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GERMANY

BOOKS BY MISS SINGLETON

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Germany.

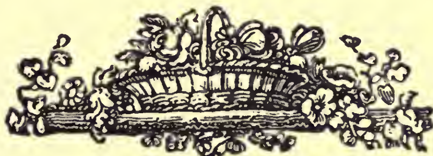
FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAIN

GERMANY

As Described by Great Writers

Collected and Edited by
ESTHER SINGLETON

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



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1907

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PREFACE

THIS book is planned on the same lines as my former ones in this series—Holland, Japan and Russia—and with the same aim in view,—that of giving the tourist and general reader a comprehensive glimpse of an important country.

The task of selection has not been an easy one, for Germany is so rich in picturesque cities, fine architecture, well stocked museums and art-galleries, beautiful scenery, and legendary rivers, lakes, forests and mountains, that it is difficult to omit places that command admiration.

The limitations of a small book, however, admit only of a bird's-eye view of so large and great a country as Germany; and in my selections I have had to keep to general and avoid special descriptions, as a rule. A brief glance at the topography of the country and a historical review of its people is, therefore, followed by descriptions of the four kingdoms and their capitals. A few other cities are added, together with Heligoland, the Rhine, and the famous Harz, Black and Thuringian forests. The next groups of essays deal with social life; and brief surveys of painting, music, politics, and the development of modern industrial Germany close what might be termed a rapid run through this most interesting country.

E. S.

New York, September, 1907.

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THE COUNTRY

FINDLAY MUIRHEAD

GERMANY presents two very distinct physical formations: 1. A range of high table-land, occupying the centre and southern parts of the country, interspersed with numerous ranges and groups of mountains, the most important of which are the Harz and Teutoburgherwald in the north; the Taunus and Thüringerwald in the middle; and the Schwarzwald and Rauhe Alps in the south; and containing an area, including Alsace and Lorraine of 110,000 square miles. 2. A vast sandy plain, which extends from the centre of the Empire north to the German Ocean, and including Sleswig-Holstein, contains an area of about 98,000 square miles. This great plain stretching from the Russian frontier on the east to the Netherlands on the west, is varied by two terrace-like elevations. The one stretches from the Vistula into Mecklenburg, at no great distance from the coast of the Baltic, and has a mean elevation of 500 to 600 feet, rising in one point near Danzig to 1,020 feet; the other line of elevations begins in Silesia and terminates in the moorlands of Lüneburg, in Hanover, its course being marked by several summits from 500 to 800 feet in height. A large portion of the plain is occupied by sandy tracts interspersed with deposits of peat; but other parts are moderately fertile, and admit of successful cultivation.

In respect to drainage, the surface of Germany belongs to three different basins. The Danube, from its source in

the Schwarzwald to the borders of Austria belongs to Germany, and through this channel the waters of the greater part of Bavaria are poured into the Black Sea,—thus opening up communication with the East. By far the greater part of the surface, however (about 185,000 square miles), has a northern slope, and belongs partly to the basin of the North Sea and partly to the basin of the Baltic. The chief German streams flowing into the North Sea are the Rhine, the Weser, and the Elbe; into the Baltic, the Oder and the Vistula.

Among the most important of the canals are the Ludwig's canal in Bavaria, uniting the Danube with the Main; the system connecting the Memel with the Pregel; that joining the Oder with the Elbe; the Plauen canal, connecting the Elbe with the Havel; the Eider canal, connecting the Eider with Kiel; the Rhine-Rhone, and the Rhine-Marne, in Alsace-Lorraine; the Baltic Sea, or Kaiser Wilhelm's canal, begun in 1887 and opened for traffic June 19, 1895; and several other canals in process of construction. There are numerous lakes in Germany, but few of them are of large size. In the low northern districts there are extensive swamps and marsh-lands. Numerous springs occur chiefly in Nassau, Würtemburg, Baden, Bavaria, and Rhenish Prussia.

Germany, from the Latin *Germania* is the English name of the country which the natives call *Deutschland* and the French *L' Allemagne*. The word is sometimes used to denote the whole area of the European continent within which the Germanic race and language are dominant. In this broad sense, it includes, besides Germany proper, parts of Austria, Switzerland, and perhaps even of the Netherlands; but in the present article the name is to be under-

stood as denoting the existing Germanic Empire, of which Prussia is the head.

Germany is composed of an aggregation of different states (twenty-six in number): Kingdom of Prussia; Kingdom of Bavaria; Kingdom of Würtemberg; Kingdom of Saxony; Grand-duchy of Baden; Grand-duchy of Mecklenberg-Schwerin; Grand-duchy of Hesse; Grand-duchy of Oldenburg; Grand-duchy of Saxe-Weimar; Grand-duchy of Mecklenberg-Strelitz; Duchy of Brunswick; Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen; Duchy of Anhalt; Duchy of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; Duchy of Saxe-Altenburg; Principality of Waldeck; Principality of Lippe-Detmold; Principality of Schwartzburg-Rudolstadt; Principality of Schwartzburg-Sondershausen; Principality of Reuss-Schleiz; Principality of Schaumburg-Lippe; Principality of Reuss-Greiz; Free-town of Hamburg; Free-town of Lübeck; Free-town of Bremen; and Reichsland of Alsace-Lorraine.

Besides the above political divisions there are certain distinctive appellations applied to different parts of Germany, which have been derived either from the names and settlements of the ancient Germanic tribes, or from the circles and other great subdivisions of the old empire. Thus the name of "Swabia" is still applied in common parlance to the districts embracing the greater part of Würtemberg, southern Baden, south-western Bavaria, and Hohenzollern; "Franconia" to the Maine districts of Bamberg, Schweinfurt, and Würtzburg; the "Palatinate," Rhenish Bavaria and the north of Baden; "the Rhineland," to portions of Baden, Rhenish Prussia, Bavaria, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Nassau; "Voigtland," to the high ground between Hof and Plauen; "Thuringia," to the districts lying between the upper Saale and the Werra, as

Saxe-Weimar, etc., "Lusatia," to the eastern part of Saxony; "East Friesland," to the country between the lower Weser and Ems; and "Westphalia," to the district extending between lower Saxony, the Netherlands, Thuringia, and Hesse, to the German ocean.

By far the greater part of the population of this country are of the race called, in English, Germans, in French, Allemands, but by the people themselves Deutsche. The term Deutsch, in Gothic *thiudisk*, in O. H. Ger. *diutisc* (Latinized into *theotiscus*), is derived from the Gothic substantive *thiuda*, people, and therefore meant originally the popular language, or in the mouth of the learned, the vulgar tongue. In the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, it became elevated into the accepted designation both of this wide-spread tongue and of the race that speak it. The Germans admit of being divided into High and Low Germans; the phraseology of the former is the cultivated language of all the German states; that of the latter known as *Platt-Deutsch*, is spoken in the north and north-west. The Poles are found exclusively in the east and north-east of Prussia; the Czechs, in Silesia, about Oppeln and Breslau; the Wends, in Silesia, Brandenburg, and Prussian Lusatia; the Lithuanians and Courlanders, in east Prussia; the Danes, in Slesvig; the Walloons, about Aix-la-Chapelle, in Rhenish Prussia; and the French, partly in the same region, and partly in the newly re-acquired provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Although the Jews are scattered over every part of Germany, they are most numerous in the Prussian territories.

Germany is rich in mineral products, among which the most important are silver, found in Saxony, Mansfeld and the Harz Mountains; iron in various parts of the country;

salt especially in Prussia, Bavaria, Würtemberg and Lorraine; coal in Rhenish Prussia, Silesia, south-western Germany and Saxony. Cobalt, lead, arsenic, bismuth, nickel, zinc, manganese, tin, quicksilver, antimony, etc., are also found, and several of these minerals are important items in the list of German exports. The vegetable products comprise a very large proportion of the European flora. All the ordinary cereals are extensively cultivated in the north, and largely exported, chiefly from Würtemberg and Bavaria; hemp and flax, madder, woad, and saffron, grow well in the central districts, where the vine, the cultivation of which extends, in suitable localities, as far north as 51°, is brought to great perfection, the best wine-producing districts being the valleys of the Danube, Rhine, Main, Neckar, and Moselle, which are, moreover, generally noted for the excellence of their fruits and vegetables. Tobacco is grown, especially on the Upper Rhine, and the Neckar in Baden, the Baltic provinces and in middle Franconia. The hops of southern Germany and Posen have a high reputation. Bavaria is especially successful in the raising of this crop. The most extensive forests are found in Central Germany, and in some parts of Prussia, while the north-western parts of the great plain are deficient in wood, the place of which is in some degree supplied by the abundance of turf yielded by the marshy lands. In 1893 the area under forests was estimated at 25.8 per cent. of the entire country. Germany has long been noted for the good breed of horses raised in the northern parts of the continent; while Saxony, Silesia, and Brandenburg have an equal reputation for their sheep-flocks, and the fine quality of the wool which they yield. The rich alluvial flats of Mecklenburg and Hanover are celebrated for their cattle; the forests of

