

Puckler Muscau has just published another work, in his joint capacity of living Prince and departed soul, under the title of "Semilasso's Last Journey but One through the World—Dreaming and Waking—From the Papers of the Deceased." His reasons for assuming the euphonious pseudonym of Semilasso, as well as the very obvious signification of the whole title, he thus explains in the preface:

"Any one to whom the accompanying title may not be exactly intelligible, must refer to the following observations for explanation. Semilasso seems to be a Germanized name from the Latin, as a hundred years ago the learned Latinized their German names; or possibly it is an allusion to the word 'lasso,' which in South America signifies the noose with which they catch horses and cattle, as well as human beings and wild beasts. The uncommon word 'Weltgang,' or 'Course through the world,' may be interpreted from the analogy of such words as 'Kirchgang,' 'Spaziergang,' &c. 'Dreaming and Waking' may be explained of themselves, or rather not at all—which amounts to the same thing."

What is called the editor's postscript, professes to give an account of the origin of the work, and may serve to furnish an idea of the somewhat slender materials of which it is composed:

"The above, with a roll of papers, containing letters, journals, and dissertations, in other forms, which the author, in his somewhat peculiar phraseology, designates as contemplations, pictures, transitions, interceptions, has been forwarded to us, well perforated and fumigated, by a very circuitous route, with the brief instructions 'to arrange them accordingly to our discretion—to melt them down into a coherent whole—and to get them printed with as few typographical errors as possible in Germany.' The author, in imposing such a burthen upon us, assures us, in excuse, that he has by no means sufficient time at his disposal; and, secondly, that as the pink of German criticism has pronounced him incapable of making a book, he has too much politeness to give his countrymen so formed a *dementi*. In conclusion, he says, the first part is to treat of Europe, the second of Africa, the third of Asia, and the fourth of Russia, which may with propriety be considered as a quarter, of itself."

De Lamartine, in the 'Dernier Chant de Childe Harold's,' calls Lord Byron 'le pelerin du monde'—Semilasso seems to aspire to the same title. Hitherto, however, his wanderings over the greater portion of it have been but prospective. He first revisits the glimpses of the moon in a light black and gold travelling *vis-a-vis*, drawn by four post-horses, in the neighbourhood of Carlsbad, and gives the following characteristic description of himself:

"He was a man of tall stature, who, to judge from appearance, had fully attained the meridian of life; with a slender, well informed figure, which physically exhibited more lightness than strength, and more agility and suppleness than firmness. Closer observation showed, at the first glance, that, in the individual in question, the intellectual preponderated over what are termed the animal qualities. A physiologist would immediately have concluded that the Creator had bestowed upon the mortal more head than heart—more imagination than feeling—more rationalism than enthusiasm; and that he was, consequently, not destined for happiness. Every person, however, who possessed any knowledge of the world must necessarily perceive that the stranger was born and educated in that class of society which people seem agreed to call the 'better order.' His features, without being handsome, and still less regular, were nevertheless delicate, intelligent, and striking; so that, whoever has seen them once could not easily forget them. If they possessed any charm, it consisted in their extraordinary mobility. In few persons were the eyes more faithful mirrors of the state of the soul, and in the space of a few seconds they might be observed to grow languid, dead, and colourless, and directly afterwards to shine forth with the lustre of stars. The most prominent expression of these features was, however, that of *cultur*—a singular compound of melancholy pensiveness and sarcastic bitterness, which would not be ill adapted to Dr. Faustus himself. Yet we are of opinion that our friend has no great resemblance to this individual, but that a large proportion of the feminine elements preponderated in him, and that he was, consequently, soft and vain; and yet he was capable of great self command and perseverance. His greatest happiness was derived from the joys of imagination—the trifles of life. The way, not the goal, was his reward: and when he, childlike, drew pictures, and played with painted soap-bubbles, he was most amiable to others and agreeable to himself. Whilst we closely analyze the object of our attention, of which he is so little conscious—he has just gracefully leaned back, and gazes through his lorgnette into the wood, as if he wished to discover us there. His now no longer luxuriant black hair (evil tongues whisper that it is dyed) protrudes beneath a red Tunisian fez, the long blue tassel of which waves lightly in the breeze. Round his neck is negligently slung a brilliant Cashmere shawl; and the high white forehead, and the paleness of the face, harmonize with the half Turkish costume. Nankeen pantaloons and light boots, the glazed brilliancy of which dazzles like the polished marble, complete the somewhat portentous toilette."

