tram, and drove in the direction of the Neroberg. We entered the Taunusstrasse at the beginning of which I noticed another large building, not so large and handsome as the Küsaal, but it was conspicuous. Erwinia then told us it was the KOCHBRUNNEN. What did that mean? It contained, she said, the principal spring of Wiesbaden, a hot water spring which was called the Kochbrunnen. This word means boiling well, and I became very interested. "Why," she said, "don't you know that there are many such springs in Wiesbaden? That is why all the world goes to Wiesbaden, to enjoy these wonderful natural boiling springs."

Well, I have traveled a good deal, and seen many things, but I had never yet seen a natural boiling spring. I was, however, soon to make its acquaintance.

To the man in the street, what does Wiesbaden seem to be? A place where sick and dying people go to recuperate their health and be called back to life, a place where rickety bones are strengthened and weak constitutions hope to regain vigour by the bathing, drinking, and inhaling with the water of these boiling springs. The ground of Wiesbaden is volcanic, a quite natural thing, and yet I wondered. But Wiesbaden does

not end there, you should see the prettiness of the place, the various gardens all full of lovely plants and flowers, and the trees, oh, those trees, every size and every kind, beautiful trees everywhere. We were in the dull season, in July and August there are not many strangers, they come in Autumn, stay during the winter, the climate being so excellent, and remain till the beginning of summer. I did not miss the strangers, I preferred to watch the home population. To speak frankly, this population of Wiesbaden seemed far inferior to the population in Hamburg I saw last year. I think Northern people are on the whole a very fine race. I saw none such lovely flaxen hair, such keen, light, dart-like eyes, such big, strong bodies like there were so many over there. I thought the people in Wiesbaden looked very insignificant, the features uninteresting and the colouring indefinite.

In Wiesbaden you hear and read often the two words TAUNUS and NASSAU. The first, Taunus, is the Taunus mountains which surround the environs of Wiesbaden, and about which there are endless woods, dark, cool, and lovely, of which we saw a good bit during our sojourn, and Nassau is the name of the reigning family. Wiesbaden is described as the queen of the Taunus bathing resorts. Until 1866 it was residence town of the Duchy of Nassau, at the present time it is the capital of the royal Prussian government district, Wiesbaden.

The tram rolled on through the pretty streets, then entered a kind of alley on which sides were a wall of immense trees, and the gardens here are called Herzogin Elisabeth-Park, named after the Duchess Elisabeth v. Nassau who died in 1845, a Russian lady. The tram ended its journey at a place called Beausite, and from there we took the funicular which in some ways reminds you very much of the Gütschbahn in Lucerne. I love driving in a funicular, up and higher up you go, and the view gets always finer and more extended. Being in the middle of August, the first touch of Autumn was noticed on the trees and the creepers. I saw some Virginian Creeper (wilder Wein as you say in German) as red as blood, and on the trees amidst the lovely green foliage patches of golden, brownish, and whitish leaves. What I thought the loveliest of all, and this I enjoyed at almost every moment during my stay, was to see a solitary leaf detach itself from the parent branch and drop into Eternity. Ever and anon this would be repeated, not like in approaching winter when waves of leaves are brutally

torn away by the terrible storms leaving the trees bare and ugly, but just one leaf at a time, as if it feared the storms and icy winds and rather than be roughly torn off with thousands of others, it preferred to meet the doom quietly and die peacefully at the foot of the tree which gave it birth. It seemed to me to be carried off by the invisible hand of Eternity, it made me feel sad, and yet how I loved looking up watching such a leaf sometimes pale yellow, sometimes reddish, sometimes brown and crumpled, sometimes still green and fresh being carried off to nowhere.

The Neroberg which we reached towards 6 o'clock, does not derive its name from the Roman Emperor, it is much more of German origin, and probably indicates mountain of the German goddess NERTH, who had here a place of worship. Tacitus in the 40th chapter of "Germania" gives her name as "NERTHUS". The name of this mountain might therefore have sounded NERTHSBERG, and indeed in the old charts of the 18th century it is still designated so, NERS-, NOERS-, and NOERZ BERG, while the name NEROBERG first comes to light in the 19th century.

We found a charming hotel with an open-air restaurant, where we took our places and enjoyed an agreeable meal. The evening was lovely, and the wasps and insects did not disturb me, as they made me feel that summer was still with us.

How sweet the air is! How fair the scene!

(Longfellow, The Golden Legend)

I thought to myself, as I looked around and saw all the lovely trees and shrubs encircling us. On the right a lovely open view spread out and on the left the pretty building of the hotel. Up here you are some 220 m above the sea level, and it is really a "Luftkurort" without any dust and obstruction to enjoy real mountain air. This mountain also reaches further on a height of 245 m, and it is one of the favourite places where the Wiesbadener population go to. There is a kind of round pavilion there, round in shape supported by pillars, where you can see the magnificent view through a telescope. I was simply enchanted with the view, and felt like a bird escaped from a cage. A delicious breeze was blowing and we all three felt very happy.

Mon coeur est un oiseau chanteur,
Mais qui, fou de jour et d'espace,
Ne peut jeter son chant vainqueur,
Que sur l'aile du vent qui passe. (Edouard Rod)

There is also an "Aussichtsturm" near there, but we did not bother about it. I wanted to enter the woods from which you can enter directly on leaving the restaurant garden. There is also a wonderful wine called "Neroberger" which is produced in this place, I however inaugurated my stay in Germany by drinking a glass of beer. From the pavilion rising like a strange Oriental temple appears the dazzling little domes of the Greek Chapel, bright and golden. This chapel contains the remains of the first wife of Duke Adolf, the Grand Duchess Elisabeth Michailowna, whom I have already mentioned. It is in Russian Byzantine style, and there are 5 of these brightly gilt domes, the effect among all these green trees and bushes is indeed very strange and romantic. You think of being somewhere in the East.

After supper, we entered the woods. Oh, those German woods! We may well admire the Italian groves of olives and citrons, but these German woods with their delicious green freshness are exhilarating to the soul.

Among the flowering shrubs and plants,
As restless as the bee (Longfellow, To a Child)

I wandered, and wanted to go farther and farther, not stopping a moment to reflect whether Mama and Erwinia were tired after their long day.

We walked on and on, the vegetation was delicious, and it was Erwinia who had to remind us that the way we were going was very long till you reached the town. So we determined to go back, it was quite enough for the first day.

We heard bells beginning to ring

As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,

Rang the beautiful wild chimes. (Longfellow, Carillon)

We took the cable railway back to the plain which is called the Nerothal, then the tram back to town. In some ways Wiesbaden reminds me of Baden-Baden, everything was so green and flowery. The trees are immense and lie scattered here, there, and everywhere. Firs, pines, chestnuts, lindens, plantains, beeches, copper beeches, elms, poplars, elders, weeping willows, cypresses, they are all there in profusion and in abundance. These last two trees breathe melancholy, and yet they have their charm, especially the willow as it droops over the water and wafts with every breeze. Firs and pines are the great embellishers in the landscapes of central and northern Europe. They are almost despised during the summer when all the other trees are covered with shady leaves, but we appreciate them later on when all the leaves are gone from the other trees and these remain ever green, ever the same, eternal and comforting.

Arrived in the town, we ended the day by sitting in the Kurgarten, in front of the Kursaal, and blissfully wiled the time away.

Arrived at our dwelling, Erwinia left us for the night, telling us she would be with us at 9 o'clock.

Before retiring we went below stairs and had a bath. It seemed strange to me to find the bathroom in the underground, in England it being always near the bedrooms. Still, this hot bath was very comforting, and we slipped into bed, very happy and contented mortals.

I did not go to sleep at once, however, I thought for a while. Before I became unconscious I heard the hour ring.

Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning.

(Longfellow, Carillon)

SUNDAY, the 18th of AUGUST

This was going to be a very eventful day.

We were going to visit the hospital, we were going to be presented to the matron, we were going to see Erwinia's ward, reserved for women and children, we were going to see the nurses' sitting room which is under Erwinia's management, and we were going to see her bedroom, these two rooms having often been described to me as being so pretty and tastefully arranged. After that, we were going to spend the day at Biebrich on the Rhine, a little town which Erwinia knew well, having worked there for some time, and about which she had often spoken.

I got up at eight, Mama having been up long before, there being still much confusion in the room. She had put everything in the wardrobe and the drawers, and locked the trunk, so that we could enjoy everything and not lose time in the morning to look for things which were not in their proper place.

I went down to breakfast in riotous spirits. The landlady, Fräulein Reimann, was sitting alone at the top of the table. We were offered coffee which was being kept hot under a tiny spirit lamp, and many delicious little rolls. The butter too was nice, and she also gave us apple jelly, which she proudly asserted to be her own make. A lady entered soon after, and Fräulein Reimann introduced her and then tried to pronounce our name, but seemed to falter and hesitate over it.

"Jaffa, Jaffa" I exclaimed, "wie die Hafenstadt in Palestina, wie die Jaffa Apfelsienen, wie das Pferd Jaffa welches Kaiser Napoleon über die Alpen getragen hat!"

Fräulein Reimann then said she knew about the first two, but she did not know that Napoleon's horse also bore the name of Jaffa.

We sat for a short while in the dining room, a pleasant, light room, leading to a comfortable sitting room, which again led on to a pleasant terrace, and then rushed upstairs again to dress and be ready for Erwinia whom we expected at every moment.

She came at last. This time she was dressed in a light cotton dress and white cap. We were surprised, but she then told us that the hospital and nurses' house was in this street, only a few seconds away.

We left the house, and walked up the street, when we suddenly came to the hospital. I remember Erwinia once sending me a photograph of the building which I copied in pen and ink and gave it to her, still, I did not recognise the building, I mean I thought it would have been of stone, instead it looked of brick, light brown and red. In front, I mean, you enter first a garden, in fact, the building is situated in a fine garden containing many nice trees. I saw one tree in front of the building. It looked lovely. I think it was an elm. The leaves at the beginning of the branches were of a deep, dull green, and as they gradually climbed upwards they became always lighter and fresher, so that at the top they were of the palest, loveliest shade you could possibly imagine.

ENTRANCE INTO THE HOSPITAL. My heart began to sink. I thought of entering into a solemn silent place, with terrific rules, and frightful sights. It will perhaps seem strange to you when I tell you that although I have been so much about, apart from a small private hospital I once visited as a tiny girl, I have never had the opportunity of entering a hospital. That is why I felt nervous and fearful. My feelings were however at once dispelled. We entered into a large, airy hall, above a large door I read a pretty biblical inscription, and against the wall I read the following words:-

HIER WIRD GEBETEN LEISE ZU GEHEN UND NICHT ZU SPRECHEN.

I saw a young man with a full, fair German face, he saluted Erwinia, I then imagined it must be a doctor. Erwinia made us enter a pretty long room, then she left us, saying she was going to announce our arrival to the matron. I looked around, and saw that the furniture and the rest were simple and tasteful. Nothing hideously severe and cloisterly, it looked like a comfortable ordinary reception room. I noticed a picture on the wall. It represented a young, pale and slender woman who was being supported by a sister of the Red Cross. She looked half dead, and the sister bright and alive. Under the picture I read the words:- ZUM LEBEN ZURUECKGERUFEN. It was a pathetic and pretty subject.

