

# Seeing Europe with Famous Authors, Volume 5 eBook

## Seeing Europe with Famous Authors, Volume 5

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# Contents

<a href="#">Seeing Europe with Famous Authors, Volume 5 eBook.....</a>	<a href="#">1</a>
<a href="#">Contents.....</a>	<a href="#">2</a>
<a href="#">Table of Contents.....</a>	<a href="#">7</a>
<a href="#">Page 1.....</a>	<a href="#">9</a>
<a href="#">Page 2.....</a>	<a href="#">11</a>
<a href="#">Page 3.....</a>	<a href="#">14</a>
<a href="#">Page 4.....</a>	<a href="#">16</a>
<a href="#">Page 5.....</a>	<a href="#">18</a>
<a href="#">Page 6.....</a>	<a href="#">19</a>
<a href="#">Page 7.....</a>	<a href="#">21</a>
<a href="#">Page 8.....</a>	<a href="#">22</a>
<a href="#">Page 9.....</a>	<a href="#">23</a>
<a href="#">Page 10.....</a>	<a href="#">24</a>
<a href="#">Page 11.....</a>	<a href="#">25</a>
<a href="#">Page 12.....</a>	<a href="#">26</a>
<a href="#">Page 13.....</a>	<a href="#">27</a>
<a href="#">Page 14.....</a>	<a href="#">29</a>
<a href="#">Page 15.....</a>	<a href="#">30</a>
<a href="#">Page 16.....</a>	<a href="#">31</a>
<a href="#">Page 17.....</a>	<a href="#">32</a>
<a href="#">Page 18.....</a>	<a href="#">34</a>
<a href="#">Page 19.....</a>	<a href="#">35</a>
<a href="#">Page 20.....</a>	<a href="#">36</a>
<a href="#">Page 21.....</a>	<a href="#">37</a>
<a href="#">Page 22.....</a>	<a href="#">39</a>



Page 23..... 40

Page 24..... 42

Page 25..... 43

Page 26..... 44

Page 27..... 45

Page 28..... 46

Page 29..... 47

Page 30..... 48

Page 31..... 49

Page 32..... 50

Page 33..... 51

Page 34..... 53

Page 35..... 54

Page 36..... 55

Page 37..... 56

Page 38..... 57

Page 39..... 58

Page 40..... 59

Page 41..... 60

Page 42..... 61

Page 43..... 62

Page 44..... 63

Page 45..... 65

Page 46..... 66

Page 47..... 67

Page 48..... 68



[Page 49..... 69](#)

[Page 50..... 71](#)

[Page 51..... 73](#)

[Page 52..... 74](#)

[Page 53..... 75](#)

[Page 54..... 76](#)

[Page 55..... 78](#)

[Page 56..... 79](#)

[Page 57..... 80](#)

[Page 58..... 81](#)

[Page 59..... 82](#)

[Page 60..... 83](#)

[Page 61..... 84](#)

[Page 62..... 85](#)

[Page 63..... 86](#)

[Page 64..... 88](#)

[Page 65..... 89](#)

[Page 66..... 90](#)

[Page 67..... 91](#)

[Page 68..... 93](#)

[Page 69..... 95](#)

[Page 70..... 96](#)

[Page 71..... 98](#)

[Page 72..... 99](#)

[Page 73..... 100](#)

[Page 74..... 102](#)



[Page 75..... 103](#)

[Page 76..... 105](#)

[Page 77..... 106](#)

[Page 78..... 107](#)

[Page 79..... 108](#)

[Page 80..... 110](#)

[Page 81..... 111](#)

[Page 82..... 112](#)

[Page 83..... 113](#)

[Page 84..... 115](#)

[Page 85..... 116](#)

[Page 86..... 117](#)

[Page 87..... 119](#)

[Page 88..... 120](#)

[Page 89..... 121](#)

[Page 90..... 122](#)

[Page 91..... 123](#)

[Page 92..... 124](#)

[Page 93..... 125](#)

[Page 94..... 127](#)

[Page 95..... 128](#)

[Page 96..... 129](#)

[Page 97..... 130](#)

[Page 98..... 131](#)

[Page 99..... 133](#)

[Page 100..... 134](#)



[Page 101..... 135](#)

[Page 102..... 136](#)

[Page 103..... 137](#)

[Page 104..... 138](#)

[Page 105..... 139](#)

  

[Page 106..... 141](#)

[Page 107..... 143](#)

[Page 108..... 144](#)

[Page 109..... 146](#)

[Page 110..... 148](#)



# Table of Contents

Section	Page
Start of eBook	1
I. THE RHINE VALLEY	1
II. NUREMBERG	1
III. OTHER BAVARIAN CITIES	1
IV. BERLIN AND ELSEWHERE	1
V. VIENNA	1
VI. HUNGARY	1
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS	1
A PANORAMA OF BERLIN FROM THE TOWN HALL	2
COLOGNE CATHEDRAL BEFORE THE SPIRES WERE COMPLETED	2
NUREMBERG CASTLE	2
WIESBADEN	2
STRASBURG	2
DOOR OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL	2
GOETHE'S HOUSE, WEIMAR	2
BERLIN: UNTER DEN LINDEN	2
BERLIN: THE ROYAL CASTLE AND EMPEROR WILLIAM BRIDGE	2
BERLIN: THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND FREDERICK'S BRIDGE	2
THE COLUMN OF VICTORY, BERLIN	2
THE NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM	2
THE CATHEDRAL OF AIX-LA- CHAPELLE—TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE	2
SALZBURG, AUSTRIA	2
I	2
IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE[A]	2
FROM BONN TO MAYENCE[A]	4
COLOGNE[A]	6
ROUND ABOUT COBLENZ[A]	9
BINGEN AND MAYENCE[A]	13
FRANKFORT-AM-MAIN[A]	15
HEIDELBERG[A]	17
STRASSBURG[A]	21
FREIBURG AND THE BLACK	23



FOREST[A]	
II	26
AS A MEDIEVAL CITY[A]	26
ITS CHURCHES AND THE CITADEL[A]	29
NUREMBERG TO-DAY[A]	33
WALLS AND OTHER FORTIFICATIONS[A]	38
ALBERT DUERER[A]	41
III	44
MUNICH[A]	44
AUGSBURG[A]	47
RATISBON[A]	49
IV	50
A LOOK AT THE GERMAN CAPITAL[A]	50
CHARLOTTENBURG[A]	56
LEIPSIC AND DRESDEN[A]	57
WEIMAR IN GOETHE'S DAY[A]	63
ULM[A]	64
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE AND CHARLEMAGNE'S TOMB[A]	67
THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE[A]	70
HAMBURG[A]	73
SCHLESWIG[A]	77
LUEBECK[A]	78
HELIGOLAND[A]	83
V	86
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE CAPITAL[A]	86
ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL[A]	91
THE BELVEDERE PALACE[A]	93
SCHOENBRUNN AND THE PRATER[A]	95
VI	98
A GLANCE AT THE COUNTRY[A]	98
BUDAPEST[A]	101
	103
	103
Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm	108
	108



# Page 1

## I. THE RHINE VALLEY

*Introduction to VOLS. V and VI—By the Editor*

*In history and romance—By Victor Hugo*

*From Bonn to mayence—By Bayard Taylor*

*Cologne—By Victor Hugo*

*Round about Coblenz—By Lady Blanche Murphy*

*Bingen and mayence—By Victor Hugo*

*Frankfort-on-main—By Bayard Taylor*

*Heidelberg—By Bayard Taylor*

*Strasburg—By Harriet Beecher Stowe*

*Freiburg and the black forest—By Bayard Taylor*

## II. NUREMBERG

*As A medieval city—By Cecil Headlam*

*Its churches and the citadel—By Thomas Frognall Dibdin*

*Nuremberg to-day—By Cecil Headlam*

*Walls and other fortifications—By Cecil Headlam*

*Albert Duerer—By Cecil Headlam*

## III. OTHER BAVARIAN CITIES

*Munich—By Bayard Taylor*

*Augsburg—By Thomas Frognall Dibdin*

*Ratisbon—By Thomas Frognall Dibdin*



## IV. BERLIN AND ELSEWHERE

*A look at the German capital*—By Theophile Gautier

*Charlottenburg*—By Harriet Beecher Stowe

*Leipzig and Dresden*—By Bayard Taylor

*Weimar in GOETHE'S day*—By Madame De Stael

*Ulm*—By Thomas Frognall Dibdin

*Aix-la-Chapelle and Charlemagne's tomb*—By Victor Hugo

*The Hanseatic league*—By James Howell

*Hamburg*—By Theophile Gautier

*Schleswig*—By Theophile Gautier

*Luebeck*—By Theophile Gautier

*Heligoland*—By William George Black

## V. VIENNA

*First impressions of the capital*—By Bayard Taylor

*St. Stephen's cathedral*—By Thomas Frognall Dibdin

*The Belvedere palace*—By Thomas Frognall Dibdin

*Schoenbrunn and the Prater*—By Thomas Frognall Dibdin

## VI. HUNGARY

*A glance at the country*—By H. Tornai de Koever

*Budapest*—By H. Tornai de Koever

*(Hungary continued in Vol. VI)*

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS



## Page 2

VOLUME V

**A PANORAMA OF BERLIN FROM THE TOWN HALL**

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

**COLOGNE CATHEDRAL BEFORE THE SPIRES WERE COMPLETED**

BINGEN-ON-THE RHINE

**NUREMBERG CASTLE**

STOLZENFELS CASTLE ON THE RHINE

**WIESBADEN**

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL

**STRASBURG**

FRAUENKIRCHE, MUNICH

**DOOR OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL**

STRASBURG CLOCK

**GOETHE'S HOUSE, WEIMAR**

SCHILLER'S HOUSE, WEIMAR

**BERLIN: UNTER DEN LINDEN**

BERLIN: THE BRANDENBURG GATE



## **BERLIN: THE ROYAL CASTLE AND EMPEROR WILLIAM BRIDGE**

BERLIN: THE WHITE HALL IN THE ROYAL CASTLE

## **BERLIN: THE NATIONAL GALLERY AND FREDERICK'S BRIDGE**

BERLIN: THE GENDARMENMARKT

## **THE COLUMN OF VICTORY, BERLIN**

THE MAUSOLEUM AT CHARLOTTENBURG

## **THE NEW PALACE AT POTSDAM**

THE CASTLE OF SANS SOUCI, POTSDAM

## **THE CATHEDRAL OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE—TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE**

SCHOENBRUNN, VIENNA

## **SALZBURG, AUSTRIA**

[Illustration: *Cologne cathedral*]

[Illustration: *Cologne cathedral* (Before the spires were completed, as shown in a photograph taken in 1877)]

[Illustration: *Bingen on the Rhine*]

[Illustration: *Nuremberg castle*]

[Illustration: *STOLZENFELS castle on the Rhine*]

[Illustration: *Wiesbaden*]

[Illustration: *Strassburg cathedral*]

[Illustration: *Strassburg and the cathedral*]



[Illustration: *The FRAUENKIRCHE, Munich*]

[Illustration: *The door of Strassburg cathedral*]

[Illustration: *The Strassburg clock*]

[Illustration: *GOETHE'S house in Weimar*]

[Illustration: *Schiller's house in Weimar*]

## I

### THE RHINE VALLEY

## IN HISTORY AND ROMANCE[A]



## Page 3

**BY VICTOR HUGO**

Of all rivers, I prefer the Rhine. It is now a year, when passing the bridge of boats at Kehl, since I first saw it. I remember that I felt a certain respect, a sort of adoration, for this old, this classic stream. I never think of rivers—those great works of Nature, which are also great in History—without emotion.

I remember the Rhone at Valserine; I saw it in 1825, in a pleasant excursion to Switzerland, which is one of the sweet, happy recollections of my early life. I remember with what noise, with what ferocious bellowing, the Rhone precipitated itself into the gulf while the frail bridge upon which I was standing was shaking beneath my feet. Ah well! since that time, the Rhone brings to my mind the idea of a tiger—the Rhine, that of a lion.

The evening on which I saw the Rhine for the first time, I was impressed with the same idea. For several minutes I stood contemplating this proud and noble river—violent, but not furious; wild, but still majestic. It was swollen, and was magnificent in appearance, and was washing with its yellow mane, or, as Boileau says, its “slimy beard,” the bridge of boats. Its two banks were lost in the twilight, and tho its roaring was loud, still there was tranquillity.

The Rhine is unique: it combines the qualities of every river. Like the Rhone, it is rapid; broad like the Loire; encased, like the Meuse; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river; and like a river of Asia, abounding with fancies and fables.

From historical records we find that the first people who took possession of the banks of the Rhine were the half-savage Celts, who were afterward named Gauls by the Romans. When Rome was in its glory, Caesar crossed the Rhine, and shortly afterward the whole of the river was under the jurisdiction of his empire. When the Twenty-second Legion returned from the siege of Jerusalem, Titus sent it to the banks of the Rhine, where it continued the work of Martius Agrippa. After Trajan and Hadrian came Julian, who erected a fortress upon the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle; then Valentinian, who built a number of castles. Thus, in a few centuries, Roman colonies, like an immense chain, linked the whole of the Rhine.

At length the time arrived when Rome was to assume another aspect. The incursions of the northern hordes were eventually too frequent and too powerful for Rome; so, about the sixth century, the banks of the Rhine were strewn with Roman ruins, as at present with feudal ones.

Charlemagne cleared away the rubbish, built fortresses, and opposed the German hordes; but, notwithstanding all that he did, notwithstanding his desire to do more, Rome died, and the physiognomy of the Rhine was changed.

## Page 4

The sixteenth century approached; in the fourteenth the Rhine witnessed the invention of artillery; and on its bank, at Strassburg, a printing-office was first established. In 1400 the famous cannon, fourteen feet in length, was cast at Cologne; and in 1472 Vindelín de Spire printed his Bible. A new world was making its appearance; and, strange to say, it was upon the banks of the Rhine that those two mysterious tools with which God unceasingly works out the civilization of man—the catapult and the book—war and thought—took a new form.

The Rhine, in the destinies of Europe, has a sort of providential signification. It is the great moat which divides the north from the south. The Rhine for thirty ages, has seen the forms and reflected the shadows of almost all the warriors who tilled the old continent with that share which they call sword. Caesar crossed the Rhine in going from the south; Attila crossed it when descending from the north. It was here that Clovis gained the battle of Tolbiac; and that Charlemagne and Napoleon figured. Frederick Barbarossa, Rudolph of Hapsburg, and Frederick the First, were great, victorious, and formidable when here. For the thinker, who is conversant with history, two great eagles are perpetually hovering ever the Rhine—that of the Roman legions, and the eagle of the French regiments.

The Rhine—that noble flood, which the Romans named “Superb,” bore at one time upon its surface bridges of boats, over which the armies of Italy, Spain, and France poured into Germany, and which, at a later date, were made use of by the hordes of barbarians when rushing into the ancient Roman world; at another, on its surface it floated peaceably the fir-trees of Murg and of Saint Gall, the porphyry and the marble of Bale, the salt of Karlshall, the leather of Stromberg, the quicksilver of Lansberg, the wine of Johannisberg, the slates of Coab, the cloth and earthenware of Wallendar, the silks and linens of Cologne. It majestically performs its double function of flood of war and flood of peace, having, without interruption, upon the ranges of hills which embank the most notable portion of its course, oak-trees on one side and vine-trees on the other—signifying strength and joy.

[Footnote A: From “The Rhine.” Translated by D.M. Aird.]

## **FROM BONN TO MAYENCE[A]**

**BY BAYARD TAYLOR**

I was glad when we were really in motion on the swift Rhine, and nearing the chain of mountains that rose up before us. We passed Godesberg on the right, while on our left was the group of the seven mountains which extend back from the Drachenfels to the Wolkenberg, or “Castle of the Clouds.” Here we begin to enter the enchanted land. The Rhine sweeps around the foot of the Drachenfels, while, opposite, the precipitous rock

of Rolandseck, crowned with the castle of the faithful knight, looks down upon the beautiful island of Nonnenwerth, the white walls of



## Page 5

the convent still gleaming through the trees as they did when the warrior's weary eyes looked upon them for the last time. I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which I saw this scene in the bright, warm sunlight, the rough crags softened in the haze which filled the atmosphere, and the wild mountains springing up in the midst of vineyards and crowned with crumbling towers filled with the memories of a thousand years.

After passing Andernach we saw in the distance the highlands of the middle Rhine—which rise above Coblenz, guarding the entrance to its scenery—and the mountains of the Moselle. They parted as we approached; from the foot shot up the spires of Coblenz, and the battlements of Ehrenbreitstein, crowning the mountain opposite, grew larger and broader. The air was slightly hazy, and the clouds seemed laboring among the distant mountains to raise a storm. As we came opposite the mouth of the Moselle and under the shadow of the mighty fortress, I gazed up with awe at its massive walls. Apart from its magnitude and almost impregnable situation on a perpendicular rock, it is filled with the recollections of history and hallowed by the voice of poetry. The scene went past like a panorama, the bridge of boats opened, the city glided behind us, and we entered the highlands again.

Above Coblenz almost every mountain has a ruin and a legend. One feels everywhere the spirit of the past, and its stirring recollections come back upon the mind with irresistible force. I sat upon the deck the whole afternoon as mountains, towns and castles passed by on either side, watching them with a feeling of the most enthusiastic enjoyment. Every place was familiar to me in memory, and they seemed like friends I had long communed with in spirit and now met face to face. The English tourists with whom the deck was covered seemed interested too, but in a different manner. With Murray's Handbook open in their hands, they sat and read about the very towns and towers they were passing, scarcely lifting their eyes to the real scenes, except now and then to observe that it was "very nice."

As we passed Boppard, I sought out the inn of the "Star," mentioned in "Hyperion;" there was a maiden sitting on the steps who might have been Paul Flemming's fair boat-woman. The clouds which had here gathered among the hills now came over the river, and the rain cleared the deck of its crowd of admiring tourists. As we were approaching Lorelei Berg, I did not go below, and so enjoyed some of the finest scenery on the Rhine alone. The mountains approach each other at this point, and the Lorelei rock rises up for four hundred and forty feet from the water. This is the haunt of the water nymph Lorelei, whose song charmed the ear of the boatman while his bark was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. It is also celebrated for its remarkable echo. As we passed between the rocks, a guard, who has a little house on the roadside, blew a flourish on his bugle, which was instantly answered by a blast from the rocky battlements of Lorelei.



## Page 6

The sun came out of the clouds as we passed Oberwesel, with its tall round tower, and the light shining through the ruined arches of Schonberg castle made broad bars of light and shade in the still misty air. A rainbow sprang up out of the Rhine and lay brightly on the mountain-side, coloring vineyard and crag in the most singular beauty, while its second reflection faintly arched like a glory above the high summits in the bed of the river were the seven countesses of Schonberg turned into seven rocks for their cruelty and hard-heartedness toward the knights whom their beauty had made captive. In front, at a little distance, was the castle of Pfalz, in the middle of the river, and from the heights above Caub frowned the crumbling citadel of Gutenfels. Imagine all this, and tell me if it is not a picture whose memory should last a lifetime.

We came at last to Bingen, the southern gate of the highlands. Here, on an island in the middle of the stream, is the old mouse-tower where Bishop Hatto of Mayence was eaten up by the rats for his wicked deeds. Passing Ruedesheim and Geisenheim—celebrated for their wines—at sunset, we watched the varied shore in the growing darkness, till like a line of stars across the water we saw before us the bridge of Mayence.

[Footnote A: From “Views Afoot.” Published by G.P. Putnam’s Sons.]

## COLOGNE[A]

*By Victor Hugo.*

The sun had set when we reached Cologne. I gave my luggage to a porter, with orders to carry it to a hotel at Duez, a little town on the opposite side of the Rhine; and directed my steps toward the cathedral. Rather than ask my way, I wandered up and down the narrow streets, which night had all but obscured. At last I entered a gateway leading to a court, and came out on an open square—dark and deserted. A magnificent spectacle now presented itself. Before me, in the fantastic light of a twilight sky, rose, in the midst of a group of low houses, an enormous black mass, studded with pinnacles and belfries. A little farther was another, not quite so broad as the first, but higher; a kind of square fortress, flanked at its angles with four long detached towers, having on its summit something resembling a huge feather. On approaching, I discovered that it was the cathedral of Cologne.

What appeared like a large feather was a crane, to which sheets of lead were appended, and which, from its workable appearance, indicated to passers-by that this unfinished temple may one day be completed; and that the dream of Engelbert de Berg, which was realized under Conrad de Hochsteden, may, in an age or two, be the greatest cathedral in the world. This incomplete Iliad sees Homers in futurity. The church was shut. I surveyed the steeples, and was startled at their dimensions. What I

had taken for towers are the projections of the buttresses. Tho only the first story is completed, the building



## Page 7

is already nearly as high as the towers of Notre Dame at Paris. Should the spire, according to the plan, be placed upon this monstrous trunk, Strasburg would be, comparatively speaking, small by its side.[B] It has always struck me that nothing resembles ruin more than an unfinished edifice. Briars, saxifrages, and pellitories—indeed, all weeds that root themselves in the crevices and at the base of old buildings—have besieged these venerable walls. Man only constructs what Nature in time destroys.

All was quiet; there was no one near to break the prevailing silence. I approached the facade, as near as the gate would permit me, and heard the countless shrubs gently rustling in the night breeze. A light which appeared at a neighboring window, cast its rays upon a group of exquisite statues—angels and saints, reading or preaching, with a large open book before them. Admirable prologue for a church, which is nothing else than the Word made marble, brass or stone! Swallows have fearlessly taken up their abode here, and their simple yet curious masonry contrasts strangely with the architecture of the building. This was my first visit to the cathedral of Cologne. The dome of Cologne, when seen by day, appeared to me to have lost a little of its sublimity; it no longer had what I call the twilight grandeur that the evening lends to huge objects; and I must say that the cathedral of Beauvais, which is scarcely known, is not inferior, either in size or in detail, to the cathedral of Cologne.

The Hotel-de-Ville, situated near the cathedral, is one of those singular edifices which have been built at different times, and which consist of all styles of architecture seen in ancient buildings. The mode in which these edifices have been built forms rather an interesting study. Nothing is regular—no fixt plan has been drawn out—all has been built as necessity required. Thus the Hotel-de-Ville, which has, probably, some Roman cave near its foundation, was, in 1250, only a structure similar to those of our edifices built with pillars. For the convenience of the night-watchman, and in order to sound the alarum, a steeple was required, and in the fourteenth century a tower was built. Under Maximilian a taste for elegant structures was everywhere spread, and the bishops of Cologne, deeming it essential to dress their city-house in new raiment, engaged an Italian architect, a pupil, probably, of old Michael Angelo, and a French sculptor, who adjusted on the blackened facade of the thirteenth century a triumphant and magnificent porch. A few years expired, and they stood sadly in want of a promenade by the side of the Registry. A back court was built, and galleries erected, which were sumptuously enlivened by heraldry and bas-reliefs. These I had the pleasure of seeing; but, in a few years, no person will have the same gratification, for, without anything being done to prevent it, they are fast falling into ruins. At last, under Charles the Fifth, a large room for sales and for the assemblies of the citizens was required, and a tasteful building of stone and brick was added. I went up to the belfry; and under a gloomy sky, which harmonized with the edifice and with my thoughts, I saw at my feet the whole of this admirable town.

## Page 8

From Thurmchen to Bayenthurme, the town, which extends upward of a league on the banks of the river, displays a whole host of windows and facades. In the midst of roofs, turrets and gables, the summits of twenty-four churches strike the eye, all of different styles, and each church, from its grandeur, worthy of the name of cathedral. If we examine the town in detail, all is stir, all is life. The bridge is crowded with passengers and carriages; the river is covered with sails. Here and there clumps of trees caress, as it were, the houses blackened by time; and the old stone hotels of the fifteenth century, with their long frieze of sculptured flowers, fruit and leaves, upon which the dove, when tired, rests itself, relieve the monotony of the slate roofs and brick fronts which surround them.

Round this great town—mercantile from its industry, military from its position, marine from its river—is a vast plain that borders Germany, which the Rhine crosses at different places, and is crowned on the northeast by historic eminences—that wonderful nest of legends and traditions, called the “Seven Mountains.” Thus Holland and its commerce, Germany and its poetry—like the two great aspects of the human mind, the positive and the ideal—shed their light upon the horizon of Cologne; a city of business and of meditation.

After descending from the belfry, I stopt in the yard before a handsome porch of the Renaissance, the second story of which is formed of a series of small triumphal arches, with inscriptions. The first is dedicated to Caesar; the second to Augustus; the third to Agrippa, the founder of Cologne; the fourth to Constantine, the Christian emperor; the fifth to Justinian, the great legislator; and the sixth to Maximilian. Upon the facade, the poetic sculpture has chased three bas-reliefs, representing the three lion-combatants, Milo of Crotona, Pepin-le-Bref, and Daniel. At the two extremities he has placed Milo of Crotona, attacking the lions by strength of body; and Daniel subduing the lions by the power of mind. Between these is Pepin-le-Bref, conquering his ferocious antagonist with that mixture of moral and physical strength which distinguishes the soldier. Between pure strength and pure thought, is courage; between the athlete and the prophet—the hero.

Pepin, sword in hand, has plunged his left arm, which is enveloped in his mantle, into the mouth of the lion; the animal stands, with extended claws, in that attitude which in heraldry represents the lion rampant. Pepin attacks it bravely and vanquishes. Daniel is standing motionless, his arms by his side, and his eyes lifted up to Heaven, the lions lovingly rolling at his feet. As for Milo of Crotona, he defends himself against the lion, which is in the act of devouring him. His blind presumption has put too much faith in muscle, in corporeal strength. These three bas-reliefs contain a world of meaning; the last produces a powerful effect. It is Nature avenging herself on the man whose only faith is in brute force....



## Page 9

In the evening, as the stars were shining, I took a walk upon the side of the river opposite to Cologne. Before me was the whole town, with its innumerable steeples figuring in detail upon the pale western sky. To my left rose, like the giant of Cologne, the high spire of St. Martin's, with its two towers; and, almost in front, the somber apsed cathedral, with its many sharp-pointed spires, resembling a monstrous hedgehog, the crane forming the tail, and near the base two lights, which appeared like two eyes sparkling with fire. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the night but the rustling of the waters at my feet, the heavy tramp of a horse's hoofs upon the bridge, and the sound of a blacksmith's hammer. A long stream of fire that issued from the forge caused the adjoining windows to sparkle; then, as if hastening to its opposite element, disappeared in the water.

[Footnote A: From "The Rhine." Translated by D.M. Aird.]

[Footnote B: One of the illustrations that accompany this volume shows the spires in their completed state.]

### **ROUND ABOUT COBLENZ[A]**

**BY LADY BLANCHE MURPHY**

Coblenz is the place which many years ago gave me my first associations with the Rhine. From a neighboring town we often drove to Coblenz, and the wide, calm flow of the river, the low, massive bridge of boats and the commonplace outskirts of a busy city contributed to make up a very different picture from that of the poetic "castled" Rhine of German song and English ballad. The old town has, however, many beauties, tho its military character looks out through most of them, and reminds us that the Mosel city (for it originally stood only on that river, and then crept up to the Rhine), tho a point of union in Nature, has been for ages, so far as mankind was concerned, a point of defense and watching. The great fortress, a German Gibraltar, hangs over the river and sets its teeth in the face of the opposite shore; all the foreign element in the town is due to the deposits made there by troubles in other countries, revolution and war sending their exiles, emigres and prisoners. The history of the town is only a long military record, from the days of the archbishops of Treves, to whom it was subject...

There is the old "German house" by the bank of the Mosel, a building little altered outwardly since the fourteenth century, now used as a food-magazine for the troops. The church of St. Castor commemorates a holy hermit who lived and preached to the heathen in the eighth century, and also covers the grave and monument of the founder of the "Mouse" at Wellmich, the warlike Kuno of Falkenstein, Archbishop of Treves. The Exchange, once a court of justice, has changed less startlingly, and its proportions are much the same as of old; and besides these there are other buildings worth noticing, tho not so old, and rather distinguished by the men who lived and



## Page 10

died there, or were born there, such as Metternich, than by architectural beauties. Such houses there are in every old city. They do not invite you to go in and admire them; every tourist you meet does not ask you how you liked them or whether you saw them. They are homes, and sealed to you as such, but they are the shell of the real life of the country; and they have somehow a charm and a fascination that no public building or show-place can have. Goethe, who turned his life-experiences into poetry, has told us something of one such house not far from Coblenz, in the village of Ehrenbreitstein, beneath the fortress, and which in familiar Coblenz parlance goes by the name of "The Valley"—the house of Sophie de Laroche. The village is also Clement Brentano's birthplace.

The oldest of German cities, Treves (or in German Trier), is not too far to visit on our way up the Mosel Valley, whose Celtic inhabitants of old gave the Roman legions so much trouble. But Rome ended by conquering, by means of her civilization as well as by her arms, and Augusta Trevirorum, tho claiming a far higher antiquity than Rome herself, and still bearing an inscription to that effect on the old council-house—now called the Red House and used as a hotel—became, as Ausonius condescendingly remarked, a second Rome, adorned with baths, gardens, temples, theaters and all that went to make up an imperial capital. As in Venice everything precious seems to have come from Constantinople, so in Trier most things worthy of note date from the days of the Romans; tho, to tell the truth, few of the actual buildings do, no matter how classic is their look. The style of the Empire outlived its sway, and doubtless symbolized to the inhabitants their traditions of a higher standard of civilization.

The Porta Nigra, for instance—called Simeon's Gate at present—dates really from the days of the first Merovingian kings, but it looks like a piece of the Colosseum, with its rows of arches in massive red sandstone, the stones held together by iron clamps, and its low, immensely strong double gateway, reminding one of the triumphal arches in the Forum at Rome. The history of the transformation of this gateway is curious. First a fortified city gate, standing in a correspondingly fortified wall, it became a dilapidated granary and storehouse in the Middle Ages, when one of the archbishops gave leave to Simeon, a wandering hermit from Syracuse in Sicily, to take up his abode there; and another turned it into a church dedicated to this saint, tho of this change few traces remain. Finally, it has become a national museum of antiquities. The amphitheater is a genuine Roman work, wonderfully well preserved; and genuine enough were the Roman games it has witnessed, for, if we are to believe tradition, a thousand Frankish prisoners of war were here given in one day to the wild beasts by the Emperor Constantine. Christian emperors beautified the basilica that stood where the cathedral now is, and the latter itself has some basilica-like points about it, tho, being the work of fifteen centuries, it bears the stamp of successive styles upon its face....