Northern and Central Germany abound in swine, and in small game of various kinds; while the Bavarian Alps afford shelter to the larger animals, as the chamois, the red deer and wild goat, the fox, marten, and wolf; and in all the plains in the north, storks, wild-geese, and ducks are abundant. Among the fishes of Germany, the most generally distributed are carp, salmon, trout, and eels, the rivers contain also cray-fish, pearl-bearing mussels, and leeches. The German fisheries are not especially important so far as the numbers engaged in them are concerned. Cod and herring, however, are taken in the North Sea, and the Baltic fisheries are valuable. Germany stands next to Great Britain in regard to the care and success with which its agricultural, mining, and other natural capabilities have been cultivated. All the German states encourage agriculture, and have endeavoured, by the establishment of agricultural colleges and exhibitions, to diffuse among the people a knowledge of recent scientific appliances. The countries which have become most conspicuous in this movement are Prussia, Bavaria, and Saxony. The preservation and cultivation of woods receive almost as much attention in Germany as agriculture, and like the latter, are elevated to the rank of a science. The larger woods and forests in most of the states belong to the government, and are under the care of special boards of management, which exercise the right of supervision and control over all forest lands, whether public or private.

The oldest and most important of the German industrial arts are the manufactures of linen and woollen goods. The chief localities for the cultivation and preparation of flax and the weaving of linen fabrics are the mountain-valleys of Silesia, Lusatia, Westphalia and the Harz, and Saxony

BREMEN

(for thread-laces); while cotton fabrics are principally made in Rhenish Prussia and Saxony. The same districts together with Pomerania and Bavaria, manufacture the choicest woollen fabrics, including damasks and carpets. Since the formation of the Empire, the textile industries have made remarkable progress, and the German manufactures now hold the home market, and export to South America, Australia, the East, and even to England. Every effort is made to advance the competing power of the German manufacturer in foreign markets. The manufacture of toys, wooden clocks, and wood-carvings, which may be regarded almost as a specialty of German industry, is carried on in the hilly districts of Saxony, in Bavaria, Würtemberg and the Black Forest. Great progress has been made in the manufacture of machinery. The iron and steel manufactures of Germany are among the most important in the world. The chief seats of these industries are in Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Alsace-Lorraine and Silesia. Silesia, Saxony and Prussia rank first in the production of glass, china and earthenware. The manufacture of paper, chemicals and leather are all important industries. In silver, gold and jewelry-work, Augsburg and Nuremberg dispute with Munich and Berlin the title to pre-eminence, and the manufacture of scientific and musical instruments is especially important in these cities; while Leipzig and Munich are among the leading cities of Europe in respect to type-foundries, printing and lithography.

Education is more generally diffused in Germany than in any other country of Europe, and is cultivated with an earnest and systematic devotion not met with to an equal extent among other nations. There are twenty-one universities: Berlin, Breslau, Halle, Bonn, Greifswald,

Münster, Munich, Würtzburg, Erlangen, Leipzig, Tübingen, Göttingen, Heidelberg, Freiburg, Marburg, Giessen, Jena, Rostock, Kiel, Königsberg and Strasburg. The attendance of children at school for at least four or five years is made compulsory in nearly all of the German states, and hence the proportion of persons who cannot read and write is exceedingly small in Germany.

There are numerous public libraries, museums, botanical gardens, art-collections, picture-galleries, schools of music and design; and academies of arts and sciences, are to be met with in most of the capitals and in many of the country towns. In no country is the book and publishing trade more universally patronized than in Germany. Numerous papers and journals are circulated throughout the empire; of the current newspapers, a comparatively small number only exert any marked influence, but many of the German scientific and literary periodicals enjoy a world-wide reputation. The censorship of the press was abolished by a decree of the diet of 1848, and freedom of the press, under certain restrictions, which were promulgated in 1854, has been introduced.

By the constitution of April 16, 1871, the Prussian obligation to serve in the army is extended to the whole empire. It is provided that every German who is *wehrfähig*, *i. e.*, "capable of bearing arms," is liable to service; "no substitution is allowed." Of the six years (seven for the cavalry and field-horse artillery) two must be spent in active service (*bei den Fahnen*), and the remainder in the army of reserve. On quitting the army of reserve, he has to form part of the *landwehr* for other five years in the first class or "ban," and seven years in the second "ban." Article 63 enacts that *die gesammte Landmacht des Reichs wird ein*

einheitliches Heer bilden, welches im Krieg und Frieden unter dem Befehle des Kaisers steht ("the whole land forces of the empire shall form a united army, in war and peace, under the command of the emperor"). The sovereigns of the principal states have the right to select the lower grades of officers, but even their selections require to obtain the approval of the emperor, whose authority is paramount; article 64 expressly declaring that *alle deutschen Truppen sind verpflichtet den Befehlen des Kaisers unbedingt Folge zu leisten* ("all German troops are bound to obey unconditionally the orders of the emperor").

The formation of a German navy, due to the initiative of Prussia, dates from 1848, and of late years rapid progress has been made.

Since 1884, Germany has been extending her Empire beyond the bounds of Europe, owing to the policy initiated in that year by Prince Bismarck. She has, as yet, no colonies in the strict sense of the word, but she has established a number of protectorates and "spheres of influence" in Africa and the Pacific.

All the states of the empire recognize four distinct orders —viz., the nobility, clergy, burghers, and peasantry, and all distinguish three distinct grades of nobility. The highest of these includes the members of reigning houses, and the descendants of families who belonged at the time of the old empire to the sovereign nobility of the state, and were *reichsunmittelbar*, or directly connected with the empire, as holding their domains directly under the emperor, but whose houses have subsequently been *mediatized*, or deprived of sovereign power in accordance with special treaties between the state and princes. There are at present fifty princely and fifty-one *gräfliche* (countly) mediatized

families, who, in accordance with the act of the diet of 1806, have equality of rank with reigning houses, and enjoy many of the special privileges which were accorded to the high nobles of the empire. The second grade of nobility is composed of counts and barons not belonging to reigning or mediatized houses, whilst the third and lowest grade includes the knights and land-owners.

Before we proceed to consider the political organization of the new Germanic empire, we will briefly describe—first, the principal features of the constitution of the old Germanic empire, which was overthrown by the first Napoleon, in 1806; and second, that bund or federal government which lasted from 1814 to 1866, when Austria was excluded from the confederation, and the hegemony of Germany was transferred to Prussia.

The states of this empire comprised three chambers or colleges: 1. The electoral college, which consisted of the archiepiscopal electors of Mainz, Trèves, and Cologne; and the secular electors, of whom there were originally only four, but whose number was subsequently increased to five, and who, at the dissolution of the empire, were represented by the sovereigns of Bohemia, Bavaria, Saxony, Brandenburg, and Brunswick-Lüneburg or Hanover. 2. The college of the princes of the empire, who had each a vote in the diet, and were divided into spiritual and temporal princes. 3. The free imperial cities which formed a college at the diet, divided into two benches, the Rhenish with fourteen cities, and the Swabian with thirty-seven; each of which had a vote. These colleges, each of which voted separately, formed the diet of the empire. When their respective decisions agreed, the matter under discussion was submitted to the emperor, who could refuse

his ratification of the decisions of the diet, although he had no power to modify them. Ordinary meetings were usually summoned twice a year by the emperor, who specified the place at which the sittings were to be held, and which, during the latter periods of the empire, were at Regensburg (Ratisbon). The diet had the right to enact, abrogate, or modify laws, conclude peace and declare war, and impose taxes for the general expenses of the state. The Aulic chamber, and the cameral or chief tribunal of the empire, decided in cases of dispute between members of the diet. The emperors were chosen by the electors in person or by their deputies; and after their election and coronation, both of which usually took place at Frankfort-on-the-Main, the emperor swore to the "capitulation" or constitution of the empire. After the dissolution of the empire, in 1806, its place was nominally taken by the confederation of the Rhine, which owed its existence to Napoleon, and which lasted till 1815.

The late Germanic confederation was established by an act of the congress of Vienna in 1815, on the overthrow of Napoleon. It was an indissoluble union, from which no single state could at its own pleasure retire. Its central point and its executive and legislative powers were represented by the federative diet, which held its meetings at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and was composed of delegates from all the confederate states chosen, not by the people, but by the various governments.

The seventy-ninth article of the constitution of the North German Confederation provided for the admission of the South German states into the new bund; and the war between France and Germany, which broke out in July, 1870, and in which all the German princes and peo-

ples took part, gave an irresistible impetus to the desire for national unity. On Nov. 15, 1870, the Grand-duchies of Baden and Hesse joined the bund; Bavaria followed on the 23d, and Würtemberg on the 25th of the same month. Shortly after, the King of Bavaria wrote a letter to the King of Prussia, urging him to re-establish the German Empire. This brought the question under the notice of the bund; and on December 10, 1870, it was agreed by 188 votes to 6, that the Empire should be restored, and that the King of Prussia should be acknowledged hereditary Emperor of Germany. The latter solemnly accepted the new dignity at Versailles, January 18, 1871.

