

ex b i b l i o t h e c a
J. C. Bay .

BEE" TOPICS OF THE TIME. " FROM AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH TAICEN IN 1890
BY JAMES MAPES OODGE,
SAMUEL L. CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN).

A TRAMP ABROAD;

ILLUSTRATED BY W. FR. BROWN, TRUE WILLIAMS, B. DAY AND OTHER
ARTISTS-WITH ALSO THREE OR FOUR PICTURES MADE BY
THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK WITHOUT OUTSIDE HELP;
IN ALL

THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY
MARK TWAIN,
(SAMUEL L. CLEMENS.)

(SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.)

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THE AUTHOR'S MEMORIES.

CHAPTER I.

OnE day it occurred to me that it had been many years since the world had been afforded ,the spectacle of a man adventurous enough to undertake a jonmey through Enrope on foot. After much thought, I decided that I was a person fitted to furnish to mankind this spectacle. So I determined to do it. This was in March, 1878.

I looked about me for the right sort of person to accom-pany me in the capacity of agent, and finally hired a .Mr. Harris for this service.

It was also my purpose to stndy art while in Europe. Mr_ Harris was in sympathy with me in this. He was as much of an enthusiast in art as I was, and not less anxious to learn to paint. I desired to learn the German language; so did Harris.

Toward the middle of April we sailed in the *Holsatia.*, Capt. Brandt, and had a very pleasant trip indeed.

After a brief rest at Hambnrg, we made preparations for a long pedestrian trip southward in tlie soft spring weather, but at the last moment we changed the program, for private reasons, and took the express train.

We made a short halt at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and found it an interesting city. I would bave liked to visit. the birthplace of Gntten berg, but it could not be done, as no memorandum of the site of the honse has been kept. So we spent

18 FRANKFORT.

an hour in the Goethe mansion instead. The city permits this house to belong to private parties, instead of gracing and dignifying herself with the honor of possessing and protecting it.

Frankfort is one of the sixteen cities which have the distinction of being the place where the following incident occurred. Charlemagne, while chasing the Saxons, (as *lie* said,) or being chased by them, (as *they* said,) arrived at the bank of the river at dawn, in a fog. The enemy were either before him or behind him; but in any case he wanted to get across, very badly. He would have given anything for a guide, but none was to be had. Presently he saw a veiler, followed by eleven young, approach the water. He watched her, judging that she would seek a ford, and he was right. She waded over, and the army followed. So a great Frankish Victory or defeat was gained or avoided; and in order to commemorate the episode, Charlemagne commanded a city to be built there, which he named Frankfort, -the ford of the Franks. None of the other cities where this event happened were named from it. This is good evidence that Frankfort was the first place it occurred at.

Frankfort has another distinction, -it is the birthplace of the German alphabet: or at least of the German word for *alphabet*, -*Buchstaben*. They say that the first movable types were made on birch sticks, -*Buchstabe*, -hence the name.

I was taught a lesson in political economy in Frankfort.

I had brought from home a box containing a thousand very cheap cigars. By way of experiment, I stepped into a little shop in a queer old back street, took four gaily decorated boxes of wax matches and three cigars, and laid down a silver piece worth 48 cents. The man gave me 43 cents change.

In Frankfort everybody wears clean clothes, and I think we noticed that this strange thing was the case in Hamburg too, and in the villages along the road. Even in the narrowest and poorest and most ancient quarters of Frankfort neat and clean clothes were the rule. The little children of both sexes were always nice enough to take into a body's

RHINE LEGENDS. 19

lap. And as for the uniforms of the soldiers; they were newness and brightness carried to perfection. One could never detect a smirch or a grain of dust upon them. The street car conductors and drivers wore pretty uniforms which seemed to be just out of the band box, and their manners were as fine as their clothes. •

In one of the shops I had the luck to stumble upon a book which has charmed me nearly to death. It is entitled "The Legends of the Rhine from Basle to Rotterdam, by F. J. Kiefer; Translated by L. W. Garnham, B. A."

All tourists *mention* the Rhine legends,-in that sort of way which quietly pretends that the mentioner has been familiar with them all his life, and that the reader cannot possibly be ignorant of them,-but no tourist ever *tells* them. So this little book fed me in a very hungry place; and I, in my turn, intend to feed my reader, with one or two little lunches from the same larder. I shall not mar Garnham's translation by meddling with its English; for the most toothsome thing about it is its quaint fashion of building English sentences on the German plan,-and punctuating them according to no plan at all.

In the chapter devoted to "Legends of Frankfort," I find the following:

"THE KNAVE OF BERGEN."

"In Frankfort at the Romer was a great mask-ball, at the coronation festival, and in the illuminated saloon, the clanging music invited to dance, and splendidly appeared the rich toilets and charms of the ladies, and the festively costumed Princes and Knights. All seemed pleasure, joy, and roguish gayety, only one of the numerous guests had a gloomy exterior; but exactly the black armor in which he walked about excited general attention, and his tall figure, as well as the noble propriety of his movements, attracted especially the regards of the ladies. Who the Knight was / Nobody could guess, for his Vizier was well closed, and nothing made him recognizable. Proud and yet modest he advanced to the Empress; bowed on one knee before her seat, and begged

20 THE KNAVE OF BERGEN.

for the favor of a waltz with the Queen of the festival. And she allowed his request. With light and graceful steps he danced through the long saloon, with the sovereign who thought never to have found a more dexterous and excellent dancer. But also by the grace of his manner, and a fine conversation he knew to win the

Queen, and she graciously accorded him a second dance for which he begged, a third, and a fourth, as well as others were not refused him. How all regarded the happy dancer, how many envied him the high favor; how increased curiosity, who the masked knight could be.

