

was the vast, inelegant, neglected palace of the late sovereigns of Courland, built of brick, stuccoed white, standing upon a bleak eminence, ungraced by a single shrub or tree. A great part of this ponderous pile was some years since burned down; a *Dutch officer* obtained a contract for rebuilding it; and having got drunk every day upon the profits of his coarse and clumsy ignorance, died, leaving behind him the whole of the southern side of this building as his appropriate monument. Courland has been for some years incorporated with Russia, a junction which was managed by force and finesse. The late Empress insidiously excited a dispute between the Courlanders and Livonians, respecting a canal which was to transport the merchandize of Courland into Livonia; at which the Courlanders revolted, and sought the protection of Catherine: upon which she sent for the reigning Duke, to consult with him at Petersburg; scarcely had he passed the bridge of Mittau before the nobility held a meeting, and determined to put the country under the care of Catherine. At this assembly some disputes arose, and swords were drawn, but the presence of the Russian general, Pahlen, instantly decided the matter: the poor Duke heard of the revolution at Petersburg. Mittau is a long, straggling, ill-built town, and most wretchedly paved. On the evening of our arrival there was a great fair, and at night, about a mile from the town, some excellent fire-works took place, which to enable them more distinctly to see, two old ladies, who stood next to me on the bridge, brought

out their *lanthorns*. At several of the inns we saw people regaling themselves with beer soup, a great dainty in this country and in many parts of Germany; it is composed of beer, yolks of eggs, wheat and sugar, boiled together. We departed from Mittau the next morning, and passed through the most enchanting forest scenery, composed of pines, aspens, oak, nut-trees, and larch; at some distance we saw a wolf cross the road. Upon quitting the luxuriant fields, and rich and cheerful peasantry, of the *ci-devant* duchy of Courland, a number of wooden cottages with high sloping roofs, and rows of crosses, about fifteen feet high, with large wooden crucifixes affixed to them, raised on the road side, and peasants with fur caps and short pelisses, announced that we were in that part of Poland which fell to the Russians in the last partition; a mere slip of land, not broader than ten English miles. As we did not penetrate into that interesting country, I had not a personal opportunity of ascertaining whether the Poles, now that the first shock of separation and national extinction is over, are more happy than they were before their final dismemberment. However, I was assured by a very intelligent friend, who had recently returned from a tour through the heart of Poland, that the condition of the people, most unjustifiable as the means employed were, is considerably ameliorated: an assurance which may the more readily be believed, when it is considered that, as a nation, their constitution was radically mischievous, and that their poli-

tical atmosphere was never free from storm and convulsion. It has been said, that the great patriot, and last defender of Poland, has declared, since her fate has been decided, that it was better for his country to be thus severed, and placed under the various protections of other powerful governments, than to remain an eternal prey to all the horrors of an elective monarchy, baronial tyranny, and intestine dissension. At Polangen, celebrated for the amber found in its neighbourhood, we reached the barrier of the Russian empire; a Cossac of the Don, who stood at a circular sentry-box, by the side of a stand of perpendicular spears, let slip the chain, the bar arose, and we dropped into a deep road of *neutral sand*, and at the distance of about an English mile and a half stopped to contemplate two old weather-beaten posts of demarkation, surmounted with the eagles of Prussia and Russia, badly painted, where, after we had, in mirth, indulged ourselves in standing at the same time in both countries, we placed ourselves under the wing of the Prussian eagle, and arrived to a late dinner at Memel.

Here we found an excellent inn. To our landlady one of the gentleman said, "I wish to change some money, and should like to speak to your husband." "If you do, you had better go to the church-yard," said his relic, who was herself apparently dying of a dropsy. Memel is a large commercial town, lying on the shores of the Baltic, most wretch-



edly paved, and for ever covered with mud; yet the ladies figured away in nankeen shoes and silk stockings, and displayed many a well-turned ankle. In the citadel, which commands an agreeable view of the town, we saw the prisons, which appeared to be very wretched. The men, and shocking to tell, the women also, were secured by irons fastened between the knee and calf of either leg. Upon my remonstrating with the gaoler, who spoke a little English, against the unnecessary cruelty, and even indecency, of treating his female prisoners in this manner, he morosely observed, "that he had more to apprehend from the women than the men; that the former were at the bottom of all mischief, and therefore ought to be ever more guarded against."

We waited at Memel two days, in hourly expectation of the wind changing, that we might proceed to Koningberg by water, instead of wading over a tract of mountainous sand, eighty English miles long, and not more than three in breadth in its broadest part, called the Curiche Haff, that runs up within half a mile of Memel, and divides the Baltic from an immense space of water which flows within one stage of Koningberg. During this period, I every day attended the parade and drills, and was shocked at the inhuman blows which, upon every petty occasion, assailed the backs of the soldiers, not from a light supple cane, but a heavy stick, making



every blow resound. My blood boiled in my veins, to see a little deformed bantam officer, covered with, almost extinguished by, a huge cocked hat, inflicting these disgraceful strokes, that, savagely as they were administered, cut deeper into the spirit than the flesh, upon a portly respectable soldier for some trivial mistake. I saw no such severity in Russia, where some of the finest troops in the world may be seen. I observed, not only here but in other parts of Prussia, that every soldier is provided with a sword. The river which runs up to the town from the Baltic, was crowded with vessels; the market-boats were filled with butter, pumkins, red onions, and Baltic fish in wells.

## CHAP. XXI.

DESOLATE SCENE—ENGLISH SAILOR WRECKED—KONINGBERG—  
 BEAUTY IN BOOTS—PRUSSIAN ROADS—THE CELEBRATED RUINS  
 OF MARIENBOURG—DANTZIG—COQUETRY IN A BOX—INHOSPITA-  
 LITY—A GERMAN JEW—THE LITTLE GROCER—DUTCH VICAR OF  
 BRAY—VERSES TO A PRETTY DANTZICKER.

AS the wind shewed no disposition to change in our favour, we embarked, with our horses and carriages, in the ferryboats, and proceed on the Curiche Haff: by keeping the right wheels as much as we could in the Baltic, which frequently surrounded us, we arrived at the first post-house, which lay in the centre of mountains of sand. Here we learned that some preceding travellers had carried away all the horses, and accordingly our hostess recommended us to embark with our vehicles in a boat which is kept for such emergencies, and proceed by the lake to the next stage; which advice we accepted, and were indebted to a ponderous fat young lady belonging to the post-house, who waded into the water, and, turning her back towards us, shoved us off from the beach. We set sail with a favourable light breeze, which died away after we had proceeded about seven English miles, when we

put into a creek before a few little wretched fishing huts, under the roof of which, with cocks, hens, ducks, pigs, and dogs, we passed an uncomfortable night: just as we were lying down an English sailor entered the room, with a face a little grave, but not dejected, to see, as he said, some of his countrymen, "hoping no offence:" the poor fellow, we found, had been wrecked a few nights before, on the Baltic side of this inhospitable region. After hearing his tale, and making a little collection for him, we resigned ourselves to as much sleep as is allotted to those who are destined to be attacked by battalions of fleas. In the morning we could obtain no post-horses, the wind was against us, and at least eight English miles lay between us and the post-house. Hoping for some fortunate change, I resolved to look about me, and after considerable fatigue, ascended one of those vast sandy summits which characterize this cheerless part of the globe: from the top, on one side, lay the Baltic, and on its beach the cordless masts and hull of a wreck, high and dry; on the other, the lake which had borne us thus far, and before and behind a line of mountains of sand, many of them I should suppose to be a hundred feet high, over whose sparkling surface the eye cannot wander for two minutes together without experiencing the same sensations of pain as are felt upon contemplating snow: below, in a bladeless valley, stood two wretched horses, almost skeletons, scarcely making any shadow in the sun: the natives of this sandy desert, we were afterwards informed by a respect-



able authority, eat live eels dipped in salt, which they devour as they writhe with anguish round their hands. The whole of this hideous waste looked like the region of famine.

