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## SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN GERMANY.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

## PART III.

HAVING learnt at Berlin that the grand triumphal entry of the troops returned from the late war, was not to take place till about the middle of June, I made a short excursion to Russia, and on my way thither passed through the good old Prussian town of Königsberg, known to corn merchants by its flourishing corn trade, but to me interesting chiefly for very different things. Here, first I called on Professor Lehrs, and found in his powerful eye and strong well-chiselled features exactly those evidences of fine Roman strength which I had derived, at a distance, from the perusal of his 'Aristarchus,' a work which for soundness of view, and masculine vigour of expression, will maintain its place in the libraries alongside of the great Latin masterpieces of Wolf, Hermann, Ruhnken, and Wyttenbach. After being ciceronized by this excellent scholar through the stately and commodious new buildings of the University, I passed through the small narrow street which contains the house once inhabited by Immanuel Kant, a metaphysician, who had the singular merit of teaching European thinkers to believe in their souls, after my subtle, self-puzzling countryman, David Hume had fairly lost his identity in a whirl of unstable impressions and ideas which he had spun out of the juggling phraseology of the schools. Rounding the corner of this little street, I came suddenly, at the top of a short descent, called Kant Street, on the bronze statue of the venerable thinker. Here he stood, with his cocked hat under his left arm, and bag-wig on his head, peering out curiously into the unsympathetic world of merchants, corn-dealers, and ship captains, in the midst of whom it was his destiny, for so many years, persistently to philosophise. But Immanuel was too wise a man to complain of this want of sympathy, as a mere technical metaphysical professor might have done. As not only a thinker, but a really wise man, he knew that nothing is so prejudicial to sound thinking as habitual confined intercourse with only one class of men. 'Nothing,' he said, 'is so intolerable

as a company consisting only of learned men; so he dined every day at the common table of the principal inn, with sailors and ship captains, and in this singular way added to the narrow limits of his solitary thinking the large range of experience which belongs to the mercantile and commercial classes. After taking off my hat before this most reputable philosopher, I proceeded to make an inspection of the old Schloss, Castle, or Palace of the Prussian kings. I had in my memory the humorous picture drawn by Carlyle of the coronation which took place here of the first King of Prussia, in the first year of the last century, on which august occasion, his philosophical spouse, Sophia, solaced her soul for the extreme weariness of the prolonged ceremonial by publicly injecting a familiar pinch of snuff into her nose, beneath the sublime frown of her royal lord. So what fixed itself in my memory principally was the room in which this coronation took place, with the very throne on which self-created majesty placed the crown (like the Czar of Russia) with his own hands on his own head, and a significant environment of royal portraits hung on the walls. But my eye was also attracted by a splendid dining hall or reception room, nearly three hundred feet long, or as long as some of our finest cathedrals, which, with a necessary addition to its height (expected to be realised when the present Crown Prince becomes kaiser-king), will certainly be one of the largest and most imposing halls in Europe. So much for Königsberg. Want of time prevented me from an intended visit to the battle-field of Eylau, which lies some considerable distance to the south-east of the town; so I proceeded on through a grey and grim monotony of sand, and bogs, and blasted pines, for a space of nearly six hundred miles, to the city of the Czar, and on the road, according to my custom, amused myself by spinning into verse my meditations on Immanuel Kant, as follows:

Who's here? a strange, old-fangled German Herr,  
 With hat three-cornered and bag-wig behind;  
 Who peers with curious gaze, as if he were  
 New wafted from the moon by some stray wind  
 On the strange earth! Ah! now I know the man,  
 The sage who from this outmost Teuton station,  
 Marked their just bounds to all the thinking clan,  
 And pruned their wings to sober speculation.  
 Happy who, humanly, with human kind,  
 Works human work, well pleased from day to day,  
 Nor dares with high-plumed venture unconfined  
 Through trackless voids to push his plunging way!  
 God laughs at lofty thoughts; but whoso proves  
 His ponder'd path, and walks by faith, He loves.