## Page 11

The Mosel has but few tributary streams of importance; its own course is as winding, as wild and as romantic as that of the Rhine itself. The most interesting part of the very varied scenery of this river is not the castles, the antique towns, the dense woods or the teeming vineyards lining rocks where a chamois could hardly stand—all this it has in common with the Rhine—but the volcanic region of the Eifel, the lakes in ancient craters, the tossed masses of lava and tufa, the great wastes strewn with dark boulders, the rifts that are called valleys and are like the Iceland gorges, the poor, starved villages and the extraordinary rusticity, not to say coarseness, of the inhabitants. This grotesque, interesting country—unique, I believe, on the continent of Europe—lies in a small triangle between the Mosel, the Belgian frontier and the Schiefer hills of the Lower Rhine; it goes by the names of the High Eifel, with the High Acht, the Kellberg and the Nurburg; the upper (Vorder) Eifel, with Gerolstein, a ruined castle, and Daun, a pretty village; and the Snow-Eifel (Schnee Eifel), contracted by the speech of the country into Schneifel.

The last is the most curious, the most dreary, the least visited. Walls of sharp rocks rise up over eight hundred feet high round some of its sunken lakes—one is called the Powder Lake—and the level above this abyss stretches out in moors and desolate downs, peopled with herds of lean sheep, and marked here and there by sepulchral, gibbet-looking signposts, shaped like a rough T and set in a heap of loose stones. It is a great contrast to turn aside from this landscape and look on the smiling villages and pretty wooded scenery of the valley of the Mosel proper; the long lines of handsome, healthy women washing their linen on the banks; the old ferryboats crossing by the help of antique chain-and-rope contrivances; the groves of old trees, with broken walls and rude shrines, reminding one of Southern Italy and her olives and ilexes; and the picturesque houses, in Kochem, in Daun, in Trarbach, in Berncastel, which, however untiring one may be as a sightseer, hardly warrant one as a writer to describe and re-describe their beauties. Kluesserath, however, we must mention, because its straggling figure has given rise to a local proverb—“As long as Kluesserath;” and Neumagen, because of the legend of Constantine, who is said to have seen the cross of victory in the heavens at this place, as well as at Sinzig on the Rhine, and, as the more famous legend tells us, at the Pons Milvium over the Tiber.

The last glance we take at the beauties of this neighborhood is from the mouth of the torrent-river Eltz as it dashes into the Eifel, washing the rock on which stands the castle of Eltz. The building and the family are an exception in the history of these lands; both exist to this day, and are prosperous and undaunted, notwithstanding all the efforts of enemies, time and circumstances to the contrary. The strongly-turreted wall runs from the castle till it loses itself in the rock, and the building has a home-like inhabited, complete look; which, in virtue of the quaint irregularity and magnificent natural position of the castle, standing guard over the foaming Eltz, does not take from its romantic appearance, as preservation or restoration too often does.



## Page 12

Not far from Coblenz, and past the island of Nonnenwerth, is the old tenth-century castle of Sayn, which stood until the Thirty Years' War, and below it, quiet, comfortable, large, but unpretending, lies the new house of the family of Sayn-Wittgenstein, built in the year 1848. As we push our way down the Rhine we soon come to the little peaceful town of Neuwied, a sanctuary for persecuted Flemings and others of the Low Countries, gathered here by the local sovereign, Count Frederick III. The little brook that gives its name to the village runs softly into the Rhine under a rustic bridge and amid murmuring rushes, while beyond it the valley gets narrower, rocks begin to rise over the Rhine banks, and we come to Andernach.

Andernach is the Rocky Gate of the Rhine, and if its scenery were not enough, its history, dating from Roman times, would make it interesting. However, of its relics we can only mention, in passing, the parish church with its four towers, all of tufa, the dungeons under the council-house, significantly called the "Jew's bath," and the old sixteenth-century contrivances for loading Rhine boats with the millstones in which the town still drives a fair trade. At the mouth of the Brohl we meet the volcanic region again, and farther up the valley through which this stream winds come upon the retired little watering-place of Toennistein, a favorite goal of the Dutch, with its steel waters; and Wassenach, with what we may well call its dust-baths, stretching for miles inland, up hills full of old craters, and leaving us only at the entrance of the beech-woods that have grown up in these cauldron-like valleys and fringe the blue Laachersee, the lake of legends and of fairies. One of these Schlegel has versified in the "Lay of the Sunken Castle," with the piteous tale of the spirits imprisoned; and Simrock tells us in rhyme of the merman who sits waiting for a mortal bride; while Wolfgang Mueller sings of the "Castle under the Lake," where at night ghostly torches are lighted and ghostly revels are held, the story of which so fascinates the fisherman's boy who has heard of these doings from his grandmother that as he watches the enchanted waters one night his fancy plays him a cruel trick, and he plunges in to join the revellers and learn the truth.

Local tradition says that Count Henry II. and his wife Adelaide, walking here by night, saw the whole lake lighted up from within in uncanny fashion, and founded a monastery in order to counteract the spell. This deserted but scarcely ruined building still exists, and contains the grave of the founder; the twelfth-century decoration, rich and detailed, is almost whole in the oldest part of the monastery. The far-famed German tale of Genovefa of Brabant is here localized, and Henry's son Siegfried assigned to the princess as a husband, while the neighboring grotto of Hochstein is shown as her place of refuge. On our way back to the Rocky Gate we pass through the singular little



## Page 13

town of Niedermendig, an hour's distance from the lake—a place built wholly of dark gray lava, standing in a region where lava-ridges seam the earth like the bones of antediluvian monsters, but are made more profitable by being quarried into millstones. There is something here that brings part of Wales to the remembrance of the few who have seen those dreary slate-villages—dark, damp, but naked, for moss and weeds do not thrive on this dampness as they do on the decay of other stones—which dot the moorland of Wales. The fences are slate; the gateposts are slate; the stiles are of slate; the very “sticks” up which the climbing roses are trained are of slate; churches, schools, houses, stables are all of one dark iron-blue shade; floors and roofs are alike; hearth-stones and threshold-stones, and grave-stones all of the same material. It is curious and depressing. This volcanic region of the Rhine, however, has so many unexpected beauties strewn pell-mell in the midst of stony barrenness that it also bears some likeness to Naples and Ischia, where beauty of color, and even of vegetation, alternate surprisingly with tracts of parched and rocky wilderness pierced with holes whence gas and steam are always rising.

[Footnote A: From “Down the Rhine.”]

### **BINGEN AND MAYENCE[A]**

**BY VICTOR HUGO**

Bingen is an exceedingly pretty place, having at once the somber look of an ancient town, and the cheering aspect of a new one. From the days of Consul Drusus to those of the Emperor Charlemagne, from Charlemagne to Archbishop Willigis, from Willigis to the merchant Montemagno, and from Montemagno to the visionary Holzhausen, the town gradually increased in the number of its houses, as the dew gathers drop by drop in the cup of a lily. Excuse this comparison; for, tho flowery, it has truth to back it, and faithfully illustrates the mode in which a town near the conflux of two rivers is constructed. The irregularity of the houses—in fact everything, tends to make Bingen a kind of antithesis, both with respect to buildings and the scenery which surrounds them. The town, bounded on the left by Nahe, and by the Rhine on the right, develops itself in a triangular form near a Gothic church, which is backed by a Roman citadel. In this citadel, which bears the date of the first century, and has long been the haunt of bandits, there is a garden; and in the church, which is of the fifteenth century, is the tomb of Barthelemy de Holzhausen. In the direction of Mayence, the famed Paradise Plain opens upon the Ringau; and in that of Coblenz, the dark mountains of Leyen seem to frown on the surrounding scenery. Here Nature smiles like a lovely woman extended unadorned on the greensward; there, like a slumbering giant, she excites a feeling of awe.



The more we examine this beautiful place, the more the antithesis is multiplied under our looks and thoughts. It assumes a thousand different forms; and as the Nahe flows through the arches of the stone bridge, upon the parapet of which the lion of Hesse turns its back to the eagle of Prussia, the green arm of the Rhine seizes suddenly the fair and indolent stream, and plunges it into the Bingerloch.

## Page 14

To sit down toward the evening on the summit of the Klopp—to see the town at its base, with an immense horizon on all sides, the mountains overshadowing all—to see the slated roofs smoking, the shadows lengthening, and the scenery breathing to life the verses of Virgil—to respire at once the wind which rustles the leaves, the breeze of the flood, and the gale of the mountain—is an exquisite and inexpressible pleasure, full of secret enjoyment, which is veiled by the grandeur of the spectacle, by the intensity of contemplation. At the windows of huts, young women, their eyes fixt upon their work, are gaily singing; among the weeds that grow round the ruins birds whistle and pair; barks are crossing the river, and the sound of oars splashing in the water, and unfurling of sails, reaches our ears. The washerwomen of the Rhine spread their clothes on the bushes; and those of the Nahe, their legs and feet naked, beat their linen upon floating rafts, and laugh at some poor artist as he sketches Ehrenfels.

The sun sets, night comes on, the slated roofs of the houses appear as one, the mountains congregate and take the aspect of an immense dark body; and the washerwomen, with bundles on their heads, return cheerfully to their cabins; the noise subsides, the voices are hushed; a faint light, resembling the reflections of the other world upon the countenance of a dying man, is for a short time observable on the Ehrenfels; then all is dark, except the tower of Hatto, which, tho scarcely seen in the day, makes its appearance at night, amid a light smoke and the reverberation of the forge....

Mayence and Frankfort, like Versailles and Paris, may, at the present time, be called one town. In the middle ages there was a distance of eight leagues between them, which was then considered a long journey; now, an hour and a quarter will suffice to transport you from one to the other. The buildings of Frankfort and Mayence, like those of Liege, have been devastated by modern good taste, and old and venerable edifices are rapidly disappearing, giving place to frightful groups of white houses.

I expected to be able to see, at Mayence, Martinsburg, which, up to the seventeenth century, was the feudal residence of the ecclesiastical electors; but the French made a hospital of it, which was afterward razed to the ground to make room for the Porte Franc; the merchant's hotel, built in 1317 by the famed League, and which was splendidly decorated with the statues of seven electors, and surmounted by two colossal figures, bearing the crown of the empire, also shared the same fate. Mayence possesses that which marks its antiquity—a venerable cathedral, which was commenced in 978, and finished in 1009. Part of this superb structure was burned in 1190, and since that period has, from century to century, undergone some change.



## Page 15

I explored its interior, and was struck with awe on beholding innumerable tombs, bearing dates as far back as the eighteenth century. Under the galleries of the cloister I observed an obscure monument, a bas-relief of the fourteenth century, and tried, in vain, to guess the enigma. On one side are two men in chains, wildness in their looks, and despair in their attitudes; on the other, an emperor, accompanied by a bishop, and surrounded by a number of people, triumphing. Is it Barbarossa? Is it Louis of Bavaria? Does it speak of the revolt of 1160, or of the war between Mayence and Frankfort in 1332? I could not tell, and therefore passed by.

As I was leaving the galleries, I discovered in the shade a sculptured head, half protruding from the wall, surmounted by a crown of flower-work, similar to that worn by the kings of the eleventh century. I looked at it; it had a mild countenance; yet it possessed something of severity in it—a face imprinted with that august beauty which the workings of a great mind give to the countenance of man. The hand of some peasant had chalked the name “Frauenlob” above it, and I instantly remembered the Tasso of Mayence, so calumniated during his life, so venerated after his death. When Henry Frauenlob died, which was in the year 1318, the females who had insulted him in life carried his coffin to the tomb, which procession is chiseled on the tombstone beneath. I again looked at that noble head. The sculptor had left the eyes open; and thus, in that church of sepulchers—in that cloister of the dead—the poet alone sees; he only is represented standing, and observing all.

The market-place, which is by the side of the cathedral, has rather an amusing and pleasing aspect. In the middle is a pretty triangular fountain of the German Renaissance, which, besides having scepters, nymphs, angels, dolphins, and mermaids, serves as a pedestal to the Virgin Mary. This fountain was erected by Albert de Brandenburg, who reigned in 1540, in commemoration of the capture of Francis the First by Charles the Fifth.

Mayence, white tho it be, retains its ancient aspect of a beautiful city. The river here is not less crowded with sails, the town not less incumbered with bales, nor more free from bustle, than formerly. People walk, squeak, push, sell, buy, sing, and cry; in fact in all the quarters of the town, in every house, life seems to predominate. At night the buzz and noise cease, and nothing is heard at Mayence but the murmurings of the Rhine, and the everlasting noise of seventeen water mills, which are fixt to the piles of the bridge of Charlemagne.

[Footnote A: From “The Rhine.” Translated by D.M. Aird.]

## FRANKFORT-AM-MAIN[A]

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

## Page 16

Frankfort is a genuine old German city. Founded by Charlemagne, afterward a rallying-point of the Crusaders, and for a long time the capital of the German Empire, it has no lack of interesting historical recollections, and, notwithstanding it is fast becoming modernized, one is everywhere reminded of the past. The cathedral, old as the days of Peter the Hermit, the grotesque street of the Jews, the many quaint, antiquated dwellings and the moldering watch-towers on the hills around, give it a more interesting character than any German city I have yet seen. The house we dwell in, on the Markt Platz, is more than two hundred years old; directly opposite is a great castellated building gloomy with the weight of six centuries, and a few steps to the left brings me to the square of the Roemerberg, where the emperors were crowned, in a corner of which is a curiously ornamented house formerly the residence of Luther. There are legends innumerable connected with all these buildings, and even yet discoveries are frequently made in old houses of secret chambers and staircases. When you add to all this the German love of ghost-stories, and, indeed, their general belief in spirits, the lover of romance could not desire a more agreeable residence.

Within the walls the greater part of Frankfort is built in the old German style, the houses six or seven stories high and every story projecting out over the other; so that those living in the upper part can nearly shake hands out of the windows. At the corners figures of men are often seen holding up the story above on their shoulders and making horrible faces at the weight. When I state that in all these narrow streets, which constitute the greater part of the city, there are no sidewalks, the windows of the lower stories have iron gratings extending a foot or so into the street, which is only wide enough for one cart to pass along, you can have some idea of the facility of walking through them, to say nothing of the piles of wood and market-women with baskets of vegetables which one is continuously stumbling over. Even in the wider streets I have always to look before and behind to keep out of the way of the cabs; the people here get so accustomed to it that they leave barely room for them to pass, and the carriages go dashing by at a nearness which sometimes makes me shudder.

As I walked across the Main and looked down at the swift stream on its way from the distant Thuringian Forest to join the Rhine, I thought of the time when Schiller stood there in the days of his early struggles, an exile from his native land, and, looking over the bridge, said in the loneliness of his heart, "That water flows not so deep as my sufferings."

From the hills on the Darmstadt road I had a view of the country around; the fields were white and bare, and the dark Taunus, with the broad patches of snow on his sides, looked grim and shadowy through the dim atmosphere. It was like the landscape of a dream—dark, strange and silent.



## Page 17

I have seen the banker Rothschild several times driving about the city. This one—Anselmo, the most celebrated of the brothers—holds a mortgage on the city of Jerusalem. He rides about in style, with officers attending his carriage. He is a little baldheaded man with marked Jewish features, and is said not to deceive his looks. At any rate, his reputation is none of the best, either with Jews or Christians. A caricature was published some time ago in which he is represented as giving a beggar-woman by the wayside a kreutzer—the smallest German coin. She is made to exclaim, “God reward you a thousand fold!” He immediately replies, after reckoning up in his head, “How much have I then? Sixteen florins and forty kreutzers!”...

The Eschernheim Tower, at the entrance of one of the city gates, is universally admired by strangers on account of its picturesque appearance, overgrown with ivy and terminated by the little pointed turrets which one sees so often in Germany on buildings three or four centuries old. There are five other watch-towers of similar form, which stand on different sides of the city at the distance of a mile or two, and generally upon an eminence overlooking the country. They were erected several centuries ago to discern from afar the approach of an enemy, and protect the caravans of merchants, which at that time traveled from city to city, from the attacks of robbers.

The Eschernheim Tower is interesting from another circumstance which, whether true or not, is universally believed. When Frankfort was under the sway of a prince, a Swiss hunter, for some civil offense, was condemned to die. He begged his life from the prince, who granted it only on condition that he should fire the figure nine with his rifle through the vane of this tower. He agreed, and did it; and at the present time one can distinguish a rude nine on the vane, as if cut with bullets, while two or three marks at the side appear to be from shots that failed.

[Footnote A: From “Views Afoot.” Published by G.P. Putnam’s Sons.]

## HEIDELBERG[A]

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

Here in Heidelberg at last, and a most glorious town it is. This is our first morning in our new rooms, and the sun streams warmly in the eastern windows as I write, while the old castle rises through the blue vapor on the side of the Kaiserstuhl. The Neckar rushes on below, and the Odenwald, before me, rejoices with its vineyards in the morning light....

There is so much to be seen around this beautiful place that I scarcely know where to begin a description of it. I have been wandering among the wild paths that lead up and down the mountain-side or away into the forests and lonely meadows in the lap of the Odenwald. My mind is filled with images of the romantic German scenery, whose real



beauty is beginning to displace the imaginary picture which I had painted with the enthusiastic words of Howitt. I seem to stand now upon the Kaiserstuhl, which rises above Heidelberg, with that magnificent landscape around me from the Black Forest and Strassburg to Mainz, and from the Vosges in France to the hills of Spessart in Bavaria.



## Page 18

What a glorious panorama! and not less rich in associations than in its natural beauty. Below me had moved the barbarian hordes of old, the triumphant followers of Arminius and the cohorts of Rome, and later full many a warlike host bearing the banners of the red cross to the Holy Land, many a knight returning with his vassals from the field to lay at the feet of his lady-love the scarf he had worn in a hundred battles and claim the reward of his constancy and devotion. But brighter spirits had also toiled below. That plain had witnessed the presence of Luther, and a host who strove with him. There had also trodden the master-spirits of German song—the giant twain with their scarcely less harmonious brethren. They, too, had gathered inspiration from those scenes—more fervent worship of Nature and a deeper love for their beautiful fatherland....

Then there is the Wolfsbrunnen, which one reaches by a beautiful walk up the bank of the Neckar to a quiet dell in the side of the mountain. Through this the roads lead up by rustic mills always in motion, and orchards laden with ripening fruit, to the commencement of the forest, where a quaint stone fountain stands, commemorating the abode of a sorceress of the olden time who was torn in pieces by a wolf. There is a handsome rustic inn here, where every Sunday afternoon a band plays in the portico, while hundreds of people are scattered around in the cool shadow of the trees or feeding the splendid trout in the basin formed by a little stream. They generally return to the city by another walk, leading along the mountain-side to the eastern terrace of the castle, where they have fine views of the great Rhine plain, terminated by the Alsatian hills stretching along the western horizon like the long crested swells on the ocean. We can even see these from the windows of our room on the bank of the Neckar, and I often look with interest on one sharp peak, for on its side stands the castle of Trifels, where Coeur de Lion was imprisoned by the Duke of Austria, and where Blondel, his faithful minstrel, sang the ballad which discovered the retreat of the noble captive.

From the Carl Platz, an open square at the upper end of the city, two paths lead directly up to the castle. By the first walk we ascend a flight of steps to the western gate; passing through which, we enter a delightful garden, between the outer walls of the castle and the huge moat which surrounds it. Great linden, oak and beech trees shadow the walk, and in secluded nooks little mountain-streams spring from the side of the wall into stone basins. There is a tower over the moat on the south side, next the mountain, where the portcullis still hangs with its sharp teeth as it was last drawn up; on each side stand two grim knights guarding the entrance. In one of the wooded walks is an old tree brought from America in the year 1618. It is of the kind called "arbor vitae," and uncommonly tall and slender for one of this species;

## Page 19

yet it does not seem to thrive well in a foreign soil. I noticed that persons had cut many slips off the lower branches, and I would have been tempted to do the same myself if there had been any I could reach. In the curve of the mountain is a handsome pavilion surrounded with beds of flowers and fountains; here all classes meet together in the afternoon to sit with their refreshments in the shade, while frequently a fine band of music gives them their invariable recreation. All this, with the scenery around them, leaves nothing unfinished to their present enjoyment. The Germans enjoy life under all circumstances, and in this way they make themselves much happier than we who have far greater means of being so.

At the end of the terrace built for the Princess Elizabeth of England is one of the round towers which was split in twain by the French. Half has fallen entirely away, and the other semicircular shell, which joins the terrace and part of the castle-buildings, clings firmly together, altho part of its foundation is gone, so that its outer ends actually hang in the air. Some idea of the strength of the castle may be obtained when I state that the walls of this tower are twenty-two feet thick, and that a staircase has been made through them to the top, where one can sit under the lindens growing upon it or look down on the city below with the pleasant consciousness that the great mass upon which he stands is only prevented from crashing down with him by the solidity of its masonry. On one side, joining the garden, the statue of the Archduke Louis in his breastplate and flowing beard looks out from among the ivy.

There is little to be seen about the castle except the walls themselves. The guide conducted us through passages, in which were heaped many of the enormous cannon-balls which it had received in sieges, to some chambers in the foundation. This was the oldest part of the castle, built in the thirteenth century. We also visited the chapel, which is in a tolerable state of preservation. A kind of narrow bridge crosses it, over which we walked, looking down on the empty pulpit and deserted shrines. We then went into the cellar to see the celebrated tun. In a large vault are kept several enormous hogsheads, one of which is three hundred years old, but they are nothing in comparison with the tun, which itself fills a whole vault. It is as high as a common two-story house; on the top is a platform upon which the people used to dance after it was filled, to which one ascends by two flights of steps. I forget exactly how many casks it holds, but I believe eight hundred. It has been empty for fifty years....



## Page 20

Opposite my window rises the Heiligenberg, on the other side of the Neckar. The lower part of it is rich with vineyards, and many cottages stand embosomed in shrubbery among them. Sometimes we see groups of maidens standing under the grape-arbors, and every morning the peasant-women go toiling up the steep paths with baskets on their heads, to labor among the vines. On the Neckar, below us, the fishermen glide about in their boats, sink their square nets fastened to a long pole, and haul them up with the glittering fish, of which the stream is full. I often lean out of the window late at night, when the mountains above are wrapt in dusky obscurity, and listen to the low, musical ripple of the river. It tells to my excited fancy a knightly legend of the old German time. Then comes the bell rung for closing the inns, breaking the spell with its deep clang, which vibrates far away on the night-air till it has roused all the echoes of the Odenwald. I then shut the window, turn into the narrow box which the Germans call a bed, and in a few minutes am wandering in America.

Halfway up the Heidelberg runs a beautiful walk dividing the vineyards from the forest above. This is called "The Philosopher's Way," because it was the favorite ramble of the old professors of the university. It can be reached by a toilsome, winding path among the vines, called the Snake-way; and when one has ascended to it, he is well rewarded by the lovely view. In the evening, when the sun has got behind the mountain, it is delightful to sit on the stone steps and watch the golden light creeping up the side of the Kaiserstuhl, till at last twilight begins to darken in the valley and a mantle of mist gathers above the Neckar.

We ascended the mountain a few days ago. There is a path which leads up through the forest, but we took the shortest way, directly up the side, tho it was at an angle of nearly fifty degrees. It was hard enough work scrambling through the thick broom and heather and over stumps and stones. In one of the stone-heaps I dislodged a large orange-colored salamander seven or eight inches long. They are sometimes found on these mountains, as well as a very large kind of lizard, called the "eidechse," which the Germans say is perfectly harmless, and if one whistles or plays a pipe will come and play around him.

The view from the top reminded me of that from Catskill Mountain House, but is on a smaller scale. The mountains stretch off sideways, confining the view to but half the horizon, and in the middle of the picture the Hudson is well represented by the lengthened windings of the "abounding Rhine." Nestled at the base below us was the little village of Handschuhheim, one of the oldest in this part of Germany. The castle of its former lords has nearly all fallen down, but the massive solidity of the walls which yet stand proves its antiquity. A few years ago a part of the outer walls which was remarked to have a hollow sound was taken down, when there fell from a deep niche built therein, a skeleton clad in a suit of the old German armor.



## Page 21

We followed a road through the woods to the peak on which stands the ruins of St. Michael's chapel, which was built in the tenth century and inhabited for a long time by a company of white monks. There is now but a single tower remaining, and all around is grown over with tall bushes and weeds. It had a wild and romantic look, and I sat on a rock and sketched at it till it grew dark, when we got down the mountain the best way we could....

We have just returned from a second visit to Frankfort, where the great annual fair filled the streets with noise and bustle. On our way back we stopt at the village of Zwingenberg, which lies at the foot of the Melibochus, for the purpose of visiting some of the scenery of the Odenwald. Passing the night at the inn there, we slept with one bed under and two above, and started early in the morning to climb up the side of the Melibochus. After a long walk through the forests, which were beginning to change their summer foliage for a brighter garment, we reached the summit and ascended the stone tower which stands upon it. This view gives one a better idea of the Odenwald than that from the Kaiserstuhl at Heidelberg.

This is a great collection of rocks, in a wild pine wood, heaped together like pebbles on the seashore and worn and rounded as if by the action of water; so much do they resemble waves that one standing at the bottom and looking up can not resist the idea that they will flow down upon him. It must have been a mighty tide whose receding waves left these masses piled up together. The same formation continues at intervals to the foot of the mountains. It reminded me of a glacier of rocks instead of ice.

A little higher up lies a massive block of granite called the Giant's Column. It is thirty-two feet long and three to four feet in diameter, and still bears the mark of the chisel. When or by whom it was made remains a mystery. Some have supposed it was intended to be erected for the worship of the sun by the wild Teutonic tribes who inhabited this forest; it is more probably the work of the Romans. A project was once started to erect a monument on the battlefield of Leipsic, but it was found too difficult to carry into execution.

After dining at the little village of Reichelsdorf, in the valley below—where the merry landlord charged my friend two kreutzers less than myself because he was not so tall—we visited the castle of Schoenberg, and joined the Bergstrasse again. We walked the rest of the way here. Long before we arrived the moon shone down on us over the mountains; and when we turned around the foot of the Heiligenberg, the mist descending in the valley of the Neckar rested like a light cloud on the church-spires.

[Footnote A: From "Views Afoot." Published by G.P. Putnam's Sons.]



BOOKRAGS

# STRASSBURG[A]

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

## Page 22

I left the cars with my head full of the cathedral. The first thing I saw, on lifting my eyes, was a brown spire. We climbed the spire; we gained the roof. What a magnificent terrace! A world in itself; a panoramic view sweeping the horizon. Here I saw the names of Goethe and Herder. Here they have walked many a time, I suppose. But the inside—a forest-like firmament, glorious in holiness; windows many-hued as the Hebrew psalms; a gloom solemn and pathetic as man's mysterious existence; a richness gorgeous and manifold as his wonderful nature. In this Gothic architecture we see earnest northern races, whose nature was a composite of influences from pine forest, mountain, and storm, expressing in vast proportions and gigantic masonry those ideas of infinite duration and existence which Christianity opened before them.

The ethereal eloquence of the Greeks could not express the rugged earnestness of souls wrestling with those fearful mysteries of fate, of suffering, of eternal existence, declared equally by nature and revelation. This architecture is Hebraistic in spirit, not Greek; it well accords with the deep ground-swell of the Hebrew prophets. "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past. And as a watch in the night."

The objection to Gothic architecture, as compared with Greek, is, that it is less finished and elegant. So it is. It symbolizes that state of mind too earnest for mere polish, too deeply excited for laws of exact proportions and architectural refinement. It is Alpine architecture—vast, wild, and sublime in its foundations, yet bursting into flowers at every interval. The human soul seems to me an imprisoned essence, striving after somewhat divine. There is a struggle in it, as of suffocated flame; finding vent now through poetry, now in painting, now in music, sculpture, or architecture; various are the crevices and fissures, but the flame is one.

Moreover, as society grows from barbarism upward, it tends to inflorescence, at certain periods, as do plants and trees; and some races flower later than others. This architecture was the first flowering of the Gothic race; they had no Homers; the flame found vent not by imaged words and vitalized alphabet; they vitalized stone, and their poets were minster-builders; their epics, cathedrals.

This is why one cathedral—like Strassburg, or Notre Dame—has a thousandfold the power of any number of Madeleines. The Madeleine is simply a building; these are poems. I never look at one of them without feeling that gravitation of soul toward its artist which poetry always excites. Often the artist is unknown; here we know him; Erwin von Steinbach, poet, prophet, priest, in architecture. We visited his house—a house old and quaint,



## Page 23

and to me full of suggestions and emotions. Ah, if there be, as the apostle vividly suggests, houses not made with hands, strange splendors, of which these are but shadows, that vast religious spirit may have been finding scope for itself where all the forces of nature shall have been made tributary to the great conceptions of the soul. Save this cathedral, Strassburg has nothing except peaked-roofed houses, dotted with six or seven rows of gable windows.

[Footnote A: From “Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.” Mrs. Stowe published this work in 1854, after returning from the tour she made soon after achieving great fame with “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.” During this visit she was received everywhere with distinction—and especially in England.]

### **FREIBURG AND THE BLACK FOREST[A]**

**BY BAYARD TAYLOR**

The airy basket-work tower of the Freiburg minster rises before me over the black roofs of the houses, and behind stand the gloomy pine-covered mountains of the Black Forest. Of our walk to Heidelberg over the oft-trodden Bergstrasse, I shall say nothing, nor how we climbed the Kaiserstuhl again, and danced around on the top of the tower for one hour amid cloud and mist, while there was sunshine below in the valley of the Neckar. I left Heidelberg yesterday morning in the “stehwagen” for Karlsruhe. The engine whistled, the train started, and, altho I kept my eyes steadily fixt on the spire of the Hauptkirche, three minutes hid it and all the rest of the city from sight. Karlsruhe, the capital of Baden—which we reached in an hour and a half—is unanimously pronounced by travelers to be a most dull and tiresome city. From a glance I had through one of the gates, I should think its reputation was not undeserved. Even its name in German signifies a place of repose.

I stopt at Kork, on the branch-road leading to Strassburg, to meet a German-American about to return to my home in Pennsylvania, where he had lived for some time. I inquired according to the direction he had sent me to Frankfort, but he was not there; however, an old man, finding who I was, said Herr Otto had directed him to go with me to Hesselhurst, a village four or five miles off, where he would meet me. So we set off immediately over the plain, and reached the village at dusk....

My friend arrived at three o’clock the next morning, and, after two or three hours’ talk about home and the friends whom he expected to see so much sooner than I, a young farmer drove me in his wagon to Offenburg, a small city at the foot of the Black Forest, where I took the cars for Freiburg. The scenery between the two places is grand. The broad mountains of the Black Forest rear their fronts on the east, and the blue lines of



the French Vosges meet the clouds on the west. The night before, in walking over the plain, I saw distinctly the whole of the Strassburg minster, whose spire is the highest in Europe, being four hundred and ninety feet, or but twenty-five feet lower than the Pyramid of Cheops.