There are two legislative bodies in the Empire—the *Bundesrath*, or federal council, the members of which are annually appointed by the governments of the various states; and the *Reichstag*, the members of which are elected by universal suffrage and ballot for a period of three years. All imperial laws must receive the votes of an absolute majority of both bodies, and, to be valid, must, in addition, have the assent of the Emperor, and be countersigned when promulgated by the *Reichskanzler*, or chancellor of the Empire, who is *ex-officio*, president of the *Bundesrath*.

According to the eleventh article of the Constitution, the German Emperor, with the consent of the *Bundesrath*, can declare war, make peace, enter into treaties with foreign nations, and appoint and receive ambassadors. If, however, the territory of the Empire is attacked, he does not require the consent of the *Bundesrath* to declare war, but can act independently.

HEPRENHAUSER ALLEE, HANOVER

THE RACE

JAMES SIME

GERMANY, or *Deutschland*, occupies a large part of central Europe. Speaking roughly, it now reaches from the Alps to the Baltic and the North Sea, and from the valleys of the Rhine and the Meuse to the Danube as far as the March and the Mur, and to the Prosna and the Lower Niemen. The country is mountainous in the south, hilly in the centre, and flat in the north, where it forms part of the great plain which takes in the whole of north-eastern Europe. The western part of this plain takes in the country between the Teutoburg Wood and the North Sea. As it passes eastwards it widens till it reaches from the Erz and Riesen Mountains to the Baltic. A part of South Germany slopes towards the east, and is watered by the Danube; but the general slope of the country is towards the north. Among the rivers flowing northwards are the Rhine, the Ems, the Weser, the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula.

Germany has varied very much in extent at different times. This is due partly to the fact that it has no clearly-marked natural boundaries on the east and west, but chiefly to the peculiarity of its position. It is the central country of Europe. Being surrounded by most of the leading nations of the Continent, the Germans have been involved, more than any other people, in the general history of Europe. Of all their neighbours, the Scandinavians are

most nearly allied to the Germans. Both are branches of the Teutonic race. But the Germans are also connected, although not so closely, with the other surrounding peoples. All, if we except the Magyars or Hungarians, who are Turanians, belong to the great Aryan family.

The Germans call themselves *Deutschen*. We formerly used the word Dutch in the same wide sense, but now usually confine it to the people of Holland. *Deutsch*, or Dutch, is the modern form of Theotisc (*Theod*, *people*), which first came into use in the Ninth Century. The word German is probably of Celtic origin. It is believed to have been first applied to a particular tribe, and then to the race to which the tribe belonged.

The Germans or Dutch are divided into two great groups, the High and the Low. The Low-Dutch live by the mouths of the rivers flowing into the North Sea; the High-Dutch in the inland and mountainous parts of Germany. They are branches of the same people; but they differ a good deal in character and customs, and, above all, in language. On the Continent the only Low-Dutch language which remains the organ of an important living literature is spoken in Holland. The educated classes of the country, or group of countries, which we now call Germany, speak and write High-Dutch.

Our chief authority for the condition of ancient Germany is the *Germania* of Tacitus, written in the year 98 A. D. At that time the greater part of the country was covered by forests, in which were bears, wolves, buffaloes, elks, and other wild animals. The climate was damp and foggy; and in winter the cold seems to have been keener, and to have lasted longer than at present. The soil was in many places marshy; but much of it was very fertile.

There were many flocks and herds, generally of a small breed.

The ancient Germans were divided into many different tribes. These sometimes united among themselves for purposes of attack or defence; but they were politically independent, each being separated from the others by tolerably well-marked boundaries. On the right bank of the Rhine, beginning with the country now called Hessen and passing northwards, there were, besides various others, the Chatti, the Tencteri and Usipetes, the Sicambri, the Marsi, and the Bructeri. The Frisians, Chauci, and Saxons occupied the coasts from the Rhine to the Elbe. The territory of the Cherusci, one of the bravest of German tribes, took in the Harz Mountains and the country around as far as the Aller, the Weser, the Werra, the Elbe, and the Saal. The country from the Danube and the Middle Rhine northwards to the Baltic was held by tribes connected closely enough to be known by the common name of the Suevi. First among the Suevi were the Semnones, stretching from the southern part of what is now Brandenburg to the Riesen Mountains. The Longobardi, or, as they were afterwards called, the Lombards, were settled on the banks of the Lower Elbe. The Marcomanni were neighbours of the Chatti, between the Rhine, the Main, and the Danube; and further to the south-east were the Quadi. There were other Suevic tribes; but it is these with whom history has most to do. It was long believed that the Goths were the original stock from which all Germans had sprung; but they held to other Germans merely the relation of sister tribes, and their language is more nearly akin to the Low than to the High German. They occupied the banks of the Lower Vistula. The

Vandals, Burgundians, and Rugii, all kindred tribes, were scattered to the west of the Vistula, along the shores of the Baltic. The Gothic tribes soon passed altogether out of German history, and had probably begun even in Tacitus's time to separate from their kinsmen. It must not be forgotten that at an early period various German tribes crossed the Rhine in search of new settlements. At the time of C. Julius Cæsar a large part of the left bank was held by Germans, among whom the Ubii were distinguished. The Batavians, who are said to have sprung from the Chatti, held the island formed by the two branches of the Lower Rhine.

These tribes did not call themselves by any common name; but, according to Tacitus, three great groups were recognized—the Ingaevones, the Istaevones, and the Herminones. The first took in all the tribes on the coasts of the North Sea, the second those holding the Rhine country, and the third those in the centre of Germany. These groups were believed to have sprung from the three sons of Mannus, the first man, the son of the god Thuisto. The division had no political importance; but it had probably some real meaning, for it reappears in another form in later history.

The Germans were generally tall and strong. They could be fierce and cruel; but they were brave, truthful, simple in their manners, and hospitable. They celebrated in songs the great deeds of their forefathers, and were usually ready to die rather than give up freedom. Although an agricultural people, the occupations they most delighted in were war and hunting. Their chief faults were indolence, drunkenness, and excessive gambling. They left the tilling of the fields and all other peaceful work as much

as possible to women and to men incapable of bearing arms.

The ancient Germans, like other Aryan peoples, were divided into two great classes, the nobles, and the common freemen. The former were the Eorls, the latter the Ceorls of the ancient English. The nobles were usually richer than the freemen, but their position did not altogether depend on their wealth. What their special rights and privileges were, we do not know; but they were held in high esteem, and took a foremost place in public life. The freemen formed the great body of the people. Each was an independent member of the community, and enjoyed equal rights with his fellows. Both freemen and nobles had slaves. This class consisted for the most part of prisoners of war and their offspring, and of those condemned to slavery on account of some crime. They were usually well treated; but they were the absolute property of their masters, and had no redress against injustice. They were not allowed, under any circumstances, to bear arms. Between the freemen and the slaves was a peculiar class, consisting partly of freedmen, and called Liti. The Liti were in no sense any one's property, and they had certain rights which they could enforce; but they had no share in the political life of the community. They could not possess land. They could only hold it of some master, with whom they were obliged to share the produce. They were thus neither freemen nor slaves, but a class apart. If a noble, a freeman, or one of the Liti was killed, the murderer was not put to death. He had to pay a fine, which was in later times called the *Wergeld*. The amount of the *Wergeld* varied amongst different tribes; but the *Wergeld* of a noble was always greater than that of a free-

man, as a freeman's was greater than that of one of the Liti.

The ancient Germans did not marry till their physical and mental powers were fully developed. The bridegroom did not exactly purchase the bride; but on the day of their marriage he brought her a valuable gift, which she kept as her own property. The wife was subject to the husband; but her position was not a degraded one. She was her husband's companion and friend, and often went with him on distant warlike expeditions. She was expected to know the use of arms, and was usually brave and virtuous. The clan was not, in the time of Tacitus, the foundation of society; but family relations were of great importance. The father had supreme authority over his children. He had even the power, in extreme cases, of putting them to death. Uncles, especially on the mother's side, were looked up to with deep respect. When a freeman died, his children were protected by their relatives, until they were able to defend themselves. A freeman's quarrels were always taken up by his relatives; and if he was killed, it was their duty to see that the *Wergeld*, which was divided amongst the family, was paid.

There were no cities in ancient Germany. In some parts of the country every freeman lived apart with his family on his own land; but the great majority lived in villages. These villages were made up of a number of huts, each hut standing apart from the rest, surrounded by a piece of ground. The land around a village originally belonged to the community, and much of it remained common property; but from an early period grants of land had been made to individuals, and the number of those who held land as their private property always tended to increase.