After a fortnight of very magnificent panoramic views of a great country, and very suggestive glimpses into social states, very far removed from British, I returned from Moscow and St. Petersburg, through Warsaw, to Berlin. At Warsaw, the whole style of architecture, and the long rows of poplar trees along the turnpike roads, declared plainly enough that, though still under Russian sway, I was no longer in a Russian atmosphere. The civilization of Poland comes from the west, that of Moscow from the east; and this contrast spoke plainly out from every house-top, and from every street corner, notwithstanding the forced Russian appearance given to the signs of the shops, which, by police order, are printed first in Russian characters, and then in the native Polish, as of inferior dignity, below. But my business here is only with Germany. A railway rattle of about fifteen hours' duration brought us to Berlin, early on Wednesday morning (the 14th), two days before the great military entry, and in time to learn that apartments in the best inns had risen from a dollar a night—their usual rate—to a Frederick d'or. I, of course, had expected this, and, by travelling second class (contrary to Murray's advice), all through Russia, had left my pocket in a comfortable flow of cash, quite up to the need of the great foreseen pressure on the hotels. But I am a *Sonntagskind*, as the Germans say, and always fall on my feet. A kind friend took compassion on me, and opened his door for my shelter; so that a week's stay in Berlin cost me nothing in the way of cash, and was a great gain to me in the way of balmy and brilliant sociality. Now, no one, of course, expects that I am here to attempt a detailed description of the grand patriotic display which we call the *Einzug*: the newspapers have done the thing to satisfaction, and even to satiety; and *actum agere* is as little my business at any time as it can be anybody's pleasure at this time; so with regard to this matter, I will only set down one or two remarks with regard to the general tone, effect, and significance of the affair, as it struck me. My German friend had kindly procured for me a seat on the platform or gallery raised in front of the University, and looking into the grand open place, circled with palaces and monuments, into which the Unter den Linden opens at its east end: certainly the most pictorial point in the otherwise somewhat monotonous and wearisome stateliness of Berlin architecture. From this post—for which I paid only three dollars—I had a broad unhindered view of the different regiments of the Guard, that to the number of between forty and fifty thousand came spreading forth their steely ranks from the comparatively narrow line of the Linden; and unquestionably, for the eye of a grey civilian accustomed only to sober sights, this was a grand spectacle to see. For nearly three hours the mighty palatial space filled and emptied itself again with

close-packed glittering rows, now of the severe blue infantry, now of the bright mailed Cuirassiers gleaming in the sun, now of the rapid-trotting Uhlans, with their black and white pennons fluttering on their long lances. These last were not only the most picturesque, but the most loudly cheered: cheers well merited, as anyone who has even hastily gleaned the newspaper history of the war will understand. If in the first decisive battles of the campaign the Germans knew what they were about while the French did not, it was all owing, after Moltke's admirable geographic and strategic studies, to the dexterity and daring shown by their reconnoitring horsemen. If this, thought I, be only some forty or fifty thousand men, what a spectacle must the military array of a great battle be, such a battle as that at Leipzig in October, 1813, when Napoleon, with 150,000 men, stood in an inner circle, with 400,000 Prussians, Russians, Austrians, and Swedes in his front. Nevertheless, as a mere spectacle, one could not but say that the *Einzug* was deficient in two important respects—in colour and variety. I have seen not a few more brilliant shows. But the real show, perhaps, was not the march of the military, with their arms glittering in the sun, but the pomp of festal decoration in the town, the endless rows of flag and banner and historic picture, patriotic sculpture, significant device, and suggestive motto of every kind. This really was a burst of vivid gaiety well calculated both to please the eye and to satisfy the mind anywhere, but especially in the grey and grave regions of the frosty North. Of the illuminations which closed the great festive day I will say nothing; they were good, very good, perhaps, of their kind; but I am Stoic enough to think there is something childish in this cumbrous attempt to light up the night with an artificial imitation of the day. But what chiefly moved me in this affair of the *Einzug*, and will remain with me among the deepest and most fruitful experiences of my life, was the moral and political significance of the display. Many shows are mere shows, with emptiness or even hollow, false pretence behind; mere gilded lies, beneath which the scratch of a pin will expose the depth of foulness and rottenness which such rare varnish was necessary to conceal. But the Berlin show was all reality, and the sign of a greater reality. The reality before me was effective military strength; the reality of which it was the sign is the solidity, firmness, and systematic consistency of the German people and the Prussian Government. There rode the stout old soldier King, preceded by his three mighty men, all dressed in the white livery of his favourite Cuirassiers, Bismark, Moltke, and Roon, the one the eye of his policy, the second the brain, and the third the arm of his soldiership. What a reality was there! What a speaking commentary on the famous words of Bismark (which some hasty people were forward to misunderstand), that great social revolutions of a certain kind are not to be