Also the Emperor became more and more excited with curiosity, and with great suspense one

The Black Knight. awaited the hour, when according to mask-law, each masked guest must make himself known.

This moment came, but although all others had unmasked; the secret knight still refused to allow his features to be seen, till at last the Queen driven by curiosity, and vexed at the obstinate refusal; commanded him to open his Vizier. HE

OPENING HIS VIZIER

opened it, and none of the high ladies and knights knew him. But from the crowded spectators, two officials advanced,

SUCCESS OF THE KNAVE. 21

who recognized the black dancer, and horror and terror spread in the saloon, as they said who the supposed knight was. It was the executioner of Bergen. But glowing with rage, the King commanded to seize the criminal and lead him to death, who had ventured to

dance, with the queen; so disgraced the Empress, and insulted the crown. The culpable threw himself at the feet of the Emperor, and said,-

"Indeed I have heavily sinned against all noble guests assembled here, but most heavily against your sovereign and my queen.

The Queen is insulted by my haughtiness equal to treason, but no punishment even blood, *will* not be able

to wash out the disgrace, THE ENRAGED EMPEROR.

which you have suffered by me. Therefore oh King! allow me to propose a remedy, to efface the shame, and to render it as if not done. Draw your sword and knight me, then I will throw down my gauntlet, to every one who dares to speak disrespectfully of my king.

"The Emperor was surprised at this bold proposal, however it appeared the wisest to him; "You are a knave he replied after a moment's consideration, however your advice is good, and displays prudence, as your offense shows adventurous courage. Well then, and gave him the knight-stroke, so I raise you to nobility, who begged for grace for your offense now kneels before me, rise as knight; knavish you have acted, and Knave of Bergen shall you be called henceforth, and gladly the Black knight rose; three cheers were given in honor of the Emperor, and loud cries of joy testified the approbation with which the Queen danced still once with the Knave of Bergen.

CHAPTER II.

HEIDELBERG,

We stopped at a hotel by the railway station. Next morning, as we sat in my room waiting for breakfast to come up, we got a good deal interested in something which was going on over the way, in front of another hotel. First, the personage who is called the *portier*, (who is not the *porter*, but is a sort of first-mate of a hotel,) * appeared at the door in a crisp and spanking new blue cloth uniform, decorated with shining brass buttons, and with bands of gold lace around his cap and wristbands; and he wore white gloves, too. He shed an official glance upon the situation, and then began to give orders. Two women servants came out with pails and brooms and brushes, and gave the sidewalk a thorough scrubbing; meanwhile two others scrubbed the four marble steps which led up to the door; beyond these we could see some men-servants taking up the carpet of the grand staircase. This carpet was carried away and the last grain of dust beaten and banged and swept out of it; then brought back and put down again. The brass stair rods received an exhaustive polishing and were returned to their places. Now a troop of servants brought pots and tubs of blooming plants and formed them into a beautiful jungle about the door and the base of the staircase. Other servants

* See Appendix A.

GREAT PREPARATIONS. 23

adorned all the balconies of the various stories with flowers and banners; other ascended to the roof and hoisted a great flag on a staff there. Now came some more chambermaids and retouched the sidewalk, and afterwards wiped the marble steps with damp cloths and finished by dusting them off with feather brushes. Now

a broad black carpet was brought out and laid down the marble steps and out across the sidewalk to the curbstone.

The *portier* cast his eye along it, and found it was not absolutely straight; he commanded it to be straightened; the servants made the effort, - made several efforts, in fact, - but the *portier* was not satisfied. He finally had it taken up, and then he put it down himself and got it right.

At this stage of the proceedings, a narrow bright red carpet was unrolled and stretched from the top of the marble steps to the curbstone, along the center of the black carpet. This red

carpet cost the *portier* more trouble than even the black one had done. But he patiently fixed and re-fixed it until it was exactly right and lay precisely in the middle of the black carpet. In New York these performances would have gathered a mighty crowd of curious and intensely interested spectators; but here it only captured an audience of half-a-dozen little boys, who stood in a row across the pavement, some with their school knapsacks on their backs and their hands in their pockets, others with arms full of bundles, and all absorbed in the show. Occasionally

24 LANDING A MONARCH.

one of them skipped irreverently over the carpet and took up a position on the other side. This always visibly annoyed the *portier*.

Now came a waiting interval. The landlord, in plain clothes, and bareheaded, placed himself on the bottom marble step, abreast the *portier*, who stood on the other end of the same steps; six or eight waiters, gloved, bareheaded, and wearing their whitest linen, their whitest cravats, and their finest swallow-tails, grouped themselves about these chiefs, but leaving the carpet-way clear. Nobody moved or spoke any more but only waited.

In a short time the shrill piping of a coming train was heard, and immediately groups of people began to gather in the street. Two or three open carriages arrived, and deposited some maids of honor and some male officials at the hotel. Presently another open carriage brought the Grand Duke of Baden, a stately man in uniform, who wore the handsome brass-mounted, steel-spiked helmet of the army on his head. Last came the Empress of Germany and the Grand Duchess of Baden in a close carriage; these passed through the low-bowing groups of servants and disappeared in the hotel, exhibiting to us only the backs of their heads, and then the show was over.

It appears to be as difficult to land a monarch as it is to launch a ship.

But as to Heidelberg. The weather was growing pretty warm, very warm, in fact. So we left the valley and took quarters at the Schloss Hotel, on the hill, above the Oastle. Heidelberg lies at the mouth of a narrow gorge—a gorge the shape of a shepherd's crook; if one looks up it he