## Page 24

I visited the minster of Freiburg yesterday morning. It is a grand, gloomy old pile, dating back from the eleventh century—one of the few Gothic churches in Germany that have ever been completed. The tower of beautiful fretwork rises to the height of three hundred and ninety-five feet, and the body of the church, including the choir, is of the same length. The interior is solemn and majestic. Windows stained in colors that burn let in a “dim religious light” which accords very well with the dark old pillars and antique shrines. In two of the chapels there are some fine altar-pieces by Holbein and one of his scholars, and a very large crucifix of silver and ebony, kept with great care, which is said to have been carried with the Crusaders to the Holy Land....

We went this afternoon to the Jaegerhaus, on a mountain near, where we had a very fine view of the city and its great black minster, with the plain of the Briesgau, broken only by the Kaiserstuhl, a long mountain near the Rhine, whose golden stream glittered in the distance. On climbing the Schlossberg, an eminence near the city, we met the grand duchess Stephanie, a natural daughter of Napoleon, as I have heard. A chapel on the Schoenberg, the mountain opposite, was pointed out as the spot where Louis XV.—if I mistake not—usually stood while his army besieged Freiburg. A German officer having sent a ball to this chapel which struck the wall just above the king's head, the latter sent word that if they did not cease firing he would point his cannons at the minster. The citizens thought it best to spare the monarch and save the cathedral.

After two days delightfully spent, we shouldered our knapsacks and left Freiburg. The beautiful valley at the mouth of which the city lies runs like an avenue for seven miles directly into the mountains, and presents in its loveliness such a contrast to the horrid defile which follows that it almost deserves the name which has been given to a little inn at its head—the “Kingdom of Heaven.” The mountains of the Black Forest enclose it on each side like walls, covered to the summit with luxuriant woods, and in some places with those forests of gloomy pine which give this region its name. After traversing its whole length, just before plunging into the mountain-depths the traveler rarely meets with a finer picture than that which, on looking back, he seems framed between the hills at the other end. Freiburg looks around the foot of one of the heights, with the spire of her cathedral peeping above the top, while the French Vosges grow dim in the far perspective.

The road now enters a wild, narrow valley which grows smaller as we proceed. From Himmelreich, a large rude inn by the side of the green meadows, we enter the Hoellenthal—that is, from the “Kingdom of Heaven” to the “Valley of Hell.” The latter place better deserves its appellation than the former. The road winds between precipices of black rock, above which the thick foliage shuts out the brightness of day and gives a somber hue to the scene. A torrent foams down the chasm, and in one place two mighty pillars interpose to prevent all passage. The stream, however, has worn its way through, and the road is hewn in the rock by its side. This cleft is the only entrance to a valley three or four miles long which lies in the very heart of the mountains.



## Page 25

It is inhabited by a few woodmen and their families, and, but for the road which passes through, would be as perfect a solitude as the Happy Valley of Rasselas. At the farther end a winding road called "The Ascent" leads up the steep mountain to an elevated region of country thinly settled and covered with herds of cattle. The cherries—which in the Rhine-plain below had long gone—were just ripe here. The people spoke a most barbarous dialect; they were social and friendly, for everybody greeted us, and sometimes, as we sat on a bank by the roadside, those who passed by would say "Rest thee!" or "Thrice rest!"

Passing by the Titi Lake, a small body of water which was spread out among the hills like a sheet of ink, so deep was its Stygian hue, we commenced ascending a mountain. The highest peak of the Schwarzwald, the Feldberg, rose not far off, and on arriving at the top of this mountain we saw that a half hour's walk would bring us to its summit. This was too great a temptation for my love of climbing heights; so, with a look at the descending sun to calculate how much time we could spare, we set out. There was no path, but we prest directly up the steep side through bushes and long grass, and in a short time reached the top, breathless from such exertion in the thin atmosphere.

The pine-woods shut out the view to the north and east, which is said to be magnificent, as the mountain is about five thousand feet high. The wild black peaks of the Black Forest were spread below us, and the sun sank through golden mist toward the Alsatian hills. Afar to the south, through cloud and storm, we could just trace the white outline of the Swiss Alps. The wind swept through the pines around, and bent the long yellow grass among which we sat, with a strange, mournful sound, well suiting the gloomy and mysterious region. It soon grew cold; the golden clouds settled down toward us, and we made haste to descend to the village of Lenzkirch before dark.

Next morning we set out early, without waiting to see the trial of archery which was to take place among the mountain-youths. Their booths and targets, gay with banners, stood on a green meadow beside the town. We walked through the Black Forest the whole forenoon. It might be owing to the many wild stories whose scenes are laid among these hills, but with me there was a peculiar feeling of solemnity pervading the whole region. The great pine-woods are of the very darkest hue of green, and down their hoary, moss-floored aisles daylight seems never to have shone. The air was pure and clear and the sunshine bright, but it imparted no gayety to the scenery; except the little meadows of living emerald which lay occasionally in the lap of a dell, the landscape wore a solemn and serious air. In a storm it must be sublime.



## Page 26

About noon, from the top of the last range of hills, we had a glorious view. The line of the distant Alps could be faintly traced high in the clouds, and all the heights between were plainly visible, from the Lake of Constance to the misty Jura, which flanked the Vosges on the west. From our lofty station we overlooked half Switzerland, and, had the air been a little clearer, we could have seen Mont Blanc and the mountains of Savoy. I could not help envying the feelings of the Swiss who, after long absence from their native land, first see the Alps from this road. If to the emotions with which I then looked on them were added the passionate love of home and country which a long absence creates, such excess of rapture would be almost too great to be borne.

[Footnote A: From "Views Afoot." Published by G.P. Putnam's Sons.]

## II

### NUREMBERG

### AS A MEDIEVAL CITY[A]

BY CECIL HEADLAM

In spite of all changes, and in spite of the disfigurements of modern industry, Nuremberg is and will remain a medieval city, a city of history and legend, a city of the soul. She is like Venice in this, as in not a little of her history, that she exercises an indefinable fascination over our hearts no less than over our intellects. The subtle flavor of medieval towns may be likened to that of those rare old ports which are said to taste of the grave; a flavor indefinable, exquisite. Rothenburg has it; and it is with Rothenburg, that little gem of medievalism, that Nuremberg is likely to be compared in the mind of the modern wanderer in Franconia. But tho Rothenburg may surpass her greater neighbor in the perfect harmony and in the picturesqueness of her red-tiled houses and well-preserved fortifications, in interest at any rate she must yield to the heroine of this story.

For, apart from the beauty which Nuremberg owes to the wonderful grouping of her red roofs and ancient castle, her coronet of antique towers, her Gothic churches and Renaissance buildings or brown riverside houses dipping into the mud-colored Pegnitz, she rejoices in treasures of art and architecture and in the possession of a splendid history such as Rothenburg can not boast. To those who know something of her story Nuremberg brings the subtle charm of association. While appealing to our memories by the grandeur of her historic past, and to our imaginations by the work and tradition of her mighty dead, she appeals also to our senses with the rare magic of her personal beauty, if one may so call it. In that triple appeal lies the fascination of Nuremberg....



## Page 27

The facts as to the origin of Nuremberg are lost in the dim shadows of tradition. When the little town sprang up amid the forests and swamps which still marked the course of the Pegnitz, we know as little as we know the origin of the name Nuernberg. It is true that the chronicles of later days are only too ready to furnish us with information; but the information is not always reliable. The chronicles, like our own peerage, are apt to contain too vivid efforts of imaginative fiction. The chroniclers, unharassed by facts or documents, with minds "not by geography prejudiced, or warped by history," can not unfortunately always be believed. It is, for instance, quite possible that Attila, King of the Huns, passed and plundered Nuremberg, as they tell us. But there is no proof, no record of that visitation. Again, the inevitable legend of a visit from Charlemagne occurs. He, you may be sure, was lost in the woods while hunting near Nuremberg, and passed all night alone, unhurt by the wild beasts. As a token of gratitude for God's manifest favor he caused a chapel to be built on the spot. The chapel stands to this day—a twelfth-century building—but no matter! for did not Otho I., as our chroniclers tell us, attend mass in St. Sebald's Church in 970, tho St. Sebald's Church can not have been built till a century later?

The origin of the very name of Nuremberg is hidden in the clouds of obscurity. In the earliest documents we find it spelt with the usual variations of early manuscripts—Nourenberg, Nuorimperc, Niurenberg, Nuremberc, *etc.* The origin of the place, we repeat, is equally obscure. Many attempts have been made to find history in the light of the derivations of the name. But when philology turns historian it is apt to play strange tricks. Nur ein Berg (only a castle), or Nero's Castle, or Norix Tower—what matter which is the right derivation, so long as we can base a possible theory on it? The Norixberg theory will serve to illustrate the incredible quantity of misplaced ingenuity which both of old times and in the present has been wasted in trying to explain the inexplicable.

Be that as it may, the history of our town begins in the year 1050. It is most probable that the silence regarding the place—it is not mentioned among the places visited by Conrad II. in this neighborhood—points to the fact that the castle did not exist in 1025, but was built between that year and 1050. That it existed then we know, for Henry III. dated a document from here in 1050, summoning a council of Bavarian nobles "to his estate Nourinberc." The oldest portion, called in the fifteenth century Altnuernberg, consisted of the Fuenfeckiger Thurm—the Five-cornered tower—the rooms attached and the Otmarkapelle. The latter was burned down in 1420, rebuilt in 1428, and called the Walpurgiskapelle. These constituted the Burggraefliche Burg—the Burggraf's Castle. The rest of the castle was built on by Friedrich der Rotbart (Barbarossa),

## Page 28

and called the Kaiserliche Burg. The old Five-cornered tower and the surrounding ground was the private property of the Burggraf, and he was appointed by the Emperor as imperial officer of the Kaiserliche Burg. Whether the Emperors claimed any rights of personal property over Nuremberg or merely treated it, at first, as imperial property, it is difficult to determine. The castle at any rate was probably built to secure whatever rights were claimed, and to serve generally as an imperial stronghold. Gradually around the castle grew up the straggling streets of Nuremberg. Settlers built beneath the shadow of the Burg. The very names of the streets suggest the vicinity of a camp or fortress. Soeldnerstrasse, Schmiedstrasse, and so forth, betray the military origin of the present busy commercial town. From one cause or another a mixture of races, of Germanic and non-Germanic, of Slavonic and Frankish elements, seems to have occurred among the inhabitants of the growing village, producing a special blend which in dialect, in customs, and in dress was soon noticed by the neighbors as unique, and stamping the art and development of Nuremberg with that peculiar character which has never left it.

Various causes combined to promote the growth of the place. The temporary removal of the Mart from Fuerth to Nuremberg under Henry III. doubtless gave a great impetus to the development of the latter town. Henry IV., indeed, gave back the rights of Mart, customs and coinage to Fuerth. But it seems probable that these rights were not taken away again from Nuremberg. The possession of a Mart was, of course, of great importance to a town in those days, promoting industries and arts and settled occupations. The Nurembergers were ready to suck out the fullest advantage from their privilege. That mixture of races, to which we have referred, resulted in remarkable business energy—energy which soon found scope in the conduct of the business which the natural position of Nuremberg on the south and north, the east and western trade routes, brought to her. It was not very long before she became the center of the vast trade between the Levant and Western Europe, and the chief emporium for the produce of Italy—the “Handelsmetropole” in fact of South Germany.

Nothing in the Middle Ages was more conducive to the prosperity of a town than the reputation of having a holy man within its borders, or the possession of the miracle-working relics of a saint. Just as St. Elizabeth made Marburg so St. Sebaldus proved a very potent attraction to Nuremberg. As early as 1070 and 1080 we hear of pilgrimages to Nuremberg in honor of her patron saint.



## Page 29

Another factor in the growth of the place was the frequent visits which the Emperors began to pay to it. Lying as it did on their way from Bamberg and Forcheim to Regensburg, the Kaisers readily availed themselves of the security offered by this impregnable fortress, and of the sport provided in the adjacent forest. For there was good hunting to be had in the forest which, seventy-two miles in extent, surrounded Nuremberg. And hunting, next to war, was then in most parts of Europe the most serious occupation of life. All the forest rights, we may mention, of wood-cutting, hunting, charcoal burning and bee-farming belonged originally to the Empire. But these were gradually acquired by the Nuremberg Council, chiefly by purchase in the fifteenth century.

In the castle the visitor may notice a list of all the Emperors—some thirty odd, all told—who have stayed there—a list that should now include the reigning Emperor. We find that Henry IV. frequently honored Nuremberg with his presence. This is that Henry IV., whose scene at Canossa with the Pope—Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire waiting three days in the snow to kiss the foot of excommunicative Gregory—has imprest itself on all memories. His last visit to Nuremberg was a sad one. His son rebelled against him, and the old king stopt at Nuremberg to collect his forces. In the war between father and son Nuremberg was loyal, and took the part of Henry IV. It was no nominal part, for in 1105 she had to stand a siege from the young Henry. For two months the town was held by the burghers and the castle by the Prefect Conrad. At the end of that time orders came from the old Kaiser that the town was to surrender. He had given up the struggle, and his undutiful son succeeded as Henry V. to the Holy Roman Empire, and Nuremberg with it. The mention of this siege gives us an indication of the growth of the town. The fact of the siege and the words of the chronicler, "The townsmen (oppidani) gave up the town under treaty," seem to point to the conclusion that Nuremberg was now no longer a mere fort (castrum), but that walls had sprung up round the busy mart and the shrine of St. Sebald, and that by this time Nuremberg had risen to the dignity of a "Stadt" or city state. Presently, indeed, we find her rejoicing in the title of "Civitas" (state). The place, it is clear, was already of considerable military importance or it would not have been worth while to invest it. The growing volume of trade is further illustrated by a charter of Henry V. (1112) giving to the citizens of Worms customs' immunity in various places subject to him, among which Frankfort, Goslar and Nuremberg are named as royal towns ("oppida regis").

[Footnote A: From "The Story of Nuremberg." Published by E.P. Dutton & Co.]

## ITS CHURCHES AND THE CITADEL[A]

BY THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN

## Page 30

It may be as well briefly to notice the two churches—St. Sebald and St. Lawrence. The former was within a stone's throw of our inn. Above the door of the western front is a remarkably fine crucifix of wood—placed, however, in too deep a recess—said to be by Veit Stoss. The head is of a very fine form, and the countenance has an expression of the most acute and intense feeling. A crown of thorns is twisted around the brow. But this figure, as well as the whole of the outside and inside of the church, stands in great need of being repaired. The towers are low, with insignificant turrets; the latter evidently a later erection—probably at the commencement of the sixteenth century. The eastern extremity, as well indeed as the aisles, is surrounded by buttresses; and the sharp-pointed, or lancet, windows, seem to bespeak the fourteenth, if not the thirteenth, century. The great “wonder” of the interior is the Shrine of the Saint (to whom the church is dedicated), of which the greater part is silver. At the time of my viewing it, it was in a disjointed state—parts of it having been taken to pieces, for repair; but from Geisler's exquisite little engraving, I should pronounce it to be second to few specimens of similar art in Europe. The figures do not exceed two feet in height, and the extreme elevation of the shrine may be about eight feet. Nor has Geisler's almost equally exquisite little engraved carving of the richly carved Gothic font in this church, less claim upon the admiration of the connoisseur.

The mother church, or Cathedral of St. Lawrence, is much larger, and portions of it may be of the latter end of the thirteenth century. The principal entrance presents us with an elaborate doorway—perhaps of the fourteenth century—with the sculpture divided into several compartments, as at Rouen, Strassburg, and other earlier edifices. There is a poverty in the two towers, both from their size and the meagerness of the windows; but the slim spires at the summit are, doubtless, nearly of a coeval date with that which supports them. The bottom of the large circular or marigold window is injured in its effect by a Gothic balustrade of a later period. The interior of this church has certainly nothing very commanding or striking, on the score of architectural grandeur or beauty; but there are some painted glass windows—especially by Volkmar—which are deserving of particular attention. Nuremberg has one advantage over many populous towns; its public buildings are not choked up by narrow streets; and I hardly know an edifice of distinction, round which the spectator may not walk with perfect ease, and obtain a view of every portion which he is desirous of examining....



## Page 31

Of all edifices, more especially deserving of being visited at Nuremberg, the Citadel is doubtless the most curious and ancient, as well as the most remarkable. It rises to a considerable height, close upon the outer walls of the town, within about a stone's throw of the end of Albrecht Duerer Strasse—or the street where Albert Duerer lived—and whose house is not only yet in existence, but still the object of attraction and veneration with every visitor of taste, from whatever part of the world he may chance to come. The street running down is the street called (as before observed) after Albert Duerer's own name; and the well, seen about the middle of it, is a specimen of those wells—built of stone—which are very common in the streets of Nuremberg. The upper part of the house of Albert Duerer is supposed to have been his study. The interior is so altered from its original disposition as to present little or nothing satisfactory to the antiquary. It would be difficult to say how many coats of whitewash have been bestowed upon the rooms, since the time when they were tenanted by the great character in question.

Passing through this street, therefore, you may turn to the right, and continue onward up a pretty smart ascent; when the entrance to the Citadel, by the side of a low wall—in front of an old tower—presents itself to your attention. It was before breakfast that my companion and self visited this interesting interior, over every part of which we were conducted by a most loquacious cicerone, who spoke the French language very fluently, and who was pleased to express his extreme gratification upon finding that his visitors were Englishmen. The tower and the adjoining chapel, may be each of the thirteenth century; but the tombstone of the founder of the monastery, upon the site of which the present Citadel was built, bears the date of 1296. This tombstone is very perfect; lying in a loose, unconnected manner, as you enter the chapel; the chapel itself having a crypt-like appearance. This latter is very small.

From the suite of apartments in the older parts of the Citadel, there is a most extensive and uninterrupted view of the surrounding country, which is rather flat. At the distance of about nine miles, the town of Fuerth (Furta) looks as if it were within an hour's walk; and I should think that the height of the chambers (from which we enjoyed this view) to the level ground of the adjacent meadows could be scarcely less than three hundred feet. In these chambers there is a little world of curiosity for the antiquary; and yet it was but too palpable that very many of its more precious treasures had been transported to Munich. In the time of Maximilian II., when Nuremberg may be supposed to have been in the very height of its glory, this Citadel must have been worth a pilgrimage of many score miles to have visited. The ornaments which remain are chiefly pictures; of which several are exceedingly precious....

## Page 32

In these curious old chambers, it was to be expected that I should see some Wohlegemuths—as usual, with backgrounds in a blaze of gold, and figures with tortuous limbs, pinched-in waists, and caricatured countenances. In a room, pretty plentifully encumbered with rubbish, I saw a charming Snyders; being a dead stag, suspended from a pole. There is here a portrait of Albert Duerer, by himself; but said to be a copy. If so, it is a very fine copy. The original is supposed to be at Munich. There was nothing else that my visit enabled me to see particularly deserving of being recorded; but, when I was told that it was in this Citadel that the ancient Emperors of Germany used oftentimes to reside, and make carousal, and when I saw, now, scarcely anything but dark passages, unfurnished galleries, naked halls, and untenanted chambers—I own that I could hardly refrain from uttering a sigh over the mutability of earthly fashions, and the transitoriness of worldly grandeur. With a rock for its base, and walls almost of adamant for its support—situated also upon an eminence which may be said to look frowningly down over a vast sweep of country—the Citadel of Nuremberg should seem to have bid defiance, in former times, to every assault of the most desperate and enterprising foe. It is now visited only by the casual traveler—who is frequently startled at the echo of his own footsteps.

While I am on the subject of ancient art—of which so many curious specimens are to be seen in this Citadel—it may not be irrelevant to conduct the reader at once to what is called the Town Hall—a very large structure—of which portions are devoted to the exhibition of old pictures. Many of these paintings are in a very suspicious state, from the operations of time and accident; but the great boast of the collection is the “Triumphs of Maximilian I.,” executed by Albert Duerer—which, however, has by no means escaped injury. I was accompanied in my visit to this interesting collection by Mr. Boerner, and had particular reason to be pleased by the friendliness of his attentions, and by the intelligence of his observations. A great number of these pictures (as I understood) belonged to a house in which he was a partner; and among them a portrait, by Pens, struck me as being singularly admirable and exquisite. The countenance, the dress, the attitude, the drawing and coloring, were as perfect as they well might be. But this collection has also suffered from the transportation of many of its treasures to Munich. The rooms, halls, and corridors of this Hotel de Ville give you a good notion of municipal grandeur.



## Page 33

In the neighborhood of Nuremberg—that is to say, scarcely more than an English mile from thence—are the grave and tombstone of Albert Duerer. The monument is simple and striking. In the churchyard there is a representation of the Crucifixion, cut in stone. It was on a fine, calm evening, just after sunset, that I first visited the tombstone of Albert Duerer; and I shall always remember the sensations, with which that visit was attended, as among the most pleasing and impressive of my life. The silence of the spot—its retirement from the city—the falling shadows of night, and the increasing solemnity of every monument of the dead—together with the mysterious, and even awful, effect produced by the colossal crucifix—but yet, perhaps, more than either, the recollection of the extraordinary talents of the artist, so quietly sleeping beneath my feet—all conspired to produce a train of reflections which may be readily conceived, but not so readily described. If ever a man deserved to be considered as the glory of his age and nation, Albert Duerer was surely that man. He was, in truth, the Shakespeare of his art—for the period.

[Footnote A: From “A Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour.” Dibdin’s tour was made in 1821.]

### **NUREMBERG TO-DAY[A]**

**BY CECIL HEADLAM**

Nuremberg is set upon a series of small slopes in the midst of an undulating, sandy plain, some 900 feet above the sea. Here and there on every side fringes and patches of the mighty forest which once covered it are still visible; but for the most part the plain is now freckled with picturesque villages, in which stand old turreted chateaux, with gabled fronts and latticed windows, or it is clothed with carefully cultivated crops or veiled from sight by the smoke which rises from the new-grown forest of factory chimneys.

The railway sets us down outside the walls of the city. As we walk from the station toward the Frauen Thor, and stand beneath the crown of fortified walls three and a half miles in circumference, and gaze at the old gray towers and picturesque confusion of domes, pinnacles and spires, suddenly it seems as if our dream of a feudal city has been realized. There, before us, is one of the main entrances, still between massive gates and beneath archways flanked by stately towers. Still to reach it we must cross a moat fifty feet deep and a hundred feet wide. True, the swords of old days have been turned into pruning-hooks; the crenelles and embrasures which once bristled and blazed with cannon are now curtained with brambles and wall-flowers, and festooned with Virginia creepers; the galleries are no longer crowded with archers and cross-bowmen; the moat itself has blossomed into a garden, luxuriant with limes and acacias, elders, planes, chestnuts, poplars, walnut, willow and birch trees, or divided into

carefully tilled little garden plots. True it is that outside the moat, beneath the smug grin of substantial modern houses, runs that mark of modernity, the electric tram.



## Page 34

But let us for the moment forget these gratifying signs of modern prosperity and, turning to the left ere we enter the Frauen Thor, walk with our eyes on the towers which, with their steep-pitched roofs and myriad shapes and richly colored tiles, mark the intervals in the red-bricked, stone-cased galleries and mighty bastions, till we come to the first beginnings of Nuremberg—the Castle. There, on the highest eminence of the town, stands that venerable fortress, crowning the red slope of tiles. Roofs piled on roofs, their pinnacles, turrets, points and angles heaped one above the other in a splendid confusion, climb the hill which culminates in the varied group of buildings on the Castle rock. We have passed the Spittler, Mohren, Haller and Neu Gates on our way, and we have crossed by the Hallerthorbruecke the Pegnitz where it flows into the town. Before us rise the bold scarps and salient angles of the bastions built by the Italian architect, Antonio Fazuni, called the Maltese (1538-43).

Crossing the moat by a wooden bridge which curls round to the right, we enter the town by the Thiergaertnerthor. The right-hand corner house opposite us now is Albert Duerer's house. We turn to the left and go along the Obere Schmiedgasse till we arrive at the top of a steep hill (Burgstrasse). Above, on the left, is the Castle.

We may now either go through the Himmels Thor to the left, or keeping straight up under the old trees and passing the "Mount of Olives" on the left, approach the large deep-roofed building between two towers. This is the Kaiserstallung, as it is called, the Imperial stables, built originally for a granary. The towers are the Luginsland (Look in the land) on the east, and the Fuenfeckiger Thurm, the Five-cornered tower, at the west end (on the left hand as we thus face it). The Luginsland was built by the townspeople in the hard winter of 1377. The mortar for building it, tradition says, had to be mixed with salt, so that it might be kept soft and be worked in spite of the severe cold. The chronicles state that one could see right into the Burggraf's Castle from this tower, and the town was therefore kept informed of any threatening movements on his part.

To some extent that was very likely the object in view when the tower was built, but chiefly it must have been intended, as its name indicates, to afford a far look-out into the surrounding country. The granary or Kaiserstallung, as it was called later, was erected in 1494, and is referred to by Hans Behaim as lying between the Five-cornered and the Luginsland Towers. Inside the former there is a museum of curiosities (Hans Sachs' harp) and the famous collection of instruments of torture and the Maiden (Eiserne Jungfrau). The open space adjoining it commands a splendid view to the north. There, too, on the parapet-wall, may be seen the hoof-marks of the horse of the robber-king, Ekkelein von Gailingen. Here for a moment let us pause, consider our position, and endeavor to make out from the conflicting theories of the archeologists something of the original arrangement of the castles and of the significance of the buildings and towers that yet remain.



## Page 35

Stretching to the east of the rock on which the Castle stands is a wide plain, now the scene of busy industrial enterprise, but in old days no doubt a mere district of swamp and forest. Westward the rock rises by three shelves to the summit. The entrance to the Castle, it is surmised, was originally on the east side, at the foot of the lower plateau and through a tower which no longer exists.

Opposite this hypothetical gate-way stood the Five-cornered tower. The lower part dates, we have seen, from no earlier than the eleventh century. It is referred to as Alt-Nuernberg (old Nuremberg) in the Middle Ages. The title of "Five-cornered" is really somewhat a misnomer, for an examination of the interior of the lower portion of the tower reveals the fact that it is quadrangular. The pentagonal appearance of the exterior is due to the fragment of a smaller tower which once leaned against it, and probably formed the apex of a wing running out from the old castle of the Burggrafs. The Burggraefliche Burg stood below, according to Mummenhof, southwest and west of this point. It was burned down in 1420, and the ruined remains of it are supposed to be traceable in the eminence, now overgrown by turf and trees, through which a sort of ravine, closed in on either side by built-up walls, has just brought us from the town to the Vestner Thor.

The Burggraf's Castle would appear to have been so situated as to protect the approach to the Imperial Castle (Kaiserburg). The exact extent of the former we can not now determine. Meisterlin refers to it as a little fort. We may, however, be certain that it reached from the Five-cornered tower to the Walpurgiskapelle. For this little chapel, east of the open space called the Freieung, is repeatedly spoken of as being on the property of the Burggrafs. Besides their castle proper, which was held at first as a fief of the Empire, and afterward came to be regarded as their hereditary, independent property, the Burggrafs were also entrusted with the keeping of a tower which commanded the entrance to the Castle rock on the country side, perhaps near the site of the present Vestner Thor. The guard door may have been attached to the tower, the lower portion of which remains to this day, and is called the Bailiff's Dwelling (Burgamtmannswohnung). The exact relationship of the Burggraf to the town on the one hand, and to the Empire on the other, is somewhat obscure. Originally, it would appear, he was merely an Imperial officer, administering Imperial estates, and looking after Imperial interests. In later days he came to possess great power, but this was due not to his position as castellan or castle governor as such, but to the vast private property his position had enabled him to amass and to keep.



## Page 36

As the scope and ambitions of the Burggrafs increased, and as the smallness of their castle at Nuremberg, and the constant friction with the townspeople, who were able to annoy them in many ways, became more irksome, they gave up living at Nuremberg, and finally were content to sell their rights and possessions there to the town. Beside the guard door of the Burggrafs, which together with their castle passed by purchase into the hands of the town (1427), there were various other similar guard towers, such as the one which formerly occupied the present site of the Luginsland, or the Hasenburg at the so-called Himmels Thor, or a third which once stood near the Deep Well on the second plateau of the Castle rock. But we do not know how many of these there were, or where they stood, much less at what date they were built. All we do know is that they, as well as the Burggrafs' possessions, were purchased in succession by the town, into whose hands by degrees came the whole property of the Castle rock. Above the ruins of the "little fort" of the Burggrafs rises the first plateau of the Castle rock. It is surrounded by a wall, strengthened on the south side by a square tower against which leans the Walpurgiskapelle.

The path to the Kaiserburg leads under the wall of the plateau, and is entirely commanded by it and by the quadrangular tower, the lower part of which alone remains and is known by the name of Burgamtmannswohnung. The path goes straight to this tower, and at the foot of it is the entrance to the first plateau. Then along the edge of this plateau the way winds southward, entirely commanded again by the wall of the second plateau, at the foot of which there probably used to be a trench. Over this a bridge led to the gate of the second plateau. The trench has been long since filled in, but the huge round tower which guarded the gate still remains and is the Vestner Thurm. The Vestner Thurm of Sinwel Thurm (sinwel = round), or, as it is called in a charter of the year 1313, the "Middle Tower," is the only round tower of the Burg. It was built in the days of early Gothic, with a sloping base, and of roughly flattened stones with a smooth edge. It was partly restored and altered in 1561, when it was made a few feet higher and its round roof was added. It is worth paying the small gratuity required for ascending to the top. The view obtained of the city below is magnificent. The Vestner Thurm, like the whole Imperial castle, passed at length into the care of the town, which kept its Tower watch here as early as the fourteenth century.

The well which supplied the second plateau with water, the "Deep Well," as it is called, stands in the center, surrounded by a wall. It is 335 feet deep, hewn out of the solid rock, and is said to have been wrought by the hands of prisoners, and to have been the labor of thirty years. So much we can easily believe as we lean over and count the six seconds that elapse between the time when an object

## Page 37

is dropt from the top to the time when it strikes the water beneath. Passages lead from the water's edge to the Rathaus, by which prisoners came formerly to draw water, and to St. John's Churchyard and other points outside the town. The system of underground passages here and in the Castle was an important part of the defenses, affording as it did a means of communication with the outer world and as a last extremity, in the case of a siege, a means of escape.

Meanwhile, leaving the Deep Well and passing some insignificant modern dwellings, and leaving beneath us on the left the Himmelsthor, let us approach the summit of the rock and the buildings of the Kaiserburg itself. As we advance to the gateway with the intention of ringing the bell for the castellan, we notice on the left the Double Chapel, attaching to the Heathen Tower, the lower part of which is encrusted with what were once supposed to be Pagan images. The Tower protrudes beyond the face of the third plateau, and its prominence may indicate the width of a trench, now filled in, which was once dug outside the enclosing wall of the summit of the rock. The whole of the south side of this plateau is taken up by the "Palast" (the vast hall, two stories high, which, tho it has been repeatedly rebuilt, may in its original structure be traced back as far as the twelfth century), and the "Kemnate" or dwelling-rooms which seem to have been without any means of defense. This plateau, like the second, is supplied with a well. But the first object that strikes the eye on entering the court-yard is the ruined limetree, the branches of which once spread their broad and verdant shelter over the whole extent of the quadrangle.

