

ately, even perversely, cultivated is undeniable. But that it was a real tendency, having a purely natural origin, was suggested, if not proved to me, by his manner of oral expression. Of course for a good deal of the time he talked like other men, but after my first dinner with him I felt that I had assisted at a pyrotechnic phenomenon. I use the word advisedly. It was not a display, not an exhibition. His phrases were spontaneous, born without an effort. Many of the effects, to speak quite objectively, were lost in the general blaze; others were indelibly impressed on my memory. "My early life," he said, "was a struggle with poverty. I was waiting for a reversion from an invalid aunt who had lost her head, but kept her stomach; and nature, having but one channel to work through, achieved wonders, and she lived till eighty-five." "The English," he said again, "have a splendid courage, and on their Puritan side are at their best; but to see an Englishman attempting to enjoy himself—good Heaven! it is a degrading spectacle." "Delirious passion poured through a tin trumpet" was his

description of a lady's singing. His doctor had limited him to cold water, but it was interesting at the table to hear him make phrases about wines, recalling to me the famous monologue of Dr. Middleton. That he took a certain pride in the intricacies of his style was shown in our talk of the Prelude to "The Egoist." I confessed that, though I had read it, I had not understood it. "Ah," he said, "few do."

But I would not leave the impression upon my readers that Mr. Meredith's brilliancy was his most striking quality, for this impression was not my own. What he was affected me more than what he said. I love best to remember him as he sat quiet at table when, owing to his deafness, he could not catch the general conversation. A restful, contented expression told of a soul at peace with itself. His calm was eloquent of a life spent steadfastly and without misgiving in following a purpose. And this calm he diffused as a gentle, genial atmosphere by which those who came within its range were both comforted and strengthened.



AT SEA

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

WHEN the great autumn gales rush up the coast,
 Rending their canopies of driven cloud,
 And, answering to their touch, an endless host
 Of northward storming billows cry aloud,
 How shall he fear who sails the sea?
 Though death come very nigh,
 He cannot fear to die
 Enarmed in this immense vitality.

When mystic haze of autumn lulls the deep
 To visions of unending peacefulness,
 And wide its argent acres swing and sleep,
 Unruffled by the dim air's slow caress,
 How shall he fear who sails the sea?
 Whate'er the day may give,
 He cannot fear to live
 Wrapped in this measureless tranquillity.

FROM THE HARZ TO HILDESHEIM

ROMANTIC GERMANY—X

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

WITH PICTURES BY ALFRED SCHIERRES

MODULATION is as important an element of the art of traveling as it is of those cousin arts, painting and music.

I have had occasion to speak of getting the soul down from the shrill modern key of Berlin to the deep, mellow tonality of old Dantzic; but there is another sort of modulation, quite as important to the traveler, and more difficult; it is a smooth transition from the simple, deliberate, careless romanza of outdoor life to the exciting, exacting, exhausting scherzo movement of some rich, historic city, where attention, memory, and sympathy are every moment astrain.

In wandering through Germany one is enticed, for instance, to linger too long with knapsack and staff among the ever-green forests of the Harz Mountains, following where the charming Oker leads; idling in the fabled region where sleeps Barbarossa, his red beard grown clean through the table; or held fast in the wild gorge of the Bode-Thal, where, from the cliffs, the Hexentanz-Platz and the Rosstrappe look down on the river boiling far beneath.

Standing on that lofty crag whence the princess, pursued by the giant, made her mythical leap across the valley, and left her horse's hoof print in the rock, the traveler gazes over the sandy level that is north Germany, and makes out on the horizon, far beyond the spires of Quedlinburg and Halberstadt, the massive towers of Magdeburg cathedral. He realizes then that there are other wonders in this region besides mountains and rivers and their genii. The fever of civilization seizes him. Rashly importunate, he crashes down on the itinerant keyboard with both elbows, and rushes headlong

into so bewildering a treasure-house of the ages as Brunswick or Halberstadt or Hildesheim.

The transition is too abrupt. He is no longer used to cathedrals and Rembrandts, to streets of Gothic houses with overlapping stories. If his time in Germany is really inelastic, it would be far wiser to lop a day or two from Berlin or Leipsic or Frankfort, from Dresden or even from Munich, and so make his journey conform to the canons of the art of traveling.

Suppose that our tourist should actually come to his senses at Thale, for instance. Let him not make a hysterical dash for Hildesheim, but rather stop over a train at little Wernigerode, to marvel at the ancient Rathaus: to visit the vaulted cellar; to enjoy a slight foretaste of what the half-timbered houses of the Harz country are like; to glimpse the romantic castle; and then to move on for a day to the more impressive and interesting town of Goslar, with its august history and its curious legends.

The entry into this town is reminiscent of Nuremberg; for one comes at once upon a huge, round fortress tower guarding the approach. But instead of lingering here, one hastens to the farther end of town to see the building that is the very *raison d'être* of Goslar.

Goslar came into the world because it lay on the fringe of the Harz forests and at the foot of the silver-yielding Rammelsberg, both of which were owned by the ninth-century emperors of the Holy Roman Empire. There they put up a succession of hunting lodges and small palaces until Emperor Henry III built the Kaiserhaus, which is to-day the oldest