A shift of wind springing up, we ventured once more upon the lake; and after a little fair sailing, we were driven, in our little open boat, where there was scarcely room for the helmsman to steer, nearly out of sight of land; the wind freshened to a gale, and the rain fell heavily: at last, when we had renounced all sanguine expectations of ever touching land again, a favourable breeze sprung up, and about ten o'clock at night we reached the quay of the post-house called Nidden, and after supping, were shewn into a large gloomy room to our cribs, where we were surrounded by at least fourteen sleeping damsels, lying with their clothes on, in filth and coarseness, fit to be the inamoratas of the coal-heavers of London. The next morning, as we were preparing to start, we were presented with an enormous bill, which made us feel like the Clown in *As You Like It*, when he exclaims, "It strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room." This imposition, after much altercation, we successfully resisted.

As we approached Koningberg the country assumed a more agreeable aspect; at the inns we found better accommodations, and met with what to us was a great treat, excellent

potatoes, a vegetable which has only been introduced into the north within these twenty years. It is scarcely possible to conceive the dreadful state of the roads during the last stage from Mulsen: it was a succession of pits. On the tenth of October we saw the spires of Koningberg, and after passing the place of execution, where three posts were standing, surmounted with wheels, upon which malefactors are exposed, we entered the ancient capital of Prussia Proper: as we were proceeding to the Ditchen Hause, a noble hotel, we passed a vast antique and gloomy pile of red brick; one of my companions pronounced it to be either the gaol or the palace; it proved to be the latter, and to be inhabited by the governor: in the church adjoining, Frederick the Great was crowned. The city was first founded in 1255; is extensive, having fourteen parishes: the streets are narrow, terribly paved, and have no foot-path; almost every woman I saw was handsome, and wore great thick boots, and a black ribbon tied in a bow in the front of their caps. We were obliged to stay here two days, on account of the wheels of the *little Swede* having presented a strong disposition to renounce a circle for a square. The parade exhibited three fine regiments: previous to their forming the line we were again shocked with several instances of the severity of Prussian drilling. The King of Prussia scarcely ever visits this city. The trade is very considerable: one thousand vessels sailed last year into its ports. The river Pregel, which is here rather shallow, was crowded with market

boats, filled with fish, butter, bread, plumbs, and Bergamot pears. I was present at a marriage ceremony in one of the reformed Catholic churches, which was very simple: the priest joined the hands of the couple, and addressed them extemporaneously with considerable eloquence, as it was explained to me, invoking them to constancy, to love and cherish each other. The young bride and bridegroom seemed much affected, and shed many tears.

Upon my return to the inn, where it was again my fate, in common with the rest of the party, to sleep in the ball-room, I found a little gentleman with a neat bob-wig, and a narrow rim of a beard, just sufficient with his features to denote that he was a member of the synagogue; the object of his visit was to change our money for a new currency, as under:

Twenty-four groschen, or ninety kleine, or three gulder, or thirty ditchen, are equal to - - - one dollar.

Three dollars and four groschen - - - one ducat.

The price of posting is ten groschen per horse, per one German mile, or four English miles and a half.

A courier having arrived to secure about a hundred post-horses for the new-married couple, the Grand Duchess of Russia and the Prince of Saxe Weimar and suite, who were on their route from Russia to Weimar, we lost not a minute



to put ourselves in motion; and the *little Swede*, who began now to be much despised, being completely repaired, we reached Frawemborg the next evening, where we stopped the carriage at the foot of an almost perpendicular hill, crowned with a vast extensive edifice of red brick, including a monastery and a Catholic church: it was dusk as I ascended this height, from which there was a fine view of the luxuriant country through which we had passed, and immediately below us a wide-spreading beach and the sea. One of the monks conducted us to the church, which is very large, and the awfulness of the scene was increased by the mysterious gloom which pervaded every part of this massy pile: we had only time to see the tomb of Copernicus, whose remains, we were assured, repose under a plain stone slab which was shewn to us upon the pavement. At the last stage, to my great regret, a majority of the party resolved upon seeing Dantzic.

It is impossible for an Englishman who has never left his own country, to form any notion of the Prussian roads in general, particularly of that which lay before us to Elbing: I cannot say that we moved by land or by water, but in a skilful mixture of both, through which we waded, axletree-deep, over trees laid across each other at unequal distances. To complain would be useless; moreover, the most terrible of joltings, every minute threatening a general dislocation, would hazard the repining tongue being severed by the teeth.

We reached Elbing to breakfast: a very neat town, not unlike a swallow's nest, which is within very comfortable, and without nothing but sticks and mud. Considerable commerce is carried on, and the appearance of the people is respectable, prosperous, and happy. The fruit and vegetable sellers carry their articles in little pails, suspended at the ends of a curved stick, like the milk-women of London. The houses are very singular; but, as they resemble those of Dantzic, one description will be sufficient.

The post from Elbing to Marienbourg is nineteen English miles, a tremendous long stage; indeed, an autumnal day's journey upon such roads, which were precisely the same as those we had already passed, except that we had the *variety* of an endless row of shabby sombre willow pollards. Our poor horses halted several times, when they had a copious libation of water, but nothing else. The German postilions seem to think with Dr. Sangrado, that nothing is so nourishing as water; and, what is more surprizing, the horses seem to think so too. I have seen a German horse drink three large pails full, as fast as his driver could supply him. To cheer our postilions, we gave them occasionally some snaps, or glasses of excellent brandy, that we had with us, which the fellows drank; and, with a smile, seemed ready with Caliban to exclaim:

“That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.”

In the evening we reached Marienbourg, a small town, once celebrated for being the principal residence of the Knights of the Teutonic Order, as I have before mentioned, who raised a castle, and several other structures, in a style of unrivalled gothic magnificence, in the twelfth century. To these hallowed remains, so treasurable to the reflecting mind, Frederick the Great, although a professed admirer of antiquities and of art, paid no veneration. The hoary pile has been beaten down, to furnish materials for building Prussian barracks, hospitals, and magazines, and scarcely any vestige is left of this pride of ages but the chapel: in the window of which, is a colossal wooden Virgin but little defaced; and, by her size and shape, entitled to associate with Gog and Magog, in the Guildhall of London.

We were thirteen hours in reaching Dantzic from Marienbourg, a distance of thirty English miles, through a country abounding with corn-fields, in one of which we counted nine bustards, each of them larger than a turkey. After passing several monasteries, beautifully embosomed in trees, and the suburbs of Dantzic, extending nearly two English miles, we reached the drawbridge, and entered the capital of Pomerelia in the evening; and, at the *Hotel de Lion Blanc*, which was very crowded at the time of our arrival, we were very glad to resume our old quarters, to which we appeared to have a travelling prescriptive right, a vast ball and card room.