On leaving the Castle we find ourselves in the Burgstrasse, called in the old days Unter der Veste, which was probably the High Street of the old town. Off both sides of this street and of the Bergstrasse ran narrow crooked little alleys lined with wooden houses of which time and fire have left scarcely any trace. As you wander round the city tracing the line of the old walls, you are struck by the general air of splendor. Most of the houses are large and of a massive style of architecture, adorned with fanciful gables and bearing the impress of the period when every inhabitant was a merchant, and every merchant was lodged like a king. The houses of the merchant princes, richly carved both inside and out, tell of the wealth and splendor of Nuremberg in her proudest days. But you will also come upon a hundred crooked little streets and narrow alleys, which, tho entrancingly picturesque, tell of yet other days and other conditions.



## Page 38

They tell of those early medieval days when the houses were almost all of wood and roofed with straw-thatching or wooden tiles; when the chimneys and bridges alike were built of wood. Only here and there a stone house roofed with brick could then be seen. The streets were narrow and crooked, and even in the fifteenth century mostly unpaved. In wet weather they were filled with unfathomable mud, and even tho in the lower part of the town trenches were dug to drain the streets, they remained mere swamps and morasses. In dry weather the dust was even a worse plague than the mud. Pig-styes stood in front of the houses; and the streets were covered with heaps of filth and manure and with rotting corpses of animals, over which the pigs wandered at will. Street police in fact was practically non-existent. Medievalism is undoubtedly better when survived.

[Footnote A: From "The Story of Nuremberg." Published by E.P. Dutton & Co.]

## WALLS AND OTHER FORTIFICATIONS[A]

BY CECIL HEADLAM

A glance at the map will show us that Nuremberg, as we know it, is divided into two almost equal divisions. They are called after the names of the principal churches, the St. Lorenz, and the St. Sebald quarter. The original wall included, it will be seen, only a small portion of the northern or St. Sebald division. With the growth of the town an extension of the walls and an increase of fortification followed as a matter of course. It became necessary to carry the wall over the Pegnitz in order to protect the Lorenzkirche and the suburb which was springing up around it. The precise date of this extension of the fortifications can not be fixt. The chronicles attribute it to the twelfth century, in the reign of the first Hohenstaufen, Konrad III. No trace of a twelfth-century wall remains; but the chroniclers may, for all that, have been not very wide of the mark. The mud and wood which supplied the material of the wall may have given place to stone in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. However that may be, it will be remembered that the lower part of the White Tower, which is the oldest fragment of building we can certainly point to dates from the thirteenth century. All other portions of the second wall clearly indicate the fourteenth century, or later, as the time of their origin....

Beyond the White Tower the moat was long ago filled up, but the section of it opposite the Unschlittplatz remained open for a longer period than the rest, and was called the Klettengraben, because of the burdocks which took root there. Hereabouts, on a part of the moat, the Waizenbraeuhaus was built in 1671, which is now the famous Freiherrlich von Tuchersche Brewery. Here, too, the Unschlitthaus was built at the end of the fifteenth century as a granary. It has since been turned into a school.



## Page 39

We have now reached one of the most charming and picturesque bits of Nuremberg. Once more we have to cross the Pegnitz, whose banks are overhung by quaint old houses. Their projecting roofs and high gables, their varied chimneys and overhanging balconies from which trail rich masses of creepers, make an entrancing foreground to the towers and the arches of the Henkersteg. The wall was carried on arches over the southern arm of the Pegnitz to the point of the Saumarkt (or Troedelmarkt) island which here divides the river, and thence in like manner over the northern arm. The latter portion of it alone survives and comprises a large tower on the north bank called the Wasserthurm, which was intended to break the force of the stream; a bridge supported by two arches over the stream, which was the Henkersteg, the habitation of the hangman, and on the island itself a smaller tower, which formed the point of support for the original, southern pair of arches, which joined the Unschlitthaus, but were so badly damaged in 1595 by the high flood that they were demolished and replaced by a wooden, and later by an iron bridge.

Somewhere in the second half of the fourteenth century, then, in the reign of Karl IV., they began to build the outer enceinte, which, altho destroyed at many places and broken through by modern gates and entrances, is still fairly well preserved, and secures to Nuremberg the reputation of presenting most faithfully of all the larger German towns the characteristics of a medieval town. The fortifications seem to have been thrown up somewhat carelessly at first, but dread of the Hussites soon inspired the citizens to make themselves as secure as possible. In times of war and rumors of war all the peasants within a radius of two miles of the town were called upon to help in the construction of barriers and ramparts. The whole circle of walls, towers, and ditches was practically finished by 1452, when with pardonable pride Tucher wrote, "In this year was completed the ditch round the town. It took twenty-six years to build, and it will cost an enemy a good deal of trouble to cross it." Part of the ditch had been made and perhaps revetted as early as 1407, but it was not till twenty years later that it began to be dug to the enormous breadth and depth which it boasts to-day. The size of it was always a source of pride to Nurembergers, and it was perhaps due to this reason that up till as recently as 1869 it was left perfectly intact. On the average it is about 100 feet broad.

It was always intended to be a dry ditch, and, so far from there being any arrangements for flooding it, precautions were taken to carry the little Fischbach, which formerly entered the town near the modern Sternthor, across the ditch in a trough. The construction of the ditch was provided for by an order of the Council in 1427, to the effect that all householders, whether male or female, must work at the ditch one day in the year with their children of over twelve years of age, and with all their servants, male or female. Those who were not able to work had to pay a substitute. Subsequently this order was changed to the effect that every one who could or would not work must pay ten pfennige. There were no exemptions from this liturgy, whether in favor of councillor, official, or lady. The order remained ten years in force, tho the amount of the payment was gradually reduced....

## Page 40

At the time of the construction of these and the other lofty towers it was still thought that the raising of batteries as much as possible would increase their effect. In practise the plunging fire from platforms at the height of some eighty feet above the level of the parapets of the town wall can hardly have been capable of producing any great effect, more especially if the besieging force succeeded in establishing itself on the crest of the counterscarp of the ditches, since from that point the swell of the bastions masked the towers. But there was another use for these lofty towers. The fact is that the Nuremberg engineers, at the time that they were built, had not yet adopted a complete system of flank-works, and not having as yet applied with all its consequences the axiom that that which defends should itself be defended, they wanted to see and command their external defenses from within the body of the place, as, a century before, the baron could see from the top of his donjon whatever was going on round the walls of his castle, and send up his support to any point of attack. The great round towers of Nuremberg are more properly, in fact, detached keeps than portions of a combined system, rather observatories than effective defenses.

The round towers, however, were not the sole defenses of the gates. Outside each one of them was a kind of fence of pointed beams after the manner of a chevaux-de-frise, while outside the ditch and close to the bridge stood a barrier, by the side of which was a guard-house. Tho it was not till 1598 that all the main gates were fitted with drawbridges, the wooden bridges that served before that could doubtless easily be destroyed in cases of emergency. Double-folding doors and portcullises protected the gateways themselves. Once past there, the enemy was far from being in the town, for the road led through extensive advanced works, presenting, as in the case of the Laufer Thor outwork, a regular "place d'armes." Further, the road was so engineered as not to lead in a straight line from the outer main gates to the inner ones, but rather so as to pursue a circuitous course. Thus the enemy in passing through from the one to the other were exposed as long as possible to the shots and projectiles of the defenders, who were stationed all round the walls and towers flanking the advanced tambour. This arrangement may be traced very clearly at the Frauen Thor to-day. The position of the round tower, it will be observed, was an excellent one for commanding the road from the outer to the inner gate.

At intervals of every 120 or 150 feet the interior wall is broken by quadrilateral towers. Some eighty-three of these, including the gate towers, can still be traced. What the number was originally we do not know. It is the sort of subject on which chroniclers have no manner of conscience. The Hartmann Schedel Chronicle, for instance, gives Nuremberg 365 towers in all. The fact that there

## Page 41

are 365 days in the year is of course sufficient proof of this assertion! The towers, which rise two or even three stories above the wall, communicated on both sides with the covered way. They are now used as dwelling-houses. On some of them there can still be seen, projecting near the roof, two little machicoulis turrets, which served as guard-rooms for observing the enemy, and also, by overhanging the base of the tower, enabled the garrison to hurl down on their assailants at the foot of the wall a hurricane of projectiles of every sort. Like the wall the towers are built almost entirely of sandstone, but on the side facing the town they are usually faced with brick. The shapes of the roofs vary from flat to pointed, but the towers themselves are simple and almost austere in form in comparison with those generally found in North Germany, where fantasy runs riot in red brick. The Nuremberg towers were obviously intended in the first place for use rather than for ornament.

At the end of our long perambulations of the walls it will be a grateful relief to sit for a while at one of the “Restaurations” or restaurants on the walls. There, beneath the shade of acacias in the daytime, or in the evening by the white light of incandescent gas, you may sit and watch the groups of men, women, and children all drinking from their tall glasses of beer, and you may listen to the whirr and ting-tang of the electric cars, where the challenge of sentinels or the cry of the night-watchman was once the most frequent sound. Or, if you have grown tired of the Horn- and the Schloss-zwinger, cross the ditch on the west side of the town and make your way to the Rosenau, in the Fuertherstrasse. The Rosenau is a garden of trees and roses not lacking in chairs and tables, in bowers, benches, and a band. There, too, you will see the good burgher with his family drinking beer, eating sausages, and smoking contentedly.

[Footnote A: From “The Story of Nuremberg.” Published by E.P. Dutton & Co.]

### **ALBERT DUERER[A]**

**BY CECIL HEADLAM**

Among the most treasured of Nuremberg’s relics is the low-ceilinged, gabled house near the Thiergaertnerthor, in which Albert Duerer lived and died, in the street now called after his name. The works of art which he presented to the town, or with which he adorned its churches, have unfortunately, with but few exceptions, been sold to the stranger. It is in Vienna and Munich, in Dresden and Berlin, in Florence, in Prague, or the British Museum, that we find splendid collections of Duerer’s works. Not at Nuremberg. But here at any rate we can see the house in which he toiled—no genius ever took more pains—and the surroundings which imprest his mind and influenced his inspiration.

## Page 42

If, in the past, Nuremberg has been only too anxious to turn his works into cash, to-day she guards Albert Duerer's house with a care and reverence little short of religious. She has sold, in the days of her poverty and foolishness, the master's pictures and drawings, which are his own best monument; but she has set up a noble monument to his memory (by Rauch, 1840) in the Duerer Platz, and his house is opened to the public between the hours of 8 A.M. and 1 P.M., and 2 and 6 P.M. on week days. The Albert-Duerer-Haus Society has done admirable work in restoring and preserving the house in its original state with the aid of Professor Wanderer's architectural and antiquarian skill. Reproductions of Duerer's works are also kept here.

The most superficial acquaintance with Duerer's drawings will have prepared us for the sight of his simple, unpretentious house and its contents. In his "Birth of the Virgin" he gives us a picture of the German home of his day, where there were few superfluous knick-knacks, but everything which served for daily use was well and strongly made and of good design. Ceilings, windows, doors and door-handles, chests, locks, candlesticks, banisters, waterpots, the very cooking utensils, all betray the fine taste and skilled labor, the personal interest of the man who made them. So in Duerer's house, as it is preserved to-day, we can still see and admire the careful simplicity of domestic furniture, which distinguishes that in the "Birth of the Virgin." The carved coffers, the solid tables, the spacious window-seats, the well-fitting cabinets let into the walls, the carefully wrought metal-work we see there are not luxurious; their merit is quite other than that. In workmanship as in design, how utterly do they put to shame the contents of the ordinary "luxuriously furnished apartments" of the present day!

And what manner of man was he who lived in this house that nestles beneath the ancient castle? In the first place a singularly loveable man, a man of sweet and gentle spirit, whose life was one of high ideals and noble endeavor. In the second place an artist who, both for his achievements and for his influence on art, stands in the very front rank of artists, and of German artists is "facile princeps." At whatever point we may study Duerer and his works we are never conscious of disappointment. As painter, as author, as engraver, or simple citizen, the more we know of him the more we are morally and intellectually satisfied. Fortunately, through his letters and writings, his journals and autobiographical memoirs we know a good deal about his personal history and education.

Duerer's grandfather came of a farmer race in the village of Eytas in Hungary. The grandfather turned goldsmith, and his eldest son, Albrecht Duerer the elder, came to Nuremberg in 1455 and settled in the Burgstrasse (No. 27). He became one of the leading goldsmiths of the town; married and had eighteen children, of whom only three, boys, grew up. Albrecht, or as we call him Albert Duerer, was the eldest of these. He was born May 21, 1471, in his father's house, and Anthoni Koberger, the printer and bookseller, the Stein of those days, stood godfather to him. The maintenance of so large a family involved the father, skilful artist as he was, in unremitting toil.



## Page 43

His father, who was delighted with Albert's industry, took him from school as soon as he had learned to read and write and apprenticed him to a goldsmith. "But my taste drew me toward painting rather than toward goldsmithry. I explained this to my father, but he was not satisfied, for he regretted the time I had lost." Benvenuto Cellini has told us how his father, in like fashion, was eager that he should practise the "accurst art" of music. Duerer's father, however, soon gave in and in 1486 apprenticed the boy to Michael Wolgemut. That extraordinary beautiful, and, for a boy of that age, marvelously executed portrait of himself at the age of thirteen (now at Vienna) must have shown the father something of the power that lay undeveloped in his son. So "it was arranged that I should serve him for three years. During that time God gave me great industry so that I learned many things; but I had to suffer much at the hands of the other apprentices."

When in 1490 his apprenticeship was completed Duerer set out on his Wanderjahre, to learn what he could of men and things, and, more especially, of his own trade. Martin Schongauer was dead, but under that master's brothers Duerer studied and helped to support himself by his art at Colmar and at Basle. Various wood-blocks executed by him at the latter place are preserved there. Whether he also visited Venice now or not is a moot point. Here or elsewhere, at any rate, he came under the influence of the Bellini, of Mantegna, and more particularly of Jacopo dei Barbari—the painter and engraver to whom he owed the incentive to study the proportions of the human body—a study which henceforth became the most absorbing interest of his life.

"I was four years absent from Nuremberg," he records, "and then my father recalled me. After my return Hans Frey came to an understanding with my father. He gave me his daughter Agnes and with her 200 florins, and we were married." Duerer, who writes so lovingly of his parents, never mentions his wife with any affection; a fact which to some extent confirms her reputation as a Xantippe. She, too, in her way, it is suggested, practised the art of cross-hatching. Pirkheimer, writing after the artist's death, says that by her avariciousness and quarreling nature she brought him to the grave before his day. She was probably a woman of a practical and prosaic turn, to whom the dreamy, poetic, imaginative nature of the artist-student, her husband, was intolerably irritating. Yet as we look at his portraits of himself—and no man except Rembrandt has painted himself so often—it is difficult to understand how any one could have been angry with Albert Duerer. Never did the face of man bear a more sweet, benign, and trustful expression. In those portraits we see something of the beauty, of the strength, of the weakness of the man so beloved in his generation. His fondness for fine clothes and his legitimate pride in his personal beauty reveal themselves in the rich vestments he wears and the wealth of silken curls, so carefully waved, so wondrously painted, falling proudly over his free neck.

# Page 44

[Footnote A: From "The Story of Nuremberg." Published by E.P. Dutton & Co.]

## III

### OTHER BAVARIAN CITIES

### MUNICH[A]

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

Art has done everything for Munich. It lies on a large flat plain sixteen hundred feet above the sea and continually exposed to the cold winds from the Alps. At the beginning of the present century it was but a third-rate city, and was rarely visited by foreigners; since that time its population and limits have been doubled and magnificent edifices in every style of architecture erected, rendering it scarcely secondary in this respect to any capital in Europe.[B] Every art that wealth or taste could devise seems to have been spent in its decoration. Broad, spacious streets and squares have been laid out, churches, halls and colleges erected, and schools of painting and sculpture established which draw artists from all parts of the world. All this was principally brought about by the taste of the present king, Ludwig I., who began twenty or thirty years ago, when he was crown-prince, to collect the best German artists around him and form plans for the execution of his grand design. He can boast of having done more for the arts than any other living monarch; and if he had accomplished it all without oppressing his people, he would deserve an immortality of fame....

We went one morning to see the collection of paintings formerly belonging to Eugene Beauharnais, who was brother-in-law to the present King of Bavaria, in the palace of his son, the Duke of Leuchtenberg. The first hall contains works principally by French artists, among which are two by Gerard—a beautiful portrait of Josephine, and the blind Belisarius carrying his dead companion. The boy's head lies on the old man's shoulder; but for the livid paleness of his limbs, he would seem to be only asleep, while a deep and settled sorrow marks the venerable features of the unfortunate emperor. In the middle of the room are six pieces of statuary, among which Canova's world-renowned group of the Graces at once attracts the eye. There is also a kneeling Magdalen, lovely in her wo, by the same sculptor, and a very touching work of Schadow representing a shepherd-boy tenderly binding his sash around a lamb which he has accidentally wounded with his arrow.

We have since seen in the St. Michael's Church the monument to Eugene Beauharnais from the chisel of Thorwaldsen. The noble, manly figure of the son of Josephine is represented in the Roman mantle, with his helmet and sword lying on the ground by him. On one side sits History writing on a tablet; on the other stand the two brother-



angels Death and Immortality. They lean lovingly together, with arms around each other, but the sweet countenance of Death has a cast of sorrow as he stands with inverted torch and a wreath of poppies among his clustering locks. Immortality, crowned with never-fading flowers, looks upward with a smile of triumph, and holds in one hand his blazing torch. It is a beautiful idea, and Thorwaldsen has made the marble eloquent with feeling.

## Page 45

The inside of the square formed by the arcades and the New Residence is filled with noble old trees which in summer make a leafy roof over the pleasant walks. In the middle stands a grotto ornamented with rough pebbles and shells, and only needing a fountain to make it a perfect hall of Neptune. Passing through the northern arcade, one comes into the magnificent park called the English Garden, which extends more than four miles along the bank of the Isar, several branches of whose milky current wander through it and form one or two pretty cascades. It is a beautiful alteration of forest and meadow, and has all the richness and garden-like luxuriance of English scenery. Winding walks lead along the Isar or through the wood of venerable oaks, and sometimes a lawn of half a mile in length, with a picturesque temple at its farther end, comes in sight through the trees.

The New Residence is not only one of the wonders of Munich, but of the world. Altho commenced in 1826 and carried on constantly since that time by a number of architects, sculptors and painters, it is not yet finished; if art were not inexhaustible, it would be difficult to imagine what more could be added. The north side of the Max Joseph Platz is taken up by its front of four hundred and thirty feet, which was nine years in building, under the direction of the architect Klenze. The exterior is copied after the Palazzo Pitti, in Florence. The building is of light-brown sandstone, and combines an elegance, and even splendor, with the most chaste and classic style. The northern front, which faces the royal garden, is now nearly finished. It has the enormous length of eight hundred feet; in the middle is a portico of ten Ionic columns. Instead of supporting a triangular facade, each pillar stands separate and bears a marble statue from the chisel of Schwanthaler.

The interior of the building does not disappoint the promise of the outside. It is open every afternoon, in the absence of the king, for the inspection of visitors. We went early to the waiting-hall, where several travelers were already assembled, and at four o'clock were admitted into the newer part of the palace, containing the throne-hall, ball-room, *etc.* On entering the first hall, designed for the lackeys and royal servants, we were all obliged to thrust our feet into cloth slippers to walk over the polished mosaic floor. The walls are of scagliola marble and the ceilings ornamented brilliantly in fresco. The second hall, also for servants, gives tokens of increasing splendors in the richer decorations of the walls and the more elaborate mosaic of the floor. We next entered the audience chamber, in which the court-marshal receives the guests. The ceiling is of arabesque sculpture profusely painted and gilded....



## Page 46

Finally we entered the Hall of the Throne. Here the encaustic decoration so plentifully employed in the other rooms is dropt, and an effect even more brilliant obtained by the united use of marble and gold. Picture a long hall with a floor of polished marble, on each side twelve columns of white marble with gilded capitals, between which stand colossal statues of gold. At the other end is the throne of gold and crimson, with gorgeous hangings of crimson velvet. The twelve statues in the hall are called the "Wittelsbach Ancestors" and represent renowned members of the house of Wittelsbach from which the present family of Bavaria is descended. They were cast in bronze by Stiglmaier after the models of Schwanthaler, and then completely covered with a coating of gold; so that they resemble solid golden statues. The value of the precious metal on each one is about three thousand dollars, as they are nine feet in height. We visited yesterday morning the Glyptothek, the finest collection of ancient sculpture except that in the British Museum I have yet seen, and perhaps elsewhere unsurpassed north of the Alps. The building, which was finished by Klenze in 1830, has an Ionic portico of white marble, with a group of allegorical figures representing Sculpture and the kindred arts. On each side of the portico there are three niches in the front, containing on one side Pericles, Phidias and Vulcan; on the other, Hadrian, Prometheus and Daedalus. The whole building forms a hollow square and is lighted entirely from the inner side. There are in all twelve halls, each containing the remains of a particular era in the art, and arranged according to time; so that, beginning with the clumsy productions of the ancient Egyptians, one passes through the different stages of Grecian art, afterward that of Rome, and finally ends with the works of our own times—the almost Grecian perfection of Thorwaldsen and Canova. These halls are worthy to hold such treasures, and what more could be said of them? The floors are of marble mosaic, the sides of green or purple scagliola and the vaulted ceilings covered with raised ornaments on a ground of gold. No two are alike in color and decoration, and yet there is a unity of taste and design in the whole which renders the variety delightful.

From the Egyptian Hall we enter one containing the oldest remains of Grecian sculpture, before the artists won power to mold the marble to their conceptions. Then follow the celebrated Aegina marbles, from the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, on the island of Aegina. They formerly stood in the two porticoes, the one group representing the fight for the body of Laomedon, the other the struggle for the dead Patroclus. The parts wanting have been admirably restored by Thorwaldsen. They form almost the only existing specimens of the Aeginetan school. Passing through the Apollo Hall, we enter the large Hall of Bacchus, in which the progress of the art is distinctly apparent. A satyr lying asleep on a goatskin which he has thrown over a rock is believed to be the work of Praxiteles. The relaxation of the figure and perfect repose of every limb is wonderful. The countenance has traits of individuality which led me to think it might have been a portrait, perhaps of some rude country swain.



## Page 47

In the Hall of Niobe, which follows, is one of the most perfect works that ever grew into life under a sculptor's chisel. Mutilated as it is, without head and arms, I never saw a more expressive figure. Ilioneus, the son of Niobe, is represented as kneeling, apparently in the moment in which Apollo raises his arrow, and there is an imploring supplication in his attitude which is touching in the highest degree. His beautiful young limbs seem to shrink involuntarily from the deadly shaft; there is an expression of prayer, almost of agony, in the position of his body. It should be left untouched. No head could be added which would equal that one pictures to himself while gazing upon it.

The Pinacothek is a magnificent building of yellow sandstone, five hundred and thirty feet long, containing thirteen hundred pictures selected with great care from the whole private collection of the king, which amounts to nine thousand. Above the cornice on the southern side stand twenty-five colossal statues of celebrated painters by Schwanthaler. As we approached, the tall bronze door was opened by a servant in the Bavarian livery, whose size harmonized so well with the giant proportions of the building that until I stood beside him and could mark the contrast I did not notice his enormous frame. I saw then that he must be near eight feet high and stout in proportion. He reminded me of the great "Baver of Trient," in Vienna. The Pinacothek contains the most complete collection of works by old German artists anywhere to be found. There are in the Hall of the Spanish Masters half a dozen of Murillo's inimitable beggar-groups.

It was a relief, after looking upon the distressingly stiff figures of the old German school, to view these fresh, natural countenances. One little black-eyed boy has just cut a slice out of a melon, and turns with a full mouth to his companion, who is busy eating a bunch of grapes. The simple, contented expression on the faces of the beggars is admirable. I thought I detected in a beautiful child with dark curly locks the original of his celebrated infant St. John. I was much interested in two small juvenile works of Raphael and his own portrait. The latter was taken, most probably, after he became known as a painter. The calm, serious smile which we see on his portrait as a boy had vanished, and the thin features and sunken eye told of intense mental labor.

[Footnote A: From "Views Afoot." Published by G.P. Putnam's Sons.]

[Footnote B: This was written about 1848. The population of Munich is now (1914), 595,000. Munich is rated as third in importance among German cities.]

## AUGSBURG[A]

BY THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN



## Page 48

In ancient times—that is to say, upward of three centuries ago—the city of Augsburg was probably the most populous and consequential in the kingdom of Bavaria. It was the principal residence of the noblesse, and the great mart of commerce. Dukes, barons, nobles of every rank and degree, became domiciled here. A thousand blue and white flags streamed from the tops of castellated mansions, and fluttered along the then almost impregnable ramparts. It was also not less remarkable for the number and splendor of its religious establishments. Here was a cathedral, containing twenty-four chapels; and an abbey or monastery (of Saints Ulric and Afra) which had no rival in Bavaria for the size of its structure and the wealth of its possessions. This latter contained a Library, both of MSS. and printed books, of which the recent work of Braun has luckily preserved a record; and which, but for such record, would have been unknown to after ages. The treasures of this library are now entirely dispersed; and Munich, the capital of Bavaria, is the grand repository of them. Augsburg, in the first instance, was enriched by the dilapidations of numerous monasteries; especially upon the suppression of the order of the Jesuits. The paintings, books, and relics, of every description, of such monasteries as were in the immediate vicinity of this city, were taken away to adorn the town hall, churches, capitals and libraries. Of this collection (of which no inconsiderable portion, both for number and intrinsic value, came from the neighboring monastery of Eichstadt), there has of course been a pruning; and many flowers have been transplanted to Munich.

The principal church, at the end of the Maximilian Street, is that which once formed the chief ornament of the famous Abbey of Sts. Ulric and Afra. I should think that there is no portion of the present building older than the fourteenth century; while it is evident that the upper part of the tower is of the middle of the sixteenth. It has a nearly globular or mosque-shaped termination—so common in the greater number of the Bavarian churches. It is frequented by congregations both of the Catholic and Protestant persuasion; and it was highly gratifying to see, as I saw, human beings assembled under the same roof, equally occupied in their different forms of adoration, in doing homage to their common Creator.

Augsburg was once distinguished for great learning and piety, as well as for political consequence; and she boasts of a very splendid martyrological roll. At the present day, all is comparatively dull and quiet; but you can not fail to be struck with the magnificence of many of the houses, and the air of importance hence given to the streets; while the paintings upon the outer walls add much to the splendid effect of the whole. The population of Augsburg is supposed to amount to about thirty thousand. In the time of Maximilian and Charles V. it was, I make no doubt, twice as numerous.[B]



## Page 49

[Footnote A: From "A Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Taur," published in 1821.]

[Footnote B: Augsburg has now (1914) a population of 102,000. Woolen and cotton goods and machinery are its manufactured products.]

### RATISBON[A]

BY THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN

It was dark when we entered Ratisbon, and, having been recommended to the Hotel of the Agneau Blanc, we drove thither, and alighted—close to the very banks of the Danube—and heard the roar of its rapid stream, turning several mills, close, as it were, to our very ears. The master of the hotel, whose name is Cramer, and who talked French very readily, received us with peculiar courtesy; and, on demanding the best situated room in the house, we were conducted on the second floor, to a chamber which had been occupied, only two or three days before, by the Emperor of Austria himself, on his way to Aix-la-Chapelle. The next morning was a morning of wonder to us. Our sitting-room, which was a very lantern, from the number of windows, gave us a view of the rushing stream of the Danube, of a portion of the bridge over it, of some beautifully undulating and vine-covered hills, in the distance, on the opposite side—and, lower down the stream, of the town walls and water-mills, of which latter we had heard the stunning sounds on our arrival. The whole had a singularly novel and pleasing appearance.

The Town Hall was large and imposing; but the Cathedral, surrounded by booths—it being fair-time—was, of course, the great object of my attention. In short, I saw enough within an hour to convince me that I was visiting a large, curious, and well-peopled town; replete with antiquities, and including several of the time of the Romans, to whom it was necessarily a very important station. Ratisbon is said to contain a population of about 20,000 souls.[B]

The cathedral can boast of little antiquity. It is almost a building of yesterday; yet it is large, richly ornamented on the outside, especially on the west, between the towers—and is considered one of the noblest structures of the kind in Bavaria. The interior wants that decisive effect which simplicity produces. It is too much broken into parts, and covered with monuments of a very heterogeneous description. Near it I traced the cloisters of an old convent or monastery of some kind, now demolished, which could not be less than five hundred years old. The streets of Ratisbon are generally picturesque, as well from their undulating forms, as from the antiquity of a great number of the houses. The modern parts of the town are handsome, and there is a pleasant intermixture of trees and grass plats in some of these more recent portions. There are some pleasing public walks, after the English fashion; and a public garden, where a



colossal sphinx, erected by the late philosopher Gleichen, has a very imposing appearance. Here is also an obelisk erected to the memory of Gleichen himself, the founder of these gardens; and a monument to the memory of Kepler, the astronomer; which latter was luckily spared in the assault of this town by the French in 1809.



## Page 50

But these are, comparatively, every-day objects. A much more interesting source of observation, to my mind, were the very few existing relics of the once celebrated monastery of St. Emmeram—and a great portion of the remains of another old monastery, called St. James—which latter may indeed be designated the College of the Jacobites; as the few members who inhabit it were the followers of the house and fortunes of the Pretender, James Stuart. The Monastery or Abbey of St. Emmeram was one of the most celebrated throughout Europe; and I suspect that its library, both of MSS. and printed books, was among the principal causes of its celebrity. Of all interesting objects of architectural antiquity in Ratisbon, none struck me so forcibly—and, indeed, none is in itself so curious and singular—as the Monastery of St. James. The front of that portion of it, connected with the church, should seem to be of an extremely remote antiquity. It is the ornaments, or style of architecture, which give it this character of antiquity. The ornaments, which are on each side of the doorway, or porch, are quite extraordinary.

[Footnote A: From “A Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour,” published in 1821.]

[Footnote B: Ratisbon has now (1914) a population of 53,000. Its manufactured products consist chiefly of pottery and lead pencils.]