An undefined number of villages formed what was called a Hundred. Whether the *Gau* was a name for the entire land of a tribe, or was merely a division taking in several Hundreds, is uncertain. Perhaps the name did not arise till a later period. At all events, the Hundred was the really important division, for traces of it are to be found among all German peoples.

Every village and Hundred had its own Chief, elected by the freemen. Higher than the chiefs of the Hundreds and villages was the chief of the tribe, appointed in the same way. Some tribes had Kings; but even Kings were elected, although always from some particular noble family believed to have sprung from the gods. The chiefs of the Hundreds formed what Tacitus calls the princes of a tribe, and acted as a Council to the King or other supreme chief. By far the most important right of a chief was the power to form a Comitatus or Gefolge—that is, to gather round him a body of men devoted to his service. The princes vied with each other in having large numbers of followers. The men swore to be always faithful to their lord; and to be untrue to this oath was thought the worst possible crime. In return for their services, the chief provided his men with war-horses, armour, and food; and if the tribe was not at war, he often gave them fresh opportunities of distinguishing themselves by taking part in the wars of other tribes.

Important as was the position of the chiefs in ancient Germany, their power was comparatively limited. Above all chiefs were the Meetings of the people. Even the village had its Meeting; but the really important Meetings were those of the Hundred and of the tribe. These Meetings were not, like modern Parliaments, representative.

All freemen had a right to attend them. The Meetings of the village and of the Hundred did not concern themselves with the affairs of the tribe. These came before the Meeting of the whole people. It was in this general Meeting that the chiefs were elected—not only the King or other chief of the tribe, but the chiefs of the various Hundreds. Here also the young freeman received from his father or some prince the arms which were the symbol that he had attained to a position of independence in the tribe. All difficult cases of justice were decided by the Meeting of the tribe; it also declared war and concluded peace, and sanctioned the occasional distant expeditions of the chiefs with their followers. When questions of unusual difficulty were to come before the Meeting, they were discussed beforehand by the King or other chief and the princes of the tribe; but the ultimate decision lay with the people themselves. The common freeman rarely took a leading part in the deliberations. The chiefs laid their proposals before the people in plain terms, stating the arguments on each side. If the freemen did not agree with their chiefs, they expressed their opinion by cries of dissent; they signified their approval of a proposal by clashing their armour.

The army was not something different from the people; it was the people themselves. Every freeman bore arms, and might at any moment be called into active service. Spears were the weapons most commonly used. Each warrior had also a shield long enough to cover almost the whole body. The cavalry had no other armour; but those who fought on foot had missile weapons, which they could hurl to a great distance. They sometimes used battle-axes and clubs; swords were little known. The cavalry never

used saddles. The different companies were not made up of men chosen at random; the freemen of each Hundred kept together, and the minor divisions were composed of kinsmen and friends. Each prince commanded his own Hundred. The supreme command was undertaken by the king or chief of the tribe, or by a *Herzog* elected by the freemen. If several tribes united to carry on a war, the *Herzog*, or commander-in-chief, was elected by the princes. The line of battle was arranged in the form of a wedge, the bravest and most experienced being put in front. Cavalry and infantry were so placed that they helped to protect each other. When about to make an attack, all joined in a sort of chant, putting their shields to their mouths to make the sound more terrible. To throw away their shields on the field of battle was in the highest degree disgraceful. Those guilty of this crime often killed themselves, being unable to bear the contempt of their kinsmen.

The Germans, like their Scandinavian kinsmen, inherited the common Aryan religion, and gave it forms adapted to their own modes of thought and feeling. Their chief god was Wodan. Donar, or Thor, the god of thunder, was also very powerful. The gods were not worshipped in temples, but in sacred groves. Sacrifices were offered to them, sometimes even human sacrifices; and their will was found out by means of lots, the flight of birds, and the neighing of sacred horses. The Germans believed that the gods took a direct interest in human affairs, and that in a future life they rewarded brave men and punished cowards.

We hear very little, after the Third Century, of the many tribes formerly scattered over Germany. They still existed, but they were joined together in groups, or confederations. How these were formed, we do not know. The

tie which united the members of a confederation was very loose. Still, the members of each confederation had a certain sense of kinship, and this prepared the way for a closer political connection. The Alemanni, who took in a number of Suevic tribes, were one of the most powerful of the confederations. In the Third Century they held the country between the Danube and the Main, and from thence made many incursions into Roman territory. They gradually advanced southwards and westwards as far as the Upper Rhine, the Aar, and the Vosges Mountains. To the north of the Alemanni, from the Main to the mouths of the Rhine, were the Franks. The land to the east of the Franks was held by the Saxons and Frisians. The latter held the whole line of coast from the Rhine to the Elbe; the former, the basins of the Lower Elbe, the Weser, and the Ems. The centre of what is now Germany was in the hands of the Thuringians. They held the wooded mountains which are still called by their name, and some part of the country to the north and south. These various confederations may probably be identified with the groups into which the Germans, in the time of Tacitus, divided themselves. If so, the Saxons and Frisians would represent the ancient Ingaevones; the Franks the Istaevones, and the Alemanni and Thuringians the Herminones. Another confederation was gradually formed by the Goths who remained in Germany, the Marcomanni, and others. These were the Bojoarii or Bavarians, whose country took in greater part of the basin of the Inn, and who became subject in turn to Odoacer and to Theodoric the Great.

Of these groups of tribes, the Franks were by far the most important. The history of the Franks is for several centuries the history of Germany. They conquered the

Gauls and their own kinsmen, and laid the foundation of the future kingdoms of Germany and France. From the Third Century the Franks on the right bank of the Middle Rhine often broke into Gaul, and attacked the Romans. They several times conquered Cologne, Mainz, and Trier, and harried the neighbouring lands. In the Fourth Century they were driven back by Constantine and Julian, and in the Fifth by the great general Aëtius; but in the latter half of the Fifth Century they were masters of the whole country between the Middle Rhine and the Meuse. They held also part of the banks of the Moselle, and had lands as far south as the northern boundaries of the Alemanni and Burgundians. At this time their chief town was Cologne; and they were called (probably from Ripa, a bank) Riparii or Ripuarii.

The Franks who held the banks of the Lower Rhine were called by the Romans Salians. The Ripuarians were more numerous than the Salians; but it was the Salians who founded the great Frankish kingdom. They sprang for the most part from those Sicambri whom Tiberius settled near the mouths of the Rhine, and were probably called Salians from a tribe which wandered westwards from the Yssel or Isala, and united to form one people with the Sicambri. The Salians were nominally subject to the Romans, and served in the Roman army; but they kept their native institutions, and always tried, when they had a chance, to become independent. At the time of Julian they held the country from the Lower Rhine to the west of the Meuse. Julian advanced against them, and defeated them; but he allowed them to keep the land they had seized. About the beginning of the Fifth Century they still served in the Roman army, but no longer recognized

Roman supremacy. They probably then held the whole country between the Lower Rhine and the Scheldt.

The Salians were governed by Kings. Probably their first King—at all events, the first of whom we know anything—was Chlodio. He reigned about the middle of the Fifth Century. He was defeated by the Romans under Aëtius; but he succeeded in pushing his boundaries as far west as the Somme. He became a faithful ally of the Romans, who often afterwards—especially in the great battle fought in 451 against Attila—received important aid from the Salians. The famous Salic Code was probably drawn up about the time of Chlodio. The state of society which it represents is in many respects the same as that described by Tacitus. The people, like all their kinsmen who had not left Germany, are still heathens. The tribe is divided into Hundreds, and these again into villages; and the occupation of the people, when they are not engaged in war, continues mainly agricultural. But the position of the King has changed. He no longer receives his authority from the people; he inherits it, and exercises it as a right. He appoints the chiefs, who are called *Grafs* or Counts, and decides cases of justice which the Meeting of the Hundred—the largest that seems now to be held—cannot settle. There is no trace of the old noble class; what raises men above their fellows is connection with the King. Those whom he appoints to an office, and the members of his *Gefolge* or Comitatus, hold a very high position. The *Wergeld* of a *Graf* and of a follower of the King is three times as large as that of a common freeman. The King has thus already become the central element in the constitution. He exercises supreme authority, and is the fountain of honour. This great increase of the royal power was

perhaps partly due to the influence of Roman ideas, for the Salians in the Roman army would naturally learn habits of strict obedience.

The Frankish kingdoms were divided into *Gaus* or Districts, each of which was governed by a Count. A number of *Gaus* made a Duchy, over which was a *Herzog* or Duke. Each of the great groups or confederations of tribes in Germany formed a separate Duchy. The Dukes and Counts in Gaul were appointed solely by the King, and were looked on as his officers. The Bavarians elected their own Dukes; and they always chose them from one noble family, the Agilolfings. The Alemanni and Thuringians had also some share in the appointment of their Dukes. The freemen of each German Duchy met their Duke once in the year, and consulted with him on affairs of importance. Thus the Germans to the east of the Rhine kept more of the old freedom than their Frankish conquerors.

