

65319

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN GERMANY.

BY PROFESSOR BLACKIE.



AN hour and a half's pleasant swing in the Hanoverian train brought me to Göttingen. I had been introduced here to German things and German thoughts forty years ago, when Blumenbach and Heeren and Ottfried Müller, and other mighty names now departed, were the great ornaments of the Georgia Augusta. As to external appearance, I found everything pretty much as I had left it; only the Professors, who in my Burschen days used to lecture in their own private houses, have now been provided with lecture-rooms in a university building of imposing and tasteful exterior. The town itself is lightsome, clean, and pleasant; the architecture exhibiting that quaint combination of a certain clumsy unwieldiness in the mass with a light and painted gaiety in the detail, so characteristic of all those German towns that have maintained their original mediæval character in the face of modern encroachments and transformations. Of course there is a gross incongruity in this, but there is a pleasant variety also; and anything certainly is preferable to those long monotonous rows of stone or brick walls, with square holes cut in them, which constitute some of the most prominent streets in certain parts of Edinburgh and London. The town is surrounded by a *vallum* (wall) or rampart, which forms a breezy walk all round, shaded with green trees, outside of which the old fosse has now been turned into gardens—public and private—where the nightingales keep up their lively nocturnal concert, quite close to the screaming whistle of the Hanoverian railway. As to the University, there can be no doubt that it will suffer to some extent from the provincial character which must now belong to it, in comparison with the great central University of Berlin. The division of the Fatherland into so many petty independent states, which Bismark, by two great strokes, has put an end to, carried with it at least this great advantage, that Germany contained more centres of independent and original culture than any country in Europe, and had its intellectual equilibrium less disturbed by the overgrowth of centralisation. But these minor German universities still present, and will no doubt

continue to present, a strong well-ordered phalanx of teaching power which our proudest British universities may not look on without blushing. In the single University of Göttingen, which does not contain more than 800 students, there are eighty persons officially employed in the work of teaching, arranged in the three grades of ordinary professors, extraordinary professors, and *privatim docentes*—that is, in our language, licensed graduates—the consequence of which rich provision is, that instead of the rigid routine of traditional classes which we have in Scotland, there is scarcely a subject of any conceivable human interest which may not find its niche in the scheme of teaching for a German winter and summer session. During the week I spent in Göttingen I attended four lectures from different professors, each of which was of a kind that it would have been impossible to have heard in any university of Scotland. The two first were on special periods of history: on the political relations of Northern Europe during the second half of the seventeenth century, by Dr. Pauli, and on the history of Germany, from the year 1806 downwards, by Professor Waitz. Our professors of history—and it is only exceptionally that in Scotland they exist at all—could not lightly indulge in various specialties of this kind, as, like most public teachers in Scotland, they are tied down to some prescribed scheme, which they must exhaust, and from which they cannot depart. This mechanical arrangement of university work is a public proclamation of poverty and meanness which requires no comment. The other two lectures which I heard were equally significant of the variety, richness, and flexibility of the German academical scheme. The one was by Professor Hermann Lotze, ‘On the Philosophy of Religion,’ a subject that might possibly find a place in a course of lectures on moral philosophy such as we have in Scotland, but which certainly could not be taken up by the Professor of Logic and Metaphysics without raising grave discussions in the church courts, and being productive of very perilous consequences to the University. The other lecture was by Professor Sauppe; or rather it was a lecture by the students, over which the Professor presided, pretty much in the fashion of the tutorial classes in England, or the general style of the Greek and Latin classes in the Scottish universities. Only, so far as Scotland is concerned, the sad contrast must be fairly stated: that whereas in our universities the Professor superintends the drill of young men as in a school, that they may acquire a mastery of the two learned languages, in Göttingen the Professor trains those who have already acquired a mastery of those languages in the scientific principles of interpretation and criticism. A notable thing also was that the whole performances took place through the medium of the Latin language; a practice which should never have been allowed to fall into academical disuse, as it has altogether in Edinburgh (the natural consequence of the inherent weakness of our classical training), and as I suspect in Oxford also, for which there can be no excuse. Whatever

languages are taught at school or college ought not only to be read and written, but to be spoken; for the ear is the great natural avenue through which sounds are received into the familiar citizenship of the brain; and it is not, of course, the dead rule of a gray book, but the living power of a human voice, that can convey to the ear, at once, most easily, and most effectively, the impressions which, in the acquisition of language, it has a natural claim to expect.