## IV

### BERLIN AND ELSEWHERE

## A LOOK AT THE GERMAN CAPITAL[A]

### BY THEOPHILE GAUTIER

The train spins along across great plains gilded by the setting sun; soon night comes, and with it, sleep. At stations remote from one another, German voices shout German names; I do not recognize them by the sound, and look for them in vain upon the map. Magnificent great station buildings are shown up by gaslight in the midst of surrounding darkness, then disappear. We pass Hanover and Minden; the train keeps on its way; and morning dawns.

On either side stretched a peat-moss, upon which the mist was producing a singular mirage. We seemed to be upon a causeway traversing an immense lake whose waves crept up gently, dying in transparent folds along the edge of the embankment. Here and there a group of trees or a cottage, emerging like an island, completed the illusion, for such it was. A sheet of bluish mist, floating a little above the ground and curling up along its upper surface under the rays of the sun, caused this aqueous phantasmagoria,



resembling the Fata Morgana of Sicily. In vain did my geographical knowledge protest, disconcerted, against this inland sea, which no map of Prussia indicates; my eyes would not give it up, and later in the day, when the sun, rising higher, had dried up this imaginary lake, they required the presence of a boat to make them admit that any body of water could be real.

Suddenly upon the left were massed the trees of a great park; Tritons and Nereids appeared, dabbling in the basin of a fountain; there was a dome and a circle of columns rising above extensive buildings; and this was Potsdam....



## Page 51

A few moments later we were in Berlin, and a fiacre set me down at the hotel. One of the keenest pleasures of a traveler is that first drive through a hitherto unknown city, destroying or confirming his preconceived idea of it. All that is peculiar and characteristic seizes upon the yet virgin eye, whose perceptive power is never more clear.

My idea of Berlin had been drawn in great measure from Hoffman's fantastic stories. In spite of myself, a Berlin, strange and grotesque, peopled with Aulic councillors, sandmen, Kreislers, archivist Lindursts, and student Anselms, had reared itself within my brain, amid a fog of tobacco-smoke; and there before me was a city regularly built, stately, with wide streets, extensive public grounds, and imposing edifices of a style half-English, half-German, and modern to the last degree.

As we drove along I glanced down into those cellars, with steps so polished, so slippery, so well-soaped, that one might slide in as into the den of an ant-lion—to see if I might not discover Hoffman himself seated on a tun, his feet crossed upon the bowl of his gigantic pipe, and surrounded by a tangle of grotesque chimeras, as he is represented in the vignette of the French translation of his stories; and, to tell the truth, there was nothing of the kind in these subterranean shops whose proprietors were just opening their doors! The cats, of benignant aspect, rolled no phosphorescent eyeballs, like the cat Murr in the story, and they seemed quite incapable of writing their memoirs, or of deciphering a score of Richard Wagner's.

These handsome stately houses, which are like palaces, with their columns and pediments and architraves, are built of brick for the most part, for stone seems rare in Berlin; but the brick is covered with cement or tinted stucco, to simulate hewn stone; deceitful seams indicate imaginary layers, and the illusion would be complete, were it not that in spots the winter frosts have detached the cement, revealing the red shades of the baked clay. The necessity of painting the whole facade, in order to mask the nature of the material, gives the effect of enormous architectural decorations seen in open air. The salient parts, moldings, cornices, entablatures, consoles, are of wood, bronze, or cast-iron, to which suitable forms have been given; when you do not look too closely the effect is satisfactory. Truth is the only thing lacking in all this splendor.

The palatial buildings which border Regent's Park in London present also these porticoes, and these columns with brick cores and plaster-fluting, which, by aid of a coating of oil paint, are expected to pass for stone or marble. Why not build in brick frankly, since its water-coloring and capacity for ingeniously varied arrangement furnish so many resources? Even in Berlin I have seen charming houses of this kind which had the advantage of being truthful. A fictitious material always inspires a certain uneasiness.



## Page 52

The hotel is very well located, and I propose to sketch the view seen from its steps. It will give a fair idea of the general character of the city. The foreground is a quay bordering the Spree. A few boats with slender masts are sleeping on the brown water. Vessels upon a canal or a river, in the heart of a city, have always a charming effect. Along the opposite quay stretches a line of houses; a few of them are ancient, and bear the stamp thereof; the king's palace makes the corner. A cupola upon an octagonal tower rises proudly above the other roofs, the square sides of the tower adding grace to the curve of the dome.

A bridge spans the river, reminding me, with its white marble groups, of the Ponte San Angelo at Rome. These groups—eight in number, if my memory does not deceive me—are each composed of two figures; one allegorical, winged, representing the country, or glory; the other, a young man, guided through many trials to victory or immortality. These groups, in purely classic taste, are not wanting in merit, and show in some parts good study of the nude; their pedestals are ornamented with medallions, whereon the Prussian eagle, half-real, half-heraldic, makes a fine appearance. Considered as a decoration, the whole is, in my opinion, somewhat too rich for the simplicity of the bridge, which opens midway to allow the passage of vessels.

Farther on, through the trees of a public garden of some kind, appears the old Museum, a great structure in the Greek style, with Doric columns relieved against a painted background. At the corners of the roof, bronze horses held by grooms are outlined upon the sky. Behind this building, and looking sideways, you perceive the triangular pediment of the new Museum.

On crossing the bridge, the dark facade of the palace comes in view, with its balustraded terrace; the carvings around the main entrance are in that old, exaggerated German rococo which I have seen before and have admired in the palace in Dresden. This kind of barbaric taste has something charming about it, and entertains the eye, satiated with chefs d'oeuvre. It has invention, fancy, originality; and tho I may be censured for the opinion, I confess I prefer this exuberance to the coldness of the Greek style imitated with more erudition than success in our modern public buildings. At each side stand great bronze horses pawing the ground, and held by naked grooms.

I visited the apartments of the palace; they are rich and elegant, but present nothing interesting to the artist save their ancient recessed ceilings filled with curious figures and arabesques. In the concert-hall there is a musicians' gallery in grotesque carving, silvered; its effect is really charming. Silver is not used enough in decorations; it is a relief from the classic gold, and forms admirable combinations with colors. The chapel, whose dome rises above the rest of the building, is well planned and well lighted, comfortable, reasonably decorated.



## Page 53

Let us cross the square and take a look at the Museum, admiring, as we pass, an immense porphyry vase standing on cubes of the same material, in front of the steps which lead up to the portico. This portico is painted in fresco by various hands, under the direction of the celebrated Peter Cornelius. The paintings form a broad frieze, folding itself back at each end upon the side wall of the portico, and interrupted in the middle to give access to the Museum. The portion on the left contains a whole poem of mythologic cosmogony, treated with that philosophy and that erudition which the Germans carry into compositions of this kind; the right, purely anthropologie, represents the birth, development, and evolution of humanity.

If I were to describe in detail these two immense frescoes, you would certainly be charmed with the ingenious invention, the profound knowledge, and the excellent judgment of the artist. The mysteries of the early creation are penetrated, and everything is faultlessly scientific. Also, if I should show you them in the form of those fine German engravings, the lines heightened by delicate shadows, the execution as accurate as that of Albrecht Duerer, the tone light and harmonious, you would admire the ordering of the composition, balanced with so much art, the groups skilfully united one to another, the ingenious episodes, the wise selection of the attributes, the significance of each separate thing; you might even find grandeur of style, an air of magisterial dignity, fine effects of drapery, proud attitudes, well-marked types, muscular audacities a la Michel Angelo, and a certain Germanic savagery of fine flavor. You would be struck with this free handling of great subjects, this vast conceptive power, this carrying out of an idea, which French painters so often lack; and you would think of Cornelius almost as highly as the Germans do. But in the presence of the work itself, the impression is completely different.

I am well aware that fresco-painting, even in the hands of the Italian masters, skilful as they were in the technical details of their art, has not the charm of oil. The eye must become habituated to this rude, lustreless coloring, before we can discern its beauties. Many people who never say so—for nothing is more rare than the courage to avow a feeling or an opinion—find the frescoes of the Vatican and the Sistine frightful; but the great names of Michel Angelo and Raphael impose silence upon them; they murmur vague formulas of enthusiasm, and go off to rhapsodize—this time with sincerity—over some Magdalen of Guido, or some Madonna of Carlo Dolce. I make large allowance, therefore, for this unattractive aspect which belongs to fresco-painting; but in this case, the execution is by far too repulsive. The mind may be content, but the eye suffers. Painting, which is altogether a plastic art, can express its ideal only through forms and colors. To think is not enough; something must be done....



## Page 54

[Illustration: *Berlin: Unter den Linden*]

[Illustration: *Berlin: The Brandenburg gate*]

[Illustration: *Berlin: The royal castle and emperor William bridge*]

[Illustration: *Berlin: The white hall in the royal castle*]

[Illustration: *Berlin: The national gallery and FREDERICK'S bridge*]

[Illustration: *Berlin: The GENDARMENMARKT*]

[Illustration: *The column of victory in Berlin*]

[Illustration: *The mausoleum at Charlottenburg*]

[Illustration: *The new palace at Potsdam*]

[Illustration: *The castle of Sans SOUCI, Potsdam*]

[Illustration: *The cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, tomb of Charlemagne*]

[Illustration: *The royal palace of Schoenbrunn, near Vienna (The man on the sidewalk at the left is the Emperor Francis Joseph)*]

[Illustration: *Salzburg, Austria*]

I shall not now give an inventory of the Museum in Berlin, which is rich in pictures and statues; to do this would require more space than is at my command. We find represented here, more or less favorably, all the great masters, the pride of royal galleries. But the most remarkable thing in this collection is the very numerous and very complete collection of the primitive painters of all countries and all schools, from the Byzantine down to those which immediately precede the Renaissance. The old German school, so little known in France, and on many accounts so curious, is to be studied to better advantage here than anywhere else. A rotunda contains tapestries after designs by Raphael, of which the original cartoons are now in Hampton Court.

The staircase of the new Museum is decorated with those remarkable frescoes by Kaulbach, which the art of engraving and the Universal Exposition have made so well known in France. We all remember the cartoon entitled "The Dispersion of Races," and all Paris has admired, in Goupil's window that poetic "Defeat of the Huns," where the strife begun between the living warriors is carried on amidst the disembodied souls that hover above that battlefield strewn with the dead. "The Destruction of Jerusalem" is a fine composition, tho somewhat too theatrical. It resembles a "close of the fifth act" much more than beseems the serious character of fresco painting. In the panel which

represents Hellenic civilization, Homer is the central figure; this composition pleased me least of all. Other paintings as yet unfinished present



## Page 55

the climacteric epochs of humanity. The last of these will be almost contemporary, for when a German begins to paint, universal history comes under review; the great Italian painters did not need so much in achieving their master-pieces. But each civilization has its peculiar tendencies, and this encyclopedic painting is a characteristic of the present time. It would seem that, before flinging itself into its new career, the world has felt the necessity of making a synthesis of its past....

This staircase, which is of colossal size, is ornamented with casts from the finest antiques. Copies of the metopes of the Pantheon and friezes from the temple of Theseus are set into its walls, and upon one of the landings stands the Pandrosion, with all the strong and tranquil beauty of its Caryatides. The effect of the whole is very grand. At the present day there is no longer any visible difference between the people of one country and of another. The uniform domino of civilization is worn everywhere, and no difference in color, no special cut of the garment, notifies you that you are away from home. The men and women whom I met in the street escape description; the flaneurs of the Unter den Linden are exactly like the flaneurs of the Boulevard des Italiens. This avenue, bordered by splendid houses, is planted, as its name indicates, with lindens; trees "whose leaf is shaped like a heart," as Heinrich Heine remarks—a peculiarity which makes Unter den Linden dear to lovers, and eminently suited for sentimental interviews. At its entrance stands the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. Like the Champs-Elysees in Paris, this avenue terminates at a triumphal arch, surmounted by a chariot with four bronze horses. Passing under the arch, we come out into a park in some degrees resembling the Bois de Boulogne.

Along the edge of this park, which is shadowed by great trees having all the intensity of northern verdure, and freshened by a little winding stream, open flower-crowded gardens, in whose depths you can discern summer retreats, which are neither chalets, nor cottages, nor villas, but Pompeiian houses with their tetrastylic porticos and panels of antique red. The Greek taste is held in high esteem in Berlin. On the other hand, they seem to disdain the style of the Renaissance, so much in vogue in Paris; I saw no edifice of this kind in Berlin.

Night came; and after paying a hasty visit to the zoological garden, where all the animals were asleep, except a dozen long-tailed paroquets and cockatoos, who were screaming from their perches, pluming themselves, and raising their crests, I returned to my hotel to strap my trunk and betake myself to the Hamburg railway station, as the train would leave at ten, a circumstance which prevented me from going, as I had intended, to the opera to hear Cherubini's "Deux Journees," and to see Louise Taglioni dance the Sevillana....

For the traveler there are but two ways: the instantaneous proof, or the prolonged study. Time failed me for the latter. Deign to accept this simple and rapid impression.



## Page 56

[Footnote A: From "A Winter in Russia." By permission of, and by arrangement with, the publishers, Henry Holt & Co. Copyright, 1874. Since Gautier wrote, Berlin has greatly increased in population and in general importance. What is known as "Greater Berlin" now embraces about 3,250,000 souls. Many of the quaint two-story houses, which formerly were characteristic of the city, have given way to palatial houses and business blocks. Berlin is a thoroughly modern commercial city. It ranks among European cities immediately after London and Paris.]

### CHARLOTTENBURG[A]

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

Then we drove to Charlottenburg to see the Mausoleum. I know not when I have been more deeply affected than there; and yet, not so much by the sweet, lifelike statue of the queen as by that of the king, her husband, executed by the same hand.[B] Such an expression of long-desired rest, after suffering the toil, is shed over the face—so sweet, so heavenly! There, where he has prayed year after year—hoping, yearning, longing—there, at last, he rests, life's long anguish over! My heart melted as I looked at these two, so long divided—he so long a mourner, she so long mourned—now calmly resting side by side in a sleep so tranquil.

We went through the palace. We saw the present king's writing desk and table in his study, just as he left them. His writing establishment is about as plain as yours. Men who really mean to do anything do not use fancy tools. His bedroom, also, is in a style of severe simplicity. There were several engravings fastened against the wall; and in the anteroom a bust and medallion of the Empress Eugenie—a thing which I should not exactly have expected in a born king's palace; but beauty is sacred, and kings can not call it parvenu. Then we went into the queen's bed-room, finished in green, and then through the rooms of Queen Louisa. Those marks of her presence, which you saw during the old king's lifetime, are now removed; we saw no traces of her dresses, gloves, or books. In one room, draped in white muslin over pink, we were informed the Empress of Russia was born.

In going out to Charlottenburg, we rode through the Thiergarten, the Tuileries of Berlin. In one of the most quiet and sequestered spots is the monument erected by the people of Berlin to their old king. The pedestal is Carrara marble, sculptured with beautiful scenes called garden pleasures—children in all manner of outdoor sports, and parents fondly looking on. It is graceful, and peculiarly appropriate to those grounds where parents and children are constantly congregating. The whole is surmounted by a statue of the king, in white marble—the finest representation of him I have ever seen. Thoughtful, yet benign, the old king seems like a good father keeping a grave and affectionate watch over the pleasures of his children in their garden frolics. There



## Page 57

was something about these moss-grown gardens that seemed so rural and pastoral, that I at once preferred them to all I had seen in Europe. Choice flowers are planted in knots, here and there, in sheltered nooks, as if they had grown by accident: and an air of sweet, natural wildness is left amid the most careful cultivation. The people seemed to be enjoying themselves less demonstratively and with less vivacity than in France, but with a calm inwardness. Each nation has its own way of being happy, and the style of life in each bears a certain relation of appropriateness to character. The trim, dressy, animated air of the Tuileries suits admirably with the mobile, sprightly vivacity of society there. Both, in their way, are beautiful; but this seems less formal, and more according to nature.

[Footnote A: From “Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.”]

[Footnote B: King Frederick William III. and Queen Louise are here referred to. Since Mrs. Stowe’s visit (1854) the Emperor William I. and the Empress Augusta have been buried in this mausoleum.]

## LEIPSIC AND DRESDEN[A]

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

I have now been nearly two days in wide-famed Leipsic, and the more I see of it, the better I like it. It is a pleasant, friendly town, old enough to be interesting and new enough to be comfortable. There is much active business-life, through which it is fast increasing in size and beauty. Its publishing establishments are the largest in the world, and its annual fairs attended by people from all parts of Europe. This is much for a city to accomplish situated alone in the middle of a great plain, with no natural charms of scenery or treasures of art to attract strangers. The energy and enterprise of its merchants have accomplished all this, and it now stands in importance among the first cities of Europe.

On my first walk around the city, yesterday morning, I passed the Augustus Platz—a broad green lawn on which front the university and several other public buildings. A chain of beautiful promenades encircles the city on the site of its old fortifications. Following their course through walks shaded by large trees and bordered with flowering shrubs, I passed a small but chaste monument to Sebastian Bach, the composer, which was erected almost entirely at the private cost of Mendelssohn, and stands opposite the building in which Bach once directed the choirs. As I was standing beside it a glorious choral swelled by a hundred voices came through the open windows like a tribute to the genius of the great master.

## Page 58

Having found my friend, we went together to the Sternwarte, or observatory, which gives a fine view of the country around the city, and in particular the battlefield. The castellan who is stationed there is well acquainted with the localities, and pointed out the position of the hostile armies. It was one of the most bloody and hard-fought battles which history records. The army of Napoleon stretched like a semicircle around the southern and eastern sides of the city, and the plain beyond was occupied by the allies, whose forces met together here. Schwarzenberg, with his Austrians, came from Dresden; Bluecher, from Halle, with the Emperor Alexander. Their forces amounted to three hundred thousand, while those of Napoleon ranked at one hundred and ninety-two thousand men. It must have been a terrific scene. Four days raged the battle, and the meeting of half a million of men in deadly conflict was accompanied by the thunder of sixteen hundred cannon. The small rivers which flow through Leipsic were swollen with blood, and the vast plain was strewn with more than fifty thousand dead.

It is difficult to conceive of such slaughter while looking at the quiet and tranquil landscape below. It seemed more like a legend of past ages, when ignorance and passion led men to murder and destroy, than an event which the last half century witnessed. For the sake of humanity it is to be hoped that the world will never see such another.

There are some lovely walks around Leipsic. We went yesterday afternoon with a few friends to the Rosenthal, a beautiful meadow, bordered by forests of the German oak, very few of whose Druid trunks have been left standing. There are Swiss cottages embowered in the foliage where every afternoon the social citizens assemble to drink their coffee and enjoy a few hours' escape from the noisy and dusty streets. One can walk for miles along these lovely paths by the side of the velvet meadows or the banks of some shaded stream. We visited the little village of Golis, a short distance off, where, in the second story of a little white house, hangs the sign, "Schiller's Room." Some of the Leipsic "literati" have built a stone arch over the entrance, with the inscription above: "Here dwelt Schiller in 1795, and wrote his Hymn to Joy." Everywhere through Germany the remembrances of Schiller are sacred. In every city where he lived they show his dwelling. They know and reverence the mighty spirit who has been among them. The little room where he conceived that sublime poem is hallowed as if by the presence of unseen spirits.

## Page 59

I was anxious to see the spot where Poniatowsky fell. We returned over the plain to the city, and passed in at the gate by which the Cossacks entered, pursuing the flying French. Crossing the lower part, we came to the little river Elster, in whose waves the gallant prince sank. The stone bridge by which we crossed was blown up by the French to cut off pursuit. Napoleon had given orders that it should not be blown up till the Poles had all passed over as the river, tho narrow, is quite deep and the banks are steep. Nevertheless, his officers did not wait, and the Poles, thus exposed to the fire of the enemy, were obliged to plunge into the stream to join the French army, which had begun retreat toward Frankfort. Poniatowsky, severely wounded, made his way through a garden near, and escaped on horseback into the water. He became entangled among the fugitives, and sank. By walking a little distance along the road toward Frankfort we could see the spot where his body was taken out of the river; it is now marked by a square stone covered with the names of his countrymen who have visited it. We returned through the narrow arched way by which Napoleon fled when the battle was lost.

Another interesting place in Leipsic is Auerbach's Cellar, which, it is said, contains an old manuscript history of Faust from which Goethe derived the first idea of his poem. He used to frequent this cellar, and one of his scenes in "Faust" is laid in it. We looked down the arched passage; not wishing to purchase any wine, we could find no pretense for entering. The streets are full of book-stores, and one-half the business of the inhabitants appears to consist in printing, paper-making and binding. The publishers have a handsome exchange of their own, and during the fairs the amount of business transacted is enormous.

At last in this "Florence of the Elbe," as the Saxons have christened it! Exclusive of its glorious galleries of art, which are scarcely surpassed by any in Europe, Dresden charms one by the natural beauty of its environs. It stands in a curve of the Elbe, in the midst of green meadows, gardens and fine old woods, with the hills of Saxony sweeping around like an amphitheater and the craggy peaks of the highlands looking at it from afar. The domes and spires at a distance give it a rich Italian look, which is heightened by the white villas embowered in trees gleaming on the hills around. In the streets there is no bustle of business—nothing of the din and confusion of traffic which mark most cities; it seems like a place for study and quiet enjoyment.

## Page 60

The railroad brought us in three hours from Leipsic over the eighty miles of plain that intervene. We came from the station through the Neustadt, passing the Japanese palace and the equestrian statue of Augustus the Strong. The magnificent bridge over the Elbe was so much injured by the late inundation as to be impassable; we were obliged to go some distance up the river-bank and cross on a bridge of boats. Next morning my first search was for the picture-gallery. We set off at random, and after passing the church of Our Lady, with its lofty dome of solid stone, which withstood the heaviest bombs during the war with Frederick the Great, came to an open square one side of which was occupied by an old brown, red-roofed building which I at once recognized from pictures as the object of our search.

I have just taken a last look at the gallery this morning, and left it with real regret; for during the two visits Raphael's heavenly picture of the Madonna and Child had so grown into my love and admiration that it was painful to think I should never see it again. There are many mere which clung so strongly to my imagination, gratifying in the highest degree the love for the beautiful, that I left them with sadness and the thought that I would now only have the memory. I can see the inspired eye and godlike brow of the Jesus-child as if I were still standing before the picture, and the sweet, holy countenance of the Madonna still looks upon me. Yet, tho this picture is a miracle of art, the first glance filled me with disappointment. It has somewhat faded during the three hundred years that have rolled away since the hand of Raphael worked on the canvas, and the glass with which it is covered for better preservation injures the effect. After I had gazed on it a while, every thought of this vanished.

The figure of the Virgin seemed to soar in the air, and it was difficult to think the clouds were not in motion. An aerial lightness clothes her form, and it is perfectly natural for such a figure to stand among the clouds. Two divine cherubs look up from below, and in her arms sits the sacred Child. Those two faces beam from the picture like those of angels. The mild, prophetic eye and lofty brow of the young Jesus chain one like a spell. There is something more than mortal in its expression—something in the infant face which indicates a power mightier than the proudest manhood. There is no glory around the head, but the spirit which shines from those features marks its divinity. In the sweet face of the mother there speaks a sorrowful foreboding mixed with its tenderness, as if she knew the world into which the Savior was born and foresaw the path in which he was to tread. It is a picture which one can scarce look upon without tears.

## Page 61

There are in the same room six pictures by Correggio which are said to be among his best works—one of them, his celebrated Magdalen. There is also Correggio's "Holy Night," or the Virgin with the shepherds in the manger, in which all the light comes from the body of the Child. The surprise of the shepherds is most beautifully expressed. In one of the halls there is a picture of Van der Werff in which the touching story of Hagar is told more feelingly than words could do it. The young Ishmael is represented full of grief at parting with Isaac, who, in childish unconsciousness of what has taken place, draws in sport the corner of his mother's mantle around him and smiles at the tears of his lost playmate.

Nothing can come nearer real flesh and blood than the two portraits of Raphael Mengs, painted by himself when quite young. You almost think the artist has in sport crept behind the frame and wishes to make you believe he is a picture. It would be impossible to speak of half the gems of art contained in this unrivalled collection. There are twelve large halls, containing in all nearly two thousand pictures.

The plain south of Dresden was the scene of the hard-fought battle between Napoleon and the allied armies in 1813. On the heights above the little village of Raecknitz, Moreau was shot on the second day of the battle. We took a footpath through the meadows, shaded by cherry trees in bloom, and reached the spot after an hour's walk. The monument is simple—a square block of granite surmounted by a helmet and sword, with the inscription, "The hero Moreau fell here by the side of Alexander, August 17, 1813," I gathered as a memorial a few leaves of the oak which shades it.

By applying an hour before the appointed time, we obtained admission to the royal library. It contains three hundred thousand volumes—among them, the most complete collection of historical works in existence. Each hall is devoted to a history of a separate country, and one large room is filled with that of Saxony alone. There is a large number of rare and curious manuscripts, among which are old Greek works of the seventh and eighth centuries, a Koran which once belonged to the Sultan Bajazet, the handwriting of Luther and Melancthon, a manuscript volume with pen-and-ink sketches by Albert Duerer, and the earliest works after the invention of printing. Among these latter was a book published by Faust and Schaeffer, at Mayence, in 1457. There were also Mexican manuscripts written on the aloe leaf, and many illuminated monkish volumes of the Middle Ages.

## Page 62

We were fortunate in seeing the Gruene Gewoelbe, or Green Gallery, a collection of jewels and costly articles unsurpassed in Europe. The first hall into which we were ushered contained works in bronze. They were all small, and chosen with regard to their artistical value. Some by John of Bologna were exceedingly fine, as was also a group in iron cut out of a single block, perhaps the only successful attempt in this branch. The next room contained statues, and vases covered with reliefs in ivory. The most remarkable work was the fall of Lucifer and his angels, containing ninety-two figures in all, carved out of a single piece of ivory sixteen inches high. It was the work of an Italian monk, and cost him many years of hard labor. There were two tables of mosaic-work that would not be out of place in the fabled halls of the Eastern genii, so much did they exceed my former ideas of human skill. The tops were of jasper, and each had a border of fruit and flowers in which every color was represented by some precious stone, all with the utmost delicacy and truth to nature. It is impossible to conceive the splendid effect it produced. Besides some fine pictures on gold by Raphael Mengs, there was a Madonna, the largest specimen of enamel-painting in existence.

However costly the contents of these halls, they were only an introduction to those which followed. Each one exceeded the other in splendor and costliness. The walls were covered to the ceiling with rows of goblets, vases, *etc.*, of polished jasper, agate, and lapis lazuli. Splendid mosaic tables stood around with caskets of the most exquisite silver and gold work upon them, and vessels of solid silver, some of them weighing six hundred pounds, were placed at the foot of the columns. We were shown two goblets, each prized at six thousand thalers, made of gold and precious stones; also the great pearl called the "Spanish Dwarf," nearly as large as a pullet's egg, globes and vases cut entirely out of the mountain-crystal, magnificent Nuremberg watches and clocks, and a great number of figures made ingeniously of rough pearls and diamonds.

The officer showed me a hen's egg of silver. There was apparently nothing remarkable about it, but by unscrewing it came apart and disclosed the yolk of gold. This again opened, and a golden chicken was seen; by touching a spring a little diamond crown came from the inside, and, the crown being again taken apart, out dropt a valuable diamond ring. The seventh hall contains the coronation-ropes of Augustus II. of Poland, and many costly specimens of carving in wood. A cherry-stone is shown in a glass case which has one hundred and twenty-five facets, all perfectly finished, carved upon it.

## Page 63

The next room we entered sent back a glare of splendor that perfectly dazzled us; it was all gold, diamond, ruby, and sapphire. Every case sent out such a glow and glitter that it seemed like a cage of imprisoned lightnings. Wherever the eye turned it was met by a blaze of broken rainbows. They were there by hundreds, and every gem was a fortune—whole cases of swords with hilts and scabbards of solid gold studded with gems, the great two-handed coronation sword of the German emperors, daggers covered with brilliants and rubies, diamond buttons, chains, and orders, necklaces and bracelets of pearl and emerald, and the order of the Golden Fleece made in gems of every kind.

We were also shown the largest known onyx, nearly seven inches long and four inches broad. One of the most remarkable works is the throne and court of Aurungzebe, the Indian king, by Dinglinger, a celebrated goldsmith of the last century. It contains one hundred and thirty-two figures, all of enameled gold and each one most perfectly and elaborately finished. It was purchased by Prince Augustus for fifty-eight thousand thalers,[B] which was not a high sum, considering that the making of it occupied Dinglinger and thirteen workmen for seven years.

It is almost impossible to estimate the value of the treasures these halls contain. That of the gold and jewels alone must be many millions of dollars, and the amount of labor expended on these toys of royalty is incredible. As monuments of patient and untiring toil they are interesting, but it is sad to think how much labor and skill and energy have been wasted in producing things which are useless to the world and only of secondary importance as works of art. Perhaps, however, if men could be diverted by such playthings from more dangerous games, it would be all the better.

[Footnote A: From “Views Afoot.” Published by G.P. Putnam’s Sons.]

[Footnote B: A Prussian or Saxon thaler is about seventy cents. Author’s note—The thaler went out of use in Germany in 1906.]

## **WEIMAR IN GOETHE’S DAY[A]**

**BY MADAME DE STAEL**

Of all the German principalities, there is none that makes us feel so much as Weimar the advantages of a small state, of which the sovereign is a man of strong understanding, and who is capable of endeavoring to please all orders of his subjects, without losing anything in their obedience. Such a state is as a private society, where all the members are connected together by intimate relations. The Duchess Louisa of Saxe Weimar is the true model of a woman destined by nature to the most illustrious rank; without pretension, as without weakness, she inspires in the same degree confidence and respect; and the heroism of the chivalrous ages has entered her soul

without taking from it any thing of her sex's softness. The military talents of the duke are universally respected, and



## Page 64

his lively and reflective conversation continually brings to our recollection that he was formed by the great Frederic. It is by his own and his mother's reputation that the most distinguished men of learning have been attracted to Weimar, and by them Germany, for the first time, has possessed a literary metropolis; but, as this metropolis was at the same time only an inconsiderable town, its ascendancy was merely that of superior illumination; for fashion, which imposes uniformity in all things, could not emanate from so narrow a circle.

Herder was just dead when I arrived at Weimar; but Wieland, Goethe, and Schiller were still there. Their writings are the perfect resemblances of their character and conversation. This very rare concordance is a proof of sincerity; when the first object in writing is to produce an effect upon others, a man never displays himself to them, such as he is in reality; but when he writes to satisfy an internal inspiration which has obtained possession of the soul, he discovers by his works, even without intending it, the very slightest shades of his manner of thinking and acting.