Erwinia re-entered saying that the matron, Fräulein von Uthmann was in her room waiting to receive us. My heart again began to squeeze. I

expected to see a severe, solemn, ruly woman, instead a bright-looking, agreeable woman with a merry smile and dressed also like a nurse sat at a table in the middle of a charming room filled with flowers, photos, etc. and the two windows looked out into the garden where I saw several fine chestnut trees.

Mama went up to her, shook hands, and sat down. I made one of my reverent bows and smiled sweetly. Then the conversation began. Erwinia sat next to me, and listened to what the two matrons had to say to each other. My sister Hedwig and her darling husband were also discussed, and the matron seemed to be interested in everything. She seemed extremely fond of Erwinia, and praised her several times.

The visit ended, we followed Erwinia out of the room into the hall.

We reached a large, peculiar looking door. It was the lift. I expected to see an attendant, and was stupified to see Erwinia calmly manage it herself. She pressed a button, the door opened automatically, and we entered a strange, long enclosure. Lifts are generally square, small or large, but square, and I at once expressed my surprise at this strange shape. Erwinia then told me quietly that it was shaped that way for the stretchers to be placed inside on which the sick and dying were conveyed to the various wards. I suppose if Erwinia came with me to the City and saw how life and things shaped themselves there, she would also feel surprised.

Now we reached the top floor, her floor par excellence, the ward over which she rules, the ward reserved for poor women and children. We met two girls in the corridor, both dressed as nurses, they ran up to Erwinia, smiling and agreeable. These were her pupils, they were learning their work under her, and they were to do everything for her during this fortnight which she had free to be with us all the time.

We entered one large room, the children's room. Everything perfectly clean and airy. I noticed one little boy's head peeping out of the sheets, pale and sick-looking, still, he gazed at us with great curiosity. The other beds were empty, except two which were occupied by women, there being no other children in hospital at that time. They looked at us and smiled, their faces were normal and did not frighten me. We smiled, said a few words, then left. Next we entered the women's ward. I noticed a woman

lying motionless between the sheets. My heart sank within me. A living corpse. I won't describe her further. This poor woman was suffering from cancer, and was the mother of five children. She comes and goes from home to hospital, with no hope of recovery. Erwinia confided to us that she was so wretched owing not only to her hopeless state but also to the miserable life which her husband and children led, that she had more than once tried to end her days. We passed on, I tried to smile as she wished us good morning, but my feelings were indescribable. I looked at Erwinia who had seen such things since so long. She was calm as she usually is, and led us away. She then brought us to a large terrace where convalescents were lying or sitting, their friends round them. The view here over the air and the town was adorable. Erwinia told us that these were the good points in this upper floor. Sometimes she did not manage to leave the hospital for days and days, this delicious pure air and lovely view compensated her for the rest. I asked her whether there were many birds about, and she said there were hundreds of them, swallows and other birdies, and they were so fearless that they almost touched her when they flew past. She also said that some dickies, when the mattresses were hung out of the terrace and windows to air, deliberately pecked at the stuff, made a tiny opening with their naughty little beaks, and pulled out feathers and woolly stuff to carry off to the trees where they build their nests. This time she intended putting soft stuffs on the window sills for the birdies to snatch. I am afraid that forbidden fruit tastes the sweetest, and the dickies will understand that those little heaps are meant for them, will despise them, and turn back to the mattresses.

Now let us go to the nurses' room, Erwinia said.

Oh, my heart began to beat.

We entered it.

Imagine a winter garden, green, deliciously green wherever the eye wanders. There was just enough space in the room to move to the seats, all the rest green with charming plants, firs, palms, moss, all sorts green plants. I looked up, why, even creepers growing along the walls and above your head. Some plants were in pots, some were in water, some branches of ivy grew about without even the root. Lovely, paradisiaco, merveilleux, wunderbar, I consulted all the language swimming in my head. And the

walls near the seats, they were covered with lovely pictures, prints, illustrated postcards, and the like. And the subjects!! Simply sweet, just illustrating Erwinia's temperament, her likings, musicians, dancers, and animals, pussy-cats and bow-wow-wows. I went all round and examined the pictures. I saw a pretty ballerina in light flimsy clothes; Pawlowa, the famous Anna Pawlowa. I saw a woman, a well-known face; Duse, the great Italian actress. I saw a strange-looking gigantic old man clothed like a peasant, bare-footed, and with long flowing beard:- Tolstoi, the great Russian philosopher, or what was this great man really? A writer of wonderful thoughts. I also noticed another old man, bald-headed, and with a beard, this was an Englishman, a big favourite with Erwinia. I saw a lovely picture of a girl with a stringed instrument. Underneath was written:- "Die Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts." This lovely novel written by Hauff is very interesting, and the picture illustrates perfectly the lovely beggar girl. Hauff was only 25 when he died, he was a pastor, and he wrote the famous Hauffs Märchen and several other charming books. I looked at the 101 pussy-cats, what a lot of pranks they were playing on the pictures. I looked at the group of musicians, these were all depicted on postcards, and made a most interesting assembly. I saw Verdi, I saw Mendlesohn, I saw Lizst with his long hair and strange protrusions on his skin, which my sister Hedwig once wittily declared to contain extract of music, I saw Beethoven with his dark look and knotty forehead, Mozart with his round face and jabot, Brahms the song writer with his long beard and bespectacled eyes, Chopin with his delicate and fine features, Back (of whom Beethoven said:- "Bach ist kein Bach, er ist ein Meer!") Wagner with his calm face and velvet cap, Schumann, Schubert, Weber, Rubinstein, Gounod, etc. I also saw the portraits of many living musicians, Kubelik reigning foremost, Erwinia adores the violin, after the human voice she declares no instrument can produce such sounds as the violin. During all these years she has lived in Wiesbaden, she has had ample opportunity to form her taste, having regularly attended the concerts in the Kurhaus, where of course only the best musicians of the day are heard. I saw a fine print of Beethoven at work in his study. I saw a print representing a nude woman with arms wide apart and eyes closed. I could not imagine what that meant until I read the inscription underneath:- "SOMNAMBULE". The subject of somnambulism

has always fascinated me immensely, I have seen one or two somnambulists on their wanderings, but one thing I have never heard and that is that they go about in a nude state, still, one never knows what we mortals may be up to. Erwinia now said she would set the gramophone singing. The instrument, her own possession, was proudly posted on something high, and we anxiously took our seats to listen to the strains of all those wonderful singers and musicians.

Out of the big shining trumpet a man's voice started singing. It was Leopold Demuth, now no more, and he sang "Auf den Meere". The voice sounded rich and full, and I listened intently. Then a Russian lady sang, her name was Michalowa, or something like that, and she rendered the *Serenata di Braga*. Is it not lovely! And how sweetly she sang. Next came Caruso, and he sang "Ideale" of Paolo Tosti. What an immense grand voice that Latin fellow has. I next wanted to hear Gounod's "Ave Maria" and the Russian lady did as she was told.

I wanted some more, Erwinia however reminded me that we had still to visit her bedroom, and had to leave afterwards for Biebrich where we should have to arrive in time for dinner at 1 o'clock.

We left the hospital, walked through the garden, and Erwinia pointed out a door to me in the basement of the hospital where she said the dead were put. I turned pale, she remained unconcerned. We entered another house which was the *Schwestern Haus*, that is where the nurses each have their bedroom. Erwinia's was on the first floor, she opened it with a key she kept by her.

Oh, how lovely, how poetic, how sweet was this chamber.

It is a poet's retreat, it is a dreamer's bower, it is a fairy's dwelling. Again plants and creepers, again lovely prints and other pictures. Her narrow little white bed looked like a doll's bed. A snow white crochet counterpane was spread over it, Erwinia's own work, she excels in this class of needle-work. I also saw a crochet cloth the same pattern on her night table and one under her basin. We may sneer at crochet, homely, old-fashioned work, despised next to the rich stuffs and tapestries now on the market. Ah, but you should see this pure white crochet amongst all those plants, how dainty, healthy, strong, and everlasting it is. In the centre of this little room the plants and trees spread yards above your head just

like in the nurses' room, and there is a nice little couch in the corner opposite the bed with the window in the middle, behind the couch lovely plants rise. I saw a charming little tree, it looked like a fir, only that the branches grew more asymmetrically, I mean to say, they grew together, then left a good space for the trunk to grow alone, then grew in a circle together again. Erwinia told me it was called "EDEL TANNE". I saw a bunch of that charming plant which when the outer cover on both sides of the leaf is pulled off, leaves the leaf looking like silver. It, the leaf I mean, has an oblong shape and seems to be everlasting. In English, you call it honesty, and in German its name is "JUDAS PFENNIG" or "JUDAS GROSCHEN" is it not funny? Just the contrary meaning. I saw a pretty table on which were plants and a dainty tea set, the pattern was poppies, and I longed to have tea there. My longing was soon satisfied, as you will hear later. I went to the bed, and saw that the walls round it were very artistically decorated. Over the bed I noticed a plate-shaped picture. The profile of Wagner was depicted on it. The execution of this plate was quite a novelty to me. The back ground was of black velvet, and Wagner's head was embossed in grey shadings on some kind of paper or cardboard. From a distance it looked like marble. Erwinia then said that this style is now frequently adopted in Germany to reproduce pictures of statues, etc. Over this head I saw a large document, it looked like illuminated. It was Erwinia's diploma. In bold letters I read the following:-

SCHWESTER ERWINIA VON JAFFA
IN DANKBARER ANERKENNUNG ZEHNJAEHRIGER
SIEGESREICHER KRANKENPFLEGE

WIESBADENER VEREIN VOM ROTEN KREUZ

How proud she must have felt when this was presented to her!

I then inspected the wall lengthwise the bed. I saw a reproduction of Canova's famous group "Amor and Psyche" represented in the same style as Wagner's profile, and these two lovely bodies delicately embossed and shaded in soft grey stood ideally out of the black velvety background. There were several other pretty pictures, and then high above, stretching right

across the wall I saw a row of drawings, also a painting, all neatly framed and covered with glass. This was my work, these were drawings I had given to Erwinia some years back.

I looked at them all, I looked at the painting representing an Italian landscape, and smiled and sighed rather bitterly.

We think that because we have a firm hand at designing and a correct eye at copying that we are geniuses in art.

We think that because we love music and can easily reproduce any sound and tune, that we are born musicians.

We think that because we have a strong speaking voice and possess the power of mimicking the expressions and movements of our fellow-creatures, that we have missed our career as actors.

We think that because we manage to squeeze out a rhyme or two on some excited occasion, that we may pretend to the laurel leaves.

And in our exaltation and interest we suddenly see a rosy cloud appear before us with our name written on it in letters of gold, it seems to us that the cloud gets bigger and bigger and bigger and the letters become so gigantic that the whole world can read them. We feel hopeful, dazzled, proud. Suddenly there appears a dark veil which swiftly passes over the rosy cloud. It is the veil of obscurity. We dash through this veil wanting to tear it away only to find ourselves in a narrow lane, and our name written in the dust. Most of us mortals are doomed to go through this lane on both sides of which rise high green walls, these are the walls of hope, hope which leads us on and on through this obscure path which is for ever and ever winding till we reach the end which is death. None of us knows how it looks at the end, Destiny has arranged it this way. However, the dark path is not always so dull and dreary as we first thought it. Lovely flowers bloom on some parts. We sometimes wish to remain with them, and they grasp at us and bid us remain with them, but Destiny pushes us poor mortals on and on, only letting us remain where it wishes us to remain, till it makes us go further till we reach the end.