Nothing can exceed the fantastic appearance of the houses, which are very lofty, and have vast sloping roofs, the fronts of which are surmounted with lions, angels, suns, griffins, &c. The windows are very large and square; and the outsides of these edifices are generally painted with brown or green colours, with great softness and variety: in the streets, which are wretchedly paved, and narrow, and, if the atmosphere be damp, covered ankle-deep with mud, are several noble chestnut and walnut trees. The Rathhaus, or Hotel de Ville, is an elegant spiral structure of stone, with a variety of elaborate decorations. The prison is well arranged: on one side are felons; and, on the other, the house of correction, where the women are separated from the men. The female prisoners, many of whom were servants, sent by their masters or mistresses for misbehaviour, to receive the discipline of the house, were employed in carding and spinning, and are obliged to produce, at the end of the week, a certain quantity of work; or, in default, receive a whipping: the prisoners looked healthy and clean.

The Lutheran church is a noble structure: in one of the towers is a gloomy well, into which certain offenders against the catholic faith, many years since, used to be let down, and left to perish: the stirrups and chains by which they descended were shewn to us. The Bourse is most whimsically decorated with a marble statue of Augustus III., king

of Poland, models of ships, heavy carvings in wood, and great dingy pictures. The Vistula, the largest and longest river in Poland, after springing from mount Crapach, on the confines of Silesia, and crossing Poland and Prussia, washes the walls of Dantzic, and falls into the Baltic. Upon this river a stranger cannot fail being struck with the singular appearance of the Polish grain-boats, in shape resembling a canoe, many of which are eighty feet long, by fourteen broad, without any deck, and have a single elastic mast, tapering to the top, fifty, and even sixty, feet high, upon which they fasten a small light sail that is capable of being raised, or depressed, so as to catch the wind, above the undulating heights of the shores of the Vistula. We saw several store-houses of salt: the only salt merchant in the Prussian dominions is the King, who has the monopoly. The exportations of corn from this city are amazing; and it may justly be considered as the grain depot of Europe. The exportation of grain, for the preceding year, amounted to thirty-four thousand one hundred and forty-nine lasts; a last being equal to eighty-four Winchester bushels: that of the year before to fifty-two thousand four hundred and sixteen. The people appear to be at length reconciled to the loss of their hanseatic sovereignty, and, having no remedy, submit themselves without repining to the Prussian sceptre. Mirabeau, one of the most brilliant orators of his age, said, "that the Dantzickers, who, according to appearances, supposed kings were hobgoblins, were so enraptured to meet

“ with one who did not *eat* their children, that, in the excess  
“ of their enthusiasm, they were willing to put themselves,  
“ without restraint, under the Prussian government.”

On a Sunday we visited the theatre, a handsome rotunda, where we saw, the great favourite of the Germans, the tragedy of Mary Queen of Scots, between whom, and the sanguinary Elizabeth, the author effected an interview: there was no after-piece as usual. The form of the theatre before the curtain, was three parts of a circle; and the scenery, dresses, and decorations, were all handsome. The grand drop scene, used instead of a curtain, was sprinkled with gigantic heads, and had a very strange and whimsical appearance. Nothing could exceed the polite and profound attention paid to the business of the stage: if any one of the audience only whispered rather loudly, all eyes were turned towards him, and a buz of general disapprobation made him silent. In the box, next to that in which I sat, was a lady of fashion, remarkably deformed; in age, I should suppose, touching the frontier of desperation, dressed in a white robe, and a garland of artificial flowers; to attract more notice, she was knitting a rich silk purse: the whole of the party exchanged frequent glances with her; but, alas! had she known what was passing between the eye and the mind, our homage would not have proved very acceptable.

In Dantzic, every thing partakes of that petty spirit which



is too often engendered by traffic amongst small communities of mercantile men. Heaven protect the being who visits this city without a commercial commission! As we were walking by the Bourse, we requested a German Jew, who had the appearance of a gentleman, to shew us the way to a commercial house to get some money exchanged; upon which he offered to accompany us. "We cannot, Sir, think of troubling you: if you will only direct us, it will be sufficient," said my German friend and companion. "Oh! Gentlemen," replied the descendant of Abraham, "I beg you will not mention it; you will of course pay me for my trouble, and "I shall be happy to attend you."

Having parted with my friend, who proceeded to Berlin, I went to Fare Wasser, with a view of embarking for Copenhagen, which would have considerably curtailed my journey to Husum; but the wind being contrary, and blowing a hurricane, and several English captains, who were there, assuring me that it frequently continued so for three weeks and a month together, after spending three cheerless days in hopes that a change might take place, I returned to Dantzic, where, without knowing a human being, for this city was not originally included in our route, I presented myself at the counting-house of an elderly Englishman, a denizen of Dantzic, and, in the presence of a host of clerks, detailed my story, and requested that he would be so obliging as to permit one of

them, who spoke English, to attend me a few minutes to the post-house, that I might endeavour to overtake my friends. The hoary merchant, with an immoveable countenance, coldly looked at me, and briefly replied, "It is our post day;" and, without saying another word, returned to his accompts. It reminded me of Gadshill and the Carrier, in the first part of Henry the Fourth:

"Gad. I pray thee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

"Car. Lend thee my lantern, quotha! Marry, I'll see thee hanged first."

This Englishman had grown old in the traffic of Dantzic, and the generous spirit of his country had been indurated into the selfishness of accumulation.

The *little Swede* was now in the lowest state of depreciation: the post-master thought her unworthy of being drawn by a Prussian prancer, and absolutely refused to put a horse into the shafts; at the same time he offered me a ducat, that is, nine shillings and sixpence, for her. I would have set fire to her, sooner than that he should have had her. The god of gold seemed to have made this spot his favourite temple, to have constituted a bag of corn his chosen altar, and to have recorded his oracles in a ledger: the ramparts of the town seem preserved only to repel hospitality and generosity. The Dantzickers keep a cash account of civilities, and never indulge in festivity without resorting to calculation. A calculating countenance

under a little bob-wig, shining brushed cocked-hat that has seen good service, a brown coat, waistcoat and breeches of the same colour, worsted stockings, a pair of shining little silver buckles, and an ivory-headed cane, denote the thrifty Dantzicker: the very beggar in the streets seems to expect a double proportion of bounty for his misfortune, and for the trouble of asking relief. As I was purchasing some articles at a grocer's for my journey, his wife held a little child in her arms, not old enough to speak, to whom I gave a pear, and presently after I presented him with a gulden, a little coin, which he griped, apparently with the same instinct that would induce a young bear to rifle a honey jar, and dropped the fruit. The little grocer seemed much pleased with his son's preference; and, in German, as well as I could understand him, exclaimed, "that he would make a brave tradesman."