Whether the charming reader, to whom this is addressed will experience as much pleasure in reading this minute analysis as the writer doubtless felt in penning it, is very questionable. At Carlsbad, Semilasso seems to have fallen in love with a young English lady, the daughter of a man of rank. The amour seemed to have been productive of nothing further than a copy of verses to the swain from the pen of the lady, which Semilasso orders to be translated by a distinguished poet who happened to be present. We are next favoured with a very minute description of the whole family, which he says, belonged to the not very numerous class of the amiable English; and are highly edified by an elaborate parallel between the Countess's pug dog, called Leo, a Pope of the same name.

He here relates one or two anecdotes of Napoleon's violence and want of good breeding. One of them we transcribe:—

"The official personages of the Court of Weimar were not accustomed to the impetuosity of Napoleon, and were often thrown into the greatest consternation by it. The first evening that he was there, walking up to old K——G——, he asked, very mildly, 'Où est Weylande?' No answer. The Emperor, with somewhat more vivacity and quickness, 'Où est Weylande?' Nothing was heard but a tremulous murmur. The Emperor, furiously: 'Mais, Monsieur, êtes-vous demande où est Weylande?' The Countess II—— who was standing behind the terrified K——, perceiving that the Napoleon meant Wieland, with patriotic indignation at the rough treatment of the poor confused old man, answered very sharply—at the same time fixing her eyes to which she can impart a very imposing expression, upon him—'Sire, Wieland est chez lui!' 'Qui êtes?' answered the Emperor, in astonishment. 'La grande Maitresse de son Altesse la Duchesse, Sire.' 'Ah!' abruptly exclaimed the Emperor, and turned upon his heel.

In a letter to the Princess P—— M——, from Ega, he makes the following observations on Wallenstein:

"The blood of a great man is a fearful seed. Through this the name of Ega will never be forgotten; perhaps when one stone shall no longer stand upon another. However, here they do not appear to have been very sensible to their glory, for the hallowed spots have been greatly neglected. In the Townhouse there is a portrait of Wallenstein, like the one we have at M——. The other pictures are, however, very ridiculous—representing his assassination, called in the title 'execution.' Wallenstein, a miserable caricature, looks as if he were upon the point of making an *entrechat* in his shirt, and had just received a blow in the ribs for bad dancing. Here is also exhibited his sword of generalissimo, and the halbert with which he was killed—But the fate of these relics is like that of all others. They exist doubly and trebly—precisely the same are exhibited at Dux. The room in a house of the city where the execution took place—at present the boudoir of the lady burgomistress—is unfortunately decorated with new paper, and entirely modernized—nothing but the low door through which the murderers were admitted has remained inviolate. Who can regard it without a palpitating heart?"

Semilasso was unfortunate in the period of his visits to the baths, for both at Carlsbad and Alexsbad he was too early for the mass of visitors. At the latter place he thus expresses himself:

"I have been here, and you will have some difficulty to believe it, during my whole stay, the youngest, the handsomest, the most virtuous, the most beloved, and the most honoured guest; and for this reason—I was the only one. In answer to my inquiries of the director, whether no second creature had arrived, he observed, with a bitter smile, that the season begins late this year."

The following anecdote of the assassin of Kotzzebue is not without interest; and we may say "se non e vero, ben trovato":

"Yesterday I made my last excursion to the Catharben Bay and Waisiedel. Amongst the ruins, I found a lady with two pretty daughters. Whilst we were contemplating the dilapidated tower, and the girls were picking wild roses, which grew against the walls in great profusion, the mother said to me, "Do you see yonder window, at least thirty feet from the ground?—that is one of the curiosities. When the unhappy Sand was a spirited boy, ten years old, he was playing at soldiers with his companions, and commanded the one party which defended the ruins, whilst the others attacked it. Sand was driven back, and with the few of his adherents that remained faithful to him, he took refuge in the ruined staircase of the tower. At the window, which I now show you, the staircase terminated. The pursuers advanced—"I will not surrender," cried the impetuous boy, and jumped down, a distance of thirty feet, upon the stones of the courtyard, where, as if by a miracle, he alighted unhurt. "Another," she added thoughtfully, "would certainly have broken his neck; but not he—for he was preserved to be eventually beheaded. Fate demands its due." I did not ask after the name of the lady."