I looked at Erwinia's washing-stand, all sweet and provided with the necessary implements. This was at the foot of the bed. Then, at the wall of the door I saw a large cupboard in the wall, and a neat little toilet-table, with a looking-glass framed in wide pink ribbon. The wall opposite the bed

besides the couch had a bookshelf containing many fine books. I also saw several knick-knacks which were known to me, which we gave her on various occasions, and many other artistic and also useful objects. I asked her how it was possible to gather all these lovely plants and articles, to which she answered that it was done in patience, and by choosing when the opportunity presented itself. Some plants were bought, some were given to her by her patients. I asked her whether it was not dangerous to sleep with all these plants, to which she answered that only perfumed flowers were dangerous, firs, etc. were not, and besides she always slept with the window open. I saw that the heating apparatus was in front of the window, hot air I think. Over the bookshelf I noticed the reproduction of a lovely picture. It was entitled "BEETHOVEN UND DIE MUSE". Beethoven was sitting at the piano in deep thought and behind him the muse, a lovely woman in flowing draperies and laurel-encircled brow was standing besides a golden harp. Oh, that picture, I could not take my eyes off it. What a wonderful artist the one who created it, and then we doubt of German genius!!!! I also saw a fine picture depicting Loreley embracing one of her victims. This is not the last time I speak of Loreley. You will hear about her later.

Erwinia was now anxious that we should leave for Biebrich. I reluctantly affirmed to her wish after she promised that we should enjoy more hours in her little bower.

BIEBRICH. This pretty little town on the Rhine, the port of Wiesbaden was reached toward 1 o'clock. We went by tram. The trams in Wiesbaden are luckily open on both sides, so that you can enjoy the sights and fresh air all the time. Erwinia conducted us to a fine restaurant, and we sat down in the garden under the trees, just in front of the Rhine, the river being only separated from us by the road. We decided to have dinner in the open, it being so much nicer, and the day being gloriously fine and sunny.

Out, out! Into the open air! (Longfellow, To a Child)

How I enjoyed sitting there, our table was quite near the wall, so that we had an excellent view of the Rhine. The Rhine, I could hardly realize we

were sitting near it. It looked immensely wide and romantic, it winded its way silently and calmly.

River! That in silence windest
Through the meadows bright and free
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bottom of the sea! (Longfellow, To the River

Charles)

The first glimpse I ever had of the Rhine was in 1908 at Kehl near Strasburg. The summer being glorious that year with but little rain, made the sky clear and lovely, and of course the reflection on the water was clear and perfect, the colour there was just as you always hear the colour of the Rhine described, of a pure light green. Owing to the recent floods, no doubt the Rhine seemed of a rather muddy colour at Biebrich, I was also rather disappointed in its colour when we flew past it in the train. Still, it is a magnificent body of water, immensely wide and heavy-looking. As we sat there quietly [sic] the pure air and the scene, one felt glad of being alive. Above us the branches of the trees spread about, and hundred of birdies sang and hopped about. Sometimes a leaf would fall on the table, but only one at a time, mind, we were still in summer, the single leaves dropping at a time were only to remind us that every earthly joy is ephemeral, that this happy hour would also soon be gone. However, we still had many, many happy hours to enjoy together, and laughed and chatted while we enjoyed a pleasant dinner accompanied by the songs of the birds.

Mon beau voyage encore est si loin de sa fin!
(André Chenier, La jeune captive)

Erwinia told us that at that very place she had sat and dined with Peter and Hedwig, and she was glad to see how we liked it too, as they were delighted with their excursion to Biebrich.

Dinner over, we left the garden, and went along the Rhine, where we sat down. The green landscape opposite was an island, as I noticed there were very many in the Rhine. On the banks of that island which bears the

name of Biebrich Wörth, there is a bathing establishment, and Erwinia often went to bathe there while living in Biebrich. I made an allusion that I should have liked to take a bath, she however assured me that the water was too cold. Biebrich lies 5 km from Wiesbaden, and has over 7000 inhabitants. It contains many factories, and was up to the year 1840 the residential place of the Duke of Nassau. Just behind us I noticed a fine palace with long windows and a magnificent entrance which is reached by so many steps on either side of the door. Carl August of Nassau built it, and it took 7 years to complete (1699-1706). This palace is supposed to be the finest palace on the Rhine. Till the year 1866 it used to be the summer resort of the Duke. The park around seemed very large, and Erwinia said we would enter it after a while. In the year 1831 Biebrich became a free port of the Rhine, and it is a very important place, hundreds of ships of all sizes touch it. It seemed a cheerful little place, and the vegetation like everywhere on the Rhine looked glorious. Erwinia told us that Wagner had lived in Biebrich for some time.

Once sitting in front of the river, we felt so happy and lazy that I thought we would spend the day there. We however listened to Erwinia, and entered the park, as she said it was well worth visiting. Mama looked up and said it seemed to her as if the trees were higher than she had ever seen them. In fact, on looking up to the sky, I had the same feeling. I then looked at the palace, shut up and deserted. I felt sad in thinking of those lovely lofty rooms now forsaken and almost dilapidated, nobody being allowed to dwell there, and then I thought of so many poor people who have no home or who lived crammed together in small dark places. And yet one never knows whether the different generations of blue-blood were ever happy who inhabited that beautiful place.

Qui sait qu'un bonheur véritable
Ne dépendit jamais des lieux,
Que le palais le plus pompeux
Souvent renferme un misérable
Et qu'un désert peut être aimable
Pour quiconque sait être heureux.

(Gresset, Ma Chartreuse)

We moved on across the lovely alleys bordered with linden and other trees. Erwinia earnestly requested me not to walk on the grass, the park being open to the public only under strict rules, "indeed," she added, "it is not even allowed to do needle-work there." Sounds strange, does it not? And yet rules remain rules and have to be complied with. We eat in front of a lovely lake. Erwinia was at first reluctant to sit down, a gigantic swan lying quite near the seat we wanted to take possession of. We also saw that this swan had a family of tiny brown cygnets in the grass, and Erwinia said she knew swans to be violent if you approach them. The bird seemed however to guess our thoughts, it got up, waddled heavily towards the lake, an ugly, heavy object, but once it had plunged in, a complete metamorphose seemed to happen, the swan turned into an ideally lovely creature, as it gracefully glided along, its proud neck curving daintily, and its body now seemed as if the breezes and zephyrs had shaped it. The little brown family followed suit, and soon a charming trail was noticed in the water. It just seemed to me to be back in Hamburg, to be sitting in front of the Alster, the home of so many swans.

The lake here was charming. You could see fishes peeping for an instant out of the water, to disappear again. The trees around were fresh and green. I love the weeping-willow as it grows so near the edge of the water, letting its floating branches drop into the water, and wafting with every breeze. Chestnuts are lovely too, the leaves five or more, spreading out like a fan on the twigs, are always so bushy and shady. Poplars are stiff perhaps, but they have their charm, proud, cold, and erect, you meet them in every country. The view opposite the lake was very picturesque. You could see a romantic looking little castle, and on both sides were little bridges. This castle with its thick walls and latticed windows contains a collection of wonders which were taken from an old abbey and transported there. The place is therefore a kind of museum. We however did not enter, as I was too anxious to remain in the open air, not knowing whether the weather would remain fine during our whole stay.

A black cock suddenly appeared on the scene, looked at us, pecked at the grass, then looked at us again, and ran off.

After some hours of bliss, Erwinia proposed that we should go and have tea at the same place where we had had dinner, to which we agreed.

We left the park by another gate and walked right through Biebrich. It looked a clean, prosperous little place. When we arrived at the garden for tea, we were all three deadly tired, the day having been very hot. The garden was now packed with people. It is so nice in Germany, you can go to so many charming places and enjoy a few hours of bliss during the day. I mean those people who work all day; the towns not being so large, these places are at an easy distance from their homes. We found some difficulty in getting seats, and once there, we had to wait a long time till someone came to serve us. In the meantime Erwinia and I went to the buffet to choose something sweet. We chose three slices of "Hapfkuchen" which is the equivalent to "Kugelhopf" a typically German cake, excellent, and the portions they give you are indeed very generous.

Tea over, there still remained a few hours to enjoy ourselves before returning to Wiesbaden. Erwinia proposed to sail to Mainz, which she said was only 20 minutes in the boat, and the fare was only Pf. 20.

The pier was just in front of the restaurant, so we jumped into the boat, and soon sailed away.

Oh, the Rhine is lovely. The Germans can justly be proud of it. The water seemed to be rushing now, and the country was so fresh and green. I saw no ancient castles in these parts, but in the distance I noticed an immense bridge, on both sides of which was a town. It was Mainz. Turrets and steeples and other large buildings were looming high as we approached. I noticed a large island in the middle of the water. The railway bridge passed over it. It was called Peter's Aue. Aue really means a meadow, and seeing it, I mean looking at it forgetting the water it just seemed to be a beautiful meadow in an immense country.

MAINZ. We landed at Mainz punctually at 6 o'clock. I noticed the cathedral which looked rather new and something like an imitation of another cathedral. Still, it was fine in its style. I noticed fine houses about, flower boxes in every window. We soon found ourselves in a large square, and a moment later in front of the cathedral. Still, it was fine in its style. I noticed fine houses about, flower-boxes in every window. We soon found ourselves in a large square, and a moment later in front of the cathedral. We did not enter it, we just examined it from outside. We felt tired, the air

was hot. We started wandering about, still we did not enjoy it much. We felt thirsty, and entered a pretty place where we sat on a kind of terrace. We drank beer, and felt rather lazy.

I knew there were many interesting sights to see in Mainz, and yet we had no more will power, we had no more body power, we had come too late in the day.

As you know, Gutenberg, the inventor of printing was born at Mainz, towards the end of the 14th century, and he made his great discovery in the year 1450, he died in 1468, and there is a monument to his memory by Thorwaldsen on the Gutenbergplatz. His workshop is now an hotel.

The cathedral which looked so fresh and almost new, is the oldest Roman dome on the Rhine. I could not understand why it looked so varied all over till I read in the guide book that the whole ladder of architectural development which has run through 1000 years is included in its structure. It is also said that no church on the Rhine, and indeed few in all Germany, contains so many monuments like this dome. But I am not going to describe it, not having visited it, and can therefore not give my opinion about all these wonders.

When we had drunk our beer, we wended our way back to the Rhine, and sat down in front of the water. The immense railway bridge which crosses the Rhine is 915 m long. The erection began in 1900 and has cost Mk. 5,200,000. Opposite, I mean on the other side of the river, there is an old fortress, it is called Mainz-Kastel, in former times it used to be called der "Brückekopf."

At 7:30 we left Mainz. A delicious breeze began to blow, and I looked admiringly at the pretty town with its strange dome and flower bedecked windows as it slowly vanished from my sight. The wind became stronger, and I had to hold my hat.

Sausewind! Brausewind!
Dort und hier!
Deine Heimat sage mir! (Eduard Mörkke, Lied vom
Winde)

I looked up at the sky, a pale, small, watery moon was visible. I rejoiced at the sight. I had not seen the moon for ever so long. Erwinia said it looked as if in a crying mood. I sincerely hoped the weather would not change, and that the moon would keep her reputation. As we glided on and on towards Biebrich, the colouring of the landscape changed. Everything seemed to take a neutral colour. It looked mysterious and romantic.