The residence in country towns has always appeared to me very irksome. The understanding of the men is narrowed, the heart of the women frozen there; people live so much in each other's presence that one is oppressed by one's equals; it is no longer this distant opinion, the reverberation of which animates you from afar like the report of glory; it is a minute inspection of all the actions of your life, an observation of every detail, which prevents the general character from being comprehended; and the more you have of independence and elevation of mind, the less able you are to breathe amidst so many little impediments.

This painful constraint did not exist at Weimar; it was rather a large palace than a little town; a select circle of society, which made its interest consist in the discussion of all the novelties of art and science: women, the amiable scholars of some superior men, were constantly speaking of the new literary works, as of the most important public events. They enjoyed the whole universe by reading and study; they freed themselves by the enlargement of the mind from the restraint of circumstances; they forgot the private anecdotes of each individual, in habitually reflecting together on those great questions which influence the destiny common to all alike. And in this society there were none of those provincial wonders, who so easily mistake contempt for grace, and affectation for elegance.

[Footnote A: From "Germany."]

### ULM[A]

BY THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN



## Page 65

We were now within about twenty English miles of Ulm. Nothing particular occurred, either by way of anecdote or of scenery, till within almost the immediate approach or descent to that city—the last in the Suabian territories, and which is separated from Bavaria by the River Danube. I caught the first glance of that celebrated river (here of comparatively trifling width) with no ordinary emotions of delight. It recalled to my memory the battle of Blenheim, or of Hochstedt; for you know that it was across this very river, and scarcely a score of miles from Ulm, that the victorious Marlborough chased the flying French and Bavarians—at the battle just mentioned. At the same moment, almost, I could not fail to contrast this glorious issue with the miserable surrender of the town before me—then filled by a large and well-disciplined army, and commanded by that nonpareil of generals, J.G. Mack!—into the power of Bonaparte almost without pulling a trigger on either side—the place itself being considered, at the time, one of the strongest towns in Europe. These things, I say, rushed upon my memory, when, on the immediate descent into Ulm, I caught the first view of the tower of the minster which quickly put Marlborough, and Mack, and Bonaparte out of my recollection.

I had never, since quitting the beach at Brighton, beheld such an English-like looking cathedral—as a whole; and particularly the tower. It is broad, bold, and lofty; but, like all edifices, seen from a neighboring and perhaps loftier height, it loses, at first view, very much of the loftiness of its character. However, I looked with admiration, and longed to approach it. This object was accomplished in twenty minutes. We entered Ulm about two o'clock: drove to an excellent inn (the White Stag—which I strongly recommend to all travelers), and ordered our dinner to be got ready by five; which, as the house was within a stone's cast of the cathedral, gave us every opportunity of visiting it beforehand. The day continued most beautiful: and we sallied forth in high spirits, to gaze at and to admire every object of antiquity which should present itself.

The Cathedral of Ulm is doubtless among the most respectable of those on the Continent. It is large and wide, and of a massive and imposing style of architecture. The buttresses are bold, and very much after the English fashion. The tower is the chief exterior beauty. Before we mounted it, we begged the guide, who attended us, to conduct us all over the interior. This interior is very noble, and even superior, as a piece of architecture, to that of Strasburg. I should think it even longer and wider—for the truth is, that the tower of Strasburg Cathedral is as much too tall, as that of Ulm Cathedral is too short, for its nave and choir. Not very long ago, they had covered the interior by a whitewash; and thus the mellow tint of probably about five centuries—in a spot where there are few immediately surrounding houses—and in a town of which the manufactories and population are comparatively small—the latter about 14,000—thus, I say, the mellow tint of these five centuries (for I suppose the cathedral to have been finished about the year 1320) has been cruelly changed for the staring and chilling effects of whiting.[B]

## Page 66

The choir is interesting in a high degree. At the extremity of it is an altar—indicative of the Lutheran form of worship being carried on within the church—upon which are oil paintings upon wood, emblazoned with gilt backgrounds—of the time of Hans Burgmair, and of others at the revival of the art of painting in Germany. These pictures turn upon hinges, so as to shut up, or be thrown open; and are in the highest state of preservation. Their subjects are entirely Scriptural; and perhaps old John Holbein, the father of the famous Hans Holbein, might have had a share in some of them. Perhaps they may come down to the time of Lucas Cranach. Wherever, or by whomsoever executed, this series of paintings, upon the high altar of the Cathedral of Ulm, can not be viewed without considerable satisfaction. They were the first choice specimens of early art which I had seen on this side of the Rhine; and I, of course, contemplated them with the hungry eye of an antiquary.

After a careful survey of the interior, the whole of which had quite the air of English cleanliness and order, we prepared to mount the famous tower. Our valet, Rohfritsch, led the way; counting the steps as he mounted, and finding them to be about 378 in number. He was succeeded by the guide. Mr. Lewis and myself followed in a more leisurely manner; peeping through the interstices which presented themselves in the open fretwork of the ornaments, and finding, as we continued to ascend, that the inhabitants and dwelling houses of Ulm diminished gradually in size. At length we gained the summit, which is surrounded by a parapet wall of some three or four feet in height. We paused a minute, to recover our breath, and to look at the prospect which surrounded us. The town, at our feet, looked like the metropolis of Laputa. Yet the high ground, by which we had descended into the town—and upon which Bonaparte's army was formerly encamped—seemed to be more lofty than the spot whereon we stood. On the opposite side flowed the Danube; not broad, nor, as I learned, very deep; but rapid and in a serpentine direction.

Upon the whole, the Cathedral of Ulm is a noble ecclesiastical edifice; uniting simplicity and purity with massiveness of composition. Few cathedrals are more uniform in the style of their architecture. It seems to be, to borrow technical language, all of a piece. Near it, forming the foreground of the Munich print, are a chapel and a house surrounded by trees. The Chapel is very small, and, as I learned, not used for religious purposes. The house (so Professor Veesenmeyer informed me) is supposed to have been the residence and offices of business of John Zeiner, the well-known printer, who commenced his typographical labors about the year 1740, and who uniformly printed at Ulm; while his brother Gunther as uniformly exercised his art in the city whence I am now addressing you. They were both natives of Reutlingen, a town of some note between Tuebingen and Ulm.



## Page 67

[Footnote A: From “A Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour,” published in 1821.]

[Footnote B: Ulm has now (1914) a population of 56,000.]

### **AIX-LA-CHAPELLE AND CHARLEMAGNE’S TOMB[A]**

**BY VICTOR HUGO**

For an invalid, Aix-la-Chapelle is a mineral fountain—warm, cold, irony, and sulfurous; for the tourist, it is a place for redouts and concerts; for the pilgrim, the place of relics, where the gown of the Virgin Mary, the blood of Jesus, the cloth which enveloped the head of John the Baptist after his decapitation, are exhibited every seven years; for the antiquarian, it is a noble abbey of “filles a abbesse,” connected with the male convent, which was built by Saint Gregory, son of Nicephore, Emperor of the East; for the hunter, it is the ancient valley of the wild boars; for the merchant, it is a “fabrique” of cloth, needles, and pins; and for him who is no merchant, manufacturer, hunter, antiquary, pilgrim, tourist, or invalid, it is the city of Charlemagne.

Charlemagne was born at Aix-la-Chapelle, and died there. He was born in the old place, of which there now only remains the tower, and he was buried in the church that he founded in 796, two years after the death of his wife Fastrada. Leo the Third consecrated it in 804, and tradition says that two bishops of Tongres, who were buried at Maestricht, arose from their graves, in order to complete, at that ceremony, 365 bishops and archbishops—representing the days of the year. This historical and legendary church, from which the town has taken its name, has undergone, during the last thousand years, many transformations. No sooner had I entered Aix than I went to the chapel.... The effect of the great “portail” is not striking; the facade displays the different styles of architecture—Roman, Gothic, and modern—without order, and consequently, without grandeur; but if, on the contrary, we arrive at the chapel by Chevet, the result is otherwise. The high “abside” of the fourteenth century, in all its boldness and beauty, the rich workmanship of its balustrades, the variety of its “gargouilles,” the somber hue of the stones, and the large transparent windows—strike the beholder with admiration.

Here, nevertheless, the aspect of the church—imposing tho it is—will be found far from uniform. Between the “abside” and the “portail,” in a kind of cavity, the dome of Otho III., built over the tomb of Charlemagne in the tenth century, is hid from view. After a few moments’ contemplation, a singular awe comes over us when gazing at this extraordinary edifice—an edifice which, like the great work that Charlemagne began, remains unfinished; and which, like his empire that spoke all languages, is composed of architecture that represents all styles. To the reflective, there is a strange analogy between that wonderful man and this great building.



After having passed the arched roof of the portico, and left behind me the antique bronze doors surmounted with lions' heads, a white rotundo of two stories, in which all the "fantasies" of architecture are displayed, attracted my attention. At casting my eyes upon the ground, I perceived a large block of black marble, with the following inscription in brass letters:—



## Page 68

“Carolo Magno.”

Nothing is more contemptible than to see, exposed to view, the bastard graces that surround this great Carolingian name; angels resembling distorted Cupids, palm-branches like colored feathers, garlands of flowers, and knots of ribbons, are placed under the dome of Otho III., and upon the tomb of Charlemagne.

The only thing here that evinces respect to the shade of that great man is an immense lamp, twelve feet in diameter, with forty-eight burners; which was presented, in the twelfth century, by Barbarossa. It is of brass, gilt with gold, has the form of a crown, and is suspended from the ceiling above the marble stone by an iron chain about seventy feet in length.

It is evident that some other monument had been erected to Charlemagne. There is nothing to convince us that this marble, bordered with brass, is of antiquity. As to the letters, “Carolo Magno,” they are not of a late date than 1730.

Charlemagne is no longer under this stone. In 1166 Frederick Barbarossa—whose gift, magnificent tho it was, does by no means compensate for this sacrilege—caused the remains of that great emperor to be untombed. The Church claimed the imperial skeleton, and, separating the bones, made each a holy relic. In the adjoining sacristy, a vicar shows the people—for three francs seventy-five centimes—the fixt price—“the arm of Charlemagne”—that arm which held for a time the reins of the world. Venerable relic! which has the following inscription, written by some scribe of the twelfth century:

“Arm of the Sainted Charles the Great.”

After that I saw the skull of Charlemagne, that cranium which may be said to have been the mold of Europe, and which a beadle had the effrontery to strike with his finger.

All were kept in a wooden armory, with a few angels, similar to those I have just mentioned, on the top. Such is the tomb of the man whose memory has outlived ten ages, and who, by his greatness, has shed the rays of immortality around his name. “Sainted, Great,” belong to him—two of the most august epithets which this earth could bestow upon a human being.

There is one thing astonishing—that is, the largeness of the skull and arm. Charlemagne was, in fact, colossal with respect to size of body as well as extraordinary mental endowments. The son of Pepin-le-Bref was in body, as in mind, gigantic; of great corporeal strength, and of astounding intellect.

An inspection of this armory has a strange effect upon the antiquary. Besides the skull and arm, it contains the heart of Charlemagne; the cross which the emperor had round his neck in his tomb; a handsome ostensorium, of the Renaissance, given by Charles



the Fifth, and spoiled, in the last century, by tasteless ornaments; fourteen richly sculptured gold plates, which once ornamented the arm-chair of the emperor; an ostensorium, given by Philippe the Second; the cord which bound our Savior; the sponge that was used upon the cross; the girdle of the Holy Virgin, and that of the Redeemer.



## Page 69

In the midst of innumerable ornaments, heaped up in the armory like mountains of gold and precious stones, are two shrines of singular beauty. One, the oldest, which is seldom opened, contains the remaining bones of Charlemagne, and the other, of the twelfth century, which Frederick Barbarossa gave to the church, holds the relics, which are exhibited every seven years. A single exhibition of this shrine, in 1696, attracted 42,000 pilgrims, and drew, in ten days 80,000 florins. This shrine has only one key, which is in two pieces; the one is in the possession of the chapter, the other in that of the magistrates of the town. Sometimes it is opened on extraordinary occasions, such as on the visit of a monarch....

The tomb, before it became the sarcophagus of Charlemagne, was, it is said, that of Augustus. After mounting a narrow staircase, my guide conducted me to a gallery which is called the Hochmuenster. In this place is the arm-chair of Charlemagne. It is low, exceedingly wide, with a round back; is formed of four pieces of white marble, without ornaments or sculpture, and has for a seat an oak board, covered with a cushion of red velvet. There are six steps up to it, two of which are of granite, the others of marble. On this chair sat—a crown upon his head, a globe in one hand, a scepter in the other, a sword by his side, the imperial mantle over his shoulders, the cross of Christ round his neck, and his feet in the sarcophagus of Augustus—Carolus Magnus in his tomb, in which attitude he remained for three hundred and fifty-two years—from 852 to 1166, when Frederick Barbarossa, coveting the chair for his coronation, entered the tomb. Barbarossa was an illustrious prince and a valiant soldier; and it must, therefore, have been a moment singularly strange when this crowned man stood before the crowned corpse of Charlemagne—the one in all the majesty of empire, the other in all the majesty of death. The soldier overcame the shades of greatness; the living became the despoliator of inanimate worth. The chapel claimed the skeleton, and Barbarossa the marble chair, which afterward became the throne where thirty-six emperors were crowned. Ferdinand the First was the last; Charles the Fifth preceded him.

In 1804, when Bonaparte became known as Napoleon, he visited Aix-la-Chapelle. Josephine, who accompanied him, had the caprice to sit down on this chair; but Napoleon, out of respect for Charlemagne, took off his hat, and remained for some time standing, and in silence. The following fact is somewhat remarkable, and struck me forcibly. In 814 Charlemagne died; a thousand years afterward, most probably about the same hour, Napoleon fell.

In that fatal year, 1814, the allied sovereigns visited the tomb of the great “Carolus.” Alexander of Russia, like Napoleon, took off his hat and uniform; Frederick William of Prussia kept on his “casquette de petite tenue;” Francis retained his surtout and round bonnet. The King of Prussia stood upon the marble steps, receiving information from the provost of the chapter respecting the coronation of the emperors of Germany; the two emperors remained silent. Napoleon, Josephine, Alexander, Frederick William, and Francis, are now no more.



## Page 70

A few minutes afterward I was on my way to the Hotel-de-Ville, the supposed birthplace of Charlemagne, which, like the chapel, is an edifice made of five or six others. In the middle of the court there is a fountain of great antiquity, with a bronze statue of Charlemagne. To the left and right are two others—both surmounted with eagles, their heads half turned toward the grave and tranquil emperor.

The evening was approaching. I had passed the whole of the day among these grand and austere “souvenirs;” and, therefore, deemed it essential to take a walk in the open fields, to breathe the fresh air, and to watch the rays of the declining sun. I wandered along some dilapidated walls, entered a field, then some beautiful alleys, in one of which I seated myself. Aix-la-Chapelle lay extended before me, partly hid by the shades of evening, which were falling around. By degrees the fogs gained the roofs of the houses, and shrouded the town steeples; then nothing was seen but two huge masses—the Hotel-de-Ville and the chapel. All the emotions, all the thoughts and visions which flitted across my mind during the day, now crowded upon me. The first of the two dark objects was to me only the birthplace of a child; the second was the resting-place of greatness. At intervals, in the midst of my reverie, I imagined that I saw the shade of this giant, whom we call Charlemagne, developing itself between this great cradle and still greater tomb.

[Footnote A: From “The Rhine.” Translated by D.M. Aird.]

## THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE[A]

BY JAMES HOWELL

The Hans, or Hanseatic League, is very ancient, some would derive the word from hand, because they of the society plight their faith by that action; others derive it from Hansa, which in the Gothic tongue is council; others would have it come from Hander see, which signifies near or upon the sea, and this passeth for the best etymology, because their towns are all seated so, or upon some navigable river near the sea. The extent of the old Hans was from the Nerve in Livonia to the Rhine, and contained sixty-two great mercantile towns, which were divided into four precincts. The chiefest of the first precinct was Luebeck, where the archives of their ancient records and their prime chancery is still, and this town is within that verge; Cullen is chief of the second precinct, Brunswick of the third, and Dantzic of the fourth. The kings of Poland and Sweden have sued to be their protector, but they refused them, because they were not princes of the empire.

They put off also the King of Denmark with a compliment, nor would they admit the King of Spain when he was most potent in the Netherlands, tho afterward, when it was too late, they desired the help of the ragged staff; nor of the Duke of Anjou, notwithstanding that the world thought he should have married our queen, who interceded for him, and



so it was probable that thereby they might recover their privileges in England. So I do not find that they ever had any protector but the great Master of Prussia; and their want of a protector did do them some prejudice in that famous difference they had with our Queen.



## Page 71

The old Hans had extraordinary immunities given them by our Henry the Third, because they assisted him in his wars with so many ships, and as they pretend, the king was not only to pay them for the service of the said ships but for the vessels themselves if they miscarried. Now it happened that at their return to Germany, from serving Henry the Third, there was a great fleet of them cast away, for which, according to covenant, they demanded reparation. Our king in lieu of money, among other facts of grace, gave them a privilege to pay but one per cent., which continued until Queen Mary's reign, and she by advice of King Philip, her husband, as it was conceived, enhanced the one to twenty per cent.

The Hans not only complained but clamored loudly for breach of their ancient privileges confirmed unto them, time out of mind, by thirteen successive kings of England, which they pretended to have purchased with their money. King Philip undertook to accommodate the business, but Queen Mary dying a little after, and he retiring, there could be nothing done. Complaint being made to Queen Elizabeth, she answered that as she would not innovate anything, so she would maintain them still in the same condition she found them. Hereupon their navigation and traffic ceased a while, wherefore the English tried what they could do themselves, and they thrived so well that they took the whole trade into their own hands, and so divided themselves (tho they be now but one), to staplers and merchant-adventurers, the one residing constant in one place, where they kept their magazine of wool, the other stirring and adventuring to divers places abroad with cloth and other manufacturies, which made the Hans endeavor to draw upon them all the malignancy they could from all nations.

Moreover, the Hans towns being a body politic incorporated in the empire, complained thereof to the emperor, who sent over persons of great quality to mediate an accommodation, but they could effect nothing. Then the queen caused a proclamation to be published that the easterlings or merchants of the Hans should be entreated and used as all other strangers were, within her dominations, without any mark of difference in point of commerce. This nettled them more, thereupon they bent their forces more eagerly, and in a diet at Ratisbon they procured that the English merchants who had associated themselves into fraternities in Emden and other places should be declared monopolists; and so there was a committal edict published against them that they should be exterminated and banished out of all parts of the empire; and this was done by the activity of one Sudennan, a great civilian.



## Page 72

There was there for the queen, Gilpin, as nimble a man as Suderman, and he had the Chancellor of Emden to second and countenance him, but they could not stop the said edict wherein the Society of English Merchant-Adventurers was pronounced to be a monopoly; yet Gilpin played his game so well, that he wrought underhand, that the said imperial ban should not be published till after the dissolution of the diet, and that in the interim the Emperor should send ambassadors to England to advise the queen of such a ban against her merchants. But this wrought so little impression upon the queen that the said ban grew rather ridiculous than formidable, for the town of Emden harbored our merchants notwithstanding and afterward Stade, but they not being able to protect them so well from the imperial ban, they settled in the town of Hamburg. After this the queen commanded another proclamation to be divulged that the easterlings or Hanseatic merchants should be allowed to trade in England upon the same conditions and payment of duties as her own subjects, provided that the English merchants might have interchangeable privilege to reside and trade peaceably in Stade or Hamburg or anywhere else within the precincts of Hans. This incensed them more, thereupon they resolved to cut off Stade and Hamburg from being members of the Hans or of the empire; but they suspended this decision till they saw what success the great Spanish fleet should have, which was then preparing in the year eighty-eight, for they had not long before had recourse to the King of Spain and made him their own, and he had done them some material good offices; wherefore to this day the Spanish Consul is taxed of improvidence and imprudence, that there was no use made of the Hans towns in that expedition.

The queen finding that they of the Hans would not be contented with that equality she had offered betwixt them and her own subjects, put out a proclamation that they should carry neither corn, victuals, arms, timber, masts, cables, minerals, nor any other materials, or men to Spain or Portugal. And after, the queen growing more redoubtable and famous, by the overthrow of the fleet of eighty-eight, the easterlings fell to despair of doing any good. Add hereunto another disaster that befell them, the taking of sixty sails of their ships about the mouth of Tagus in Portugal by the Queen's ships that were laden with "ropas de contrabando," viz., goods prohibited by her former proclamation into the dominions of Spain. And as these ships were upon point of being discharged, she had intelligence of a great assembly at Luebeck, which had met of purpose to consult of means to be revenged of her thereupon she stayed and seized upon the said sixty ships, only two were freed to bring news what became of the rest. Hereupon the Pope sent an ambassador to her, who spoke in a high tone, but he was answered in a higher.



## Page 73

Ever since our merchants have beaten a peaceful and free uninterrupted trade into this town and elsewhere within and without the Sound, with their manufactures of wool, and found the way also to the White Sea to Archangel and Moscow. Insomuch that the premises being well considered, it was a happy thing for England that that clashing fell out betwixt her and the Hans, for it may be said to have been the chief ground of that shipping and merchandising, which she is now come to, and wherewith she hath flourished ever since. But one thing is observable, that as that imperial or committal ban, pronounced in the Diet at Ratisbon against our merchants and manufactures of wool, incited them more to industry. So our proclamation upon Alderman Cockein's project of transporting no white cloths but dyed, and in their full manufacture, did cause both Dutch and Germans to turn necessity to a virtue, and made them far more ingenious to find ways, not only to dye but to make cloth, which hath much impaired our markets ever since. For there hath not been the third part of our cloth sold since, either here or in Holland.

[Footnote A: From "Familiar Letters." "Montaigne and 'Howell's Letters'," says Thackeray, in one of the "Roundabout Papers," "are my bedside books." Howell wrote this letter in Hamburg in October, 1632.]

## HAMBURG[A]

BY THEOPHILE GAUTIER

To describe a night journey by rail is a difficult matter; you go like an arrow whistling through a cloud; it is traveling in the abstract. You cross provinces, kingdoms even, unawares. From time to time during the night, I saw through the window the comet, rushing down upon the earth, with lowered head and hair streaming far behind; suddenly glares of gaslight dazzled my eyes, sanded with the goldust of sleep; or the pale bluish radiance of the moon gave an air of fairy-land to scenes doubtless poor enough by day. Conscientiously, this is all I can say from personal observation; and it would not be particularly amusing if I should transcribe from the railway guide the names of all the stations between Berlin and Hamburg.

It is 7 a.m., and here we are in the good Hanse town of Hamburg; the city is not yet awake, or at most is rubbing its eyes and yawning. While they are preparing my breakfast, I sally forth at random, as my custom is, without guide or cicerone, in pursuit of the unknown.

The hotel, at which I have been set down, is situated on the quay of the Alster, a basin as large as the Lac d'Enghien, which it still further resembles in being peopled with tame swans. On three sides, the Alster basin is bordered with hotels and handsome modern houses. An embankment planted with trees and commanded by a wind-mill in

profile forms the fourth; beyond extends a great lagoon. From the most frequented of these quays, a cafe painted green and built on piles, makes out into the water, like



## Page 74

that cafe of the Golden Horn where I have smoked so many chibouques; watching the sea-birds fly. At the sight of this quay, this basin, these houses, I experienced an inexplicable sensation: I seemed to know them already. Confused recollections of them arose in my memory; could I have been in Hamburg without being aware of it? Assuredly all these objects are not new to me, and yet I am seeing them for the first time. Have I preserved the impression made by some picture, some photograph?

While I was seeking philosophic explanations for this memory of the unknown, the idea of Heinrich Heine suddenly presented itself, and all became clear. The great poet had often spoken to me of Hamburg, in those plastic words he so well knew how to use—words that were equivalent to realities. In his “Reisebilder,” he describes the scene—cafe basin, swans, and townsfolk upon the quays—Heaven knows what portraits he makes of them! He returns to it again in his poem, “Germania,” and there is so much life to the picture, such distinctness, such relief, that sight itself teaches you nothing more.

I made the circuit of the basin, graciously accompanied by a snow-white swan, handsome enough to make one think it might be Jupiter in disguise, seeking some Hamburg Leda, and, the better to carry out the deception, snapping at the bread-crumbs offered him by the traveler. On the farther side of the basin, at the right, is a sort of garden or public promenade, having an artificial hillock, like that in the labyrinth in the “Jardin des Plantes.” Having gone thus far, I turned and retraced my steps.

Every city has its fashionable quarter—new, expensive, handsome—of which the citizens are proud, and through which the guide leads you with much complacency. The streets are broad and regular, and cut one another at right angles; there are sidewalks of granite, brick, or bitumen; there are lamp-posts in every direction. The houses are like palaces; their classically modern architecture, their irreproachable paint, their varnished doors and well-scoured brasses, fill with joy the city fathers and every lover of progress. The city is neat, orderly, salubrious, full of light and air, and resembles Paris or London. There is the Exchange! It is superb—as fine as the Bourse in Paris! I grant it; and, besides, you can smoke there, which is a point of superiority.

Farther on you observe the Palace of Justice, the bank, *etc.*, built in the style you know well, adored by Philistines of every land. Doubtless that house must have cost enormously; it contains all possible luxury and comfort. You feel that the mollusk of such a shell can be nothing less than a millionaire. Permit me, however, to love better the old house with its overhanging stories, its roof of irregular tiles, and all its little characteristic details, telling of former generations. To be interesting, a city must have the air of having lived, and, in a sense, of having received from man a soul. What makes these magnificent streets built yesterday so cold and so tiresome, is that they are not yet impregnated with human vitality.

## Page 75

Leaving the new quarter, I penetrated by degrees into the chaos of the old streets, and soon I had before my eyes a characteristic, picturesque Hamburg; a genuine old city with a medieval stamp which would delight Bonington, Isabey or William Wyld. I walked slowly, stopping at every street-corner that I might lose no detail of the picture; and rarely has any promenade amused me so well.

Houses, whose gables are denticulated or else curved in volutes, throw out successive overhanging stories, each composed of a row of windows, or, more properly, of one window divided into sections by carved uprights. Beneath each house are excavated cellars, subterranean recesses, which the steps leading to the front door bestride like a drawbridge. Wood, brick, stone and slate, mingled in a way to content the eye of a colorist, cover what little space the windows leave on the outside of the house. All this is surmounted by a roof of red or violet tiles, or tarred plank, interrupted by openings to give light to the attics, and having an abrupt pitch. These steep roofs look well against the background of a northern sky; the rains run off them in torrents, the snow slips from them; they suit the climate, and do not require to be swept in winter. Some houses have doors ornamented with rustic columns, scroll-work, recessed pediments, chubby-cheeked caryatides, little angels and loves, stout rosettes and enormous shells, all glued over with whitewash renewed doubtless every year.

The tobacco sellers in Hamburg can not be counted. At every third step you behold a bare-chested negro cultivating the precious leaf or a Grand Seigneur, attired like the theatrical Turk, smoking a colossal pipe. Boxes of cigars, with their more or less fallacious vignettes and labels, figure, symmetrically disposed, in the ornamentation of the shop-fronts. There must be very little tobacco left at Havana, if we can have faith in these displays, so rich in famous brands.

As I have said, it was early morning. Servant-maids, kneeling on the steps or standing on the window-sills, were going on with the Saturday scrubbing. Notwithstanding the keen air, they made a display of robust arms bare to the shoulder, tanned and sunburned, red with that astonishing vermilion that we see in some of Rubens' paintings, which is the joint result of the biting of the north wind and the action of water upon these blond skins; little girls belonging to the poorer classes, with braided hair, bare arms, and low-necked frocks, were going out to obtain articles of food; I shivered in my paletot, to see them so lightly clad. There is something strange about this; the women of northern countries cut their dresses out in the neck, they go about bare-headed and bare-armed, while the women of the South cover themselves with vests, haicks, pelisses, and warm garments of every description.

Walking on, still at random, I came to the maritime part of the city, where canals take the place of streets. As yet it was low water, and vessels lay aground in the mud, showing their hulls, and careening over in a way to rejoice a water-color painter. Soon the tide came up, and everything began to be in motion. I would suggest Hamburg to artists following in the track of Canaletto, Guardi, or Joyant; they will find, at every step,

themes as picturesque as and more new than those which they go to Venice in search of.

## Page 76

This forest of salmon-colored masts, with their maze of cordage and their yellowish-brown sails drying in the sun, these tarred sterns with apple-green decks, these lateen-yards threatening the windows of the neighboring houses, these derricks standing under plank roofs shaped like pagodas, these tackles lifting heavy packages out of vessels and landing them in houses, these bridges opening to give passage to vessels, these clumps of trees, these gables overtopped here and there by spires and belfries; all this bathed in smoke, traversed by sunlight and here and there returning a glitter of polished metal, the far-off distance blue and misty, and the foreground full of vigorous color, produced effects of the most brilliant and piquant novelty. A church-tower, covered with plates of copper, springing from this curious medley of rigging and of houses, recalled to me by its odd green color the tower of Galata, at Constantinople....

As the hour advanced, the crowd became more numerous, and it was largely composed of women. In Hamburg they seem to enjoy great license. Very young girls come and go alone without anyone's noticing it, and—a remarkable thing!—children go to school by themselves, little basket on the arm, and slate in hand; in Paris, left to their own free will, they will run off to play marbles, tag, or hop-scotch.

Dogs are muzzled in Hamburg all the week, but on Sundays they are left at liberty to bite whom they please. They are taxed, and appear to be esteemed; but the cats are sad and unappreciated. Recognizing in me a friend, they cast melancholy glances at me, saying in their feline language, to which long use has given me the key:

“These Philistines, busy with their money-getting, despise us; and yet our eyes are as yellow as their louis d’or. Stupid men that they are, they believe us good for nothing but to catch rats; we, the wise, the meditative, the independent, who have slept upon the prophet’s sleeve, and lulled his ear with the whirl of our mysterious wheel! Pass your hand over our backs full of electric sparkles—we allow you this liberty, and say to Charles Baudelaire that he must write a fine sonnet, deploring our woes.”

As the Luebeck boat was not to leave until the morrow, I went to Wilkin’s to get my supper. This famous establishment occupies a low-ceiled basement, which is divided into cabinets ornamented with more show than taste. Oysters, turtle-soup, a truffled filet, and a bottle of Veuve Cliquot iced, composed my simple bill of fare. The place was filled, after the Hamburg fashion, with edibles of all sorts; things early and things out of season, dainties not yet in existence or having long ceased to exist, for the common crowd. In the kitchen they showed us, in great tanks, huge sea-turtles which lifted their scaly heads above the water, resembling snakes caught between two platters. Their little horny eyes looked with uneasiness at the light which was held near them, and their flippers, like oars of some disabled galley, vaguely moved up and down, as seeking some impossible escape. I trust that the personnel of the exhibition changes occasionally.