In this place, where there were so many of my own countrymen settled, accident led me to the civilities of a polite and amiable young Dutchman, who had not staid long enough in Dantzic to lose every liberal sentiment. "How strange," said I, "that amongst the residents of this place you alone should wish to serve an unfortunate solitary Englishman; and that, too, whilst our respective countries are at war!" "It is true, our countries are at war," said he, in good English; "but what is that to us? every man *whom I can serve is my countryman.*"



Through the medium of this gentleman, I hired a man to go with me all the way to Berlin (who, on such occasions, is called a fuhrman), instead of going post, to avoid as much as possible the galling pressure of Prussian imposition. To the friendly Dutchman I sold the *little Swede* for ten ducats, which he vowed he would brush up and paint, and drive with into the country. On the day preceding my departure, my Dutch friend related the following story. Being at church one Sunday, at Alkmaar, when that town was in the possession of the English forces, previous to the sermon the preacher prayed very fervently for the long life of his Majesty George III., and the prosperity of England. Scarcely had he finished this pious compliment, before an inhabitant entered, and announced that the English forces were retiring, and that the French were about to resume the protection of the place: upon hearing which, this Dutch Vicar of Bray explained to his audience, that the supplication which they had just heard was coerced; but that now, being able to follow the spontaneous emotions of his own heart, he begged them to unite with him in offering up a prayer to the throne of grace, to bless and preserve General Brune and the French armies!

Before I met with the courteous Dutchman, the only consolation which I found, was in sitting in the same room with the young *Maitresse d'hotel de Lion Blanc*, where, without

knowing each other's language, we contrived to pass away the hours not unpleasantly. The beauty and sprightliness of this young woman produced the following *jeu d'esprit* :

The sign of the house should be chang'd, I'll be sworn,  
Where enchanted we find so much beauty and grace ;  
Then quick from the door let the *lion* be torn,  
And an *angel* expand her white wings in his place.

The young Dutchman translated it into German, and presented it to the fair one.

## CHAP. XXII.

REFLECTIONS UPON A STUHLWAGGON—PRUSSIAN VILLAGES—MILITARY MANŒUVRES—IRISH REBEL—BERLIN—LINDEN WALK—TOLERATION—PRUSSIAN DINNER—CHEAP LIVING—THE PALACE—CADET CORPS.

THE traveller going to Germany will be under the necessity of changing his money as under :

Twenty-four good, or ninety Prussian groschen, are equal to one dollar, or three Prussian guilders.

N. B. Six Prussian dollars are equal to one pound English.

When the stuhlwaggon, that was to carry me to Berlin, a distance of upwards of three hundred English miles, in the stipulated time of eight days, drove up to the door, I observed that it had no springs, consequently I could not be detained on the road by their breaking ; that I should be nearly jolted to death, but that would be an admirable substitute for want of exercise ; that I should not be able to sleep by day, consequently I should sleep the better by night ; that my driver



could not speak English, nor I three words of German, *ergo*, we should associate like a couple of dumb waiters, and my reflections, if chance any should arise, would not be shaken. Having settled all these points in my mind, with infinite pleasure I passed the draw-bridge of this seat of extortion and inhospitality, and as soon as we had cleared the suburbs and dropped into a deep sandy road, my heavy unimpassioned driver took from his waistcoat pocket a piece of dry fungus, and holding it under a flint, with a small steel struck a light, kindled his pipe, and was soon lost in smoke, and a happy vacuity of thought. Although the red leaves of retiring autumn were falling in showers from the trees, the country appeared very picturesque and rich. After we passed the town and abbey of Oliva, the latter celebrated for containing in one of its chambers the table on which the treaty of peace was signed between the crowned heads of Germany, Poland, and Sweden, called the Treaty of Oliva, my driver turned into a bye road, the inequalities of which I can compare to nothing but those of a church-yard, thronged with graves; we were several times obliged to alight, in order to support the carriage on one side whilst it crawled along the edge of a miry bank. The uncertainty of a German mile never fails to puzzle a traveller: there is a long and a short one; the former is as indefinite as a Yorkshire mile, which I believe is from steeple to steeple, sometimes it means five, six, and seven English miles, the latter I have already explained.

On the road every Prussian was at once equipped for his bed and for a ball, by having his head adorned with a prodigious cocked hat, and a night-cap under it. The Prussian farm-houses were either tiled or very neatly thatched: some of them were built of brick, and others of a light brown clay, but the favourite colour is that of vivid flesh, were remarkably neat; the ground exhibited the marks of high cultivation, and the farmers looked rich and respectable, and perfectly English. \*Although the soil is sandy, yet from its fineness it is capable of bearing all sorts of vegetables for the kitchen: but of four grains of rye sown, the tillers calculate that one will rise. By the time I reached Stolpe, I had formed a little budget of current German expressions, which, at the inn in that town, enabled me to understand a man who said to me, "Pray sir, are you a Frenchman?" "No, I am an Englishman." "Ah, sir, so much the better for you, and "so much the more agreeable to me," said he. I wondered to hear such language from Prussian lips: but I afterwards found the man who addressed me was a Dutchman.

The road to Berlin has, in one respect, a great advantage, there is a constant and rapid succession of towns and villages, but no scattered cottages: upon every acclivity the traveller commands six or seven spires rising from little clumps of trees, and clusters of houses; the road to each of these small communities for about a quarter of a mile is paved with large

sant children were reposing upon forms, and their mother standing with her back against it, fast asleep. The peasants erect their ovens, which are made of clay, about seven feet high, in the shape of a dome, at the extremity of their orchards, removed as far as possible from any thatch. All the roads and bye-lanes in Prussia are abundantly supplied with legible and intelligent directing posts, representing a negro's head, with large white eyes, and a pig tail, whilst two long stiff arms point the wanderer on his way. The want of this species of attention to travellers in England is severely felt. It is scarcely necessary for me to observe that the universal language of Prussia is German.

The garrison towns are numerous, at which the traveller is obliged to furnish the officer of the guard with his name, condition, and motive of travelling. The soldiers looked to great advantage; they have a favourite, and much admired manœuvre, of forming hollow squares by sections, which at present is confined to the Prussian service; and by means of a hollow curve, at the bottom of the barrel of the Prussian musket, leading into the pan, through a large touch-hole, no priming is necessary, or rather the loading primes, by which several motions are saved. With this improvement, and a heavy ramrod, an expert Prussian soldier, even with Prussian powder, far inferior to that of England, can load and fire twelve times in one minute. A soldier who had not long been



enlisted, performed these motions in my presence ten times in that period by my watch.