Nun breitet ihre Flügel
Die Nacht auf Strom und Au
Und streut auf Berg und Hügel
Den milden Himmelsthau. (Julius Wolff, Lurlei)

We arrived back at Biebrich towards 8 o'clock, and at once took the tram to Wiesbaden.

We decided just in front, I mean in the street which divides the Kurgarten with the Kaiser Friedrich Platz. You should have seen that scene, it was so pretty. Lights of every shade everywhere. We walked up the street along the garden, and saw the Kurgarten proper, that is to say, the part of the garden behind the Kurhaus which are reserved, and can only be entered with a ticket. It looked quite dazzling. Lights of all shapes and colours lit up the scene, and I was longing to enter. Erwinia then said we would spend a whole day once in the Kurhaus, so that we should be at liberty to go in and out of the garden as much as we liked. She accompanied us home, staid a while with us, then left us, promising us still further surprises for tomorrow.

MONDAY, AUGUST 19th

Scarcely back in our room after breakfast, the door opened, and Erwinia entered looking somewhat bulky. We were wondering what had happened. She then threw open her cloak and there magically appeared another cloak of black silk and a fine black hat. We both burst out laughing. She then asked us would I like to have them, they were not meant to be Scotch presents, that is to say, things she did not want any more because they were old and worn, but she frankly assured me that she did not admire

much my best Sunday-go-to-meeting-hat, which although brand new, had been badly chosen and did not suit me at all. This hat and cloak of hers were equally new, but not having the opportunity of wearing them, they would soon look antiquated. She had worn them while in London, and I remembered them quite well. I tried the silk cloak on, it suited all right, and I accepted it smiling for joy. I tried the hat on, but this article, oh my goodness, it seemed to dance on my head, it seemed to revolutionize on the top of me. We all began to laugh, and Erwinia then told me to walk out with her, she would choose a hat to her liking.

Mama stopped in, having several things to do. Erwinia and I went out together, and I was delighted at the streets; they did look so trim and nice, the shops were charming. I noticed people of different classes bow and nod at her. We entered a milliner's, the girls seemed to know her. She chose a nice, light grey, straw hat with a grand black ornament rising high above the skies. We then went further on, and entered a dressy establishment, Erwinia wishing to regale me with a blouse. She chose a black silk one, and ordered it to be sent to the Miranda.

We then returned to fetch Mama, in order to start the day.

However, before doing anything else, Erwinia quietly began speaking of the Kur tax which we were expected to pay.

We did not understand. Then she told us that since a few years, the municipality of Wiesbaden had instituted a tax which every stranger had to pay who was sojourning in the town for more than a day. We still did not understand and said we would not pay. She then said that the police would come and not only force us to pay, but would impose an extra fine if we did not pay the tax at once.

Why is this? Why? Because the town provides for strangers ever so many beautiful things, the gardens are perfectly kept, the music is good and abundant, the entertainments are excellent, the town is agreeable, etc., etc., and for all this visitors are expected to contribute. The tax is divided, or you pay a tax and can enter ad libitum the Kurhaus and the Kochbrunnen, or you pay a tax for the Kochbrunnen only, or for the Kursaal only. We chose to pay for the Kochbrunnen only, as we knew that we could pay for one day at the Kurhaus, where we did not intend to enter every day, preferring to remain in the open air, whereas by paying the Kochbrunnen

tax, we could enter and drink as many glasses of its strange, boiling liquid, which we certainly were willing to do, as it was for health and strength that this would be done. The tax is for ten days, I think, and if you remain but 2 or 3 days longer, you have to pay it again all the same. This sounded rather hard, still, it could not be helped. We paid I think Mk. 4 and something per head, and twice, mind, the first time was all right, but we had to pay it a second time when only 2/3 days were left. However, this cannot be helped, so I will only say, that we went out. Erwinia brought us to the office, which is situated in one of the colonnades on either side of the roads in front of the alleys of the plantain trees guarding the Kuranlagen. We silently paid the tax, and walked off.

SONNENBERG. This was today's excursion. It is a village containing a strange old castle or fortress, you can go there by tram, but we preferred to walk, the enjoyment would be greater and healthier.

We started from the Kurgardens which stretch right into the country, and then you go higher and higher passing charming spots, till you arrive at the village.

The sun was shining, and we were all three bright and well disposed. The country was lovely. Erwinia drew my attention to a tree which she called "blaue Ficht." In fact, this pine tree is of a decided smoky blue tinge, and makes a wonderful effect; sometimes it looks as if electric light were shining upon it.

Right along the way a running brook sang and rushed along. I was wondering where it came from, as I did not see where it started. We passed lovely groups of gigantic sunflowers, hundreds of cabbages green and red growing at their feet. The gold of the sunflowers made a fine effect besides the cabbages. The green cabbages sometimes looked bluish. I was rather surprised to read the other day that the red cabbage is a native of Italy, I always thought its home was Belgium. There the red cabbage plays an immense role. You eat it very often. They are cooked with apples, and seem almost inseparable to the Belgian table. Belgian babies are found in cabbages, I beg to state. I once saw a sweet little picture of some little Flemish children industriously pulling the leaves off cabbages in a cabbage field, underneath the picture I read the appropriate title:- "VAINES RECHERCHES." I wonder why most of us think so little of the sunflower, no

doubt because it grows in homely, rural districts, and is therefore considered a coarse, commonplace flower. I have always loved it, as it grows so high, and bright, and beaming.

Le tournesol, géant de l'empire de Flore (Michaud, Les Fleurs)

As the French poet called the sunflower, has been called by Linneaus Helianthus, from Helio the sun, it being supposed to resemble the sun. It hails from America, and is a very thirsty plant. It is therefore often planted in marshy districts to absorb the moisture of the earth. It is an annual and sometimes longer living plant, and not only is it a great brightener of landscapes, but it is also very useful, as the oil extracted from it is of great value, especially in Russia, where in late years it has yielded over 5,000,000 Ruble worth of oil. I like to see these flowers when they grow together, sometimes they reach 4 metres, and their flowers are then 50 cm wide. Some we saw during the walk I am describing indeed looked extraordinarily large, in fact, as if you looked at them through a magnifying glass.

Klafterhohe Sonnenblumen
Mit den golden Zachenkronen
Auf den schwarzen Mohrenköpfen. (Julius Wolff, Lurlei)

The sunflower is generally left to bloom alone, it is never torn off its stem to be gathered with other flowers into a bouquet, it therefore lives its long and peaceful and uneventful life in sweet and unconcerned bliss.

Ihr andern Blumen alle,
Die man zum Strausse bricht:-
Ich bin die Sonnenblume-
Und ich beneide euch nicht.- (XXX)

We went on our way, higher and higher up. We passed some charming villas, and further on we came to simple little rural houses. Mama

and Erwinia walked together, I stopped here and there and everywhere to have a good view at everything.

We arrived at Sonnenberg at 1:40.

All sounds were in harmony blended.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farm-yards,

Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons.

(Longfellow, Evangeline)

Erwinia told us that some years ago when Hedwig visited her, they spent some hours together at Sonnenberg. I saw the ancient castle, or fortress or fort, or whatever the strange structure might be called, looming in the distance, and wanted to see it at once. We walked towards it, and saw that a nice little restaurant was attached to it. I suppose the keeper of the fortress kept it. Mama and Erwinia were still wonderfully energetic after their many hours walk. I was beginning to drag myself, my throat felt parched, and I was longing to have a long rest. We entered a nice leafy garden, quite rustic and unpretentious. The fortress was just near it. It is really called BURGRUINE SONNENBERG. We took our seats round a funny little wooden table, sighed for a moment, and then rang a bell, the communication cord of which ran right across the garden to a little house which was the hotel. A girl came, and she told us that she could offer us nothing hot, only sandwiches and cold drinks. We then chose ham and cheese sandwiches, mother and sister asked for mineral water, and I eagerly chose apple wine, or better, cider. I could not understand why the two would not partake also of that lovely to my mind poetic and harmless beverage. Mama then said it was too sour for her taste, and Erwinia turned up her nose saying she could very well exist without that preparation; the apples she said no doubt had been squeezed and worked by rural fingers which were heedless as to cleanliness and hygiene. I then assured her that I had watched cider making in the sweet mountain-land of Baden, and that the peasants used machines and worked in the open air. Still, Erwinia did not seem very interested in my assertions, she simply told me to enjoy the so-called poetic beverage and to let her drink her natural water in peace.

Is it not strange, although we were sojourning in the land of sausages, I did not eat once a slice of sausage, I never seemed to find the opportunity of doing so. We however made up for this lack of appreciation for Germany's excellent product by taking two fine sausages home with us and enjoying them there in judicious thankfulness.

We sat a good while at the table. I was thankful to be allowed laziness for a while, considering the dreadfully busy life I lead in London. Time did not hang heavily on my hands, I can assure you, they rested peacefully, but my brain worked as it ever does. Erwinia looked at me and asked me why in the name of everything that is ridiculous I kept on moving and thinking. She said that when I did not speak I was thinking. She watched me and said that I kept on moving my eyes, my nose, and my lips, she simply could not exist that way.

"Can't you remain for a while without thinking? Oh, how tired you must be at night!!!"

The fact is that I am always well tired out when the day is over. Is not there a story of a little English maid who when once ordered by her nurse to sit down and keep still, promptly answered:-

"I can't make my mind sit down!"

I am afraid it is a little bit like that with me. I cannot understand how it is possible to remain without thinking, without seeing sights and visions appear in your mind's eye. I dream by night. I dream by day.

I noticed a spider's web near me, the spider was throning supreme in the centre of its diaphanous edifice, its little victims, the flies encircled his Majesty at a respectful distance. To watch the erection of this wonderful symmetrical, aerial castle, is wonderful. I never could understand why so many of my gentle, sensitive sex, should shrink in terror before these, to us harmless, industrious creatures, the symbol of work and contentment.

Listen to the Italian's song of the spider:-

Entro un cespo di rose è il tessitore;
Da ramo a ramo agilmente appende
Co' diti sottilissimi lo stame;
E gl'intessuti fili al mattutino
Raggio brillano come arcobaleno

Nella serenità lieta dei cieli.
Tesa è la tela, e il tessitore riposa,
E di sangue s'inebria e di profumo.
Battono quella trama e l'acqua e il vento,
Ma il tessitore non teme la tempesta,
Ne il lavor leggerissimo si frange.-

Ahi! Che ogni bene, ogni speranza nostra
Si dileguano in breve, ed il superbo
Dell' uom travaglio a procurer non giova
Ozi beati e fra le rose alberga.

(Pietro Dazzi, Il Ragno)

We now noticed a man in a uniform walk towards the ruin. It was the hour when the doors are opened to strangers. We eagerly went after him. He led us to a kind of ladder to the entrance. A strange place.

This castle was first erected in the year 1200 by the count of Laurenburg, but destroyed by the Eppsteiner in 1283. King Adolf of Nassau erected it again; the French demolished it in 1689. The ruin belongs now to the administration of Wiesbaden, and large sums are spent to prevent it from falling to ruin.