The following observations on Jean Paul Frederick Richter will interest those at all familiar with the works of that remarkable man:

"I now (in Bayreuth) made a pilgrimage to the town in which Jean Paul was born. It appeared to me to bear close reference to the development of his character in after-life. It is built on the ruins of the donjon of an old marauder's castle—hence his romance; the church stands opposite—hence his piety; the house was a school, in which his father was a master. This corresponds with his multifarious knowledge, and the dash of pedantry that pervaded it. The publick cellar served for a collateral *point de vue*. Hence arose his passion for Bavarian beer."

"To the churchyard I was one day conducted, in order to see the affected and tasteless monument erected to Jean Paul. I was still more struck by the utilization of the churchyard. It contains a plantation of fruit trees, and it is very enlighten'd of the Bayreuthers to eat plums and cherries which spring from the bodies of their forefathers. I considered the trees with reverence, and thought to myself—these are indeed real genealogical trees. In leaving the churchyard I met a coach filled with garlands of flowers. A bride? I asked. No; a corpse. Well, if they do not know how to live here, they at least understand how to die."

The following reflection will hardly be more palatable to the German than to the English critics.

"They may say what they like of this modern French literature—but there is life in it—distorted and convulsive it may be, but not the less life in accordance with its age, and fraught with more originality than is to be found in our German books. But especially intolerable are to me the English critiques of their works. It is impossible for the petri-

ced pedants, who have arrogated to themselves the critical sceptre, to move out of their narrow circle. We see how senselessly they praise Goethe. With no less folly do they censure the French. They never allow any other standard to be applied to a poetical work, than that of their own partial ethics, religion, and morbid morality. But in nature—of every thing exists, and when the poet knows how to copy and to call up, his labour has its own individual value, whether it be poison or nectar—or, according to human estimates, evil or good."

At Bombay, Semilasso became acquainted with an American family, and from the following observation we collect, that he proposes extending his superterrestrial wandering to the regions beyond the Atlantick. And the compliments they contain to the Amerinans are a very good specimen of the puff preliminary:

"My excellent friend Mr. de Womboldt conducted me to the Harmony. And the American consul, Mr. Marks, loaded me with attentions. As I intend in a short period to visit his country, we every day study the map of the United States, in order to fix my itinerary. And he informed me of a hundred particulars which it is useful to know. But the best instruction I enjoy is from his amiable wife, who belongs to one of the most distinguished families of America, and is exactly formed to render the desire to see her country doubly ardent—in case, we are to suppose, that many of her countrywomen resemble her. It is true that we do not exactly agree on religious topics. I find her principles in many respects too rigid. And she frequently laughs at me when I make mistakes in English; but on the whole I enjoy her indulgence and goodness. Mr. Marks, who is as clever and as witty as a Frenchman, animates our conversation with a number of *bon-mots* and anecdotes, and flatteringly assures me, that my delineation of England had made me so popular, that I may everywhere rely on the warmest reception. As I go there full of enthusiasm for the Americans myself, it is impossible to undertake a journey under more favourable auspices. God propitiate it!"

The Prince stopping long enough at Frankfort to visit the beautiful Ariadne, passes on to Mayence, where he writes—

"Semilasso's patriotism was excited on again seeing the Prussian troops. And it is true that in *severe grace*, and military *aisance*, no army is superior to them. Semilasso felt something within him like pride as a subject of the Confederation, which appears to have assumed the place of Napoleon here, far as strength, well organized and prepared for battle, is concerned—not in his desire of conquest."

In his first letter from Paris, there are some sound reflections on the state of France, and an animated description of the July festivities of 1834. It is fortunate that events did not lead him there a year later, or he would have been compelled to write in a very different strain. The whole of the second volume teems with passages in honour of Louis Philippe. In his first letter he speaks of him thus—

"The present King, whom we so often hear in derision termed the 'Citizen King,' is truly one of the rare men, who are in such a degree created for a critical and agitated time, that they alone can stand them, when every other would succumb. Such men must, in their life-time, be variously assailed by envy, passion, and the violence of calumny; but posterity places them amongst the great, and feels with enthusiasm the thanks it owes them."

These observations, and many similar ones, are addressed to a cousin at the Tory Court of Saxe-Meiningen, and the Prince seems to think that they are too liberal for that ultra atmosphere.