The most remarkable thing that I saw in Göttingen was a professor of geology who had been forty-one times on Mount Etna, and, as the fruit of his various visits, had constructed a map of its lava streams, as accurate and detailed as any of Graf Moltke's strategic schemes. This is German thoroughness in the grand style. Whatever a German does he does with system and calculation; and Deutschland certainly has a better claim than France to boast that she is *la patrie de l'organisation*. For the rest, I have only to note that in Göttingen living is cheap, that it is thoroughly German in all its ways and habits, and that it has not suffered any elegant corruption—like Heidelberg and Bonn—from the presence of a regular English colony. I therefore think it a most advisable place for young Scotsmen who may wish to take a taste of German language and learning for a *semestre* or two. As for Englishmen, they will naturally go where living is more expensive, and where they will meet with more of their own countrymen. The plain Scot fraternises more easily with the homely German.

From Göttingen, being bent for Berlin, I took the route which led through the two famous sites hallowed by the names of Luther and Melancthon, viz., Eisleben and Wittenberg. The former town lies on the railway line betwixt Göttingen and Halle, between twenty and thirty English miles to the west of the latter town. Of the country betwixt Göttingen and Eisleben there is little to be said. As we approached Eisleben, dark heaps of ashes and débris, and smoking vents on the slopes of the long monotonous ridges of elevated ground, indicated clearly enough the miners' country which the well-known history of Luther's parentage leads one to expect here. The town of Eisleben lies in the low ground to the south of the gradual ascent that leads northward and eastward to the Harz mountains; it is a place of small size and pretensions. The market-place presents the usual strange mixture of the quaint and the unwieldy already mentioned as so characteristic of old German architecture; but the great attraction, of course, is the little *lange gasse*, or 'long-gate,' in which stands the house in which the great doctor of the Reformation was born. An effigy of the venerable Martin—as well known as Henry VIII.—stands on the wall, with the superscription:

*Luther's Wort ist Gottes Lehr',
Darum stirbt sie nimmermehr.*

Luther's word is gospel lore:
Therefore it lives for evermore.

The house is now inhabited in the upper story by one of the school-masters belonging to the Normal Seminary adjacent; but the room in which the prophet greeted the light is, of course, kept sacred, and left in all the barrenness of desolation which naturally belongs to a mouldy old memorial. There is nothing particularly worthy of seeing in this old house, and yet one could not be in Eisleben without visiting it; such consideration belongs to the bones, and even the nail-parings, of the saints.

Thou, too, art great among Germania's towns,
 Little Eisleben! for from thee came forth
 The free-mouthed prophet of the thoughtful North,
 Whose word of power with mitres and with crowns
 Waged glorious war, and lamed the strength of lies:
 As when a bird long time in cage confined
 First flaps free vans, and on the roaming wind
 Floats jubilant and revels in the skies,
 So did thy word, thou strong-souled Saxon man,
 Lift up our wings of prisoned thought, and give
 New scope of venture to our human clan,
 While we did learn from thy great work to live
 Erect, and make no league with juggling lies,
 Looking right forward with unflinching eyes.

Another stage brought me to Halle, and thence a journey of two hours to Wittenberg, about half-way between Halle and Berlin. Here I stayed a night, that the scenery of the greatest drama of modern times might have time to paint itself leisurely on my imagination. I had not far to go, however, before the most prominent witnesses of the sacred traditions of the place stood before me; the bronze statues of Luther and Melancthon, on pedestals of granite, after a model which I afterwards found universal in Berlin. This granite, I was informed, came from no quarry, but is the product of those huge boulders which are found in various places of the vast flats of North Germany, dropt no doubt from the floating icebergs of the great pre-Adamitic Sea that once covered the whole of Brandenburg, Pomerania, and the adjacent districts. Everywhere in Wittenberg, where Luther appears, as here in the market-place, Melancthon appears with him. Never were two contrasts more useful or more necessary to one another.

Two prophets stand forth in the market-place
 At Wittenberg to draw the wise regard,
 Both broad-browed thinkers of the Teuton race,
 Both crowned with Fame's unbought, unsought reward.
 Two prophets like, yet how unlike! the same
 In work, but not in function; he to fan
 The strength more apt of the long smothered flame,
 To temper he, and guide with chastened plan.

Thus fiery Peter, erst at gospel call,
 Drew in one yoke with gentle-thoughted John ;
 Thus toiled beneath one battle's sulphurous pall
 Hot-blooded Blücher and cool Wellington ;
 And they are wise who read this text in all—
 Man's ways are many, but God's work is one.