We entered. Terrible, ghostly, "nightmare" the hall, a square, dark place led to a kind of ladder not really stairs, to upper rooms. The walls were very, very thick, and the windows high and narrow, there being no panes of glass in those days, the openings must perforce have been narrow in those days to escape the cold. One opening, however, had coloured glass panes with crests and signs on them. In one dark room we saw a strange kind of couch, a table, and a lantern on it, which the guide told us used to be the watchman's chamber. We went higher up, many antiquities, shields, spears, battle instruments, and the like were exposed. Glaring, hideous, and spectral, on a shelf, was a skull, the teeth prominent, making the expression almost a grinning one. I gazed at first, and almost shuddered. The guide then said pointing to the ground that the skull was extricated from there. There was a big, round, black hole in the ground, where unfortunate victims were thrown to perish of hunger! We saw what

was meant in those days to be the chimneys, large holes against the walls. How did people ever enjoy living in such places? I suppose the satisfaction they had of “lording” over the others made up for the other deficiencies existing in those times.

We next went up the tower, and arrived safely on a platform from where a lovely view spread out over the country. The Rheingau, a valley stretching from Wiesbaden to Rudesheim, and which produces the best Rhine wine, owing to its sunny exposed aspect, which is at the same time protected from the cold winds by the mountains at the back, was pointed out to us. The Taunus Gebirge stretching at the back of Wiesbaden looked lovely and romantic. The Rhine appeared like a silver ribbon, hiding and reappearing, as if it were playing hide and seek. Looking down, I noticed bits of walls and stones, the man then said that the fortress was ever so much larger before its destruction, it stretched out far and wide, all those high trees we saw in the garden of the little inn below had grown wild since the fortress had been destroyed. This reminded me of the ruins of the convent of Allerheiligen in Baden, where the trees grew over the ground which had once been the cells and refectories of the nuns. How many different generations of people had gazed over the land from that tower? The people came and went, lived and died, the country always remained the same, more trees grew out of the ground, they thickened and were hewn down, others grew in their stead, yet the country and the mountains remained the same.

I looked at the pretty little village below, the houses looked rather new, so did the church which seemed to float above the rest. I noticed many little peasant girls being drilled by a man just like boys, they seemed to enjoy the work immensely, they sprung and moved about just like marionettes. The guide called them “die jüngsten Bekruten.” He then pointed out to us DIE PLATTE, the grand ducal Luxemburgish shooting box, a grand place, where the deer run about, and which everybody going to Wiesbaden should visit. Still, we did not manage to see it, although we often had the intention to. Man proposes and God disposes; we saw other lovely spots, as you will see further on, but the Platte not. The statue of Germania was visible in the distance. It looked no more than a tiny black spot. We lingered for a while, then went down again. The steps were not

difficult, it was not a winding staircase as is usually the case in those old-world places, and it was lit up by electricity.

We now started our walk back to Wiesbaden. We sat and walked, and walked and sat. Once a party of tiny peasant boys approached us and began to parade before us. They were playing at soldiers. The captain gave severe orders, and these little soldiers obeyed as seriously as if they were really at work for their beloved fatherland. During another rest, a pleasant country woman with two children approached and bowed deeply to Erwinia. One of the children had been her patient, and the mother seemed to have a very high opinion of the one who had nursed her.

Hours passed, the sun cooled, and we arrived at our lodgings. I felt half dead, my feet would hardly carry me. You will no doubt think it funny when I tell you that I undressed, had a washing, and crept into bed. Mama did the same. My feet ached like they had not ached for ages. Erwinia sat in the arm chair, and we started telling her all sorts of things, events which had happened lately in London. Some things she knew, other things she listened to with interest. Suddenly she closed her eyes, threw her head back, I spoke to her, she did not answer. She had fallen asleep. A moment after she opened her eyes and said that she had just had such a funny dream. She had dreamt that she was sitting at table, and was about to help herself to some fried eggs, and in taking a portion from the dish to put on her plate, a piece fell back on the dish, and the noise it made woke her up. We naturally began to laugh.

It was 6 o'clock when we got up and dressed. We were going to have supper at a certain place which had been recommended to Erwinia by one of her companions. It was called the "Hansa Restaurant" the food was known to be good and not expensive.

I felt light-hearted and rested as I set out on my last pilgrimage that day. The air was cool and lovely, and we drove to the restaurant. There was a fine verandah stretching on two sides of the building garlanded with geraniums and other flowers.

How I enjoyed that meal in the twilight! I think I seldom enjoyed life so much. I'll tell you what we had. First came a fishy dish served in scallop shells, very hot and tasty and finely flavoured. Then we had roast beef with fried potatoes and a delicious salad, and we ended the meal with excellent

ices. We were charged Mk. 1.75 per head. The drink was of course extra, but still it was wonderfully cheap and good. Back to the Kurgarten where the tram put us down, we sat near the water and watched the various lights about us being lit, I liked seeing the lights reflected in the water and the fountain playing. People went to and fro before us like ghosts; the birds had disappeared.

O Tag, wenn deine Farben blassen
Und wenn erlosch dein bunter Schein,
Dann kann sich erst die Seele fassen,
Der Geist kehrt in sich selber ein.
Wenn Stille sinkt auf Wald und Triften,
Und Schatten ruht auf Wald und Feld,
Dann hört der Mensch aus dunklen Lüften
Die Stimmen einer andern Welt. (P. Gerok)

TUESDAY, AUGUST 20th.

Erwinia entered our room saying we were going to the Kochbrunnen, the principal and largest hot spring, situated in the centre of the town. We hurriedly left the house. I felt excited and anxious to see this phenomenon. I have often read about springs, but this was the first time I would see one. Erwinia led us down the streets, then we entered the Taunusstrasse and arrived at a garden. We showed our tickets, and Erwinia as sister only had to pay 4 Pfennige. We entered the garden, and I noticed a colonnade on the right where people were drinking, sitting, and walking about. On the left was a musical pavilion, and in front of us a building, it looked as if made of glass and iron. We entered this building. It consisted of a long hall with benches on either side, on which people sat with glasses in their hands sipping the contents slowly and "medically." Right at the end of this hall I noticed a counter in a rectangular shape behind which were several girls in caps and aprons, and still behind them I noticed what looked like a room out of the ground of which an immense column of vapour rose continually. I rushed to the glass walls on either side of the counter and screamed aloud.

Strange, wonderful, mysterious, awful, grand Nature!!!

What I saw in the ground was a large hole filled to the brim with a brown, boiling water. This was the Kochbrunnen, the boiling well. It looked like a big cauldron in which a savory brown soup was boiling. Bubbles in various places were continually appearing and steam was continually pouring forth.

And this was the product of Nature, and Nature alone!!!!

But what makes the water boil that way? Nature.

Does it always and always keep on simmering and boiling? Yes, always.

Does the water never tarry? No never.

Does the water never overflow? No never.

Will it never cease boiling? Will it ever? What shall I answer??

Who knows. Ever since the world existed, day after day, week after week, through the years and the centuries this cauldron has been ever at work. I watched and watched till I heard Erwinia call me. She presented a glass of the liquid to me. It did not look brown now, but of a greyish tint. At the first sipping it seemed to burn my lips, but this soon passed off and it cooled. The taste was not pleasant, something like badly prepared chicken broth. Still, it was not half so bitter and disagreeable to the palate like the water at Baden-Baden. Mama and Erwinia took seats, I went back to sip my glass near the glass wall in order not to lose an instant in contemplation before this strange production of nature. To Mama it did not mean such an extraordinary impression, she having seen springs in her early days, and Erwinia had seen the Kochbrunnen so many times, that the novelty seemed to have worn off. I could not understand them. There I stood sipping and watching the water with my nose flattened against the window. Would I ever tire of it? I simply could not take my eyes off it. It was very hot all round me, I heard people standing behind me discuss vivaciously in a language unknown to me whilst they looked equally interested as they watched the boiling water. There was no odour whatever, but the steam came out abundantly to disappear in the openings of the octagonal chamber. As much as I could measure, I think the well must have been 8 or 9 metres across. The balustrade round it was like the room itself,

octagonal. I saw the Kochbrunnen nearly every day again till we left Wiesbaden, and yet even now when I think of it

Potz-tausend! Himmel-sacrament!

Filled am I with great wonderment!

(Longfellow, The Golden Legend)

at this marvellous work of nature.

The world-famed Kochbrunnen, the gem of Wiesbaden and the source of its richness, as the Guide Book proudly and justly tells us, received in the year 1888 a dignified setting in the shape of a round temple through the perforated dome of which the rising white steam clouds continually escape. The waters of the Kochbrunnen contain a large amount of common salt, the analysis of the water performed in the year 1905 by Dr. E. Hintz proving that the amount of ponderable constituents in 1000 parts of water is 8,791,193 which are composed of such ingredients as chloride of sodium, of potassium, of lithium, of calcium, sulphate of lime, of magnesia, of protoxide of iron, ever so many acids running into so many names which I will not repeat as I know nothing about them. The amount of imponderable constituents are such as rubidium, caesium, copper, etc., etc., indeed it is said that lately a Dr. Heinrich has even ascertained the existence of radium in the gases of the Kochbrunnen. The drinking of this water is therefore most beneficial to the sick as well as to the healthy. Be this as it may, I must say that since my return from Wiesbaden I think I have never felt so happy, full of life, and in riotous health as I do now. It may be my imagination, and, as the Germans say,

Der Glaube macht seelig,

but it is so, and I am thankful that I have not shirked from drinking the water. The hall, or Trinkhalle as you call it there attached to the little room round outside and octagonal inside, I mean the kind of balustraded way round which the attendants walk, and which in front is cut a straight line and with the balustrade or better the wall guarding the hole just high enough for the women to bend over easily in order to draw the water out in

jugs or glasses, the hall I say, is constructed of iron and glass and is connected on the West with a colonnade, Wandelhalle they call it, roaming hall where the drinkers roam about sipping the water out of the glasses, and to this colonnade again are attached the inhalation and gargling rooms, as well as a newly erected Radium-Emanatorium which has been built at the expense of the Berlin Radiogen-Gesellschaft.

Now to return to the Kochbrunnen. Inside the setting of the well withing the limits of a few square metres, 15 springs rise bubbling and steaming to the surface, emerging out of deep stony crevices, furnishing 380 litres of water per minute at a temperature of 65.70 Celsius. Now, these thermometrical expressions such as Celsius, Reaumur, Fahrenheit, Centigrad, I must admit, I know very little about. Erwinia who is always occupied with these things told me some very interesting things about them. Celsius, she says, is for fever, Reaumur is trying the heat of the room, Fahrenheit, I think she said, was used in England, and so on. The enormous quantity of water of the Kochbrunnen supplies the baths in 7 adjoining bathing establishments, and the waters bottled and sold by the Wiesbadener Brunnen-Comptoir are also obtained from this spring. There are 23 other springs in Wiesbaden, the waters have more or less the same composition but there is a slight difference in temperature. I see from the book that these hot mineral springs all vary in heat, the Kochbrunnen is not the hottest, the Spiegelquelle is hotter still, it is 68.75 Celsius. These springs are scattered all about the town, I saw no other one, but I was told that several were visible in the hotels and also in simple inns, and some are hidden underground. All these thermal springs combined produce 1350 litres per minute. Is it not marvellous?!!!! In reading in the lexicon about springs I see that springs with a very few exceptions are nothing else but the outcome of rain and dew falling from the atmosphere on the earth which are then sunk into the ground and, which, gathering together emerge out again. Sometimes the water sinks only to a shallow depth, sometimes very deeply into the earth. The fresh springs are those which only gather together very near the surface. The mineral springs are those which secrete very deeply and this mix into the different mineral substances of the earth. The deeper they run down, the hotter they emerge. The true rain water gets thus mixed with all these different composites which dissolve in

the water. Fancy, to have discovered the benefit which these waters have on the human constitution! The waters of the Kochbrunnen are singularly insipid in taste when you hear of all the various ingredients they are composed of. Why, you would imagine that water containing all these substances would prick your tongue, burn your throat, pinch you in the nose, and bring tears to your eyes. But it does nothing of the sort. You drink the water hardly thinking that it contains anything at all. These waters of Wiesbaden are, as I think I have already said, not only for drinking purposes, they are used for taking baths, for inhaling, for gargling, etc., but these purposes are only gone in for cures, only sick people take baths, healthy persons must not take baths, it would weaken them. The water may be drunk, it is always beneficial, but the baths may only be taken as the doctors prescribe them.