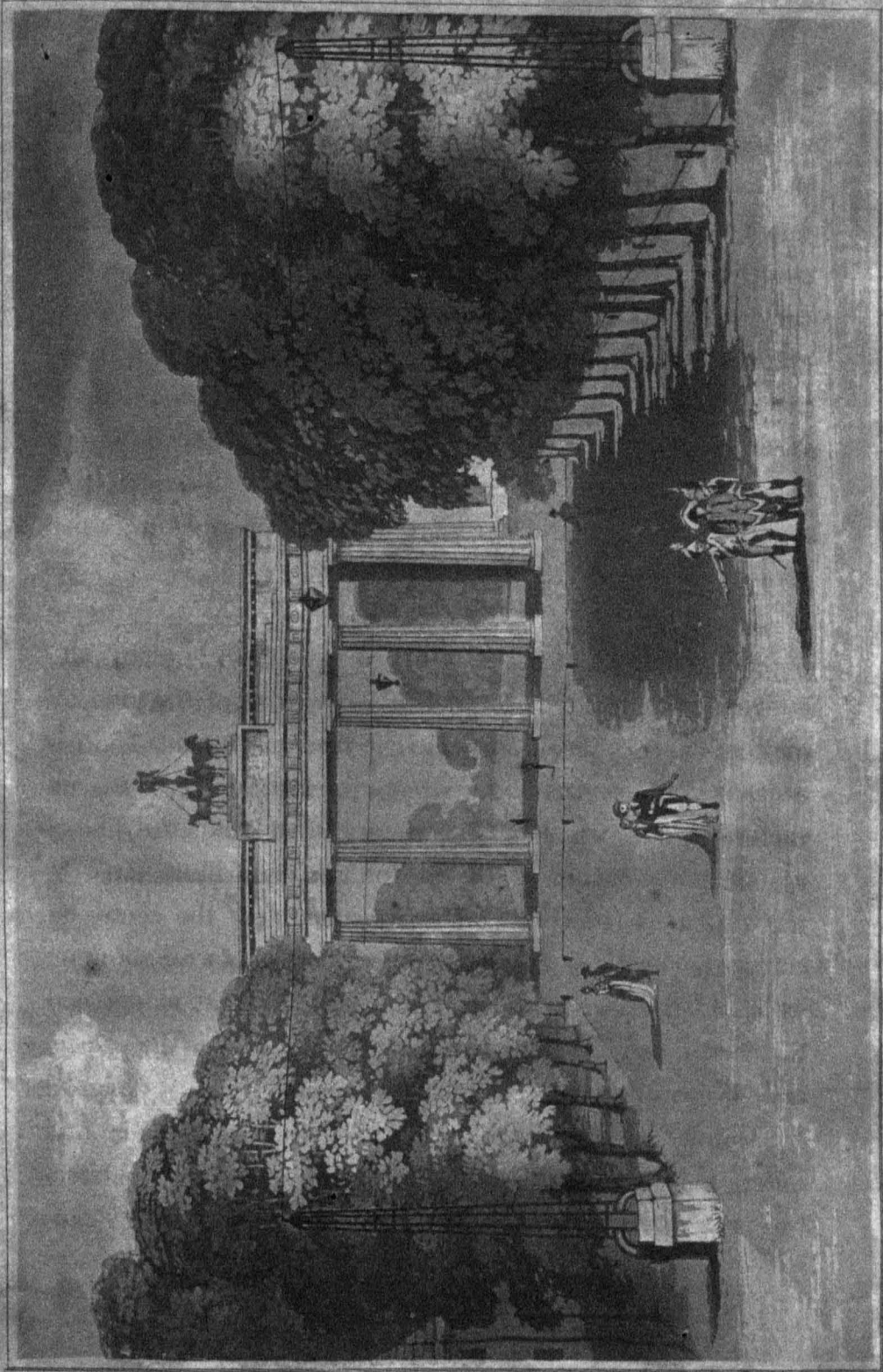
At Konigberg, as I was sitting down to dinner, a portly soldier, in the Prussian uniform, opened the door, and addressed me in English. With much address and respect, under the venial pretence of my not having written my name legibly at the barrier, he introduced himself to me, and enabled me very soon to discover that he was one of those infatuated Irishmen, who having incurred the displeasure of the British government, had been plucked from a station of respectability, and the bosom of a beloved family, exiled from his country, and doomed to wear the habit, and endure the discipline of a Prussian soldier for ten wretched years, five of which he had already survived. The poor fellow acknowledged the fatal delusion which had thus torn him from all that was dear to him, and reduced him to the humiliation of gladly receiving a dollar from a stranger.

Between Gruneberg and Freyenwalde I passed the Oder, which flows to the walls of Olmutz, rendered eminently familiar to the memory by the cruel captivity of La Fayette, and the spirit of British generosity which restored him and his lovely Marchioness to light and liberty.

Upon our leaving Freyenwalde, we ploughed our way

through the dark forests and trackless sands of Brandenburg, the latter of which Frederic the Great highly valued as a national barrier, capable of impeding and embarrassing an approaching enemy. Of their depth and dreariness no one can judge, but those who have waded through them: we quitted them with great joy to roll merrily along over a noble new royal road, of about ten English miles in length, lined with sapling lindens; and, early on the eighth day from my leaving Dantzic, I passed the gate of the wall which surrounds Berlin, and with forty-one ducats discharged my companion at the *Hotel de Russie*.

Having refreshed myself, I sallied into the Linden Walk, which is very broad, is formed of triple rows of the graceful and umbrageous tree from which it receives its name, and is situated in the centre of the street, having carriage roads on each side, from which it is protected by a handsome line of granite posts connected by bars of iron, and illuminated at night by large reflecting lamps, suspended over the centre by cords, stretched from corresponding supporters of wrought iron: its length is about an English mile, and presents at one end the rich portico of the marble opera-house and the palace, and at the other the celebrated Brandenburg gate, designed by Monsieur Langhans from the Propylum of Athens, and raised in 1780. This superb monument of tasteful architecture is a stone colonnade, of a light reddish-yellow colour,





composed of twelve grand fluted Corinthian columns, forty-four feet high, and five feet seven inches in diameter, six on each side, leaving a space for the gates to fold between, presenting five colossal portals, through which the park is seen in fine perspective. The wings composing the custom and guard houses are adorned with eighteen lesser columns, twenty-nine feet high and three feet in diameter: the whole is crowned by colossal figures of the Angel of Peace driving four horses abreast in a triumphal car, below which are rich basso relievos. This most elegant structure, and the Walk of Lindens, are unique, and would abundantly repay any traveller for the fatigues of an eight days' journey to behold them. In the walk, although the weather was very cold, several ladies were promenading without caps or bonnets, and others were riding astride on horseback, according to the fashion of the country, in a long riding habit, pantaloons, and half-boots. In the street scarcely any other objects were to be seen, than

“ the soldier and his sword.”

Upon ascending the gallery of the superb dome of the institution of the poor, in the grand market place, I commanded the wall of the city, the dimensions of which are small, I should not think larger than those of Bath; but having been the result of one design, and in a great measure built in one reign, it has the advantage of being regular. The river Spree runs through it, and is adorned by some handsome stone bridges. The streets

are spacious, and, to the surprise of a stranger, are well paved for carriages and pedestrians, although nature has refused to furnish the country with a single stone: this denial has been supplied by the policy of Frederick the Great, who made all the vessels that came up the Elbe, the Hawel, or the Spree, take on board at Magdeburg a certain quantity of freestone, and disembark it at Berlin gratis. The houses are generally built of brick stuccoed, but some are of stone, in the Italian style of architecture. The palace of Prince Henry, the brother of Frederick the Great, lately deceased, is built of stone; but, for want of ornament, possesses but little attraction for the eye: the royal palace is an enormous square pile of the same materials, whose massy and gloomy walls the reigning sovereign has wisely resigned to his courtiers, for a small plain mansion, opposite the common foundery. Mon-bijou, the residence of the Queen Dowager, is a palace, or rather a long gallery, nearly the whole being upon the ground floor, situated on the side of the river Spree, embosomed in a wood and gardens. The Rotunda, or Catholic church, partly designed by Cardinal Alberoni, is a noble edifice, the grand altar of which was made at Rome, and is celebrated for its beauty. Soon after Frederick the Great ascended the throne, he conceived the sublime idea of building a vast Pantheon, in which every description of devotion might, at an allotted time, find its altar. Policy, if not genuine charity, induced that sagacious prince

to think that tolerance was necessary to the interests as well as the dignity of a nation; and he was desirous of not only seeing his subjects and foreigners worship their God in their way, but that, like brothers, they should prostrate themselves before him in the same temple. On account of the state of the treasury, Frederick was successfully advised to drop this benign plan, and it was never afterwards resumed. The generality of the Prussians are Calvinists.