The Merovingian Kings soon adopted the Roman custom of granting lands on condition of military service. Such grants were called at first benefices, but afterwards fiefs. They were made from the royal lands, and were usually given to the King's men or vassals—that is, to the Dukes, Counts, and members of the *Gefolge*. Thus the service required by a Merovingian King from the holder of a benefice was not, like that required for lands granted by the Roman Government, service to the State; it was the service of a vassal to his lord. The relation between the two was wholly personal in its character. Those who did not already hold this personal relation to the King, on receiving a benefice, became his men, and swore to be faithful to him and to give him service in war. From this com-

bination of Roman and Teutonic ideas sprang the system of feudal tenures. When benefices became hereditary, the holders usually granted pieces of land to others, who entered into the same relation to them that they held to the King. And in times of confusion, freemen very often gave up their lands to some powerful lord, and received them back as fiefs, thus binding themselves to serve him in war while he undertook to protect them against their enemies. In the end, the Dukes and Counts came to hold their Duchies and Counties in fief, and thus looked on all fief-holders within their districts as their vassals. But this was not for some time yet.

The Merovingian Kings, having become rich and great, lived in a style of which the early German Kings and chiefs had never dreamed. The duties of their household were divided among a large number of officers, among whom were the Seneschal, the Marshal, and the Chancellor. Over all officers of the court was the *Major Domus*, or Mayor of the Palace. An officer of less importance, at this time, was the *Palsgrave*, or Count of the Palace, whose duties had to do with the royal tribunal. These, and all other great officers, were taken chiefly from the members of the *Gefolge*. They formed a Council which aided the King in administering justice and in carrying on the affairs of the State.

The holders of benefices tried from the beginning to make their lands hereditary; and many of them soon succeeded in doing so. Thus a great new aristocracy arose which took the place among the Franks of the old noble class. This aristocracy soon lessened the kingly power. Its leading members often met, and not only shared the government with the King, but sometimes forced him to

confirm them in rights which they had seized. Such gatherings took the place, to some extent, of the old national meetings. The various Kings had given away so many lands as benefices that they were soon too poor to defend themselves. They were also weakened by carrying on many cruel wars with each other. Thus it came about that by the middle of the Seventh Century the Merovingian Kings, who had for a time been so great, had lost nearly all their power. The Dukes, Counts, and other rich men, acted as if they were independent princes. The great German Duchies, although still nominally subject to the Franks, were practically free.

During this period many German tribes became Christian. So early as the Sixth and the beginning of the Seventh Century, Irish and Frankish missionaries had tried to convert the Germans. In the latter half of the Seventh Century the task was taken up by countrymen of our own; and they were the first to labour with the sanction of the Pope. Wilfrith, who was accidentally driven, in 677, on the shores of Friesland, preached there with great success. His work was carried on by Willibrord, who lived among the Frisians about fifty years. Greater than either of these was Winfrith, afterwards called Saint Boniface and the Apostle of the Germans. He helped Willibrord for some time, but spent the greater part of his life in Southern and Central Germany. In 723, he was made "*Episcopus Regionarius*" of Germany—that is, Bishop without any special diocese. After this he brought tribe after tribe within the Church, and founded various bishopricks and monasteries. In 732, he received the archiepiscopal *pallium*, and in 742, presided over the first German Synod. In 745, he was appointed, as Metropolitan of Germany, to the See of Mainz,

which from this time occupied in the German Church the position held by the See of Canterbury in the Church of England. Ten years afterwards he was killed in Friesland while on his way to confirm some converts. At the time of Winfrith's death, and chiefly owing to his efforts, all Germany, with the exception of Saxony, was nominally Christian. The old pagan ideas still influenced to some extent the minds of the people; but the good seed had been sown, and soon began to spring up and to bear fruit.

PRUSSIA

FINDLAY MUIRHEAD

PRUSSIA, by far the largest and most important state in the German Empire, is a kingdom embracing nearly the whole of northern Germany. It is bounded north by the German Ocean, Jutland, and the Baltic; east by Russia (and Russian Poland); south by Austria, Saxony, the Thuringian states, Bavaria, Hesse-Darmstadt and Alsace-Lorraine; and west by Luxembourg, Belguim and the Netherlands. Prussia owns, besides, Hohenzollern and about thirteen other smaller exclaves, or detached territories lying within the bounds of other German states.

The greater part of Prussia, more than two-thirds of its total area, belongs to the north European plain, while less than a third, chiefly in the south-west, can be described as hilly or mountainous. The division line between the two districts is roughly indicated by an irregular series of heights beginning with the Teutoburgerwald, to the east of the upper Ems and the Weser Hills, on both sides of the upper Weser, and thence running towards the south-east in the Harz Mountains with the Brocken (3,740 feet) and in the northern outliers of the Thüringerwald (Finsterberg, 3,100 feet, and Inselsberg, 3,000 feet). Farther to the south-east this line of heights is continued by the Riesengebirge separating Prussian Silesia from Bohemia and forming the northern ranges of the Sudetic system. None of these ranges lie above about 5,000 feet; the Schneekoppe (5,250 feet) in

the Riesengebirge is the loftiest summit on Prussian territory. The western and south-western parts of the country, comprising Rhenish Prussia, Westphalia and Hesse-Nassau, thus cut off from the sandy and healthy wastes of the north, are quite distinct in their physical character from the rest of Prussia. They are divided by the Rhine into two portions.

On the west side of the river, between Aix-la-Chapelle and the Moselle, is the elevated plain known as the Hohe Veen and the Eifel. South of the Moselle, and parallel with that river, stretches the Hunsruck, with an average height of 1,200 to 1,500 feet, and farther south is the Hardt, the name here given to the northern extremity of the Vosges. On the east side of the Rhine the Sauerland between the Ruhr and the Sieg, with the Rothaar or Rotlagergebrige, is succeeded farther south by the Westerwald, between the Sieg and the Lahn, and by the Taunus (Feldberg 2,885 feet), between the Lahn and the Main. To the south of the Taunus, famous for its mineral springs, lies the fertile valley of the Main, while to the east the Vogelsberg, chiefly, however, in Hesse, forms a link with the Hohe Rhön, which may be regarded as an outlier of the Thüringerswald.

The great northern plain which occupies the rest of the kingdom, is varied by two terrace like elevations. The surface is diversified with numerous lakes, especially in the east, on what are known as the Pomeranian and the East Prussian Lake plateaus. On the northern slope, terminating on the shores of the Baltic, there are several fertile districts, more especially along those rivers which have been carefully embanked, as the Niemen and the Vistula. The southern elevation of the Prussian plain, running between the Polish mountains of Sandomir in the south-east and the Elbe between Magdeburg and Burg in the north-west,

KÖNIGSTEIN, THE TAUNUS

attains a height of about 1,000 feet near Breslau on the Oder, where it is known as the Trebnitz Heights. Its general character is more fertile than the northern elevation; while the country between the two is, for the most part, extremely sterile. It includes the sandy waste in which Berlin, the capital, is situated. South of this tract and in Silesia and Prussian Saxony, the country is fertile, including some of the most productive grain-growing districts of Prussia. Hanover has much the same character. Great marshes, or peat-moors, cover the north and north-west districts; but the valleys that lie among the Harz Mountains in the south are often fertile and well adapted for agriculture. The coasts are low and require to be protected from the overflowing of the sea by embankments and dykes. Sleswig-Holstein, to the north of the Elbe, is in part sandy and healthy like the plain of Hanover, but it has also numerous marshes.

The northern plain is watered by five large rivers—the Niemen, Vistula, Oder, Elbe and Weser—all of which rise beyond the borders of the Kingdom—and the Pregel, Eider and Ems, which are exclusively Prussian. In the west the chief river is the Rhine, which enters Prussia at Mainz, and thence flows north through a narrow valley noted as one of the most picturesque parts of Germany.

The commerce of Prussia is materially facilitated by her central European position, and the network of river and canal navigation which makes her territories the connecting medium between several of the great European States, and which, with 15,000 miles of railway, 40,500 miles of public roads (all, or nearly all, formed since the time of Frederick the Great), and a coast line of a hundred miles, gives her a free outlet to the rest of the world. The chief

ports are Memel, Pillau, Königsberg, Danzig, Colberg, Swinemünde, Stettin, Wolgast, Stralsund, Kiel, Flensborg, Altona, Harburg, Geestemünde, Leer and Emden. The principal commercial towns are Berlin, Königsberg, Breslau, Barmen, Elberfeld, Danzig, Posen, Stettin, Cologne, Magdeburg, Aix-la-Chapelle and Frankfort-on-the-Main. Annual fairs are still held at Breslau, Magdeburg and Frankfort-on-the-Oder.