As you know, Wiesbaden is full of hospitals, sanatoria, and private clinics. Erwinia knows all about the different treatments, she however did not care to discuss these things with us, she being only too glad that we had not come to Wiesbaden for treatment but for pleasure.

Wiesbaden is described as one of the first towns which sprang up in Germany, indeed Tacitus and Plinius wrote about the town and its wonderful waters "AQUAE MATTIACE" they called them. In our modern times the great German doctors praise a great deal these Wiesbaden waters. Dr. H. Kronecker of Berlin saying that it is a physiological rinsing water for the tissues of the body, owing to the fact, that it contains almost the same quality of salt as the serum of the blood.

Now, dear Reader, you have last seen me with my nose flattened against the glass panes over-looking the simmering cauldron. I now turned round and noticed Mama and Erwinia sitting quietly among the other mortals sipping their glass. When I had done mine, I went up to them trying to give vent to my feelings of rapture and astonishment. Erwinia listened and smiled, and then said that it was time to go outside and take seats in the garden, as the band was soon beginning to play, "you can always see the Kochbrunnen again, but come outside now, the air is much better under the trees."

So we took seats in the garden near the orchestral pavilion, and the band started playing selections from "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL." The visitors

passed to and fro, and I delighted in the scene. We were sitting just in front of the Trinkhalle. I will tell you frankly that it does not compare in beauty to the Trinkhalle of Baden-Baden. The building there stands out grand and beautiful in its quiet dignity, everything is dazzlingly light and clean, and in the colonnade outside where the drinkers saunter about sipping the water you see lovely frescoes on the walls illustrating stories and legends of the Black Forest. The women who serve you are also much more pleasant to look at, big, rosy dollies, these women here look rough and not very tidy. But then we are amply compensated in Wiesbaden by the spring being open to the public eye. In Baden-Baden it is all shut up, the waters are poured out of taps in the walls, so that those who know nothing about springs simply do not believe (I for one) that the water comes really boiling out of the earth. I had a secret idea that it was heated purposely. The sight of nature's own work as you see it in Wiesbaden surpasses all the elegant and grand work done by the hand of man. To think that that same cauldron was gazed at by the Romans, that its water was drunk by all those generations who have come to life, passed through Eternity, and disappeared, century after century. How they all looked different through the ages, and how they all drank and bathed earnestly hoping to get cured and to live and enjoy their span!

The band now played from "ROBERT LE DIABLE" and the people glided to and fro before us.

At the entrance of the Trinkhalle there is a counter where they sell products obtained from the evaporation of the Kochbrunnen, i.e., salts, lozenges, and soap. There are also several glass jars shown there containing the extracted substances of the waters, with their strange Latin names inscribed underneath. I also noticed a large blackboard on which were two columns of writing as follows:

VERLOREN

Eine Nadel mit Stein

Eine Tasche

Ein französisches Buch

Ein Port-monnaie

GEFUNDEN

2 Taschentücher

1 Schirmfuterral

As the music went on, I noticed a photographer perch his machine just outside the garden overlooking the people. He took several photographs, and the people, of every kind and nationality seemed to enjoy grouping themselves before him. How funny they all looked!

Erwinia now gave the signal for the change of the programme of the day's enjoyment. She said we would go and have dinner in a place called "Unter den Eichen" where there was a charming place, bearing the grand title of Restaurant "ORIENT." This house was situated on the outskirts of a beech wood, where Erwinia said we would spend the afternoon. So we left the garden and walked down the pretty streets of the town. I now began to feel the strain of the walk to Sonnenberg. My legs seemed quite stiff, and they seemed disinclined to carry me. I saw Mama and Erwinia glide lightly down the streets, and I followed them trying to walk with dignity. The spirit is supposed to act on the body, and I must say that this is quite true, but only up to a certain point. Try my best, I simply could not walk straight, my body rocked like a see-saw. I saw people look at me with a scrutinizing gaze, I suppose they took me for some interesting patient suffering from some "bony" disease. I consoled myself in seeing other people walk rather queerly. I put on a sweet, smiling face, and tried to keep pace with the two others. I however noticed that the shops were very interesting, so I stopped in front of many. Mama does not care to flatten her nose against shop windows, and to Erwinia there was no novelty, so as long as I could perceive the cock's feathers boa of the one and the black veil of the other in the distance, I lingered on, and enjoyed myself immensely. I saw some charming fancy articles in Brantmalerei, I think you call it poker work in England. On one large board painted and burnt most artistically I read the following inscription, the subject being a tiny cottage in a wood:

Der Mensch braucht ein Platz
Und wäre es auch so klein,
Von dem er kann sagen,
So hier das ist mein!
Hier leb' ich,
Hier ruh ich aus,
Hier ist meine Heimat,

Hier bin ich zu Haus.

I also saw a large plate or dish round which was inscribed:-

Das Herz in meinem Leib,
Teil' ich mit meinem Weib.

I joined the two gliding ones in front of the Rathaus, a very pretty building, of course not so immense as the one in Hamburg, but very appropriate to the place. Erwinia pointed to an hotel bearing the name "GASTHAUS UND RESTAURANT GRUENER WALD" and said that Peter and Hedwig had lived there during their short stay in Wiesbaden when on their way to Vienna.

The tram soon brought us to our destination. "Unter den Eichen" under the oak trees. It was lovely out there. The weather was fine, and Erwinia conducted us to an Oriental looking place. It was the restaurant "ORIENT." I noticed the style and the little dome, and the crescent and star, to illustrate the name. We sat round a little table in the open, and a polite waiter upon placing the first course before us said:- "Gesegnete Mahlzeit." Later on when bringing us each a glass of beer, he added:- "Wohl bekomme es!"

Afterwards we went into the wood.

The path was sloping, and the roots of the trees formed natural steps for us to descend. I laughed and ran down. We then went to the left and found a seat right in the centre of trees; trees on the right, on the left, in front of us, everywhere.

There are of course scenes which leave a greater impression on the mind than a wood. The gorgeousness of the Mediterranean, the immensity of the Alps, the vastness of the plains, and yet the feeling of quiet bliss which the silence and poetry of woods inspire remain forever tenderly impressed on the soul. Imagine yourself away from everywhere, in the middle of ten of thousands of trees, in the silence and peace of a summer day! This wood consisted entirely of beech trees, and these trees grew scattered all over, forming like a green canopy over the wood. Nature's cathedral! I exclaimed. Erwinia told me to notice how the trunks wafted in

the wind. This indeed was wonderful, generally the trunks of trees remain motionless; the branches alone moving when caressed by the breezes. These trunks, however, being so gigantically high and not very thick, balanced to and fro at each gust of wind, like immense willows. I asked Erwinia how it was that these trees, although not so heavy and massive as the oak trees, could have grown so perfectly straight, just like pillars, and yet remain so pliable that they were sensitive to every breeze.

“Sie wollen ans Licht,” Erwinia answered. In fact, this seemed to have been the case. They had seemed to have shot up into the air as fast as they could grow, all at the same time, hurrying to reach the light, and then they seemed to have slowly and peacefully scattered their lovely branches to be kissed by the sun and to be used as homes for the birds of the forest. The green above was magnificent, a fresh, warm green all these millions of leaves had, only here and there you could see a patch of pale gold or reddish brown, as if to remind the world that this lovely foliage could not last for ever.

The ground looked quite brown, only here and there you could see golden patches of the sun’s rays falling through the spaces between the leaves. Right at the end of the wood, through all this wooden pillars you could perceive a line of bright, light, luminous green. It was the edge of the wood, a meadow upon which the sun could unobstructedly play

Le soleil tombe à pic sur le forêt,
Çà et là, parmi l’ombre, un rayon apparait,
Et comme un trait d’or dans les branches légères,
Vient trouer le tapis délicat des fougères.

(Jacques Normand, En Forêt)

We sat blissfully among all this beauty. No birds were singing, no sound was heard. Now and then a pale golden leaf would drop from a great height, roll for an instant along the path, then lifted by a gust of wind, would disappear for ever. I watched one of them and followed it as it yielded to the caprices of the winds, and as I saw it disappear to my sight, I wondered dreamily where nature was blowing it to. It seemed to me as if I heard the same sounds the poet immortalized:

“Cédant au vent qui m’entraîne,
Sans me plaindre ou m’effrayer
Je vais où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose
Et la feuille du laurier.” (Arnault, La Feuille)

I asked Erwinia whether there were any animals in the wood. She said there were some squirrels and some rabbits I think.

“No wild boars or wolves?” I enquired.

“No, none of those monsters,” she answered. Those were only found in the great forests in East Prussia.

I saw a man sitting some way from us. He too, seemed enraptured at the loveliness of the scene. He was resting his back against the seat, and kept his head high up gazing at the green immensity, oblivious of all around him.

We kept silent and enjoyed the scene. Suddenly, Erwinia broke the silence, exclaiming:-

“Un écureuil! Regardez, vite, vite, vite, un écureuil!”

I looked where she pointed to, but saw no squirrel. She said it was running up a tree, I looked, but saw nothing. These dear little specimens of nature are very fast in their movements, are they not? I regretted not to have sighted it, I was longing to see animals about.

In the silence and bliss of the scene everything suddenly darkened. The golden patches on the ground vanished, the green canopy above sparkled no more. A cloud was passing over the sun. Then it all brightened again, and the golden rays illuminated the scene once more. A moment later, and it all darkened again. This time the sun shone no more. Rain began to fall. Erwinia said she thought it would be better to leave before the rain came on too heavily,

And I answer,- “Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?”

(Longfellow, The Wind Over the
Chimney)

I like the rain, the air is always deliciously pure when it rains, and I felt no fear of catching cold, being so used to go out in every kind of weather. Erwinia however assured me that it was dangerous to be under the trees, as a storm might have burst out, and the consequences might turn out terrible. She then said that she knew of an exit from the wood which lead into a pretty cemetery, where there were shelters.

So we left this lovely abode of nature. It might have been about 3 o'clock. She soon found the way out, and we crossed over the road and entered the cemetery. I noticed that the vegetation was also fine in this place. Cemeteries if they are sad to wander in, do not lack in melancholy charm. They are but slightly different in the various countries. It is easy to perceive that hands of a different race have chiselled the figures in the marble and stone, the inscriptions on the tombs are in a different language. One thing, however, is exactly the same in every country, and that is, how some graves are beautifully kept, decked with lovely flowers, showing how careful hands guard them tenderly, and others, alas, dilapidated and forgotten. It seems as if some of us mortals had left memory and friends behind us, others of us when they depart leave no trace behind them. Why is that?