He is almost as much entitled to the *sobriquet* which Humo applied to Maurer as the historian himself, in his so called liberal letter from Paris—"The Royal Prussian Revolutionary." A few months ago, a short time after the Prince's arrival at Algiers, the German papers stated that he had a dispute with a Consul about precedence at a Foreign Minister's; at the same time observing, that the Prince wore his democritical opinions as he did his hair. Now, his hair is beautifully black and luxuriant; but, unfortunately, it is a wig. In another passage, he says—

"At the houses of all the Ministers, Hussiers, dressed in black, with gold chains round their necks, proclaim the names of the arrivers, whom they precede, with the sonorosity of a town crier. They perform this duty so mechanically, that persons must take care to pronounce the name very distinctly, if they do not wish to give rise to the most absurd *qui pro quo*. To-day one of them ran into the saloon before us, and cried, 'L'Ambassadeur de ——— qui?' He hurried to us. If any wag had at the moment whispered in his ear, 'des Anthropophages,' he would have roared it out with the same assurance as he now completed 'l'Ambassadeur de Prusse.'"

Prince Puckler Muscau is presented at the Tuilleries, and is delighted by the affability of the King, as well as the condescension of the Queen, the Princesses, and Madame Adelaide, sister to the King. His Majesty was pleased to make several obliging remarks on Semilasso's work on England, and to give him many useful suggestions, the result of experience, on his intended journey to America. A few days afterwards he is invited to a Royal *dîné* of forty guests.

"According to my incorrigible fault, I came rather late; I almost fear I was the last, for the Queen immediately gave me her arm to lead her into the dining-room."

Semilasso indignantly repels the charge of exaggerated economy in the King's household, which the Carlist journals make, and indulges in some edifying comparisons of the brilliancy of French and German plate, when he proceeds—

"The King, who asked me a great many questions, spoke with great openness of former times, and unequivocally gave me to understand, that if he was at present King, he had only undertaken the responsibility for the happiness of France; but for his own person, and the happy and secure situation in which he had lived, he had made a sacrifice." And further on he says:—"George the Fourth Commissioned me to tell Charles the Tenth, that he must either annihilate the press in France, or it would end by expelling him. I replied, I would deliver the message, but decidedly could not be of the same opinion. And so I said to the King; and the freedom of the press is the palladium of France; and he continued very animatedly: 'Reprimer severement la licence de la presse; par les loix, mais Pabolir,—Jamais!—Au reste,' he added, laughing, 'on dit, qu'on me maltraite quelquefois, mais je me garde de le lire.'"

So thought Frederick the Great and Sir Fretful Plagiary.

Semilasso continues:—

"The King was afterwards gracious enough to introduce me to M. Guizot, from whom I had heard an excellent speech in the Chambers a few days before, as well as to M. Dupin.

"M. Guizot has a refined and aristocratic air, and a great deal of elegance in his manners. Dupin—plain, honest, intelligent, and firm,—which attracted me very much. I was glad to hear him utter opinions on England which coincided with my own views on that country. Amongst others—

"That after the Duke of Wellington—more in order to render himself popular, than out of conviction—had granted the emancipation of the Catholics, no power on earth was capable of opposing the stream; but that if this stream could only be beneficial to England, as long as a wise ministry suffered it to run off through the channel of gradual reform; but that injudicious resistance would infallibly produce revolution." Perhaps he would be less inclined to agree with me in the conviction, that it is still the existence of the powerful English aristocracy alone which secures to England those channels of reform, and will preserve her from a revolution."

Semilasso dines with the widow of Benjamin Constant, and there meets the first *litterateurs* and *beaux-esprits* of Paris, of some of whom he gives characteristic sketches—

"I have again seen the amiable Berenger, the patriarch of Chansonniers, whose political opinions, it is true, I do not share; but whose rare amiability, eminent talents, and profound mind, must inspire admiration in every one. He has, at the same time, such a natural, benevolently cheerful, genuine French manner, with which the *bon-mots* bubble up as from an inexhaustible source, that what he says receives a double grace from the manner in which he says it. The second remarkable guest was Balzac, who has so often drawn from your heart-felt tears as he has peals of laughter, but such laughter as the delicate comick humour of discerning observation alone can call up, and has then bewildered your mind with most singular paradoxes. I don't know why, but I imagined him to be at least forty years of age, of a grave, a dejected, and even a *blase* air, bright by the deceptions of the world, and too deep a gaze into its internal structure; but how surprised was I to find a little thick man, with thick jet-black hair, as youthful, and with the same spirits as if he had just left the College! But as soon as laughter and jesting have subsided, he can assume an equally intellectual and manly air: and, in particular, I have never seen eyes that sparkle with a more soul-fraught fire."

And here our extracts for the present end.