

**PRINCE ALBERT'S LAND.
REMINISCENCES OF A
PLEASANT SOJOURN IN
COBURG GOTHA**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649441853

Prince Albert's Land. Reminiscences of a Pleasant Sojourn in Coburg Gotha by Campbell Macaulay Greig

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CAMPBELL MACAULAY GREIG

**PRINCE ALBERT'S LAND.
REMINISCENCES OF A
PLEASANT SOJOURN IN
COBURG GOTHA**

PRINCE ALBERT'S LAND.

REMINISCENCES

OF A

PLEASANT SOJOURN IN COBURG GOTHA.

BY

CAMPBELL MACAULAY GREIG.



LONDON:

T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,

30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1871.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

203. g. 158.

PRINCE ALBERT'S LAND.

CHAPTER I.

ROSENAU.

It was at the commencement of one of those glorious autumns that so generally follow an ungenial spring, and rainy unsettled summer, that we set out on a German tour. Among other places of interest that were noted on our plan of route, was the Duchy of Coburg-Gotha, and never, in many journeys of interest, have I passed through a land so lovely in scenery, so attractive in every point. On Europe's troubled surface, where, though we are assured nothing but peace is intended, unexpected wars arise, and rumours of wars abound, it is a perfect oasis of beauty and repose: a fit emblem of that

haven where the son of the soil, Albert, the true, good-hearted husband of our beloved Queen, has found his eternal rest, after a life (too short alas!) of well-doing, and steady purpose.

Prince Albert's Land! Strange that a spot, so blest by nature, should have thus escaped the almost inevitable stream of early voyagers—for, except by name, Coburg-Gotha is but little known; and yet there is no country that can offer more attraction to tourist than this little Duchy, most varied in its beauty, most royal in its simplest manners and feelings.

I will pass over other details so well-known to English travellers in general, such as our lively journey through Belgium, with our few days' stay at Brussels, our sober visit to the solemn old, old city of Trèves, and then the delightful enjoyment in following the well-known but ever romantic Rhine. Then from Frankfort, by Darmstadt, Würzburg, &c., we reached Bamberg, whence we afterwards started direct for Coburg.

It was somewhat late when we arrived ; so, guided by our never failing friend, "Murray," we desired to be driven to the Hotel Lenthäuser, which was therein described as "very good." We certainly thought it gave promise of proving so, when very shortly after our arrival, we partook of our ordered repast, and found even the tea would have done credit to an English table. Those who have experienced abroad the difficulty of obtaining anything but weak stuff, in lieu of this at all times refreshing beverage, will fully understand our agreeable surprise.

The next day was Sunday ; so after a quiet retired morning we joined the table d'hôte, and prepared to go for either a walk or drive.

"Of course you will first see Rosenau, where your Queen resides when she is here," said an old gentleman ; "and, besides, it is a holiday, and such a fine day too. You will have the opportunity of seeing the Coburger at their gayest, for Rosenau is their favourite excursion."

Thanking the kind old man for his thoughtful suggestion, we arranged that this afternoon's drive should be to Rosenau, and gave orders accordingly. On descending shortly after, ready equipped, we found a luxurious open carriage, and as superior a looking coachman as might have done credit to many a gentleman's private establishment. I must particularly name August, as we found he was called, for besides being a valuable and trustworthy guide during our after stay, he was quite a character in his way, and possessed a great fund of humour, good sense, and patriotism.

We were soon out of Coburg, and trotting at an exhilarating pace over a good smooth road, bordered by trees, while on either side were rich meadows, with here and there picturesque looking clumps. After a pleasant drive of some time, the sounds of music were wafted towards us, on the still summer air, and we shortly found ourselves in the midst of as charming a scene as any that could present itself. Smiling contented faces beamed from happy domestic groups,

seated under the spreading foliage; merry, light-hearted children springing and dancing in their innocent sportive glee; youths gathered in clusters, and evidently making the most of their time for animated discussion of probably deep theology; and young maidens, in their simple attire, attending to the distribution of coffee, cakes, fruit, or milk, to the little ones, or elders of their party, while ever and anon some voices would join harmoniously, and apparently involuntarily, in the strains of the sweet melody they were playing when we drove up. It was easy to discern that this was the pretty resort already named to us, and that the people of all classes and grades before us, so innocently enjoying life, by luxuriating in "Nature's beauties" (which no one knows better to appreciate than a German), were the inhabitants of Coburg and its neighbourhood. The band, which was very good, was, as August informed us, that belonging to the town. At this rustic inn, it seems, all kinds of refreshment can be had.