## Page 77

In the morning I went for my breakfast to an English restaurant, a sort of pavilion of glass, whence I had a magnificent panoramic view. The river spread out majestically through a forest of vessels with tall masts, of every build and tonnage. Steam-tugs were beating the water, towing sailing-vessels out to sea; others, moving about freely, made their way hither and thither, with that precision which makes a steam-boat seem like a conscious being, endowed by a will of its own, and served by sentient organs. From the elevation the Elbe is seen, spreading broadly like all great rivers as they near the sea. Its waters, sure of arriving at last, are in no haste; placid as a lake, they flow with an almost invisible motion. The low opposite shore was covered with verdure, and dotted with red houses half-effaced by the smoke from the chimneys. A golden bar of sunshine shot across the plain; it was grand, luminous, superb.

[Footnote A: From "A Winter in Russia." By arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Henry Holt & Co. Copyright, 1874. Hamburg is now the largest seaport on the continent of Europe. London and New York are the only ports in the world that are larger. Exclusive of its rural territory, it had in 1905 a population of 803,000.]

### SCHLESWIG[A]

BY THEOPHILE GAUTIER

When you are in a foreign country, reduced to the condition of a deaf-mute, you can not but curse the memory of him who conceived the idea of building the tower of Babel, and by his pride brought about the confusion of tongues! An omnibus took possession of myself and my trunks, and, with the feeling that it must of necessity take me somewhere, I confidingly allowed myself to be stowed in and carried away. The intelligent omnibus set me down before the best hotel in the town, and there, as circumnavigators say in their journals, "I held a parley with the natives." Among them was a waiter who spoke French in a way that was transparent enough to give me an occasional glimpse of his meaning; and who—a much rarer thing!—even sometimes understood what I said to him.

My name upon the hotel register was a ray of light. The hostess had been notified of my expected arrival, and I was to be sent for as soon as my appearance should be announced; but it was now late in the evening, and I thought it better to wait till the next day. There was served for supper a "chaud-froid" of partridge—without confiture—and I lay down upon the sofa, hopeless of being able to sleep between the two down-cushions which compose the German and the Danish bed....



## Page 78

I explored Schleswig, which is a city quite peculiar in its appearance. One wide street runs the length of the town, with which narrow cross streets are connected, like the smaller bones with the dorsal vertebrae of a fish. There are handsome modern houses, which, as usual, have not the slightest character. But the more modest dwellings have a local stamp; they are one-story buildings, very low—not over seven or eight feet in height—capped with a huge roof of fluted red tiles. Windows, broader than they are high, occupy the whole of the front; and behind these windows, spread luxuriantly in porcelain or faience or earthen flowerpots, plants of every description; geraniums, verbenas, fuchsias—and this absolutely without exception. The poorest house is as well adorned as the best. Sheltered by these perfumed window-blinds, the women sit at work, knitting or sewing, and, out of the corner of their eye, they watch, in the little movable mirror which reflects the streets, the rare passer-by, whose boots resound upon the pavement. The cultivation of flowers seem to be a passion in the north; countries where they grow naturally make but little account of them in comparison.

The church in Schleswig had in store for me a surprise. Protestant churches in general, are not very interesting from an artistic point of view, unless the reformed faith may have installed itself in some Catholic sanctuary diverted from its primitive designation. You find, usually, only whitewashed naves, walls destitute of painting or bas-relief, and rows of oaken benches well-polished and shining. It is neat and comfortable, but it is not beautiful. The church at Schleswig contains, by a grand, unknown artist, an altar-piece in three parts, of carved wood, representing in a series of bas-reliefs, separated by fine architectural designs, the most important scenes in the drama of the Passion.

Around the church stand sepulchral chapels of fine funereal fancy and excellent decorative effect. A vaulted hall contains the tombs of the ancient Dukes of Schleswig; massive slabs of stone, blazoned with armorial devices, covered with inscriptions which are not lacking in character.

In the neighborhood of Schleswig are great saline ponds, communicating with the sea. I paced the high-road, remarking the play of light upon this grayish water, and the surface crisped by the wind; occasionally I extended my walk as far as the chateau metamorphosed into a barrack, and the public gardens, a miniature St. Cloud, with its cascade, its dolphins, and its other aquatic monsters all standing idle. A very good sinecure is that of a Triton in a Louis Quinze basin! I should ask nothing better myself.

[Footnote A: From "A Winter in Russia." By arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Henry Holt & Co. Copyright, 1874.]

## LUEBECK[A]

BY THEOPHILE GAUTIER



## Page 79

In the evening the train carried me to Luebeck, across magnificent cultivated lands, filled with summer-houses, which lave their feet in the brown water, overhung by spreading willows. This German Venice has its canal, the Brenta, whose villas, tho not built by Sanmichele or Palladio, none the less make a fine show against the fresh green of their surroundings.

On arriving at Luebeck, a special omnibus received me and my luggage, and I was soon set down at the hotel. The city seemed picturesque as I caught a glimpse of it through the darkness by the vague light of lanterns; and in the morning, as I opened my chamber-window, I perceived at once I had not been mistaken.

The opposite house had a truly German aspect. It was extremely high and overtopped by an old-fashioned denticulated gable. At each one of the seven stories of the house, iron cross-bars spread themselves out into clusters of iron-work, supporting the building, and serving at once for use and ornament, in accordance with an excellent principle in architecture, at the present day too much neglected. It is not by concealing the framework, but by making it distinct, that we obtain more character.

This house was not the only one of its kind, as I was able to convince myself on walking a few steps out of doors. The actual Luebeck is still to the eye the Luebeck of the Middle Ages, the old capital of the Hanseatic League.[B] All the drama of modern life is enacted in the old theater whose scenery remains the same, its drop-scene even not repainted. What a pleasure it is to be walking thus amid the outward life of the past, and to contemplate the same dwellings which long-vanished generations have inhabited! Without doubt, the living man has a right to model his shell in accordance with his own habits, his tastes, and his manners; but it can not be denied that a new city is far less attractive than an old one.

When I was a child, I sometimes received for a New Year's present one of those Nuremberg boxes containing a whole miniature German city. In a hundred different ways I arranged the little houses of painted wood around the church, with its pointed belfry and its red walls, where the seam of the bricks was marked by fine white lines. I set out my two dozen frizzed and painted trees, and saw with delight the charmingly outlandish and wildly festal air which these apple-green, pink, lilac, fawn-colored houses with their window-panes, their retreating gables, and their steep roofs, brilliant with red varnish, assumed, spread out on the carpet.

My idea was that houses like these had no existence in reality, but were made by some kind fairy for extremely good little boys. The marvelous exaggeration of childhood gave this little parti-colored city a respectable development, and I walked through its regular streets, tho with the same precautions as did Gulliver in Liliput. Luebeck gave back to me this long-forgotten feeling of my childish days. I seemed to walk in a city of the imagination, taken out of some monstrous toy-box. I believe, considering all the

faultlessly correct architecture that I have been forced to see in my traveler's life, that I really deserved that pleasure by way of compensation.

## Page 80

A cloister, or at least a gallery, a fragment of an ancient monastery, presented itself to view. This colonnade ran the whole length of the square, at the end of which stood the Marienkirche, a brick church of the fourteenth century. Continuing my walk, I found myself in a market-place, where awaited me one of those sights which repay the traveler for much fatigue: a public building of a new, unforeseen, original aspect, the old Stadthaus in which was formerly the Hanse hall, rose suddenly before me.

It occupies two sides of the square. Imagine, in front of the Marienkirche, whose spires and roof of oxydized copper rise above it, a lofty brick facade, blackened by time, bristling with three bell-towers with pointed copper-covered roofs, having two great empty rose-windows, and emblazoned with escutcheons inscribed in the trefoils of its ogives, double-headed black eagles on a gold field, and shields, half gules, half argent, ranged alternately, and executed in the most elaborate fashion of heraldry.

To this facade is joined a palazzino of the Renaissance, in stone and of an entirely different style, its tint of grayish-white marvelously relieved by the dark-red background of old brick-work. This building, with its three gables, its fluted Ionic columns, its caryatides, or rather its Atlases (for they are human figures), its semicircular window, its niches curved like a shell, its arcades ornamented with figures, its basement of diamond-shaped stones, produces what I may call an architectural discord that is most unexpected and charming. We meet very few edifices in the north of Europe of this style and epoch.

In the facade, the old German style prevails: arches of brick, resting upon short granite columns, support a gallery with ogive-windows. A row of blazons, inclined from right to left, bring out their brilliant color against the blackish tint of the wall. It would be difficult to form an idea of the character and richness of this ornamentation.

This gallery leads into the main building, a structure than which no scene-painter, seeking a medieval decoration for an opera, ever invented anything more picturesque and singular. Five turrets, coiffed with roofs like extinguishers, raise their pointed tops above the main line of the facade with its lofty ogive-windows—unhappily now most of them partially bricked up, in accordance, doubtless, with the exigencies of alterations made within. Eight great disks, having gold backgrounds, and representing radiating suns, double-headed eagles, and the shields, gules and argent, the armorial bearings of Luebeck, are spread out gorgeously upon this quaint architecture. Beneath, arches supported upon short, thick pillars yawn darkly, and from far within there comes the gleam of precious metals, the wares of some goldsmith's shop.



## Page 81

Turning back toward the square again, I notice, rising above the houses, the green spires of another church, and over the heads of some market-women, who are chaffering over their fish and vegetables, the profile of a little building with brick pillars, which must have been a pillory in its day. This gives a last touch to the purely Gothic aspect of the square which is interrupted by no modern edifice. The ingenious idea occurred to me that this splendid Stadthaus must have another facade; and so in fact it had; passing under an archway, I found myself in a broad street, and my admiration began anew.

Five bell-towers, built half into the wall and separated by tall ogive-windows now partly blocked up, repeated, with variations, the facade I have just described. Brick rosettes exhibited their curious designs, spreading with square stitches, so to speak, like patterns for worsted work. At the base of the somber edifice a pretty little lodge, of the Renaissance, built as an afterthought, gave entrance to an exterior staircase going up along the wall diagonally to a sort of mirador, or overhanging look-out, in exquisite taste. Graceful little statues of Faith and Justice, elegantly draped, decorated the portico.

The staircase, resting on arches which widened as it rose higher, was ornamented with grotesque masks and caryatides. The mirador, placed above the arched doorway opening upon the market-place, was crowned with a recessed and voluted pediment, where a figure of Themis held in one hand balances, and in the other a sword, not forgetting to give her drapery, at the same time, a coquettish puff. An odd order formed of fluted pilasters fashioned like pedestals and supporting busts, separated the windows of this aerial cage. Consoles with fantastic masks completed the elegant ornamentation, over which Time had passed his thumb just enough to give to the carved stone that bloom which nothing can imitate....

The Marienkirche, which stands, as I have said, behind the Stadt-haus, is well worth a visit. Its two towers are 408 feet in height; a very elaborate belfry rises from the roof at the point of intersection of the transept. The towers of Luebeck have the peculiarity, every one of them, of being out of the perpendicular, leaning perceptibly to the right or left, but without disquieting the eye, like the tower of Asinelli at Bologna, or the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Seen two or three miles away, these towers, drunk and staggering, with their pointed caps that seem to nod at the horizon, present a droll and hilarious silhouette.

On entering the church, the first curious object that meets the eye is a copy of the Todtentanz, or Dance of Death, of the cemetery at Basle. I do not need to describe it in detail. The Middle Ages were never tired of composing variations upon this dismal theme. The most conspicuous of them are brought together in this lugubrious painting, which covers all the walls of one chapel. From the

## Page 82

Pope and the Emperor to the infant in his cradle, each human being in his turn enters upon the dance with the inevitable terror. But death is not depicted as a skeleton, white, polished, cleaned, articulated with copper wire like the skeleton of an anatomical cabinet: that would be too ornamental for the vulgar crowd. He appears as a dead body in a more or less advanced state of decomposition, with all the horrid secrets of the tomb carefully revealed....

The cathedral, which is called in German the Dom, is quite remarkable in its interior. In the middle of the nave, filling one whole arch, is a colossal Christ of Gothic style, nailed to a cross carved in open-work, and ornamented with arabesques. The foot of this cross rests upon a transverse beam, going from one pillar to another, on which are standing the holy women and other pious personages, in attitudes of grief and adoration; Adam and Eve, one on either side, are arranging their paradisaic costume as decently as may be; above the cross the keystone of the arch projects, adorned with flowers and leafage, and serves as a standing-place for an angel with long wings. This construction, hanging in mid-air, and evidently light in weight, notwithstanding its magnitude, is of wood, carved with much taste and skill. I can define it in no better way than to call it a carved portcullis, lowered halfway in front of the chancel. It is the first example of such an arrangement that I have ever seen....

The Holstenthor, a city gate close by the railway station, is a most curious and picturesque specimen of German medieval architecture. Imagine two enormous brick towers united by the main portion of the structure, through which opens an archway, like a basket-handle, and you have a rude sketch of the construction; but you would not easily conceive of the effect produced by the high summit of the edifice, the conical roofs of the towers, the whimsical windows in the walls and in the roofs, the dull red or violet tints of the defaced bricks. It is altogether a new gamut for painters of architecture or of ruins; and I shall send them to Luebeck by the next train. I recommend to their notice also, very near the Holstenthor, on the left bank of the Trave, five or six crimson houses, shouldering each other for mutual support, bulging out in front, pierced with six or seven stories of windows, with denticulated gables, the deep red reflection of them trailing in the water, like some high-colored apron which a servant-maid is washing. What a picture Van den Heyden would have made of this!

Following the quay, along which runs a railway, where freight-trains were constantly passing, I enjoyed many amusing and varied scenes. On the other side of the Trave were to be seen, amid houses and clumps of trees, vessels in various stages of building. Here, a skeleton with ribs of wood, like the carcass of some stranded whale; there, a hull, clad with its planking near which smokes the calker's cauldron,



## Page 83

emitting light yellowish clouds. Everywhere prevails a cheerful stir of busy life. Carpenters are planing and hammering, porters are rolling casks, sailors are scrubbing the decks of vessels, or getting the sails half way up to dry them in the sun. A barque just arriving comes alongside the quay, the other vessels making room for her to pass. The little steamboats are getting up steam or letting it off; and when you turn toward the city, through the rigging of the vessels, you see the church-towers, which incline gracefully, like the masts of clippers.

[Footnote A: From "A Winter in Russia." By arrangement with, and by permission of, the publishers, Henry Holt & Co. Copyright, 1874.]

[Footnote B: The decline of Luebeck dates from the first quarter of the sixteenth century and was chiefly due to the discovery of America and the consequent diversion of commerce to new directions. Other misfortunes came with the Thirty Years' War. As early as 1425, one of the constant sources of Luebeck's wealth had begun to fail her—the herring, which was found to be deserting Baltic waters. The discovery by the Portuguese of a route to India by the Cape of Good Hope was another cause of Luebeck's decline.]

## HELIGOLAND[A]

BY WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK

In Heligoland itself there are few trees, no running water, no romantic ruins, but an extraordinary width of sea-view, seen as from the deck of a gigantic ship; and yet the island is so small that one can look around it all, and take the sea-line in one great circle.

Seen from a distance, as one must first see it, Heligoland is little more than a cloud on the horizon; but as the steamer approaches nearer, the island stands up, a red rock in the ocean, without companion or neighbor. A small ledge of white strand to the south is the only spot where boats can land, and on this ledge nestle many white-walled, red-roofed houses; while on the rim of the rock, nearly two hundred feet above, is a sister hamlet, with the church-tower and lighthouse for central ornaments.

On the Unterland are the principal streets and shops, on the Oberland are many of the best hotels and government-house. As there is no harbor, passengers reach the shore in large boats, and get their first glimpse of the hardy, sun-browned natives in the boatmen who, with bright jackets and hats of every picturesque curve that straw is capable of, pull the boat quickly to the steps of the little pier. Crowds of visitors line the way, but one gets quickly through, and in a few minutes returns either to familiar



quarters in the Oberland, or finds an equally clean and moderate home among the lodging-house keepers or seamen. The season is a very short one, only ten weeks out of fifty-two, but the prices are moderate and the comfort unchallengeable....

Heligoland is only one mile long from pier to Nordkap, and a quarter of a mile wide at its widest—in all it is three-quarters of a square mile in size. There are no horses or carts in Heligoland—only six cows, kept always in darkness, and a few sheep and goats tethered on the Oberland. The streets are very narrow, but very clean, and the constant repetition in houses and scarves and flags of the national colors gives Heligoland a gay aspect; for the national colors are anything but dull.



## Page 84

Green land, red rocks, white strand—nothing could be better descriptive of the island than these colors. They are easily brought out in domestic architecture, for with a whitewashed cottage and a red-tiled roof the Heligolander has only to give his door and window-shutters a coat of bright green paint, and there are the colors of Heligoland. In case the unforgettable fact should escape the tourist, the government have worked the colors into the ingenious and pretty island postage-stamp, and many of our German friends wear bathing-pants of the same unobtrusive tints.

Life is a very delightful thing in summer in this island. On your first visit you feel exhilarated by the novelty of everything as much as by the strong warm sea wind which meets you wherever you go. When you return, the novelty has worn away, but the sense of enjoyment has deepened. As you meet friendly faces and feel the grip of friendly hands, so you also exchange salutations with Nature, as if she, too, were an old Heligoland friend. You know the view from this point and from that; but, like the converse of a friend, it is always changing, for there is no monotony in the sea. The waves lap the shore gently, or roar tumultuously in the red caverns, and it is all familiar, but none the less welcome and soothing because of that familiarity. It is not a land of lotus-eating delights, but it is a land where there is little sound but what the sea makes, and where every face tells of strong sun and salt waves. No doubt, much of its charm lies in its contrast to the life of towns or country places. Whatever comes to Heligoland comes from over the sea; there is no railway within many a wide mile; the people are a peculiar people, with their own peculiar language, and an island patriotism which it would be hard to match....

From the little pier one passes up the narrow white street, no broader than a Cologne lane, but clean and bright as is no other street in Europe, past the cafes with low balconies, and the little shops—into some there are three or four steps to descend, into others there is an ascent of a diminutive ladder—till the small square or garden is reached in front of the Conversation House, a spacious building with a good ball-room and reading-room, where a kiosk, always in summer full of the fragrant Heligoland roses, detains the passer-by. Then another turn or two in the street, and the bottom of the Treppe is approached—the great staircase which winds upward to the Oberland, in whose crevices grow masses of foliage, and whose easy ascent need not be feared by any one, for the steps are broad and low.

The older flight of steps was situated about a hundred paces northward from the present Treppe. It was cut out of the red crumbling rock, and at the summit passed through a guard-house. Undoubtedly the present Treppe should be similarly fortified. It was built by the government in 1834. During the smuggling days, it is said, an Englishman rode up to the Oberland, and the apparition so shocked an old woman, who had never seen a horse before, that she fell senseless to the ground.



## Page 85

From the Falm or road skirting the edge of the precipice from the head of the stairs to Government House, one of the loveliest views in all the world lies before our eyes. Immediately beneath are the winding stairs, with their constant stream of broad-shouldered seamen, or coquettish girls, or brown boys, passing up and down, while at each resting-place some group is sitting on the green-red-white seats gossiping over the day's business. Trees and plants nestle in the stair corners, and almost conceal the roadway at the foot.

Lifting one's eyes away from the little town, the white pier sprawls on the sea, and countless boats at anchor spot with darkness the shining water. Farther away, the Duene lies like a bar of silver across the view, ribbed with emerald where the waves roll in over white sand; and all around it, as far as the eye can reach, white sails gleam in the light, until repose is found on the horizon where sea and sky meet in a vapory haze. At night the Falm is a favorite resort of the men whose houses are on the Oberland. With arms resting on the broad wall, they look down on the twinkling lights of the houses far beneath, listen to the laughter or song which float up from the small tables outside the cafe, or watch the specks of light on the dark gleam of the North Sea. It is a prospect of which one could hardly tire, if it was not that in summer one has in Heligoland a surfeit of sea loveliness....

Heligoland is conjecturally identified with the ocean island described by Tacitus as the place of the sacred rites of the Angli and other tribes of the mainland. It was almost certainly sacred to Forsete, the son of Balder the Sun-god—if he be identified, as Grimm and all Frisian writers identify him, with Fosite the Frisian god. Forsete, a personification to men of the great white god, who dwelt in a shining hall of gold and silver, was among all gods and men the wisest of judges.

It is generally supposed that Heligoland was first named the Holy Island from its association with the worship of Forsete, and latterly in consequence of the conversion of the Frisian inhabitants. Hallier has, however, pointed out that the Heligolandians do not use this name for their home. They call the island "det Lunn"—the land; their language they call "Hollunner," and he suggests that the original name was Hallig-lunn. A hallig is a sand-island occasionally covered with water. When the Duene was connected with the rock there was a large stretch of sand covered by winter floods. Hallig-lunn would then mean the island that is more than a hallig; and from the similarity of the words to Heligoland a series of etymological errors may have arisen; but Hallier's derivation is, after all, only a guess.

[Footnote A: From "Heligoland and the Islands of the North Sea." Heligoland, an island and fortress in the North Sea, lies thirty-six miles northwest of the mouth of the Elbe—Hamburg. It was ceded to Germany by Great Britain in 1890; and is attached to Schleswig Holstein. As a fortress, its importance has been greatly increased since the Germans recovered possession of the island.]



## Page 86

### V

#### VIENNA

### FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE CAPITAL[A]

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

I have at last seen the thousand wonders of this great capital, this German Paris, this connecting-link between the civilization of Europe and the barbaric magnificence of the East. It looks familiar to be in a city again whose streets are thronged with people and resound with the din and bustle of business. It reminds me of the never-ending crowds of London or the life and tumult of our scarcely less active New York. The morning of our arrival we sallied out from our lodgings in the Leopoldstadt to explore the world before us. Entering the broad Praterstrasse, we passed down to the little arm of the Danube which separates this part of the new city from the old. A row of magnificent coffee-houses occupy the bank, and numbers of persons were taking their breakfasts in the shady porticos. The Ferdinand's Bridge, which crosses the stream, was filled with people; in the motley crowd we saw the dark-eyed Greek, and Turks in their turbans and flowing robes. Little brown Hungarian boys were going around selling bunches of lilies, and Italians with baskets of oranges stood by the sidewalk.

The throng became greater as we penetrated into the old city. The streets were filled with carts and carriages, and, as there are no side-pavements, it required constant attention to keep out of their way. Splendid shops fitted up with great taste occupied the whole of the lower stories, and goods of all kinds hung beneath the canvas awnings in front of them. Almost every store or shop was dedicated to some particular person or place, which was represented on a large panel by the door. The number of these paintings added much to the splendor of the scene; I was gratified to find, among the images of kings and dukes, one dedicated "To the American," with an Indian chief in full costume.

The Altstadt, or "old city," which contains about sixty thousand inhabitants, is completely separated from the suburbs, whose population, taking the whole extent within the outer barrier, numbers nearly half a million.[B] It is situated on a small arm of the Danube and encompassed by a series of public promenades, gardens and walks, varying from a quarter to half a mile in length, called the "Glacis." This formerly belonged to the fortifications of the city, but as the suburbs grew up so rapidly on all sides, it was changed appropriately to a public walk. The city is still surrounded with a massive wall and a deep wide moat, but, since it was taken by Napoleon in 1809, the moat has been changed into a garden with a beautiful carriage-road along the bottom around the whole city.



It is a beautiful sight to stand on the summit of the wall and look over the broad Glacis, with its shady roads branching in every direction and filled with inexhaustible streams of people. The Vorstaedte, or new cities, stretch in a circle, around beyond this; all the finest buildings front on the Glacis, among which the splendid Vienna Theater and the church of San Carlo Borromeo are conspicuous. The mountains of the Vienna forest bound the view, with here and there a stately castle on their woody summits.



## Page 87

There is no lack of places for pleasure or amusement. Besides the numberless walks of the Glacis there are the imperial gardens, with their cool shades and flowers and fountains; the Augarten, laid out and opened to the public by the Emperor Joseph; and the Prater, the largest and most beautiful of all. It lies on an island formed by the arms of the Danube, and is between two and three miles square. From the circle at the end of the Praterstrasse broad carriage-ways extend through its forests of oak and silver ash and over its verdant lawns to the principal stream, which bounds it on the north. These roads are lined with stately horse-chestnuts, whose branches unite and form a dense canopy, completely shutting out the sun.

Every afternoon the beauty and nobility of Vienna whirl through the cool groves in their gay equipages, while the sidewalks are thronged with pedestrians, and the numberless tables and seats with which every house of refreshment is surrounded are filled with merry guests. Here on Sundays and holidays the people repair in thousands. The woods are full of tame deer, which run perfectly free over the whole Prater. I saw several in one of the lawns lying down in the grass, with a number of children playing around or sitting beside them. It is delightful to walk there in the cool of the evening, when the paths are crowded and everybody is enjoying the release from the dusty city. It is this free social life which renders Vienna so attractive to foreigners and draws yearly thousands of visitors from all parts of Europe....

We spent two or three hours delightfully one evening in listening to Strauss's band. We went about sunset to the Odeon, a new building in the Leopoldstadt. It has a refreshment-hall nearly five hundred feet long, with a handsome fresco ceiling and glass doors opening into a garden-walk of the same length. Both the hall and garden were filled with tables, where the people seated themselves as they came and conversed sociably over their coffee and wine. The orchestra was placed in a little ornamental temple in the garden, in front of which I stationed myself, for I was anxious to see the world's waltz-king whose magic tones can set the heels of half Christendom in motion.

After the band had finished tuning their instruments, a middle-sized, handsome man stepped forward with long strides, with a violin in one hand and bow in the other, and began waving the latter up and down, like a magician summoning his spirits. As if he had waved the sound out of his bow, the tones leaped forth from the instruments, and, guided by his eye and hand, fell into a merry measure. The accuracy with which every instrument performed its part was truly marvelous. He could not have struck the measure or the harmony more certainly from the keys of his own piano than from that large band. The sounds struggled forth so perfect and distinct that one almost expected to see them embodied, whirling in wild dance around him. Sometimes the air was so exquisitely light and bounding the feet could scarcely keep on the earth; then it sank into a mournful lament with a sobbing tremulousness, and died away in a long-breathed sigh.

## Page 88

Strauss seemed to feel the music in every limb. He would wave his fiddle-bow a while, then commence playing with desperate energy, moving his whole body to the measure, till the sweat rolled from his brow. A book was lying on the stand before him, but he made no use of it. He often glanced around with a kind of half-triumphant smile at the restless crowd, whose feet could scarcely be restrained from bounding to the magic measure. It was the horn of Oberon realized. The composition of the music displayed great talent, but its charm consisted more in the exquisite combination of the different instruments, and the perfect, the wonderful, exactness with which each performed its part—a piece of art of the most elaborate and refined character.

The company, which consisted of several hundred, appeared to be full of enjoyment. They sat under the trees in the calm, cool twilight with the stars twinkling above, and talked and laughed sociably together between the pauses of the music, or strolled up and down the lighted alleys. We walked up and down with them, and thought how much we should enjoy such a scene at home, where the faces around us would be those of friends and the language our mother-tongue.

We went a long way through the suburbs one bright afternoon to a little cemetery about a mile from the city to find the grave of Beethoven. On ringing at the gate a girl admitted us into the grounds, in which are many monuments of noble families who have vaults there. I passed up the narrow walk, reading the inscriptions, till I came to the tomb of Franz Clement, a young composer who died two or three years ago. On turning again my eye fell instantly on the word "Beethoven" in golden letters on a tombstone of gray marble. A simple gilded lyre decorated the pedestal, above which was a serpent encircling a butterfly—the emblem of resurrection. Here, then, moldered the remains of that restless spirit who seemed to have strayed to earth from another clime, from such a height did he draw his glorious conceptions.

The perfection he sought for here in vain he has now attained in a world where the soul is freed from the bars which bind it in this. There were no flowers planted around the tomb by those who revered his genius; only one wreath, withered and dead, lay among the grass, as if left long ago by some solitary pilgrim, and a few wild buttercups hung with their bright blossoms over the slab. It might have been wrong, but I could not resist the temptation to steal one or two while the old gravedigger was busy preparing a new tenement. I thought that other buds would open in a few days, but those I took would be treasured many a year as sacred relics. A few paces off is the grave of Schubert, the composer whose beautiful songs are heard all over Germany.

## Page 89

We visited the imperial library a day or two ago. The hall is two hundred and forty-five feet long, with a magnificent dome in the center, under which stands the statue of Charles V., of Carrara marble, surrounded by twelve other monarchs of the house of Hapsburg. The walls are of variegated marble richly ornamented with gold, and the ceiling and dome are covered with brilliant fresco-paintings. The library numbers three hundred thousand volumes and sixteen thousand manuscripts, which are kept in walnut cases gilded and adorned with medallions. The rich and harmonious effect of the whole can not easily be imagined. It is exceedingly appropriate that a hall of such splendor should be used to hold a library. The pomp of a palace may seem hollow and vain, for it is but the dwelling of a man; but no building can be too magnificent for the hundreds of great and immortal spirits to dwell in who have visited earth during thirty centuries.

Among other curiosities preserved in the collection, we were shown a brass plate containing one of the records of the Roman Senate made one hundred and eighty years before Christ, Greek manuscripts of the fifth and sixth centuries, and a volume of Psalms printed on parchment in the year 1457 by Faust and Schoeffer, the inventors of printing. There were also Mexican manuscripts presented by Cortez, the prayer-book of Hildegard, wife of Charlemagne, in letters of gold, the signature of San Carlo Borromeo, and a Greek Testament of the thirteenth century which had been used by Erasmus in making his translation and contains notes in his own hand. The most interesting article was the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso, in the poet's own hand, with his erasures and corrections.

The chapel of St. Augustine contains one of the best works of Canova—the monument of the Grand Duchess Maria Christina of Sachsen-Teschen. It is a pyramid of gray marble, twenty-eight feet high, with an opening in the side representing the entrance to a sepulcher. A female figure personating Virtue bears in an urn to the grave the ashes of the departed, attended by two children with torches. The figure of Compassion follows, leading an aged beggar to the tomb of his benefactor, and a little child with its hands folded. On the lower step rests a mourning genius beside a sleeping lion, and a bas-relief on the pyramid above represents an angel carrying Christina's image, surrounded with the emblem of eternity, to heaven. A spirit of deep sorrow, which is touchingly portrayed in the countenance of the old man, pervades the whole group.

While we looked at it the organ breathed out a slow, mournful strain which harmonized so fully with the expression of the figures that we seemed to be listening to the requiem of the one they mourned. The combined effect of music and sculpture thus united in their deep pathos was such that I could have sat down and wept. It was not from sadness at the death of a benevolent tho unknown individual, but the feeling of grief, of perfect, unmingled sorrow, so powerfully represented, came to the heart like an echo of its own emotion and carried it away with irresistible influence. Travelers have described the same feeling while listening to the "Miserere" in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. Canova could not have chiselled the monument without tears.