achieved by mere talking, but that the obstinacy of the tough old material can be moulded into a new shape only by the stern compulsion of 'blood and iron.' Now everybody admits that Bismark and the King, or rather the King and Bismark (for if the King had been a weakling in the 'conflict of 62' Bismark would have had no game to play), were right in keeping up the strength of the army against the peddling economies of the Berlin Liberals; the success of the war, therefore, and the glory of the triumphal entry, were the legitimate fruit of clear counsel, firm will, and manly consistency of purpose on the part of those who had the guidance of public affairs in Prussia. Whatever other excellencies the champions of the French in this country may see or imagine in their petted friends, they must at least confess to two great faults—their fretful irritability took high offence from no sufficient occasion, and their hasty insolence made war without adequate preparation. But no faults of this kind can be laid to the charge of the Germans. They knew they had an insolent and treacherous neighbour to contend with; they had known him in this character for four hundred years; and they were determined that, so soon as the real outbreak of his itching vanity and imperious insolence should take place, it would not find them, as in 1806, unprepared and divided. The outbreak did come sooner than even Bismark's astuteness had anticipated; he was taken by surprise no less than his European enemies, who accused him of complicity; but he was surprised in the midst of his earnestness, as the French in their insolence; and backed by the firm resolve of a serious, honest, and laborious people, the whole character of the war on his side was as satisfactory to the moral, as to the intellectual nature of the impartial observer. The same attitude of reality and honesty was presented in the person of the stout old King, a monarch in all points the antipodes of the French Emperor, who was driven into an unequal war by the necessity of a position which his own unscrupulous ambition and utter want of political conscience had created. Only continued success could seem to justify a rule which every one knew was founded on a crime; and the dramatic necessity of getting up some glory, to titillate French vanity and gratify French ambition, sent him with a light start and boastful parade into the midst of a struggle, of which the issue, even with the most complete preparation and most thoughtful circumspection, was extremely doubtful. How different the moral position of the King of Prussia! The hereditary holder of a throne firmly rooted in the loyal allegiance of a sober-minded and intelligent people, who knew how to value the strength derived from a firm central rule, even when it pressed a little severely sometimes on individual liberty, he neither needed to cater by unworthy means for a popularity which he already possessed, nor if a storm of adverse fortune should seize the state, was

he in danger of being thrown out as a Jonah to propitiate the wrath of the sea-god. He was known to be a soldier and a lover of soldiers ; but he did not require to pander to a fretful appetite, either in his army or his people, by aggressive acts upon the territories of his neighbours. The wars in which he had been engaged were purely matters of domestic arrangement between Germans and Germans ; the changes which, by the instrumentality of 'blood and iron,' he had effected within the limits of Fatherland, if violent, were absolutely necessary for the restoration of that imperial unity the loss of which had been historically identical with the humiliation of Germany beneath the fraud and force of unscrupulous kingcraft in France. To this firm political position King William added the weight of a personal character such as the solid and sober-minded Germans knew how to respect. In 'the conflict' with the Parliament in 1862 he showed a firmness of will which, whatever else may be wanting, must ever be held as a prime requisite in a ruler of men ; in his habits, like his excellent father, he was plain and unostentatious ; and, like his father also, he was sincerely and unaffectedly religious. This element in his character I am, of course, aware it has been the fashion in this country to deride ; but there is not a man in Germany, to what ever party he belongs, who would insinuate that the devout expressions of thankfulness used by the King in his despatches were anything else than the genuine utterance of a natural and unaffected piety. It is indeed a vulgar habit of the English mind to honour the expression of devout feeling only when it appears in the stereotyped forms of the national Liturgy ; and beyond the conventional homage of a Sunday forenoon service, or the questionable zeal for church paraded on the political platform at an election, many an Englishman seems more than half ashamed of his religion, and carries no more natural fragrance of piety about him than a cold tulip does of warm vegetable aroma. Hence the uncharitable judgments passed upon good King William : judgments that only prove, if not the absolute ungenerousness and ungentlemanliness, certainly the frigid narrowness and formalism of the persons who made them. The real fact of the matter is, both that there is a fundamental vein of devout feeling (a portion of their characteristic *Gemüth*) in the German mind, and that the late war, in its motive and occasion essentially a repetition of the great national struggle of 1813, was inspired by the same fine combination of devout and patriotic feeling which distinguished its prototype. The sure instinct of this led the King at the outbreak of the struggle to re-establish the Order of the Iron Cross, a decoration which symbolises in the most chaste and significant way that combination of manly endurance, public spirit, and active piety by which the campaigns of 1813 and 1870 have been so prominently characterised.