The market-place in Wittenberg, independently of these two bronze preachers, is really an imposing combination ; on one side the city church, in the middle the Town Hall, with hotels, and other buildings with a definite well-marked German character all round.

The great historical monument, however, at Wittenberg, unquestionably is the Schlosskirche, to the door of which the famous ninety-five theses were affixed that shook the foundation of the most gigantic spiritual despotism that ever exercised authority over the free soul of man. The church stands quite close to the north wall of the town (for Wittenberg is a regular fortress), a remarkably plain and almost ugly building, beside the two round towers of the old castle, in no respect more remarkable for architectural effect. But, however little can be said of the church, the door has received due honour. Frederick Wilhelm IV., the predecessor of his present Majesty, who was a man of great taste and religious sensibility, caused a new door to be cast in bronze, with the whole ninety-five theses, word for word, in solid scripture, to preach in the eye of day against the vile traffic in sacred things as long as iron shall endure. In the inside of the church, on the floor, the spots are shown where the bodies of Luther and Melancthon lie. Together in life, in death they should not be sundered ; and so the Elector of Saxony in those days took care that the body of Luther, who had died at his own birthplace, should be transported to the place where the principal scene of his evangelic activity had been. The mass-book which he used as a priest is also shown in the vestry. Having paid my respects to this most notable of old churches, I had to retrace the whole length of the town to the Elster Thor, which leads out to the Halle and Berlin Railway. The name of this street, *Collegien Strasse*, bears on its face the tradition of the University whose learning added its authority to the moral weight of the great Reformer's protest ; and at the end of it, just where it abuts on the fosse of the fortress, stand the University buildings, still used for educational purposes. The inscription *Bibliotheca Academica*, on the left, as you enter, declares the identity of the spot. In the court behind, a building originally a cloister, contains the room where Luther dwelt when Professor in the University. It remains in its original condition, with antique panels, worn old timber floor, and two pieces of furniture of rude strength and antique simplicity. The one is the table at which so many sermons and manifestoes were hammered with such Vulcanian fervour into shape ; and the other a curious chair in which Martin and his Kate

used to sit together and hold domestic chirrupings in the most connubial and irreproachable way imaginable. The chair has two seats, looking one another in the face, but made of one block of wood, so as to present the perfect type of that union of man and wife which is both one and two; and it is so constructed that, for perfect ease and comfort, it must be placed close to the window, otherwise there is no proper resting-place for the arm. The window beside which it stands looks out into the court-yard, so that the most vivid picture of the fulminant doctor in his quiet ruminating moments is here presented in rude significant literalness to the eye.

In the afternoon at Wittenberg, having nothing particular to do (people dine here, and in the small towns of Germany generally, at 1 P.M.), I took a stroll beyond the Elster Thor, meaning to go a mile or two into the country, to see if any object might present itself to relieve the wide expanse of flat green monotony, which, to an English or Scottish eye, in this part of the world, is apt to convey such an expression of dreariness. Scarcely, however, had I passed the railway terminus, when my steps were led into the churchyard; and there, finding it as pleasant as any other field of promenade in the cold weather—for it was a chill May everywhere—I walked up and down for an hour. The pious care which the Germans bestow on the resting-places of the dear departed—shown in the frequently renewed flowers of various kinds planted in the mould—is only one phase of the richer vein of feeling and genuine human kindness which distinguishes them, not less from the lofty reserve of the Englishman and the undemonstrative gravity of the Scot than from the finely and somewhat affectedly cultivated mannerism of the French. Not a few pious hands, even in this cold evening, were busied with these kindly sepulchral decorations. But my attention was drawn from them to some continuous beds of apparently recent graves—to the number of above 150—over which one stone stood, with the following inscription:

Les Officiers français
A leurs
Compatriotes
Morts en captivité
A Wittenberg,
1870-1.