## Page 90

One of the most interesting objects in Vienna is the imperial armory. We were admitted through tickets previously procured from the armory direction; as there was already one large company within, we were told to wait in the court till our turn came. Around the wall, on the inside, is suspended the enormous chain which the Turks stretched across the Danube at Buda in the year 1529 to obstruct the navigation. It has eight thousand links and is nearly a mile in length. The court is filled with cannon of all shapes and sizes, many of which were conquered from other nations. I saw a great many which were cast during the French Revolution, with the words "Liberte! Egalite!" upon them, and a number of others bearing the simple letter "N."....

The first wing contains banners used in the French Revolution, and liberty-trees with the red cap, the armor of Rudolph of Hapsburg, Maximilian, I., the emperor Charles V., and the hat, sword and order of Marshal Schwarzenberg. Some of the halls represent a fortification, with walls, ditches and embankments, made of muskets and swords. A long room in the second wing contains an encampment in which twelve or fifteen large tents are formed in like manner. There was also exhibited the armor of a dwarf king of Bohemia and Hungary who died a gray-headed old man in his twentieth year, the sword of Marlborough, the coat of Gustavus Adolphus, pierced in the breast and back with the bullet which killed him at Luetzen, the armor of the old Bohemian princess Libussa, and that of the amazon Wlaska, with a steel vizor made to fit the features of her face.

The last wing was the most remarkable. Here we saw the helm and breastplate of Attila, king of the Huns, which once glanced at the head of his myriads of wild hordes before the walls of Rome; the armor of Count Stahremberg, who commanded Vienna during the Turkish siege in 1529, and the holy banner of Mohammed, taken at that time from the grand vizier, together with the steel harness of John Sobieski of Poland, who rescued Vienna from the Turkish troops under Kara Mustapha; the hat, sword and breastplate of Godfrey of Bouillon, the crusader-king of Jerusalem, with the banners of the cross the crusaders had borne to Palestine and the standard they captured from the Turks on the walls of the Holy City. I felt all my boyish enthusiasm for the romantic age of the crusaders revive as I looked on the torn and moldering banners which once waved on the hills of Judea, or perhaps followed the sword of the Lion-Heart through the fight on the field of Ascalon. What tales could they not tell, those old standards cut and shivered by spear and lance! What brave hands have carried them through the storm of battle, what dying eyes have looked upward to the cross on the folds as the last prayer was breathed for the rescue of the holy sepulcher.

[Footnote A: From "Views Afoot." Published by G.P. Putnam's Sons.]

[Footnote B: The population of Vienna, according to the census of 1910, was 2,085,888.]



## Page 91

### ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL[A]

BY THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN

Of the chief objects of architecture which decorate street scenery in Vienna, there are none, to my old-fashioned eyes, more attractive and thoroughly beautiful and interesting—from a thousand associations of ideas than places of worship, and of course, among these, none stands so eminently conspicuous as the mother-church, or the cathedral, which in this place, is dedicated to St. Stephen. The spire has been long distinguished for its elegance and height. Probably these are the most appropriate, if not the only, epithets of commendation which can be applied to it. After Strasburg and Ulm, it appears a second-rate edifice. Not but what the spire may even vie with that of the former, and the nave may be yet larger than that of the latter; but, as a whole, it is much inferior to either—even allowing for the palpable falling off in the nave of Strasburg cathedral.

The spire, or tower—for it partakes of both characters—is indeed worthy of general admiration. It is oddly situated, being almost detached—and on the south side of the building. Indeed the whole structure has a very strange, and I may add capricious, if not repulsive, appearance, as to its exterior. The western and eastern ends have nothing deserving of distinct notice or commendation. The former has a porch; which is called “the Giant’s porch;” it should rather be designated as that of the Dwarf. It has no pretensions to size or striking character of any description. Some of the oldest parts of the cathedral appear to belong to the porch of the eastern end. As you walk round the church, you can not fail to be struck with the great variety of ancient—and to an Englishman, whimsical looking mural monuments, in basso and alto relievos. Some of these are doubtless both interesting and curious.

But the spire is indeed an object deserving of particular admiration. It is next to that of Strasburg in height; being 432 feet of Vienna measurement. It may be said to begin to taper from the first stage or floor; and is distinguished for its open and sometimes intricate fretwork. About two-thirds of its height, just above the clock, and where the more slender part of the spire commences, there is a gallery or platform, to which the French quickly ascended, on their possession of Vienna, to reconnoiter the surrounding country. The very summit of the spire is bent, or inclined to the north; so much so, as to give the notion that the cap or crown will fall in a short time.

As to the period of the erection of this spire, it is supposed to have been about the middle, or latter end, of the fifteenth century. It has certainly much in common with the highly ornamental Gothic style of building in our own country, about the reign of Henry VI. The colored glazed tiles of the roof of the church are very disagreeable and unharmonizing. These colors are chiefly green, red, and blue. Indeed the whole roof is exceedingly heavy and tasteless.



## Page 92

I will now conduct you to the interior. On entering, from the southeast door, you observe, to the left, a small piece of white marble—which every one touches, with the finger or thumb charged with holy water, on entering or leaving the cathedral. Such have been the countless thousands of times that this piece of marble has been so touched, that, purely, from such friction, it has been worn nearly half an inch below the general surrounding surface. I have great doubts, however, if this mysterious piece of masonry be as old as the walls of the church (which may be of the fourteenth century), which they pretend to say it is.

The first view of the interior of this cathedral, seen even at the most favorable moment—which is from about three till five o'clock—is far from prepossessing. Indeed, after what I had seen at Rouen, Paris, Strassburg, Ulm, and Munich, it was a palpable disappointment. In the first place, there seems to be no grand leading feature of simplicity; add to which, darkness reigns everywhere. You look up, and discern no roof—not so much from its extreme height, as from the absolute want of windows. Everything not only looks dreary, but is dingy and black—from the mere dirt and dust which seem to have covered the great pillars of the nave—and especially the figures and ornaments upon it—for the last four centuries. This is the more to be regretted, as the larger pillars are highly ornamented; having human figures, of the size of life, beneath sharply pointed canopies, running up the shafts. The extreme length of the cathedral is 342 feet of Vienna measurement. The extreme width, between the tower and its opposite extremity—or the transepts—is 222 feet.

There are comparatively few chapels; only four—but many Bethstuehle or Prie-Dieus. Of the former, the chapels of Savoy and St. Eloy are the chief; but the large sacristy is more extensive than either. On my first entrance, while attentively examining the choir, I noticed—what was really a very provoking, but probably not a very uncommon sight—a maid servant deliberately using a long broom in sweeping the pavement of the high altar, at the moment when several very respectable people, of both sexes, were kneeling upon the steps, occupied in prayer. But the devotion of the people is incessant—all the day long—and in all parts of the cathedral.

Meanwhile, service is going on in all parts of the cathedral. They are singing here; they are praying there; and they are preaching in a third place. But during the whole time, I never heard one single note of the organ. I remember only the other Sunday morning—walking out beneath one of the brightest blue skies that ever shone upon man—and entering the cathedral about nine o'clock. A preacher was in the principal pulpit; while a tolerably numerous congregation was gathered around him. He preached, of course, in the German language, and used much action. As he became more and more animated, he necessarily became warmer, and pulled off a black cap—which, till then, he had kept upon his head; the zeal and piety of the congregation at the same time seeming to increase with the accelerated motions of the preacher.



## Page 93

In other more retired parts, solitary devotees were seen—silent, and absorbed in prayer. Among these, I shall not easily forget the head and the physiognomical expression of one old man—who, having been supported by crutches, which lay by the side of him—appeared to have come for the last time to offer his orisons to heaven. The light shone full upon his bald head and elevated countenance; which latter indicated a genuineness of piety, and benevolence of disposition, not to be soured, even by the most bitter of worldly disappointments! It seemed as if the old man were taking leave of this life, in full confidence of the rewards which await the righteous beyond the grave.

So much for the living. A word or two now for the dead. Of course this letter alludes to the monuments of the more distinguished characters once resident in and near the metropolis. Among these, doubtless the most elaborate is that of the Emperor Frederick III.—in the florid Gothic style, surmounted by a tablet, filled with coat-armor, or heraldic shields. Some of the mural monuments are very curious, and among them are several of the early part of the sixteenth century—which represent the chins and even mouths of females, entirely covered by drapery; such as is even now to be seen and such as we saw on descending from the Vosges. But among these monuments—both for absolute and relative antiquity—none will appear to the curious eye of an antiquary so precious as that of the head of the architect of the cathedral, whose name was Pilgram.

[Footnote A: From “A Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour,” published in 1821.]

## THE BELVEDERE PALACE[A]

BY THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN

To the Belvedere Palace, therefore, let us go. I visited it with Mr. Lewis—taking our valet with us, immediately after breakfast—on one of the finest and clearest-skied September mornings that ever shone above the head of man. We had resolved to take the Ambras, or the little Belvedere, in our way; and to have a good, long, and uninterrupted view of the wonders of art—in a variety of departments.

Both the little Belvedere and the large Belvedere rise gradually above the suburbs; and the latter may be about a mile and a half from the ramparts of the city. The Ambras contains a quantity of ancient horse-and foot-armor, brought thither from a chateau of that name, near Inssbruck, built by the Emperor Charles V. Such a collection of old armor—which had once equally graced and protected the bodies of their wearers, among whom the noblest names of which Germany can boast may be enrolled—was infinitely gratifying to me. The sides of the first room were quite embossed with suspended shields, cuirasses, and breast-plates. The floor was almost filled by

champions on horseback—yet poising the spear, or holding it in the rest—yet almost shaking their angry plumes, and pricking the fiery sides of their coursers.



## Page 94

Here rode Maximilian—and there halted Charles his son. Different suits of armor, belonging to the same character, are studiously shown you by the guide; some of these are the foot-, and some the horse-, armor; some were worn in fight—yet giving evidence of the mark of the bullet and battle-ax; others were the holiday suits of armor, with which the knights marched in procession, or tilted at the tournament. The workmanship of the full-dress suits, in which a great deal of highly wrought gold ornament appears, is sometimes really exquisite.

The second, or long room, is more particularly appropriated to the foot-or infantry-armor. In this studied display of much that is interesting from antiquity, and splendid from absolute beauty and costliness, I was particularly gratified by the sight of the armor which the Emperor Maximilian wore as a foot-captain. The lower part, to defend the thighs, consists of a puckered or plated steel petticoat, sticking out at the bottom of the folds, considerably beyond the upper part. It is very simple, and of polished steel. A fine suit of armor—of black and gold—worn by an Archbishop of Salzburg in the middle of the fifteenth century, had particular claims upon my admiration. It was at once chaste and effective. The mace was by the side of it.

This room is also ornamented by trophies taken from the Turks; such as bows, spears, battle-axes, and scimitars. In short, the whole is full of interest and splendor. I ought to have seen the arsenal—which I learn is of uncommon magnificence; and, altho not so curious on the score of antiquity, is yet not destitute of relics of the warriors of Germany. Among these, those which belong to my old bibliomaniacal friend Corvinus, King of Hungary, cut a conspicuous and very respectable figure. I fear it will be now impracticable to see the arsenal as it ought to be seen.

It is now approaching mid-day, and we are walking toward the terrace in front of the Great Belvidere Palace, built by the immortal Eugene[B] in the year 1724, as a summer residence. Probably no spot could have been selected with better judgment for the residence of a Prince—who wished to enjoy, almost at the same moment, the charms of the country with the magnificence of a city view, unclouded by the dense fumes which forever envelop our metropolis. It is in truth a glorious situation. Walking along its wide and well-cultivated terraces, you obtain the finest view imaginable of the city of Vienna.

Indeed it may be called a picturesque view. The spire of the cathedral darts directly upward, as it were, to the very heavens. The ground before you, and in the distance, is gently undulating; and the intermediate portion of the suburbs does not present any very offensive protrusions. More in the distance, the windings of the Danube are seen; with its various little islands, studded with hamlets and fishing-huts, lighted up by a sun of unusual radiance. Indeed the sky, above the whole of this rich and civilized scene, was at the time of our viewing it, almost of a dazzling hue; so deep and vivid a tint we had never before beheld. Behind the palace, in the distance, you observe a chain of mountains which extends into Hungary. As to the building itself, it is perfectly palatial in its size, form, ornaments, and general effect.

## Page 95

Among the treasures, which it contains, it is now high time to enter and to look about us. My account is necessarily a mere sketch. Rubens, if any artist, seems here to “rule and reign without control!” Two large rooms are filled with his productions; besides several other pictures, by the same hand, which are placed in different apartments. Here it is that you see verified the truth of Sir Joshua’s remark upon that wonderful artist: namely, that his genius seems to expand with the size of his canvas.

His pencil absolutely riots here—in the most luxuriant manner—whether in the majesty of an altarpiece, in the gaiety of a festive scene, or in the sobriety of portrait-painting. His Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier—of the former class—each seventeen feet high, by nearly thirteen wide—are stupendous productions in more senses than one. The latter is, indeed, in my humble judgment, the most marvelous specimen of the powers of the painter which I have ever seen; and you must remember that both England and France are not without some of his celebrated productions, which I have frequently examined.

In the old German School, the series is almost countless; and of the greatest possible degree of interest and curiosity. Here are to be seen Wohlgemuths, Albert Duerers, both the Holbeins, Lucas Cranachs, Ambergaus, and Burgmairs of all sizes and degrees of merit. Among these ancient specimens—which are placed in curious order, in the very upper suite of apartments, and of which the backgrounds of several, in one solid coat of gilt, lighten up the room like a golden sunset—you must not fail to pay particular attention to a singularly curious old subject—representing the Life, Miracles, and Passion of our Savior, in a series of one hundred and fifty-eight pictures—of which the largest is nearly three feet square, and every other about fifteen inches by ten. These subjects are painted upon eighty-six small pieces of wood; of which seventy-two are contained in six folding cabinets, each holding twelve subjects. In regard to Teniers, Gerard Dow, Mieris, Wouvermann, and Cuyp, you must look at home for more exquisite specimens. This collection contains, in the whole, not fewer than fifteen hundred paintings, of which the greater portion consists of pictures of very large dimensions. I could have lived here for a month; but could only move along with the hurried step, and yet more hurrying eye, of an ordinary visitor.

[Footnote A: From “A Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour,” published in 1821.]

[Footnote B: The celebrated Austrian general, who defeated the Turks in 1697, and shared with Marlborough in the victories of Blenheim and Malplaquet.]

## **SCHOENBRUNN AND THE PRATER[A]**

**BY THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN**



## Page 96

About three English miles from the Great Belvedere—or rather about the same number of miles from Vienna, to the right, as you approach the capital—is the famous palace of Schoenbrunn. This is a sort of summer-residence of the Emperor; and it is here that his daughter, the ex-Empress of France, and the young Bonaparte usually reside.[B] The latter never goes into Italy, when his mother, as Duchess of Parma, pays her annual visit to her principality. At this moment her son is at Baden, with the court. It was in the Schoenbrunn palace that his father, on the conquest of Vienna, used to take up his abode, rarely venturing into the city. He was surely safe enough here; as every chamber and every court yard was filled by the elite of his guard—whether as officers or soldiers.

It is a most magnificent pile of building; a truly imperial residence—but neither the furniture nor the objects of art, whether connected with sculpture or painting, are deserving of anything in the shape of a catalogue raisonne. I saw the chamber where young Bonaparte frequently passes the day; and brandishes his flag staff, and beats upon his drum. He is a soldier (as they tell me) every inch of him; and rides out, through the streets of Vienna, in a carriage of state drawn by four or six horses, receiving the homage of the passing multitude.

To return to the Schoenbrunn Palace. I have already told you that it is vast, and capable of accommodating the largest retinue of courtiers. It is of the gardens belonging to it, that I would now only wish to say a word. These gardens are really worthy of the residence to which they are attached. For what is called ornamental, formal, gardening—enriched by shrubs of rarity, and trees of magnificence—enlivened by fountains—adorned by sculpture—and diversified by vistas, lawns, and walks—interspersed with grottoes and artificial ruins—you can conceive nothing upon a grander scale than these: while a menagerie in one place (where I saw a large but miserably wasted elephant)—a flower-garden in another—a labyrinth in a third, and a solitude in a fourth place—each, in its turn, equally beguiles the hour and the walk. They are the most spacious gardens I ever witnessed.

It was the other Sunday evening when I visited the Prater, and when—as the weather happened to be very fine—it was considered to be full, but the absence of the court, of the noblesse, necessarily gave a less joyous and splendid aspect to the carriages and their attendant liveries. In your way to this famous place of Sabbath evening promenade, you pass a celebrated coffee-house, in the suburbs, called the Leopoldstadt, which goes by the name of the Greek coffee-house—on account of its being almost entirely frequented by Greeks—so numerous at Vienna. Do not pass it, if you should ever come hither, without entering it—at least once. You would fancy yourself to be in Greece, so thoroughly characteristic are the countenances, dresses, and language of everyone within.



## Page 97

But yonder commences the procession of horse and foot; of cabriolets, family coaches, German wagons, cars, phaetons and landaulets, all moving in a measured manner, within their prescribed ranks, toward the Prater. We must accompany them without loss of time. You now reach the Prater. It is an extensive flat, surrounded by branches of the Danube, and planted on each side with double rows of horse-chestnut trees. The drive, in one straight line, is probably a league in length. It is divided by two roads, in one of which the company move onward, and in the other they return. Consequently, if you happen to find a hillock only a few feet high, you may, from thence, obtain a pretty good view of the interminable procession of the carriages before mentioned: one current of them, as it were, moving forward, and another rolling backward.

But, hark! the notes of a harp are heard to the left, in a meadow, where the foot passengers often digress from the more formal tree-lined promenade. A press of ladies and gentlemen is quickly seen. You mingle involuntarily with them; and, looking forward, you observe a small stage erected, upon which a harper sits and two singers stand. The company now lie down upon the grass, or break into standing groups, or sit upon chairs hired for the occasion—to listen to the notes so boldly and so feelingly executed. The clapping of hands, and exclamations of bravo succeed, and the sounds of applause, however warmly bestowed, quickly die away in the open air. The performers bow, receive a few kreutzers, retire, and are well satisfied.

The sound of the trumpet is now heard behind you. Tilting feats are about to be performed; the coursers snort and are put in motion; their hides are bathed in sweat beneath their ponderous housings; and the blood, which flows freely from the pricks of their riders' spurs, shows you with what earnestness the whole affair is conducted. There, the ring is thrice carried off at the point of the lance. Feats of horsemanship follow in a covered building, to the right; and the juggler, conjurer, or magician, displays his dexterous feats, or exercises his potent spells, in a little amphitheater of trees, at a distance beyond.

Here and there rise more stately edifices, as theaters, from the doors of which a throng of heated spectators is pouring out. In other directions, booths, stalls and tables are fixed; where the hungry eat, the thirsty drink, and the merry-hearted indulge in potent libations. The waiters are in a constant state of locomotion. Rhenish wine sparkles here; confectionery glitters there; and fruit looks bright and tempting in a third place. No guest turns round to eye the company; because he is intent upon the luxuries which invite his immediate attention, or he is in close conversation with an intimate friend, or a beloved female. They talk and laugh—and the present seems to be the happiest moment of their lives.



## Page 98

All is gaiety and good humor. You return again to the foot-promenade, and look sharply about you, as you move onward, to catch the spark of beauty, or admire the costume of taste, or confess the power of expression. It is an Albanian female who walks yonder, wondering, and asking questions, at every thing she sees. The proud Jewess, supported by her husband and father, moves in another direction. She is covered with brocade and flaunting ribbons; but she is abstracted from everything around her, because her eyes are cast downward upon her stomacher, or sideways to obtain a glimpse of what may be called her spangled epaulettes. Her eye is large and dark; her nose is aquiline; her complexion is of an olive brown; her stature is majestic, her dress is gorgeous, her gait is measured—and her demeanor is grave and composed. “She must be very rich,” you say—as she passes on. “She is prodigiously rich,” replies the friend, to whom you put the question—for seven virgins, with nosegays of choicest flowers, held up her bridal train; and the like number of youths, with silver-hilted swords, and robes of ermine and satin, graced the same bridal ceremony. Her father thinks he can never do enough for her; and her husband, that he can never love her sufficiently.

Whether she be happy or not, in consequence, we have no time to stop to inquire, for see yonder! Three “turbaned Turks” make their advances. How gaily, how magnificently they are attired! What finely proportioned limbs—what beautifully formed features! They have been carousing, peradventure, with some young Greeks—who have just saluted them, en passant—at the famous coffee-house before mentioned. Everything around you is novel and striking; while the verdure of the trees and lawns is yet fresh, and the sun does not seem yet disposed to sink below the horizon. The carriages still move on, and return, in measured procession. Those who are within, look earnestly from the windows, to catch a glance of their passing friends. The fair hand is waved here; the curiously-painted fan is shaken there; and the repeated nod is seen in almost every other passing landaulet. Not a heart seems sad; not a brow appears to be clouded with care.

Such—or something like the foregoing—is the scene which usually passes on a Sunday evening—perhaps six months out of the twelve—upon the famous Prater at Vienna; while the tolling bell of St. Stephen’s tower, about nine o’clock—and the groups of visitors hurrying back, to get home before the gates of the city are shut against them—usually conclude the scene just described.

[Footnote A: From “A Bibliographical, Antiquarian and Picturesque Tour.” published in 1821.]

[Footnote B: Marie Louise, second wife of Napoleon, and their son, the King of Rome.]

## VI

### HUNGARY

## **A GLANCE AT THE COUNTRY[A]**



## Page 99

BY H. TORNAI DE KOEVER

Hungary consists of Hungary proper, with Transylvania (which had independent rule at one time), Croatia and Slavonia (which have been added), and the town of Fiume on the shores of the Adriatic Sea.

The lowlands are exceedingly beautiful in the northeast and west, where the great mountain peaks rise into the clear blue sky or are hidden by big white clouds, but no beauty can be compared to the young green waving corn or the ripe ears when swaying gently in the breeze. One sees miles and miles of corn, with only a tree here and there to mark the distances, and one can not help comparing the landscape to a green sea, for the wind makes long silky waves, which make the field appear to rise and fall like the ocean. In the heat of midday the mirage, or, as the Hungarians call it, "Delibab," appears and shows wonderful rivers, villages, cool green woods—all floating in the air. Sometimes one sees hundreds of white oxen and church towers, and, to make the picture still more confusing and wonderful, it is all seen upside down. This, the richest part of the country, is situated between the rivers Danube and Theiss, and runs right down to the borders of Servia. Two thirds of Hungary consist of mountainous districts, but one third has the richest soil in Europe.

Great rivers run through the heart of the country, giving it the fertility which is its great source of wealth. The great lowlands, or "Alfoeld," as the Magyars call them, are surrounded by a chain of mountains whose heights are nearly equal to some Alpine districts. There are three principal mountain ranges—the Tatra, Matra, and Fatra—and four principal rivers—the Danube, Theiss, Drave, and Save. Hungary is called the land of the three mountains and four rivers, and the emblem of these form the chief feature in the coat-of-arms of the country.

The Carpathian range of mountains stretches from the northwest along the north and down the east, encircling the lowlands and sending forth rivers and streams to water the plains. These mountains are of a gigantic bulk and breadth; they are covered with fir and pine trees, and in the lower regions with oaks and many other kinds. The peaks of the high Tatra are about 9,000 feet high, and, of course, are bare of any vegetation, being snow-covered even in summer-time. On the well-sheltered sides of these mountains numerous baths are to be found, and they abound in mineral waters. Another curious feature are the deep lakes called "Tengerszem" (Eyes of the Sea). According to folklore they are connected with the sea, and wonderful beings live in them. However, it is so far true that they are really of astonishing depth. The summer up in the Northern Carpathians is very short, the nights always cold, and there is plenty of rain to water the rich vegetation of the forests. Often even in the summer there are snowstorms and a very low temperature.



## Page 100

The Northeastern Carpathians include a range of lower hills running down to the so-called Hegyalja, where the wonderful vine which produces the wine of Tokay is grown. The southeastern range of the Carpathians divides the county of Maramaros from Erdely (Transylvania). The main part of this country is mountainous and rugged, but here also there is wonderful scenery. Everything is still very wild in these parts of the land, and the mineral waters abound everywhere, the bathing-places are very primitive.

The only seaport the country possesses is Fiume, which was given to Hungary by Maria Theresa, who wanted to give Hungary the chance of developing into a commercial nation. Besides the deep but small mountain lakes, there are several large ones; among these the most important is the Balaton, which, altho narrow, is about fifty miles long. Along its borders there are summer bathing-places, considered very healthy for children. Very good wine is produced here, as in most parts of Hungary which are hilly, but not situated too high up among the mountains. The lake of Balaton is renowned for a splendid kind of fresh-water fish, the Fogas. It is considered the best fish after trout—some even prefer it—and it grows to a good size.

The chief river of Hungary is the Danube, and the whole of Hungary is included in its basin. It runs through the heart of the country, forming many islands; the greatest is called the Csallokoez, and has over a hundred villages on it. One of the prettiest and most cultivated of the islands is St. Margaret's Isle, near Budapest, which has latterly been joined to the mainland by a bridge. Some years ago only steamers conveyed the visitors to it; these still exist, but now carriages can drive on to the island too. It is a beautiful park, where the people of Budapest seek the shade of the splendid old trees. Hot sulfur springs are to be found on the island, and there is a bath for the use of visitors.

The Danube leaves Hungary at Orsova, and passes through the so-called Iron Gates. The scenery is very beautiful and wild in that part, and there are many points where it is exceedingly picturesque, especially between Vienna and Budapest. It is navigable for steamships, and so is the next largest river, the Theiss. This river begins its course in the Southeastern Carpathians, right up among the snow-peaks, amid wild and beautiful scenery, and it eventually empties its waters into the Danube at Titel. The three largest rivers of Hungary feed the Danube, and by that means reach the Black Sea.

Hungary lies under the so-called temperate zone, but there does not seem much temperance in the climate when we think of the terrible, almost Siberian winters that come often enough and the heat waves occasioning frequent droughts in the lowlands. The summer is short in the Carpathians; usually in the months of August and September the weather is the most settled. June and July are often rainy—sometimes snowstorms cause the barometer to fall tremendously. In the mountain districts there is a great difference between the temperature of the daytime and that of the night. All those who go to the Carpathians do well to take winter and Alpine clothing with them.



## Page 101

The winter in the mountains is perhaps the most exhilarating, as plenty of winter sport goes on. The air is very cold, but the sun has great strength in sheltered corners, enabling even delicate people to spend the winter there. In the lowlands the summer is exceedingly hot, but frequent storms, which cool the air for some days, make the heat bearable. Now and then there have been summers when in some parts of Hungary rain has not fallen for many weeks—even months. The winter, too, even in the more temperate parts, is often severe and long, there being often from eight to ten weeks of skating, altho the last few years have been abnormally mild. In the valleys of the Carpathians potatoes, barley, oats, and cabbages are grown, while in the warmer south wheat, maize, tobacco, turnips, and the vine are cultivated. Down by the Adriatic Sea the climate is much warmer, but Hungary, as already mentioned, has only the town of Fiume of her own to boast of. The visitors who look for a temperate winter and want to get away from the raw cold must go to the Austrian town of Abbazia, which is reached in half an hour by steamboat, and is called the Austrian Riviera. Those who visit Hungary should come in spring—about May—and spend some weeks in the capital, the lowlands and hilly districts, and go north to the mountains and bathing-places in the summer months.

Tokay produces some of the finest wine in the world, and the vintage time in that part of the country is most interesting and picturesque.

[Footnote A: From “Hungary.” Published by the Macmillan Co.]

## BUDAPEST[A]

BY H. TORNAI DE KOEVER

Budapest is one of the most beautifully situated cities in Europe. Nobody can ever forget the wonderful sight of the two sister towns divided by the wide and swiftly flowing Danube, with the steamers and barges on her waters. Buda, the old stronghold, is on one side with the fantastic “Gellert” hill, which is a formidable-looking mass of rocks and caves; farther on is the lovely royal palace with its beautifully kept gardens clinging to the hillside; then the oldest part, called the stronghold, which has been rebuilt exactly in the style Matthias Corvinus built it, and which was demolished during the Turkish invasion. Here is the old church of Matthias too, but it is so much renovated that it lacks the appearance of age. Behind the smaller hills larger ones are to be seen covered with shady woods; these are the villa regions and summer excursion places for the people.



## Page 102

Along the Danube are green and shady islands of which the most beautiful is St. Margaret's Isle, and on the other side of the waters is the city of "Pest," with the majestic Houses of Parliament, Palace of Justice, Academy of Science, and numerous other fine buildings. At the present time four bridges join the two cities together, and a huge tunnel leads through the first hill in Buda into another part of the town. One can not say which is the more beautiful sight: to look from Pest, which stands on level ground, up to the varying hilly landscape of Buda; or to look from the hillside of the latter place on to the fairy-land of Pest, with the broad silver Danube receding in the distance like a great winding snake, its scales all aglitter in the sunshine. It is beautiful by day, but still more so at night, for myriads of lights twinkle in the water, and the hillsides are dotted as if with flitting fairy-lamps. Even those who are used to the sight look at it in speechless rapture and wonder. What must it be like to foreigners!

Besides her splendid natural situation, Budapest has another great treasure, and this is the great quantity of hot sulfur springs which exists on both sides of the Danube. The Romans made use of these at the time of their colonization, and we can find the ruins of the Roman baths in Aquincum half an hour from Budapest. During the Turkish rule many Turkish baths were erected in Buda. The Rudas bath exists to this day, and with its modernized system is one of the most popular. Csaszar bath, St. Lukacs bath, both in Buda, have an old-established reputation for the splendid cures of rheumatism. A new bath is being built in Pest where the hot sulfur water oozes up in the middle of the park—the same is to be found in St. Margaret's Isle. Besides the sulfur baths there are the much-known bitter waters in Buda called "Hunyady" and "Franz Joseph," as well as salt baths.

The city, with the exception of some parts in Buda, is quite modern, and has encircling boulevards and wide streets, one of the finest being the Andrassy Street. The electric car system is one of the most modern, while underground and overground electric railways lead to the most distant suburbs. The city has a gay and new look about it; all along the walks trees are planted, and cafes are to be seen with a screen of shrubs or flowers around them. In the evening the sound of music floats from the houses and cafes. There are plenty of theaters, in which only the Hungarian language is used, and a large and beautiful opera-house under government management. There are museums, institutions of art and learning, academies of painting and music, schools, and shops, and life and movement everywhere. At present [1911] the city numbers about 900,000 souls, but the more distant suburbs are not reckoned in this number.

[Footnote A: From "Hungary." Published by the Macmillan Co.]

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# Page 103

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