Education is compulsory in Prussia between the ages of six and fourteen, and its management and direction are under the control of the state. In no country are better or ampler means supplied for the diffusion of knowledge among all classes of the community. Prussia has ten universities, viz.: Königsberg, Berlin, Griefswald, Breslau, Halle, Göttingen, Münster, Bonn, Kiel and Marburg. In addition to the libraries of the several universities, there is the Royal Library at Berlin with 800,000 volumes and about 15,000 manuscripts.

Prussia was an absolute monarchy till the crisis of 1848, when the decided movement in favour of liberal views compelled the King to convoke a national assembly, and submit to the establishment of a constitutional form of government, which has been repeatedly modified.

The monarchy is hereditary in the male line. The sovereign and royal family must profess the evangelical confession of faith. The King, who is not responsible for the measures of his government and whose decrees require the counter-signatures of his ministers, exercises the executive power, nominates and dismisses the ministry, summons and dissolves the chambers, orders the promulgation of the laws, is commander-in-chief of the forces, has the right of proclaiming peace and war, granting reprieves, etc. He

bears the titles of King of Prussia, Markgraf of Brandenburg, Sovereign Duke of Silesia, Prince of Orange, Grand-Duke of Pomerania and the Lower Rhine, besides a host of lesser titles. The title "German Emperor," by which he is now best known, is not, of course, a Prussian dignity. The eldest son of the king bears the title of Crown-Prince. The ordinary royal residences are the palaces at Berlin, Potsdam and Charlottenburg.

About seven-eighths of the population of Prussia are Germans. Of the Slavonic tribes the most numerous are the Poles, numbering two and one-half millions. In Brandenburg and Silesia there are about 85,000 Wends; in East Prussia, upwards of 150,000 Lithuanians; Western Prussia has rather more than 10,000 Walloons, using the French language; intermixed in its generally German population Silesia has 55,000 Czechs or Bohemians; and Sleswick-Holstein, 140,000 Danes—making in all about three millions who do not use the German language, or who employ it only as secondary to their native tongues.

Three distinct hereditary classes are recognized in Prussia, —viz.: nobles, burghers and peasants. To the first belong nearly 200,000 persons, including the higher officials of the state, although that number does not comprise the various mediatized houses, of which sixteen are Prussian, and others belonging to different states, but connected with Prussia by still existing or former territorial possessions. The burgher class includes, in its higher branches, all public office-bearers, professional men, artists and merchants; while the peasantry—to which all persons engaged in agricultural pursuits—are divided into classes, depending on the number of horses employed on the land, etc.

William I. (1861-1888) who became German Emperor

in 1871, and had been regent of the Kingdom since 1858, owing to the insanity of his brother, the late King William was no more a lover of constitutional, or at least of popular, liberty, than any of his predecessors; and in his opposition to the progress of the popular movement, in so far as it aimed at interference with the regal power, he was powerfully aided by his great adviser, Bismarck, who became Prime-Minister in 1862 and Imperial Chancellor in 1871. The successful wars with Austria (1866) and France (1870-1871), which so enhanced the prestige of Prussia, resulted in united Germany of to-day. Since the King of Prussia became German Emperor, the history of Prussia has been practically merged in the history of Germany.

SANS SOUCI, POTSDAM

THE KAISER'S CAPITAL

G. W. STEEVENS

"BERLIN! The beastliest capital in Europe!" That was the encouraging testimonial of a friend who spent a fortnight there five-and-twenty years ago. But when I came to Berlin I stared and rubbed my eyes in astonishment. These broad streets, streaming with life, these stately palaces, these rich shops, gorgeous hotels, luxurious houses, endless wooded parks, lavish pleasures for the allurement of every sense—this the beastliest capital in Europe? Then try me with the finest!

The other cities of Germany—I do not speak of Austria —are always possible to live in, and sometimes even agreeable; but they are not brilliant. They all have their solid qualities; and such necessities of life as food, beer, tobacco, and theatrical entertainments can be bought in them at consistently ridiculous prices. Munich lays itself out more for art, Hanover is healthier, Frankfurt is the heart of a more romantic country, Hamburg is gemmed with lagoons, Cologne has a fairer building and a fairer river, Nürnberg offers the piquancy of trolley-cars gliding between Fourteenth-Century gables and frescoes. Berlin is a rather tasteless, rather unhealthy city, standing in the middle of a rather featureless plain, on a decidedly dull and insignificant river, and presenting no architectual or historical features of more than ordinary interest. And yet Berlin is emphatically and unmistakably one of the great cities of the world.

Berlin has elements of both progress and order, frugality and splendour. The progress, it is true, is very orderly, and the splendour is somewhat frugal—which is to say that both are German. Progress, indeed, is confined to the material side: you would not come to the Kaiser's capital for the latest feature in social evolution. But in many of the little comforts of life Berlin is long strides ahead of London. Some French writer or other has found it more like an American than a European city; superficially he was right. The excellence of the communications, the ingenious little electrical trifles that every hour save five seconds' unnecessary exertion, the wealth of telephones, the development of the penny-in-the-slot automaton, the tendency to economize in every kind of business by simplifying, by reducing to one price—it all suggests Broadway, just as much as the disposition of foot-passengers to push the stranger off the pavement without apology, and the apparent determination of tram-conductors and cab-drivers to knock him down and drive over him. For the first half hour Berlin is not at all unsuggestive of New York.

But beneath the surface Berlin is not like New York in the very least. A new time-saver or labour-saver will be welcomed readily enough when the police has passed it—but you had better not try it before. Install a tramway down every other street, certainly—but you had better not forget the exact specifications as approved by the police. Electric cars and elevated railways are very excellent things—only no patentees or shareholders are allowed to disfigure the Kaiser's streets by running up overhead wires or overhead rails along them. The tramway company may want this or that; but if the police, or the town council, or a higher authority yet, should prefer that or this—that or this

UNTER DEN LINDEN, BERLIN

it has got to be. Telephones, if you like, but you will not find the State in Germany giving its rights and duties away together to a company. A penny-farthing fare for any five stations on the elevated railway, by all means—only not the simple and logical conclusion of one fare and one class for any distance, for then the officer and the private would have to travel in the same carriage. And if you are driven over in the street, a policeman will always come and make a note of it in his note-book, and probably the driver will be punished. You might prefer that the policeman should prevent your death instead of avenging it, but that is not the method of Berlin. The policeman is not there to prevent misconduct, he is there to write down particulars of it in a book, and see that it is made hot for somebody next morning. And as for throwing people into the gutter, well, if you tend to imagine yourself in New York instead of in Berlin, try it with an officer. If a civilian stops in mid-pavement—as the German has a way of doing, being apparently unable to walk and think at the same time—the people behind do not go round him, nor ask him to get on; they just push him on. But if you push an officer, and do not apologize, it is not merely his right but his duty to draw his sword and wound or even kill you. You have insulted the king's coat in public, and the man who does not wash out the insult in the only possible way may as well send in his papers at once, before he is asked to resign.

The streets of Berlin are an epitome of the history of Prussia. Go and stand at the eastern end of Unter den Linden and you will begin to realize it. All round you is a coronet of public buildings, not surpassed for stateliness anywhere outside Paris and Vienna. But notice that as

they are younger, so they become more pretentious. The old buildings are solid and sometimes large, but they are modest; they are not very high; they are—all but the Kaiser's Castle—made of simple stone. If they are beautiful, they are beautiful simply in virtue of the lines traced by the architect. They are fine, but they are not more ambitious than those you see in almost any little German town which ever sheltered a little German Court—Würzburg, for instance. In their day Prussia was but a German State among its equals. Then walk back along the Linden, and look at the new Reichstag! It is all ablaze with gilt; the roof, and porches, and walls are as thick with florid statuary—goddesses, knights, angels—as a treacled tree is thick with moths at nightfall. Look at the Victory column opposite: it crawls with trophies and allegorical figures, and on the top is a gilt goddess, so enormous that you hurry past lest the column should snap under her. Look at the monument to the old Kaiser: the colossal bronze figures seem as if they must smash the marble pedestal to pieces under their prodigious weight. Everything of the Imperial epoch in Berlin is double life-size; almost everything is gilt.