In the evening after my arrival I went to New Theatre, a superb building, on the entablature of which the following elegant inscription appeared in German, "Whilst we *smile* we mend the manners." All the front of the inside was occupied by the royal box, formed into a saloon, from the centre of the ceiling of which a rich lustre descended, and on each side were alabaster vases. The boxes were neat and well arranged. Over the curtain was a large transparent clock; the players were good; the orchestra very full and fine; and the scenery, particularly the drop, or curtain scene, very beautiful.

The statue of the celebrated general Ziethen, the favourite of Frederick the Great, and one of the greatest and bravest generals of Prussia, is well worthy the notice of the traveller. It is raised in Wilhelm's Platz, or William's Place, upon a pedestal, on three sides of which are basso-relievos, representing the hero on horseback, in some of the most celebrated



campaigns, surrounded by an elegant railing: the figure of the general, in his hussar regimentals, is as large as life; his hand is raised to his chin, which was his usual attitude of meditation: it is said to be a strong resemblance, and is a fine piece of statuary. In this little square there are several other statues of Prussian generals, who distinguished themselves in the seven years' war, without any inscription. Upon my German friend enquiring of some of the soldiers, who were standing near us, their names, they told us they knew nothing about them. It is well known, that no living creature is more ignorant than a Prussian soldier.

As we passed to the Royal Opera-house, the cavalry were drilling; the wretchedness of their horses not a little surprised me: the same remark applied to those of every other regiment of cavalry which I saw. The opera-house, which is never open but during the carnival, is a superb and elegant building, raised by Frederick the Great. The audience are admitted gratis, by tickets issued by the King's authority: the pit is allotted to the regiments in garrison, each of which is permitted to send so many men. In the time of Frederick the Great, it was no unusual spectacle to see the wives of the soldiers sitting upon their husbands' shoulders: the internal decorations are, I was informed, very magnificent.

Berlin is justly celebrated for the excellence of its hotels:

in my sitting room, looking upon the Linden-walk, I had every article of useful and elegant furniture, my bed-room and sopha-bed and linen were remarkably neat and clean, and both rooms, although the frost was set in with intense severity, were, by means of stoves which are supplied from the passage, as warm as a summer day. It is a received opinion, that Englishmen are so accustomed to sit by their fire-sides, that they cannot grow warm unless they see the fire: to this remark I have only to observe, that I partook so insensibly of the atmosphere which pervaded my room, that I neither thought of heat, cold, or fire-places. At breakfast, the rolls, butter, and coffee, were delicious, and the china beautiful. The porcelain of Berlin is very fine, and nearly equal to that of Saxony. In the infancy of this manufactory, Frederick the Great granted permission to the Jews within his dominions to marry, only upon condition that they should purchase a certain quantity of this china; by this despotic policy he soon brought it into repute. At our *table d'hôte* in the hotel, the dinner, with little variation, was in the following order: cold herrings and salted cucumbers, soup, bouilli, ham with sliced carrots, honey and rice pudding, venison and stewed pease. In the streets were groups of female fruiterers, sitting before tubs filled with the finest grapes, and bergamot pears, walnuts, &c. From those stands a respectable dessert may be furnished for the value of three-pence English. Upon the Spree

were a great number of boats, completely laden with the finest apples and pears. Living in Berlin is moderate, in the country remarkably cheap. A bachelor in Hesse Darmstadt, and in many other parts of Germany, can enjoy elegant society, have every day a bottle of excellent wine, and keep his horse, for one hundred and twenty pounds per annum.

In the audience-room of the great palace, we were shewn a chandelier of chrystal which cost 4,200*l.*; amongst the paintings, which are few, we noticed a portrait of the Duke of Ferrara, by Corregio, for which ten thousand ducats were given: there is also a beautiful statue of Marcus Aurelius, drawn up from the Tiber about fifty years since; several curious and costly clocks and secretaires of exquisite workmanship and mechanism, one of which, should any one improperly attempt to open it, would betray the robber by a tune similar to that in the Academy of Sciences in Petersburg: we were also shewn a circular closet in a turret, from whence Frederick, in his latter days, used to contemplate the people in the streets.

The Cadet corps is a noble establishment, much resembling those in Petersburg: we attended a parade of about four hundred boys, who, as they were not sized, nor ranked according to age, presented a striking instance of the progress of merit, by displaying mere "apple-munching urchins"



commanding companies of boys bigger than themselves. From the Cadet corps we visited an exhibition of the Prussian arts and manufactures, displayed in a suite of rooms: the busts, models, and carpets were beautiful: some of the drawings were pretty, but the paintings were below criticism. English manufactures are severely prohibited in Prussia.

## CHAP. XXII.

POTSDAM DILIGENCE—POTSDAM—SANS SOUCI—VOLTAIRE, AND  
 DOGS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT—NOBLE FIRMNESS OF AN ARCHI-  
 TECT—KING AND LOVELY QUEEN OF PRUSSIA—ANECDOTES—FE-  
 MALE TRAVELLING HABIT—THE DUCHY OF MECKLEBURG SWERIN  
 —RETURN TO ENGLAND.

ON the Sunday after my arrival, namely, the third of November, I seated myself, at seven o'clock in the morning, with an intelligent companion, in the Potsdam diligence, a vehicle considerably less commodious than that of Paris: it was without springs, and so villainously put together, that the biting air pierced through a hundred crevices; sliding wooden pannels supplied the place of glasses, and in the back part were two seats, the occupiers of which were separated from each other by a stout iron bar. Our companions, male and female, were clad in their winter dress of muffs and fur shoes. After passing through a country of corn-fields and fir forests, and some small pieces of ice, at eleven we reached the barrier of Potsdam, which is situated on the river Havel, and is formed into an isle by the adjoining lakes and canals, about sixteen English miles from Berlin.

Having expelled the cold with some soup, we hired a little phaeton, and immediately proceeded to Sans Souci, distant about two English miles, which, as well as the neighbouring country palaces, are so much the fruit of the great Frederick's taste, that it was like paying a visit to his spirit. As we proceeded to the gallery of pictures, we passed by his hot-houses, which he cherished with great care. So partial was his Majesty to hot-house fruit, that before the buildings were erected, he who would have scantily provided for a gallant officer mutilated in his service, did not hesitate to pay a ducat for a cherry ! When he was dying, his pine-apples occupied his principal attention.