On enquiry in the town afterwards, I found that 7,000 of the French prisoners, principally from Metz, had been quartered here; and that, partly from the extremes to which they had been reduced in the fortress, partly from the general distastefulness of German captivity to Frenchmen, they had died here, one or two every day, till the number which I mentioned was summed up. Upon such a theme, in such a place, at such an hour, just before sunset, one could scarcely help moralising. How some of my Edinburgh German-haters and

peace-gospellers would have burst out here in indignant blasts of commercial or evangelic wrath against that 'hoary blood-monger' the King of Prussia, whom, along with Mephistopheles Bismark, it pleases them to regard as the cause of this effusion of Frankish blood! But my vein was nothing indignant; it was only pitiful. I could not help feeling infinite sorrow that such a highly gifted people as the French should have allowed themselves so long to be deluded with that Will o' the Wisp called Glory, which after a short season of flashing prosperity has led them into such swamps of national degradation and shame. Is man a reasonable animal? Certainly, if in all wars love is extinct, in not a few reason has either been absent from home, or has rudely been kicked out at the back door. I have seldom felt so humiliated in presence of frail human nature as in contemplation of this war, which was the pure and unmingled product of French jealousy, French vanity, French insolence, and French ignorance, and should preach a lesson to that people for all time, if Frenchmen are capable of being taught.

I laud them not; but I must weep for all,
 Poor 'wildered Franks, beneath Heaven's bright blue dome
 Who might have reaped home-harvests, but the call
 Of Glory, elfish idol, bade them roam,
 And here they lie. O! if there be in France
 Wise for one hour to nurse a sober theme,
 Let such come here, and from this tearful stance,
 Spell the true meaning of their juggling dream.
 What thing, from reason's sway divorced, is man,
 Vain man, whose epics swell the trump of Fame?
 A monkey gamboling on a larger plan,
 A moth that, fluttering with a mightier name,
 Drawn by the dear seduction of his eyes,
 Bounces into the scorching flame and dies.

I suppose it is not possible to enter Brandenburg, the cradle of Prussian greatness, from any quarter, without passing through barrenness, long leagues of unfriendly barrenness and monotony. In fact, Brandenburg is barrenness; a mere waste of sand deserted by the primeval brine, and shaping itself by help of rain, vegetable remains, and scientific skill, through the slow process of the ages, into a human and habitable trim. But this harshness of the natural conditions with which Nature has surrounded him is precisely that which has made the Brandenburger great; like the Scot, he works hard, because to live at all he must work hard, and work is the price, as wise old Epicharmus says, 'for which the gods sell all things to men.' The best of us are apt at times to put up the foolish prayer that the gods might perhaps have done a little more for us. Nay; but, my good brother, the fact may rather be that they have done too much

already. Certainly we can learn to be like to them, in a subordinate way, only by doing as much as possible for ourselves, and creating, so to speak, our own world; making a Prussian monarchy out of a wilderness of Brandenburger sand wreaths.

Sand, sand, long leagues of heath and barren sand!
 Long formal lines of dark unlovely pine!
 Know thus the cradle of the mighty land
 Whose lord now sways from Danube to the Rhine.
 Blest in their barrenness full sure were they,
 Lords of a harsh soil and a frosty clime,
 Where thrift and virtue, and in frugal way
 To live, sowed seeds of strength for ripening time.
 Wise, if they keep the memory of their birth,
 And grow, severely strong, as Frederick grew,
 Not shaking wanton wings of sensual mirth
 Rampant, but to the manful maxim true
 That made men wonder at their mounting star—
 Still strive for peace, but never flinch from war.

A pleasant rattle of two hours on the rail brought us through this redeemed sea-bottom to the once little cradle of the Prussian Electorate, and the now mighty metropolis of the regenerate German Empire, Berlin. As we approached the town long lines of houses, stretching towards the south-west, showed distinctly the direction in which the recent great increase of the city has taken place. When I was here as a student, some forty years ago—in the days when Boeckh, Schleiermacher, and Neander were in the zenith of their academical glory—the population of Berlin was generally stated at about 300,000; it is now nearly triple that figure, and the increase latterly, they say, has been to the amount of 30,000 annually. This is, to use the favourite expression of the Germans, something quite 'colossal'—something quite analogous to the enormous growth of Manchester, Glasgow, London, and other busy cities of Great Britain, during the last century. What have been the causes of this phenomenon, which even more than the needle-guns of Sadowa should have made such an astute man as Louis Napoleon think twice before he plunged his people, or allowed his people to plunge him, into a war with the united strength of Germany? Prussia alone in her present prosperous condition, and with her well-organised military system, was quite strong enough to have made a repetition of Jena and Auerstädt impossible. The causes of this extraordinary stride made by Prussia, of which Berlin is the greatest symbol, though not altogether on the surface, do not certainly lie so deep as to have been beyond the ken of a cool calculator like the ex-Emperor of France. Prussia, as a Protestant Power, was peculiarly marked out as destined to take the lead in Protestant Germany. Austria might preside at the Diet while the