Sitting in the railway carriage one day, between Göttingen and Halle, I had before me a young soldier decorated with this expressive symbol, which, if widely distributed, is so only because, as Bismark said, it is widely deserved ; and, as I am not a smoker, I amused the tedium of the road by articulating the following lines :

Prussian, that iron cross upon thy breast,  
Which thou with manhood's modest pride dost wear,  
I ask not by what deed above the rest,  
Dashing or daring, it was planted there ;  
I know that when the insolent heel of Gaul  
Tramped on all rights to thee and Deutschland dear,  
Thou rose regenerate from thy plunging fall  
By vows devout and discipline severe.  
Thus blazed thy bright noon from a tearful morn,  
Blessing from bane sprang, and great gain from loss,  
While in thy hand the avenging steel was borne,  
And in thy heart was stamped the patient cross :  
Thus Spartan pith and Christian grace were thine,  
Born in one day, and bodied in one sign.

And now, what more have I to say ? I might tell Mr. Bull not only that he ought to believe reverently in the moral grandeur of the Iron Cross, whether as symbolical of the great struggle of 1813, in which himself took a prominent part, or of the yet greater struggle of 1870, in which he took no part ; but I would tell him also that the universal arming of the people, however Lord Derby might call it a retrogression, is a part of social organisation equally congruous with Spartan discipline, Athenian freedom, Roman strength, and Christian grace ; that, in fact, it is a grand nursery of national virtue and patriotic devotion, more powerful than schools and churches, because it deals in deeds, and not in words. But I know well that Mr. Bull would not listen to me in this matter. If I had M.P. after my name, perhaps he might be willing to lend me a respectful audience for an hour ; as it is, I am silent.

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uncleanness of every kind, let us tear-down the fever-nests and open up the pauper warrens to the free light and blithe air, let us sternly treat as public crime the avarice that distributes poisoned water to swell dividends, and that which refuses to drain villages lest the rates should rise. Resolute war against dirt, waged under the conduct of scientific enemies of disease, would soon make this a different country for the poor at least to live in. If we decline to accept this issue how shall we justify ourselves to the helpless masses whom we are allowing to perish like rotten sheep?

EDWARD D. J. WILSON.

It is just to say here that though the common theory of cholera and its propagation is popularly summarised above, it does not pass unchallenged. Dr. Chapman, in a very ingenious work, with the logic of which no fault can be found, but which may be thought to rest on too narrow an induction, has endeavoured to show that cholera is generated not by any morbid poison but by hyperæmia of the nervous centres distributed along the spine. He maintains that the disease can be controlled by modifying the temperature of these nervous centres, and cites some remarkable cases in which he has recovered patients far gone in choleraic collapse by the application of ice to the spine. The method may be useful, even though Dr. Chapman's theory be unsound, and as medical science is confessedly powerless to cope with cholera when once it has seized on a patient, it will be worth while to give the proposed treatment a fair trial in the public hospitals in case of another cholera epidemic.

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