We entered the picture gallery from the road through a rustic door : this room, two hundred and fifty eight feet long, thirty-six broad, and fifteen high, is supported by Carrara pillars, and is superbly gilded and ornamented. The collection is very select and precious : we principally noticed the Graces, by Dominichino ; Vertumnus and Pomona, by Leonardo da Vinci ; Titian and his wife, by himself ; Danae and Cupid, by the same artist ; Venus bathing, by Corregio ; three different styles of Painting, by Guido ; the Holy Family, by Raphael, which cost fourteen thousand ducats ; a Cave of Devils, by Teniers, in which his mother and wife are represented as members of the infernal family, his father as Saint Antonio, and himself in a *bonnet rouge*, laughing at the



group; a Head of Christ, by Vandyke; Ignorance and Wisdom, by Corregio; a Head of Christ, upon leaf gold, by Raphael, for which Frederick the Great paid six thousand ducats; several other paintings, by the same great master, upon the same ground; a Virgin and Infant, by Rubens; and several other exquisite works of art. There was once a beautiful little Magdalen here, by Raphael, which Frederick bartered to the Elector of Saxony *for a troop of horse*: this sort of barter seems not to have been unusual. Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, purchased forty-eight bulky porcelain vases of Frederick William I., of Prussia, for a fine regiment of dragoons.

From the gallery we ascended a stair-case, and entered a terrace, whence a beautiful view of the river, and the surrounding country, lay expanded before us. As we proceeded to the palace, or pavilion, composed of a long suite of rooms upon a ground floor, the tombs of Frederick's dogs were pointed out to us, the only creatures for whom he entertained a cordial affection. It is well known that he indulged the strange belief, that these animals possessed the power of discriminating character, and that he disliked those at whom they barked: most of these canine favourites were honoured with a royal epitaph. It is related, that whenever he went to war, he always carried a small Italian greyhound with him; and that when, in the seven years war, he happened to be pursued by a

reconnoitring party of Austrians, he took shelter under a dry arch of a bridge, with his favourite in his arms; and that although the enemy passed and repassed the bridge several times, yet the animal, naturally churlish, lay quite still, and scarcely breathed: had he barked, Frederick must have been discovered and taken prisoner, and Prussia, in all human probability, would have shared the fate of Poland, and swelled the empires of Russia and of Germany. There is another story told, the authenticity of which is indubitable: Frederick the Great, in his dying moments, expressed a wish to be buried by the side of his dogs. One of these favourites, another greyhound bitch, was taken at the battle of Sorr, when the baggage was plundered by Trënck and Nadasti. Regardless of *inferior* losses, the King was in the act of writing to Nadasti, to request his bitch might be restored, when the Austrian General, knowing his love for the animal, which was itself greatly attached to him, had sent it back: the bitch, unperceived by the monarch, leaped upon the table while he was writing, and, as usual, began to caress him, at which he was so affected that he shed tears. The day before he had cut off many thousands of men, and charged his *dear children* to give no Saxon quarter. The only amiable trait in Frederick's composition was of a canine nature: he possessed nothing to attach man to *him* but *his* fondness for dogs.

We saw the room where Frederick slept and died: it was

plain and simple; and, upon the chimney-piece, was a beautiful antique of Julius Cæsar when a boy. After passing through several handsome rooms, we reached the dining-room. It is well known that Frederick the Great indulged in the pleasures of the table, and that English, French, German, Italian, Russian cooks, were employed in this royal philosopher's kitchen. The apartment of Voltaire, where I could not resist sitting down in his chair before his desk, dotted all over with spots of a pen, more keen and triumphant than the sword, and wondering how such a genius could associate for three years with the crafty, ungrateful, cold, ungenerous, tyrannical, rancorous, and implacable Frederick, who, if he merited the title of great, had no pretensions to that of good: that the wit and the sovereign should have differed no one can wonder; but every one must that they had not quarrelled and parted sooner.

In the life of Voltaire we see the triumph of letters. The late Empress of Russia courted his friendship by every touching art which, even from clever women in the ordinary ranks of life, is irresistible: she did nothing without affecting to consult him; she invited him to Petersburg, and placed the model of his house at Ferney, in the Hermitage. Frederick the Great sought him with avidity, bordering on abject solicitation; but the mean and ungenerous despotism of the sovereign's heart, rendered him unworthy the honour of an associa-



tion, which with equal meanness and harshness he dissolved. Why was Voltaire thus courted by two of the most distinguished potentates of their own, or perhaps of any other age? Because they knew that the pen of such a genius could give any colour to their actions, and could measure out and extend their fame.

The gardens of Sans Souci appeared to be elegantly arranged; but it was no time to explore leafless bowers and alleys no longer green:

“ When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail.”

The *façade* of Sans Souci, towards the plain, is very elegant; towards the terrace very heavy, where it resembles more a great tasteless green-house than a royal residence. From Sans Souci, we drove through a beautiful park to the new palace, distant about an English mile and a half. After passing two grand lodges and out-offices, connected by an elegant semi-circular colonnade of eighty-eight columns, we entered the palace, the front of which is adorned with Corinthian pilasters, and the body built with the rich red Dutch brick: the hall was a superb vaulted grotto, formed of chrystals, branches of coral and shells, and fountains, arranged with equal elegance and novelty. Respecting the construction of this extraordi-

nary apartment, the King and his favourite architect had a violent dispute; the latter insisting that it should be a vestibule, the former a grotto. The royal disputant of course prevailed, and the architect was so disgusted, that he declined proceeding in the building. It was lucky for him, that the tyrant Frederick had not sent him to the fortress of Spandaw, where so many brave men, who had fought and bled for him, have been immured for some error in petty punctilio, to meditate on the superiority of grottoes over vestibules: the rest of the rooms are very elegant. Having satisfied our curiosity, we galloped to the little marble palace, about two English miles off, built also by Frederick the Great, of Silesian marble and Dutch brick: I was more pleased with it, than with the *Petite Trianon* at Versailles. The road to the pavilion is lined with small rustic dwellings, surrounded by shrubs for the household: on the left is an extensive and elegant orangerie, in the centre of which is a superb ball-room, lined with mirrors, and opening on either side into alleys of orange and lemon trees: on the right are the kitchens, externally resembling the ruins of an Athenian temple: a lake, lined with elegant groups of trees, pleasure-houses, cottages, and mills, washes the terrace of the little palace, the apartments of which are small but singularly elegant, and were adorned with some exquisite antiques. Upon our return to our hotel the clock struck four: just as we had begun to thaw ourselves with some soup, attended, as the Saxon kings of old were, by a wandering

harper at our door, just as he had sweetly and wildly run over the first division of a German air, by which time my intelligent companion and I had settled it, that had the palaces been covered with rubies, and the trees of the royal gardens dropped pearls, we should return discontented to Berlin, unless we had beheld the lovely Queen of Prussia; in truth, she was the principal object of our excursion: the son of our host ran into the room, to tell us the Queen's carriage was just drawn up to the great palace, which our window commanded. From a little private door of this vast pile, she descended, leaning upon the arm of a page, and attended by an elderly lady of the court; upon seeing us she stopped, and moved to us in the most gracious and enchanting manner. She is very fair, her face sweet, elegant, and expressive:

“ ——— Whose red and white,  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.”

Her hair is light, her figure exquisite; and, as she stepped into her carriage, she displayed a foot and ankle which at once convinced us that the most perfect symmetry reigned throughout her frame. Her charms were heightened by her situation; she was expected, in a few days, to augment the illustrious House of Brandenburg. At a party at the British ambassador's, Mr. Jackson, I was regaled with the most enchanting account of her amiable virtues; but to look at her is sufficient:

“ There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.”