Holy Alliance lasted, and while princes could still continue to rule without regard to the spirit of the times; but, if government really meant the effective hold and control of the public mind, such a government in Germany could proceed only from Prussia. The other Protestant States were too small either to originate or to maintain any movement that could pass the bounds of their own particular province. To Prussia, therefore, all who longed for the unity of the Fatherland instinctively turned; and this great instinct found its realisation in the person of Prince Bismark, and in the bold stroke of policy that prostrated Austria and annexed the recalcitrant minor States in the year 1866. With the Protestantism of Prussia was intimately connected its intelligence, its comparative freedom of opinion, its patronage of science, its nursing of speculation, its substructure of popular education, its truly national and popular and democratic system of military drill. All this had come to glorious growth and blossom, first, from the genius and character of the great Fritz, and then from the social regeneration that, under the stimulant guidance of Baron Stein, had followed the terrible prostration of Jena in 1806. Moreover, the men of Brandenburg, as already mentioned, were a sturdy race, forced by hard labour to subdue the obstinacy of a barren soil, and from their poverty acquiring habits of wealth-producing industry. The Northern Germans are characteristically a hard-working people; hence the manufacturing industry of the Rhine district, which, by the aid of railways and their concentrating action, has recently shown itself on a great scale also in Berlin. Rich merchants, full cousins to those whose palatial homes fringe the banks of the Mersey and the Clyde, now raise their high-tiered warehouses and pile their pictured halls on the banks of the Spree. Berlin is no more a cold, formal, aulic, and military residence, but a populous capital, full of lusty pulsation, of fervid energy, and, especially since the grand stroke of 1866, of vivid nationality. The manifest signs of this are not only the extraordinary increase in magnitude, but, what is much more significant, the great rise in prices, and especially the enormous mounting of house rents. With regard to this latter item, I learned details from various quarters which convinced me that houses in Berlin are even dearer than in London. One evil result of this, naturally, is, that public servants who live on small salaries, and men of moderate fortunes generally, find it difficult to live in Berlin and keep up their natural position in society; an evil, no doubt, but which is balanced by its consequence, that men of moderate fortunes expelled from the metropolis will serve to maintain and to enrich the social centres of the provinces. It is not desirable that Germany should be swallowed up in Berlin, and that Göttingen, Bonn, and Halle should assume the same servile attitude to it that the provincial cities of France do to Paris.

My object in coming to Berlin was not to see the town, but to see

Bismark. The town, however, is well worth considering to those whose eye has been trained to know the significance of places. No doubt its situation as a dead flat is bad ; the river which waters it, or rather tinctures with some humidity its immense sand-beds, is neither large, nor beautiful, nor salubrious ; and the horizontal lines of its streets draw themselves out, notwithstanding the stateliness of their edifices, into a wearisome and oppressive monotony. Nevertheless there is something of a grand imperial conception about it ; the great soul of the great Frederick seems to be typed in its plan ; and in impressing the idea of vastness it is second only to St. Petersburg. To me, however, it seems to possess a certain moral significance that dominates over all æsthetical considerations ; I think of Plato and Pythagoras, and look upon it as the stone-impersonation of the principle of law and order.

Look here, and ponder well, and know the land
 That by the sword of crownéd captains grew ;
 In rank and file the streets well ordered stand,
 And like a serried host stretch forth to view.
 Here Order, primal Demiurge supreme,
 Sways with firm will and uncontrolled command,
 Nor fears, to lame the action of his scheme,
 The lagging foot, or the rebellious hand.
 Come here who love mad liberty, the dance
 Of wanton wills divorced from sacred awe,
 Come from your fiery maelstrom in hot France,
 And learn how great, how strong a thing is Law.
 Ye would be free—poor fools ; be tigers, then,
 Or monkeys, and forget that ye are men !