Es steht gepflegt und gehütet
Ein blumengeschmücktes Grab;
Es weht der Wind die Blüten
Von den Rosenbüschen herab.

Ein anderes Grab daneben
Ist schmucklos, öde und kahl;
Der Wind weht hinauf die Blätter,
Die er den Rosen stahl.

Er hat sie vom liebesgeschmückten
Aufs vergessene Grab geführt.---
Mir war es, als ob zuweilen
Das Schicksal Reue spürt.

(Albert Roderich)

We soon came to a shelter, where other people joined us. The rain now fell down in torrents. A group of workmen (grave diggers and gardeners, I suppose) arrived on the scene. I noticed one of them, a short, ugly man, but the brightness of that rural face was simply wonderful. He seemed but to see fun in everything. He grinned at us, and I smiled back complacently. What had that creature in his humdrum life to make him so happy? I reflected then, that in spite of his poverty and the sameness of his days, this creature could have but few worries. He knew no ambitions, knew nothing else but was in front of him, his earnings were little but they were sure, and he therefore had not such cause for worrying like so many of us so-called “better” people.

The rain looked just like sheets of water, and when it at last stopped the ground seemed divided into so many little ponds.

Erwinia now thought it would be wiser to go back to Wiesbaden, as nobody could guarantee that it would rain no more that day, and if we had gone back into the wood we might have repented doing so.

Arrived back in town, she invited us to have tea at her favorite confectioner's, where we sat at a comfortable table. The maids in waiting all greeted her with bows and smiles. Had they also been her patients? No, but she always went there to get her pastries for her tea which she enjoyed in her room on her free afternoons.

The coffee was very good, and the cups were crowned with thick cream. We ate cherry tart. The pastry is delicious in Germany. After resting a while, I slowly began to sip my coffee to nibble at my piece of tart. Erwinia then said:-

“Pourquoi mangez-vous si lentement, ne l'aimez-vous pas?”

To which I answered:-

“Tout est délicieux, mais je mange si lentement seulement pour faire mon bonheur durer plus longtemps!!”

We spent the evening in the gardens which run all along the Wilhelmstrasse. This street the guide book proudly calls the “Via Triumphalis” of Wiesbaden. It is indeed a charming street, so bright, so long, so well-kept, and the shops are so varied and elegant. The gardens opposite the shops are very fine indeed. You can walk and rest for hours,

and yet always find variety. The air was pure and fresh after the great shower, and a lot of children were running about. I once read a book an Italian gentleman wrote about his wanderings through Germany, in which he says that he was struck by the silent and serious way German children demonstrated in their play.

Silenziosi giuocatori e gran bevitori di birra,

he called them. I do not agree with him. I for my part was struck at the merry look of the children, fat, bonny little bodies were they all. They were perhaps not so excitable as the Italians, but then the language, the spirit of the language must be taken into consideration. In Italian you simply can't express yourself without gesticulating and using many words, it is the same in French, but the Teutonic language is calmer, they are not excited, but they are cheerful, and all these children looked bright and happy.

We sat down in front of a large pond, in the centre of which a fountain darted into the air. Several swans were gliding about, I noticed one which glided behind the fountain, making a lovely effect; the whole scene looked like crystal with the sun shining over it.

We returned home towards 9 o'clock, all deadly tired after this long day. Erwinia left us after promising us another nice day tomorrow, and I sat dropped into bed being quite certain that I would have fallen asleep at once.

Sleep, however, did not come, I lay awake for hours and hours. The night grew very dark, and silence began to reign everywhere. I heard a man walk down the street heavily rattling a bunch of keys, I heard the sound of a bird, then nothing more.

The hours were struck regularly by the various clocks in the steeples of the town, which in their turn were re-echoed painfully by the clock on the stairs.

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,

Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door

“FOR EVER- NEVER!
NEVER - FOR EVER!” (Longfellow, The Old Clock on the
Stairs)

I heard midnight sung out by many voices. The hour of ghosts and somnambulists, I thought.

I looked round the room, it seemed faintly lit by the rays of a lamp in the street. I wondered how many of my fellow creatures had breathed their first and how many had breathed their last within those four walls. I felt hot and feverish. It seemed to me as if a white vapour began rising in front of me. The bed seemed to change into a large cauldron in which brown water was steaming and simmering and bubbling. It was the Kochbrunnen. As if I were myself simmering in its waters and was struggling to get out, the vapours became hotter, I saw all the people again I had seen in the morning gathered round the glass walls, I heard the strange language they spoke. A moment later, and I was wandering in the lovely beech wood with its fresh green canopy above, and its sparkling brown and golden mosaic ground. I felt the rain come down, I felt myself running out of the wood into the cemetery, flying past the blooming, remembered graves, flying past the bare, forgotten ones. I felt the water pouring down upon me, I saw the dripping grave-digger grin at me, then, I saw no more.....

O sleep, sweet sleep!
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
Holding our our lips thy goblet filled
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!
(Longfellow, The Spanish Student)

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21st.

When I woke up, it was broad daylight, and the bright rays of the sun were streaming in the room. I saw Mama move about, putting things in

order, examining our clothes, as after yesterday's wet day there was no doubt something here and there to mend. It was so nice to watch her as she moved about with her white hair, her white dressing gown, and the golden rays of the sun shining upon her. I felt thankful to remain still lying. In London I am up at six, but during this fortnight's recreation I like to indulge in laziness. The pretty little maid brought the hot water at eight, and at nine we descended down to breakfast. The bright landlady Fräulein Reimann was sitting at her usual place at the top of the table, and on either side she had a boarder, one was the merry widow I think I have already mentioned, and the other a "doctorial" gentleman, I say "doctorial" because he was called Herr Doktor although he was not a doctor of medicine but of some wonderful science. The conversation these three were indulging in made us both smile and then laugh. It was about petticoats. The lady of the house said that she had noticed the visitors yesterday walking about the town holding their dresses high up to escape the pouring rain, at the same time letting their wonderful petticoats dragging in the mud, and she felt sorry for the brilliant silk and satin flounces getting spoilt and torn. Then she added in a loud voice, that for her part nothing could surpass

EINFACHE, GEDIEHENE, VERNUENFTIGE, BUERGERLICHE,
DEUTSCHE UNTERROECKE!

Erwinia arrived, and told us we would go today to visit the "FISCHZUCHT" an establishment far away in the woods where fish were bred and where there was a charming little hotel, all of which was under the management of the Wiesbaden Corporation.

I jumped at the idea, another long walk in the woods was for me the height of enjoyment.

We first went to have our drink at the Kochbrunnen. As I approached the steaming pavilion I felt almost a kind of sickness creep over me, remembering the open-eyed dream of the night before. There it was, the boiling cauldron, simmering and bubbling and steaming for ever and anon. Erwinia had to again remind me that it was time we set out for the woods if we wanted to reach the place in good time.

We took the tram, and soon found ourselves walking in the direction of the Fischzucht. I noticed Erwinia go to a large tree and begin carefully to inspect some strange signs painted thereon with a board over it, on which were inscribed the direction to take. I now understood. I must tell you that one of the first things which struck us was these strange signs painted on the trunks of trees at certain intervals. They represent a red moon with a white border painted round, or an oblong black sign with a red border painted round, or a black moon with a white border all round. At first Mama thought it meant something like a tax, that the trees were marked on purpose for taxes, so much did she feel irritated about those blessed German taxes. But let me tell you, that the Germans, if they impose taxes, also do everything for the benefit of the people. These painted signs on the trunks of trees are put there on purpose for you to follow when you want to go through the wood to a certain place. The board tells you exactly where to go, and you just want to follow the sign, let us say it was today for the Fischzucht the red moon with the white border, and you simply cannot miss your way, if you only keep your eyes open to catch the glimpse of a tree bearing the right mark. So off we went, very, very thankful for the red moon, which, silent and confident, would lead us down the correct paths. You must know, that once in these lovely woods, were it not for this guiding moon, I think it would be easy to lose one's way, as other mortals seldom appear on the scene, and this was just what I loved, away, away from humanity and from everything which reminds you of everyday life. Of course, I had the dear ones walking with me, which made me all the happier. There is indeed a great and vast difference between solitude and loneliness. I doubt whether I would have loved this silence and poetry so much had I been quite, quite alone. I knew nothing in former days about that unfathomable genius called Honore de Balzac, until one fair day I read a sentence this great man once pronounced:-

La solitude est une belle chose, mais il y a aussi du plaisir à avoir quelqu'un à qui on puisse dire que c'est une belle chose.

How those words speak clearly to the human heart! Most of us understand deeply the meaning of them. I once read the words of an unknown fellow

creature who said that the one who did not know what was meant by loneliness had missed half, if not three quarters of human misery.

These woods we were going through consisted of not only in beech trees, but in all sorts of growths. All kinds of lovely trees grew in wild and varied profusion. The oak tree with its rugged bark and pretty indented leaves is the king of European trees, like the palm of tropical trees. I looked about for acorns, wishing to gather some for making dolls, which I intended giving to Erwinia for the children's ward. Dolls made out of acorns sounds rather strange, and yet I learnt this work out of that dear little pennyworth "HOME CHAT". You simply choose one long acorn for the head, three for the body, and two each for the arms, these make the parents; the children only want two acorns for the body and one each for the arms. These acorns are then carefully pierced and fastened together with strong double silk or thread, starting through the cup, which must have a little stem, and then worked through the others, leaving a space between each acorn. The face is then neatly worked out with a penknife, just little cuts for the eyes, nose, and mouth, and the dolly is finished. With a little patience and skill you can make the dolly laugh or cry, these holes must then be filled with black ink, else when the acorns harden and dry, these cuts would not be visible. It sounds silly, useless work, but it is not so when it is done, as these dolls last a very long time, and are funny and pleasant to handle. I read last year in the "DAILY MAIL" that the acorns were to be found in enormous quantities about the country, indeed, one gentleman wrote to the paper that he had picked up acorns 3 and 4 inches long. This year, at least in Germany there were none, so I had to drop my intention.

The air was fresh and

The earth was beautiful as if new-born;

There was that nameless splendor everywhere,

That wild exhilaration in the air,

(Longfellow, The Falcon of Ser Federigo:- TALES OF A
WAYSIDE INN)

I would have liked to go on forever, never to meet anybody, never to find a house, just wander eternally. This exalted feeling did however not last long.

It suddenly began to rain, and it rained very heavily. We started to walk very fast not knowing when we would arrive. I did not mind it much having a comfortable waterproof on, but I thought of Mama and Erwinia, the latter having only her light nurse's suit on. The wood stretched for miles and miles, sometimes it divided showing some charming meadows, roads were crossed, then again in the bushes. Erwinia then said she knew she was near the fishy place, and a moment more and we noticed a rustic building in the distance. We then came

To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whispered.
(Longfellow, The Song of Hiawatha)

The pretty little hotel was just in front of this water, a waiter came to meet us, and I at once asked to see the fishes, and he said they were in several ponds in the bushes on the other side of the hotel. Mama and Erwinia thought better, they first ordered a warm meal, and he brought us the bill of fare. We then noticed that the fish was very dear, I suppose this breeding establishment send the best productions to Wiesbaden, and make is so dear on the spot because they never know if anybody is coming.