She is very fond of retirement, and devotes herself to the education of her children. As my stay in Berlin was too short to admit of my being presented, I was much gratified in seeing a Princess of whom every one speaks with rapture. The manner in which her marriage occurred was interesting: At a grand review, which took place at Francfort on the Main, Monsieur Beathman, one of the richest bankers upon the continent, appeared at the parade, with a superb equipage: struck with his appearance, the King enquired his name, and Monsieur B. was introduced, who invited his Majesty to a grand fete he intended giving that evening at his chateau, which invitation the King accepted, and there met the lovely Princess of Mecklenburgh Strelitz; to look upon and love her were the same. About eighteen months after their marriage, they paid a visit to Monsieur B.; and, as they entered the room where their first interview occurred, the King caught his royal bride in his arms, kissed her, and, with tears of sensibility, exclaimed, "It was in this very room, my dear Beathman, that I found the treasure of my happiness." The royal couple are remarkably domestic, and largely taste of those endearing and tranquil enjoyments which are seldom seen in the neighbourhood of a throne.

The great palace at Potsdam, in which the royal family principally reside, has a few elegant state rooms: in one of which was a half-length portrait of Bonaparte. The Queen

had displayed her taste by decorating one of her little cabinets with engravings from some of the exquisite productions of Westall.

The next morning (Sunday) we attended the two parades, which take place on this day within two hours of each other; I should suppose about ten thousand men were upon the ground; they presented a very noble appearance. The King, attended by several officers, was present. In roving through the city, we observed that its size and buildings resembled those of Berlin, and that it was equally gloomy.

Upon our return, a soldier mounted the coach-box of the diligence at the gate at Berlin, and as we passed close to our inn, we called to the driver to let us out, but the soldier refused, and upon our attempting to get out, jumped down, drew his bayonet, and called the guard, upon which, with some little surprise, we submitted to be taken to the post-house, at the further end of the city, where we were suffered to alight without further molestation. This regulation is a part of the military police of this despotic government, which converts every city into barracks, and palaces into head quarters. Upon regaining our hotel, cold and hungry, and ordering our dinner, we found that the cooks, it being *dimanche*, were all gone to the theatre: however, one of them was soon found, and our appetites soon satisfied.

On the 5th of November, at eleven o'clock in the morning, as I wished to see a little more of the manners of the people, I mounted the Hamburgh diligence, and proceeded in it as far as Grabow, and afterwards travelled post to Husum: this machine was much inferior to its Potsdam brother; it was a leather tilted waggon without springs, filled with rows of seats, separated from each other by iron bars; behind was a basket for hay: there were neither glasses nor wooden pannels in the sides, but two hard leather curtains were dropped and buttoned down, when it rained or was cold. The passengers consisted of two Prussian ladies, a girl servant, an Hungarian officer, myself, and one conducteur, an old wrinkled gentleman of sixty-five at least, who lost all his vivacity when he set down the girl, between whom some tender touches of the hand, and gentle whispers, passed during one of the most bitter nights I ever experienced. The ladies, who were neither handsome nor aged, and were, as I learned, very respectable women, made no hesitation in tying up their garters, *sans ceremonie*, and, in other matters of travelling comfort, displayed as little restraint as the French ladies. All night, it being dark, and the roads very deep and sandy, we moved at a funereal pace. The next evening I bade adieu to the Hamburgh diligence, and having convinced myself of the danger of attempting to push through that spit of Hanover through which the direct Hamburgh road lies, in consequence of the ruffian-like perfidious violation of the law of nations,



exhibited in the seizure of our ambassador, Sir George Rumbold, at that city, I ordered a stuhl-waggon at Perlberg, and travelled post to Swerin, the capital of the duchy of Meckleburgh Swerin, which commences on this side at Grabow. In this petty state, luxuriant in corn fields, posting, which constitutes one of the revenues of the duchy, is very dear; for five German miles I paid seven dollars and two groschen. To avoid this extortion, I recommend a traveller to hire a Furhman at Perlberg to carry him through to Lubec: he will save considerably by it. A little beyond Grabow I passed a superb country residence of the reigning Duke, situated in a beautiful country, and surrounded by a very neat village. Swerin is a large and respectable town, where the inns are very good, and well supplied with French spies. The palace is a vast and very ancient building, forming an oblong square, presenting galleries, balconies, and turrets, without end. The soldiers on duty were fine-looking fellows; the forces of the Duke amount to fourteen hundred men. I could not help smiling when, upon discharging my driver at this town, he presented me, with great ceremony, a government receipt, to shew that he had paid two groschen for permission to pass over a nearer and better road, which led from the country palace of the Duke. The Malaga wine, of which a great quantity is brought to this duchy, is excellent and reasonable.

The approach to Lubec was through a noble road, lined

with stately lindens, extending four English miles: it was dusk when I entered it, and early in the morning when I left it; but, if I may judge by its avenues, gates, and streets, I should pronounce it to be a very beautiful, extensive, and wealthy city. It has a small surrounding territory, and is at present independent; but strong fears may be entertained that, following the example of Dantzic, its sovereignty is nearly at a close, and that it will speedily be incorporated with Hanoverian France. Through every town to Husum I was obliged to give my name and quality. An English humourist, who had by virtue of his freehold a parliamentary vote in the municipal county, upon being stopped at the gate of a town in some part of Germany, throughout which empire an elector is considered as a personage only inferior to the Emperor, and upon his name being demanded, replied, "*Je suis un Electeur de Middlesex*;" upon which the captain ordered the guard to turn out and salute him, and sent a company to follow the carriage to the inn, and attend him there, and paid him all the honours due to an electoral Prince. The delusion was easily carried on, for princes, even crowned heads in Germany, and various other parts of the continent, trouble themselves but little about equipage. The venerable and gallant Prince de Ligne, whom I have before named, a Prince of great rank and dignity, under the pressure of seventy years, travelled from Vienna to Berlin, a distance of seven hundred English miles, in an open common stuhl-waggon. After

waiting a few days at Husum, where, like the hunted hare, I returned to the spot I first started from, during which two French spies dined every day at our *table d'hôte*, and gave regular communications of the arrival of every Englishman at the nearest Hanoverian posts, I went on board the packet, which narrowly escaped being frozen in the river, and after encountering a severe gale, during which our only consolation resembled that of Gonzalo in the Tempest, who observed of his captain, "That he seemed to have no drowning mark upon him," we crossed the north seas in forty-six hours, and landed upon the shores of that beloved country which, uneclipsed by any superior in arms, in arts, or in sciences; and without a rival in commerce, in agriculture, or in riches; possesses more religion and morality, more humanity and munificence, more public and private integrity, is more blest with freedom, more enlightened by eloquence, more adorned with beauty, more graced with chastity, and richer in all the requisites to form that least assuming, but first of earthly blessings, *domestic comfort*, than any nation upon the globe.

If, my Reader! after having paid our homage to the merits of other countries, we return together, with more settled admiration, to that which has given us birth, I shall the less regret my absence from her, and from those who are the dearest



to my heart, and to whom I am indebted for all my present enjoyments.

Having felt most sensibly, in the hour of my return, those prime distinctions of my country, which eminently and justly endear her to all her children, I close the volume with an ardent wish, that Heaven may graciously render those distinctions perpetual.

FINIS



(17) End -