But, as I have said, I was eager to see Bismark ; and as the Diet of the Empire was then sitting (about the middle of May), there could not be much difficulty about that. I attended the Diet regularly, both at that time and afterwards, about the middle of June, on my return from a short flight into Russia, and had the good luck to see and hear the great Chancellor on several occasions. I did not, indeed, hear any of his great speeches, but, both from what I have read and from what I heard from others, can form a good idea of his character as a speaker. He is not an orator, in any sense, like Gladstone, Brougham, Bright, Canning, and that class of men. He is specifically a man of action and of business, who speaks, as Socrates says every man ought to speak, without art, directly, and boldly, and emphatically, when he has got anything to say. He will never be found, like Cicero or Dr. Guthrie, rolling out grand pictorial and sonorous periods ; he only knows what he is talking about, and hits hard ; yes, hard, and directly in the face, too, not at all concerned whether your nose purples or not at the blow. He is sometimes found struggling for the proper word to

clothe his thoughts, but that hesitation is the growling thunder, which preludes a flash. Whatever faults you may find with his oratory, you must listen to what he says; and you feel in every sentence that he is a true man, and no glittering sophist or astute pleader of a bad case. If he thinks it necessary to pluck your beard, he comes right up and does it; blatant democracy, with its thousand brazen throats, has no terrors for him; he stands alone in front of a storm of babblers, and overawes them by his cool display of intellectual fibre and iron volition. There is nothing of German subtlety or German ideality about him; in this respect Gladstone is much more a German than Bismark; and Bismark, as I have heard an intelligent German public man remark, has something essentially English in his character and attitude. He is pre-eminently a man of deeds; a man of direct broad views, of practical sagacity, of firm determination, of unflurried coolness, of fearless audacity, of commanding survey, with a touch of hot imperiousness, no doubt, in his temper, and of occasional irritability (*Reizbarkeit*), which in a great statesman is a great fault. But it is not necessary to hear him speak in order to be impressed by the feeling that you are in the presence of a great man. His personal appearance at once stamps him as the leader of the congregation. When I saw him first I was sitting in the gallery behind the Speaker, directly opposite to the elevated bench on the side of the House where the members of the Imperial Council or Senate (*Reichsrath*) sit. On this bench the central seat belongs to the Chancellor, and it was empty when I entered the gallery. I had not watched long, however, before a tall, broad-browed, broad-chested, truly Neptunian man, in a military dress, entered and took possession of the empty seat. I asked, Is that Bismark? and received the answer which I anticipated. I then set myself to watch and study him with as much scientific observation as I was capable of. I had read his life by Hezechiel, and thought I understood something of the stuff of which he was made. He sat for an hour, the image of concentrated business and energy, signing papers, reading telegrams, giving intimations to attendants, now looking to the right hand, now to the left; again crossing his arms before his breast, as if buckling down his natural impatience of a sedentary position, altogether as if he preferred the rattling thunder-car of Jove to the soft-padded chair of the Chancellor. Such a man certainly will never fall asleep, nor allow any other person to fall asleep, wherever you plant him. When he was a young man they called him *der tolle Bismark* (mad Bismark): that means, at an age when he had energy without regulation, and without a suitable field of action, he did many strange and, it may be, some very improper things; as young Clive, they tell us, distinguished his boyhood by climbing up to the top of Shrewsbury steeple. Such men are not made to do common things; for red tape, official grooves, and traditional shams of all kinds, they testify a despotic impatience; they are intensely real, and can only

work where working means a real growth and a ripe fruitage. Such a man, the living image of such a man, its very proper type and embodiment, the great German Chancellor, now stood before me.

There stands he now, amid the flock the ram,
 A visible king by natural right to reign,
 Whose high commission, from the great I AM
 Direct, makes other seals and sanctions vain.
 He stands as one who hath a steadfast will,
 He looks as one whose survey lords the field,
 At whose sure-darted glance of practised skill
 The doubtful waver and the feeble yield.
 Even such I knew from Homer's regal song,
 Jove-born, broad-breasted, lofty-fronted kings,
 Who like Jove's bird careered both swift and strong,
 And boldly soared with venture on their wings:
 But he who boldly ventures grandly wins,
 And earns a brilliant pardon for all sins.

Less prominent than Bismark, but very regular in his attendance as a member of the Diet, was Von Moltke. I never heard him speak; I believe he speaks seldom; and is even less than Bismark, naturally, a speaking man. His handsome physiognomy is known to all Europe from the windows of the printsellers; if Bismark has somewhat the look of an English bull-dog, Von Moltke has certainly the look of an English gentleman; tall, slender, somewhat stiff and formal to appearance; not in manner, perhaps, to those who know him, but merely in outward attitude. He does not look like a soldier (Bismark has much more of that), but rather smacks of the student, the literary man, the professor; he is the thoughtful strategist, not the stormy combatant; the mathematician, not the engineer; the architect, not the builder; not the woodman who fells the trees, but the master of the forest, who, according to a well-calculated plan, marks out and numbers the trees that are to be felled.

[*To be continued.*]