It would require a very magnificent city indeed to carry off these tons of bronze and acres of gold-foil. And for all its progress Berlin has not yet quite grown out of the frugal, pinching, half-capital, half-provincial habit of its earlier life. Its electric accumulator tramcars are the most palatial imaginable, but its omnibuses, with people swarming like bees on to their heavy knifeboards, are clumsy abortions, and seem purposely designed for the torture of the scraggy horses. There is a vast deal of German simplicity left amid the gorgeousness at Berlin. The Thier-

garten is a park unmatched for cool greenery in any city of the world ; you can walk under trees in it for miles and miles. But no influence can make a Corso, a Hyde Park, a Bois de Boulogne of it : you see fashionable people swelling with pride behind a horse, a harness, and a groom that a self-respecting farmer would be ashamed to show at market. There is a music-hall in Berlin more sumptuous than any I ever saw in any country—eighteen turns, including songs, ballet, cinematograph, jugglery, acrobats, knockabouts, *poses plastiques*, and circus-riding, with Anna Held, Marie Lloyd, and German and Italian Marie Lloyds thrown in. Berlin divides its affections between such Crœsus splendours as this and restaurants where you cannot pay more than a penny-farthing for anything. There are half-a-dozen such already, to say nothing of a penny-in-the-slot restaurant—very popular because, as its patrons unaffectedly point out, you do not have to tip the waiter.

The Kaiser's capital is a queer jumble. But the queerest thing in it is technically outside it—the Mausoleum at Charlottenberg, wherein rest the bodies of Friedrich Wilhelm, the liberator of Germany from Napoleon, of the beautiful Queen Louise, who died of a broken heart for Germany, and of the first Kaiser and his consort. The present Kaiser charges you twopence-halfpenny to view the tombs of his ancestors. But that is not all. At the portal stands a cheap angel, with a gilt sword of flame, as if the Mausoleum were the Garden of Eden, or as if the Kaiser could call on the heavenly hosts to act as supernumerary policemen. And on the marble effigies of his fathers, of the men who built up this great and wonderful empire of Germany—the light can only fall through panes of cheap violet and yellow glass. It is said to be intended

to make the figures look more like real corpses. The holiest heroes of Prussia are haloed in the vulgar light of a penny gaff. Berlin can be dazzling, but it can also be very tawdry. The Kaiser's city is something of a parvenu among capitals after all.

FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAIN

S. G. GREEN

IN Frankfurt the visitor is continually reminded of the state of things that has passed away. From the old watchtowers, which show the jealously guarded limits of the ancient "Free Imperial City," it is but a little way to the handsome railway stations which now open communication to all parts of the Empire. As in Vienna, the vast ancient ramparts have been levelled, and the "Ring," here called "Anlagen," beautifully planted and adorned with sumptuous private and public buildings, gives an air of nobleness to the city. The Cathedral tower, St. Bartholomew's is fine; but beyond this, Frankfurt has few architectural attractions. Its real interest is in its history, dating from the days of Charlemagne, who selected the "Ford of the Franks" for a great convocation of bishops and nobles. From that time the city grew in importance, until it was fixed upon as the place of the imperial election. The "Golden Bull" of the Emperor Charles V., bestowing this privilege, promulgated from Nuremberg, dated A. D., 1356, is still carefully preserved in the Römer, or City Hall, where also may be seen, almost in its original state, the *Wahlzimmer*, or Chamber of Election; also the *Kaisersaal*, or Imperial Hall, in which the Emperor's election was celebrated by a solemn banquet. Here are portraits of more than fifty emperors in succession, from Conrad I. in the Tenth Century to Francis II. in the Eighteenth, with the mottoes chosen by them at their inauguration—a most curi-

ous and interesting story! One of my companions tried to read the spirit of each motto in the imperial countenance which surmounted it—I cannot say with any remarkable success. The series of portraits terminates with Francis II., whose forced renunciation of the imperial Crown of Germany for that of Austria closed, in 1806, the history of a thousand years. Many vicissitudes followed. Frankfurt was eventually recognized at the Congress of Vienna as a free city, and was the seat of the German Diet, until after the war of 1866 it was absorbed in Prussia. The traditions of historic greatness, however, cling to it; and one is reminded at every step that Frankfurt stands alone among the cities of Germany.

The *Autobiography* of Goethe, referring, of course, to a period when the imperial power was still at its height, shows how the associations of the city influenced the youthful poet.

"Important," he says, "and fruitful for us was the Council House, named from the Romans. In its lower vault-like halls we liked but too well to lose ourselves. We obtained an entrance, too, into the large and very simple session-room of the Council. The walls as well as the arched ceiling were white, though wainscoted to a certain height; and the whole was without a trace of painting or any kind of carved work; only high upon the middle wall might be read this brief inscription:

> One man's word is no man's word,
> Justice needs that both be heard.

"But whatever related to the election and coronation of the emperors possessed a greater charm. We managed to gain the favour of the keepers, so as to be allowed to mount

THE ROEMER HALL, FRANKFURT-ON-THE-MAIN

the new, gay, imperial staircase, which was painted in fresco, and on other occasions closed with a grating. The election chamber, with its purple hangings and admirably fringed gold borders, filled us with awe. The representations of animals, on which little children or genii, clothed in the imperial ornaments and laden with the insignia of the Empire, made a curious figure, were observed by us with great attention; and we even hoped that we might live to see, some time or other, a coronation with our own eyes. They had great difficulty to get us out of the great *Kaisersaal*, when we had been once fortunate enough to steal in; and we reckoned him our truest friend who, while we looked at the half-lengths of all the emperors painted round at a certain height, would tell us something of their deeds.

"We listened to many a legend of Charlemagne. But that which was historically interesting for us began with Rudolph of Hapsburg, who by his courage put an end to such violent commotions. Charles IV. also attracted our notice. We had already heard of the Golden Bull and of the statues for the administration of criminal justice. We knew, too, that he had not made the Frankfurters suffer for their adhesion to his noble rival, Emperor Gunther, of Swartzburg. We heard Maximilian praised, both as a friend to mankind and to the townsmen, his subjects, and were also told that it had been prophesied of him he would be the last emperor of a German house, which unhappily came to pass, as after his death the choice wavered only between the King of Spain (afterwards Charles V.), and the King of France, Francis I. With some anxiety it was added that a similar prophecy, or rather, intimation, was once more in circulation; for it was obvious that there was room left for the portrait of only one more emperor, a cir-

cumstance which, though seemingly accidental, filled the patriotic with concern."

Goethe's house, like Shakspere's at Stratford-upon-Avon, is carefully preserved; and throws much pleasant side-light on the autobiography. The inscription on the front reads thus: *Johann Wolfgang Goethe was born in this house 28th August 1749.* It should be visited even by those who assign to this great poet a place distinctly below the highest, and who mourn over the inadequacy of the solution which the most consummate of literary artists has offered to the great problems of human existence.

From the house of Goethe, in the Hirschgraben, it is but a little way to the Dom Platz, where a yet greater man, and one who has left beyond all others the impress of his personality on the German mind, had his residence for a time. For here, on one visit, at least, was the home of Luther. The house is now marked by his portrait, and the inscription, *In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.* It will be remembered that the selfsame words are taken as the motto of Keble's *Christian Year.*

But the words were hardly prophetic. The "Troubles at Frankfurt," connected with the rise of the evangelical community in the city, have become historical. In 1554 John Knox accepted an invitation to Frankfurt from a band of English Protestant exiles who had settled in this city. "That settlement and that ministry were pregnant with consequences to the religious life of the English nation, of which we have not seen the end. It was at Frankfurt, under the ministry of John Knox, that Puritanism took its rise."

Few who visit Frankfurt omit to pay a visit to the Jew's quarter. This, as in Prague, Vienna, and other German

cities, was long maintained apart from the rest of the city, almost as a separate colony, characterized by gloom, closeness, and squalor, not altogether from poverty—as here the Rothschild family was founded, with other houses of wealth and note,—but from the long proscription of the hated and outcast race. Up to the end of the last century no Jew was permitted to cross the Römerburg; and the gates of the Jew's quarter were closed every evening at an early hour, after which its inhabitants were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to appear in any other part of the city. Happily this exclusiveness is now at an end, and the Jew mingles on equal terms with his fellow-citizens.

COLOGNE

R. A. HOZIER

THE city of the Eternal Cathedral, as a poet has called it, is accumulated so to speak on the river bank, and reflects itself in the broad mirror of the Rhine, which curves at its feet in a noble basin, incessantly furrowed with the tracks of busy keels.

The imperial and shameless Agrippina, the mother and victim of Nero, was born within the walls. The city then assumed, as a politic compliment, the name of the Roman commander's daughter; it called itself *Colonia Agrippina*, a name which is better preserved in the French Cologne than in the German Köln.

Köln preserved for several generations the traditions of its infancy; they were effaced neither by the fall of the empire, nor the great flood of barbarian invasion, nor the genial influences of Christianity, nor the complicated system of feudalism. For many centuries it called its nobles, patricians; its magistrates, senators; its burgomasters, consuls; its *huissiers*, lictors. It had even its capital. Its inhabitants preserved the Roman costume as well as the Roman manners, and on its municipal banners were long inscribed, after the Roman usage, S. P. Q. C., *Senatus Populusque Coloniensis*.