The sun began to shine again and the rain to stop. I wanted to sit right in the open, but the two others fearing the rain might start again chose a snuggy kind of grotto filled with creepers and from which you could watch the scene and breathe the lovely air just as well. As I touched the chair which was offered to me I spied a big, dark yellow, black downy caterpillar creeping on the back of the chair. I gently took it and let it creep over my hand. I showed it to Mama and Erwinia, but they showed no admiration for it, they both put on a dainty disgusted look and exclaimed:-
i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i-i!!!!!! I then let it crawl on to a blushing Virginia Creeper leaf, turned my back to it and sat down. We sat quietly talking, the scene around us was lovely. All was green and woody and refresh'd the eye.

It was a spot, which you might aptly call
The Valley of Seclusion!

(Coleridge, Reflections)

A little robin redbreast flew from the woods towards us, and remained for a while flying round us as if it wanted to keep us company. This dear little bird is not ranked among the finest of this feathered community, nor is its song of the best. And yet what charm and poetry encircles this little winged creature, how it hops gaily, its tiny legs being too short to walk. It has its home all over Europe and part of Western Asia. Its temperament is merry and lively, and it takes great confidence in man, it is however intolerable towards other birds. Its food consists of berries, but especially flies. The song of the male is agreeable and lasts from March well into the summer, later on both male and female only give little sounds which differ a great deal from anything approaching to a song. The nest is generally erected nearly on the ground and it is quite covered up, and the mother redbreast lays from 5 to 7 deep yellow brown spotted eggs. The Latin name for these birdies is *Sylvia Rubecula*. One of the first books I read in English was called "The Robin Redbreasts" and the little family lived so sweetly in the woods. One of them, the beauty of the family, was cross at being doomed to live away from mankind and so get no praise for its beauty. It continually hovered round the aviary in the garden of a beautiful house close to the wood, till one day it was caught and put into the aviary. At first it enjoyed the admiration of mankind, but it soon bitterly regretted its false step when the longing to fly far away, free and happy, crept over it at the sight of his plainer brothers and sisters, free to fly wherever they liked.

The waiter now brought us our meal, which consisted in two or three fishes which he called "Schleie"; they did look so thin and insignificant. He seemed to have tried to remedy this deficiency by putting a gigantic dish of potatoes on the table, a lot of bread, something to drink, and nothing more. I enjoyed it all, still Mama and Erwinia were not satisfied. They thought it expensive and unsatisfactory. They decided to end the meal, and later in the afternoon to go and enjoy a comfortable coffee meal at the "Waldhäuschen" a comfortable, rustic little inn on the outskirts of another wood, not very far from this one.

So we got up and following the path, went in search of the ponds, of which we were told there were several containing trout, carps, and other

fishes. We came to a large pond where several large carps were disporting themselves. Then hidden all round by pines and firs we spied some ponds again. One was alive with trout. These little fishes are really lovely with their slim, dainty bodies, their subdued colouring, and their electrical swiftness. I knelt down, divided the branches, and remained watching them long after Mama and Erwinia had left me. Some of them were so extraordinarily quick in their movements, that it was difficult for me to follow them as they darted from one end of the pond to the other.

C'était plaisir de voir, sous l'eau limpide et bleue,
Mille petits poissons faisant frémir leur queue,
Se mordre, se poursuivre, ou, par bandes nageant,
Ouvrir et refermer leurs nageoires d'argent.

(L'auteur de Marie, Le Pont Kerlo)

I got up again and looked around. The scene was wild and picturesque. I noticed a small house with windows high up the wall, and as the waiter was coming up the path I asked him what it was. He answered "Das Bruthaus." I was anxious to inspect this little place where the hatching and the breeding of the fishes took place. The waiter then shouted in the direction of the bushes, and a slim, pale youth appeared on the scene. The waiter spoke to him, from which I understood that a good-sized carp was wanted for some visitors. The youth opened the door of the little house, and I slipped in after him. It consisted of one room with tables and boards, and fishing tackle, fishy instruments and the like were scattered all over the place. Right along the wall I noticed a stretch of water wherein some fishes were disporting themselves. The youth then took up a long pole at the end of which was a good-sized net. I now understood. This youth was the fisherman, or worse still, the fish executioner, as you will hear presently. He then lowered the net into the water, brought it out again and took a fine carp out of it. He grasped at the panting, helpless creature, then dipped it back into the water, saying it was not large enough. He repeated the process, and this time I noticed he snatched up a still finer and bright-looking carp. He held it for a while in his firm hand whilst the carp struggled and gasped for liberty, then he took up a short iron bar, banged

with it on the head of the restless fish, and the carp moved no more. Life was gone, the carp ceased to exist. He then laid it on one of the boards, ripped it open and extracted the inside, he then washed it carefully, then put it on a dish, walked out of the little house, and you can imagine the rest.

Slowly and silently I wended my way towards the water-lily pond to look up Mama and Erwinia; how quickly that mysterious thing called the breath of life vanished. I felt sad, told the story to them, to which they quietly answered that I need not have remained there to assist at that so-called sad scene.

I then went inside the hotel to inspect the rooms. I was delighted at the simple, rustic look of the place. All wood, simple beams everywhere, no affected luxury or imitation of something grander. I noticed that all the chairs at the numerous tables had round backs with a fish running across the middle. All sorts of birds and productions of the forest were exposed on the walls. It all looked artistic and well chosen, yet without the least pretension.

We now left the Fischzucht establishment and started on a walk. The weather was now sunny and fine, and lovely butterflies of every size and hue were flying about. We went along the main road, passed the little place called “Das Waldhäuschen” which looked like a forester’s house nestling among the trees, and presently came to a lovely meadow into which I ran. The ground was spread with lovely wild flowers, birds, insects were flying about, and I quickly ran back to Mama and Erwinia telling them to run into this meadow with me. These two prudent ladies however thought otherwise, for they promptly answered:-

“Danke bestens ich kenn ohne nasse Füße, verstoehens Beine und Reumatismus leben!!!!!!”

The fact was, that they saw the other side of the medal, they were not so poetically inclined, they were thinking of the consequences of running in a wet field after the heavy rain of the morning. So they took a seat on a comfortable backed bench in front of the meadow, and I started off again. How I enjoyed that running about wild and free! It seemed to me to have been born on that very day. I started running after the butterflies, and they seemed to enter graciously into the game. They approached me, showed me their lovely glittering wings, and the moment I thought I could grasp at

one, off they flew, and I after them. There were gorgeous red cardinals, the wonderful peacocks, the tortoise shells, and the painted ladies, as they are called in England. I also saw some exquisite lilac ones, pure white ones, some looking quite golden, some almost black. Bees, wasps, flies, and other insects were about, I saw a big spider sitting in the middle of its parlour which it had built from one twig of flower to another. I saw the ladybirds motionless on the high grass, I saw a tiny brown animal run in front of me, then disappear in the ground. I looked at Mama and Erwinia sitting peacefully together, then ran on again. I came to some forget-me-nots, then thought there must be moisture near, these dear little flowers being born almost in the water. I suppose it is the cause that their tint is so fresh and pure. The Latin name for these sweet little representatives of the floral empire is *myosotis*. There are 40 different kinds, and they exist only in the temperate zones of the old world. The buds are generally white or pink, and it is only when they open that that the beautiful blue ripens on the flower. It is spread all over Germany, and many are the poems and sentiments attached to it. This little flower has its name perfectly equivalent in the four languages I know, although sometimes in German besides being called *Vergissmeinnicht*, it is also called *Mäuseöhrchen*. It is also called in Latin *Myosotis palustris*, and it is beloved wherever it grows through its symbolic meaning. The wood forget-me-not, which is of a much larger size than those growing near the water are often used in the embellishment of gardens. I plucked a twig and fastened it on my chest, I did it mournfully, knowing only too well that it would not have lived long, and that I was snatching it from its beloved home in the meadow. The sun was shining, and the breeze was wafting. I looked at the wood the trees of which were rising high and majestic behind the bench on which mother and sister were sitting, wondering how the view would look like in winter when everything is covered with snow. I listened to the hundreds of insects singing and buzzing in the grass, and could hardly believe that in but a few weeks' time all this would be silent, the grass would be no more green, the flowers would be dead, the butterflies and insects dropped into Eternity. I noticed a leaf fly past me, it twirled round several times then dropped; I saw no more of it. Dead and gone, I thought to myself, and began to reflect at death. I felt happy and yet sad, I think this

is quite natural when you find yourself in the midst of nature, away from the turmoil and noise of the town. I remembered Longfellow's lovely words in his definition of death:- The Golden Legend:-

'Tis the cessation of our breath. (Elsie speaks)
Silent and motionless we lie;
And no one knoweth more than this.
I saw our little Gertrude die;
She left off breathing, and no more
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was dead.
Through the open window looked the skies
Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of wings,
As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah! When I saw and felt these things,
I found it difficult to stay;
I longed to die as she had died,
And go further with her, side by side.

Longfellow also gives us a lovely definition of life in the Golden Legend when he says:-

This life of ours is a wild aeolian harp of many a joyous strain.

Indeed, free and wild in that lovely meadow, I did feel many a joyous strain. I sang and shouted, knowing that nobody could hear except for the birds and the insects, who in their turn were singing and buzzing away. I began to feel hot and to perspire, I looked in the direction of the wood, and to my surprise saw Mama and Erwinia standing at the edge of the meadow shouting and gesticulating at me. They then started running like two little girls. Oh, terror of terrors, I looked horror-stricken at the wood. A wild boar?

A terrible wolf? Or worse still, a perverse fellow-creature, defying the laws of God and Men, was coming to rob and murder us?!!!!!!

I gasp'd and reel'd with dread.

Cold sweat-damps gathered on my limbs
My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
My brain with horrid tumult swims;

(Coleridge, Epode II)

I simply flew towards them, and could find no words to ask them what it was they were evading. They looked at me pale and trembling, and said, well, do you know what dear Reader? Nothing else but that they felt icy cold through sitting quiet so long, and that they were rushing to the Waldhäuschen in order to participate in an ample supply of hot coffee, fresh bread, creamy butter, and a generous share of excellent cake!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

I looked at them for a moment, then calming and returning to my normal self, I exclaimed:-

Cold? Cold children? Why, I am all in a perspiration!!!!!!

"I should think you are," they answered, "after your leaping and jumping feats out there!"

This was not a very idyllic definition of enjoyment amongst the flowers and the butterflies, was it?

However, flowers, butterflies, heavenly breezes, etc. were forgotten now, I was again a child of the earth, I was feeling very hungry, and was soon hurrying in front of them, eagerly picturing the delicious refreshments we were about to partake at the Waldhäuschen.

We entered into a charming garden, the pretty chalet-like inn being at the end of it. In the middle of the garden was a kind of pavilion with a wire netting all round. Inside a multitude of rabbits were disporting themselves. What dear little creatures those bunnies are! They seem to spend their lives in eating and reflecting. I saw many pink eyes earnestly looking at me. If they had known that I have been more than once compared to them! A naughty person once said of me that he had seen me rush down the

passage like a young rabbit!!!!!! I remember that I was running on my tip toes to go faster, and the effect appears to have been rabbit-like.

Mama and Erwinia