

German chancellors. Heligoland forms one of those Frisian islands of the North Sea which formed the cradle of our race. Most of these islands were secured by Prussia in her annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, and if it suffer the same fate, Heligoland will but go the way of the Frisian world. From the harbour of Sylt, according to local tradition, Hengist sailed to the conquest of Britain. The storms of fourteen hundred years have washed Hengist's harbour out of recognition, but the tradition has defied their ravages. There is a lighthouse on the island of Sylt, but I think it was unlighted during the war in 1864. The Föhr Islands have been, with Heligoland, the resort of multitudes of bathers from all parts of Austria and Germany for years. French visitors, often to the extent of nine hundred, come here during the season for the fresh, salt breezes and bathing.

The greatest attraction of the short season in Heligoland is the illumination of the coasts and caves, which takes place in August. The sight is said to be one of indescribable beauty, and it is witnessed by nearly the whole population, who row in procession from point to point, headed by the police boat and the governor's barge. The police are apparently retained for this duty alone, for they have little to do at any other season of the year. Fishermen, pilots, bird-skin and feather-dressers, muff makers, together with lodging-house keepers, form the population of Heligoland. The governor is said to be as autocratic as the czar within his modest limits; and the national debt—for to be strictly accurate, the island is not wholly without one—stands at £10. The language, which is unwritten, is generally Frisian, but is pronounced by the learned to be Anglo-Saxon; not so surprising, inasmuch as the neighbouring countries of Schleswig and Holstein were inhabited by Saxons, who were subdued by the emperor

Charlemagne in the ninth century. There are neither horses nor cows on the island of Heligoland, a few goats only being kept, whose extremely unpleasant milk is sold at a fabulous price. There are no roads, but the clean little toy-like-looking lodging-houses, bright as paint and whitewash can make them, are popped down on the velvet turf anywhere, to all appearance, and without foundation. They are all of one storey, and every thing is sacrificed to compactness; otherwise in the fierce winds which assail and occasionally cover the island with driving sea-foam, the houses would be literally blown over the cliffs. It is the sea, the sea, and nothing but the sea, at Heligoland. There are few trees, no running water, no ruins, but an extraordinary width of sea view, seen as from the deck of a gigantic ship. There is no harbour—passengers are pulled ashore in boats. The only romantic associations are a ghost, believed to represent a person in orders and of the Lutheran persuasion, and a sort of sub-population of elfin people, who live under the Treppe, or steps that lead to the summit of the rock. Heavy storms of hurricane force sweep over the bare, unprotected island for weeks together, only to be succeeded by thick, rolling sea fog, wet as rain. Heligoland is the favourite resting-place for those vast flights of woodcock which in the month of October, leave the fast fading forests and bare rye-fields of Norway and Sweden, where they have hatched out their young and fattened the young birds upon the resinous shoots of larch and succulent bilberries of the north. Not only do the woodcock congregate in great quantities on this island, but enormous flights of chaffinches, buzzards, hedge-sparrows, jays, and Lapland buntings.

In conclusion I would remark that Britain is giving up an island only half the size of Hyde Park.—*Scottish Review.*