Early in the Fourth Century Köln was captured and plundered by the Franks. Julian the Apostate (how history delights in nick-names!), recovered it, but they again made

COLOGNE

themselves its masters, and took care to keep it. Here the illustrious Clovis, the son and successor of Childeric was crowned king. When at his death the empire he had laboriously built up was partitioned among his children, Köln remained one of the principal cities of Austrasia, a kingdom of which Metz was the capital. When, in their turn, the sons of Louis le Débonnaire divided the mighty realm of Charlemagne, it was comprised within Lotharingia, of the territory of Lothair, whence comes the well-known word Lorraine. Passing rapidly down the stream of Time, we find it ravaged by the Mormons in 881 and 882. But, escaping, without any serious injury, from all the turmoil of these early centuries, it was reannexed to the German Empire by Otho the Great, was endowed with extraordinary privileges, and placed under the special protection of his brother Bruno, duke of Lorraine, archbishop and elector of Köln.

Thenceforth it grew rapidly in importance, and increased wonderfully in population. Its safety became the peculiar object of the German emperors, and when it was threatened by Frederick Barbarossa, its ruler, the Archbishop Philip of Heimsberg, who had already enlarged it considerably by connecting it with its suburbs, surrounded it with solid walls, and moats filled by the water of the Rhine. Its present fortifications are of a later date; belonging to the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Eighteenth, and even Nineteenth Centuries.

In 1212 Köln was declared a free imperial city. At this time it was one of the largest, most populous, and most opulent cities in Northern Europe and the Hanseatic League. She could put into the field, and maintain, an army of 30,000 soldiers.

In 1259 it obtained permission to levy a most extraordinary impost. Every ship entering its waters could only disembark its cargoes through the agency of boats or barges belonging to its merchants. These same crafty, wealth-amassing burghers enjoyed very great privileges in England. Its relations were scarcely less advantageous with France, Spain, Portugal, the North of Germany, and especially with Italy, which exported thither, not only its architecture and arts, but some of its characteristic customs, such as its wild gay Carnival, and its puppet theatres. Hence it acquired the distinctive name of the "Rome of the North" and "Holy Köln"; and hence it was induced to form in its own bosom a school of painting, the first with which Germany was enriched.

Köln had now attained the climax of her greatness, and thenceforth her wealth and power began to wane. The discovery of America opened up a new channel to the commerce of the East; but, perhaps, the chief cause of its decay was its incessant civil commotions. The Jews of Köln, who had done so much for its opulence, were cruelly massacred; the industrious and ingenious Protestants were banished; and a riot breaking out among the weavers, they were hung by the score, and 1,700 looms were burned in the public place. The survivors carried elsewhere, to more tolerant and equitable countries, the precious secrets of their industry; and so the harbour was no longer filled with ships, nor did the hammers ring in the deserted workshops. Workmen, without employment, wandered begging through the streets, and finding the trade of mendicancy productive, never again abandoned it. It became a scourge; one-half the city lived on the alms of the other half, and thus they preyed upon the beautiful city which Petrarch had admired,

until it became a wreck of what it was. And finally, to complete its ruin, the Dutch, in the Sixteenth Century, closed up the navigation of the Rhine, which was not again thrown open until 1837.

In 1794, when Köln was captured by the French, it still held the rank of a free imperial city, but its population did not exceed 40,000 souls. At that time a third of its population still lived by mendicancy. The French government, it must be owned, took prompt measures to repress this abuse; it secularized the convents, suppressed a great number of churches, and opened workshops and factories for the employment of the poor.

France held Köln until 1814. For twenty years it was the chief town of one of the *arrondissements* of the department of the Röer, of which Aix-la-Chapelle was the capital. The Russians occupied it militarily for a few months, after which the Treaty of Paris handed it over to Prussia. Let us admit that if the rule of Prussia be somewhat vigorous, it is also healthy and sagacious; and Köln, since 1815, has thriven greatly. The establishment of a steam-boat service on the Rhine, the reopening of the navigation of that river, and the construction of numerous important lines of railway which all find a terminus at Köln, have given a new impetus to its industry and commerce. Köln is famous as the birthplace of Agrippina and St. Bruno.

The electorate of Köln, formerly one of the states of the German empire, and one of the three ecclesiastical electorates, was included in the circle of the Lower Rhine, and comprised numerous provinces and territories now belonging to Prussia. It was suppressed in 1794.

We shall borrow a general description of the city from

the animated pages of M. Durand. He will not allow that it is a beautiful city, at least in its present condition. It has all the inconveniences of the Middle Ages, but none of their picturesqueness. It is muddy, irregular, dull, badly laid out, and insufficiently paved. The best view of it is obtained from the river. There, indeed, its aspect is fair and pleasant; but both the fairness and pleasantness vanish when you plunge into its labyrinthine streets. The truth is, everybody visits it for the sake of its cathedral, that immortal, that priceless, relic of the loftiest art.

The cathedral is built on a cruciform plan, and rises about sixty feet above the Rhine, on an eminence, which, since the days of German supremacy, has formed the north-eastern angle of the fortifications. Its total length is 511 feet, its breadth at the entrance 231 feet; the former corresponding with the height of the tower; the latter, with the height of the western gable.

The choir consists of five aisles, is 161 feet in height, and, internally, from its size, height, and disposition of pillars, arches, chapels, and beautifully coloured windows, resembles a poet's dream. Externally, its two-fold range of massive flying buttresses and intermediate piers, bristling with airy pinnacles, strikes the spectator with awe and astonishment. The windows are filled with fine old stained glass of the Fourteenth Century; the pictures on the walls are modern. Round the choir, against the columns, are planted fourteen colossal statues; the Saviour, the Virgin, and the Apostles, coloured and gilt; they belong, like the richly carved stalls and seats, to the early part of the Fourteenth Century.

The fine painted windows in the south aisle of the nave were the gift of King Louis of Bavaria; those in the north

aisle were executed in 1508. The reredos of the altar of St. Agilolphus is a quaint old combination of wood carving and Flemish painting.

The apsidal east end is surrounded by some chapels. In the chapel immediately behind the altar is placed the celebrated shrine of the Three Kings of Cologne, or the Magi who were led by the star, loaded with Oriental gifts, to worship the infant Saviour. Their supposed bones were carried off by San Eustoryis, at Milan, by Frederick Barbarossa in 1162, and were presented by him to his companion and counsellor, Rinaldo, archbishop of Köln. The skulls of the three kings, inscribed with their names, Gaspar, Melchior and Balthazar, written in rubies, are exhibited to view through an opening in the shrine, crowned with diadems (a ghastly contrast), which were of gold, and studded with real jewels, but are now only silver gilt.

The choir is the consummate ideal of the Christian tabernacle. Columns slender as lances spring aloft to the very roof, where their capitals expand in flowers. All the rest is a splendid mass of glasswork, whose lancets are tinted over their whole surface with a rich colouring of azure, gold and purple.

There are numerous archiepiscopal tombs in the lateral naves.

We follow from the cathedral into the ancient Romanesque church of Saint Martin; a church to be visited upon market-day, at the hour when the peasants of the neighbourhood abandon their fruits and vegetables to hear mass. In their temporary seclusion from worldly affairs, these rude and angular figures, with their fixed serious gaze, and almost awkward air, seem to have stepped out of some old woodwork, or ancient German engraving.

Verily, Köln, metropolis, as it is of the banks of the Rhine, is still the city of the apostles and the princes of the Church, and even in these days of German Rationalism, the capital of Catholic Germany.

The town-hall, which is situated between the Gürzenich (custom-houses), and the cathedral is one of those enchanting harlequin-like edifices built up of portions belonging to all ages, and of fragments of all styles, which we meet with in the ancient communes, the said communes being themselves constructed, laws, manners and customs in the same manner. The mode of formation of these edifices and of their customs is a curious study. It is an agglomeration rather than a construction, a successive development, a fantastic aggrandizement, or encroachment upon things previously existing. Nothing has been laid out on a regular plan, or digested beforehand; the whole has been produced *au fur et à mesure*, according to the necessity of the times.

The general effect of this ancient structure is, however, very imposing. It was begun in 1250, and terminated in 1571, and is therefore a record of three centuries of architectural progress. Its portico is in the Renaissance style, and the second story is embellished with triumphal arches made to serve as arcades. The large and splendid hall in the interior, where the Hanseatic League formerly held its sittings, is adorned with nine large statues of knights.

Beside the town-hall stands the "Chapel of the Council," which formerly enshrined the Dombild, now preserved in the St. Agnes chapel of the cathedral. It contains a fine Roman mosaic, discovered when digging the foundations of the new hospital; and, also, a small collection of ancient pictures. In its fine tower, ornamented with many statues and constructed in 1407, the municipal council was wont

to assemble ; at present it meets in the adjacent building, erected in 1850.

Near the Jesuit's church, and not far from the quays of the Rhine, stands the church of St. Cunibert, commenced, and consecrated in 1248, by Archbishop Conrad. It stands on the site of an older church, built in 633 by the prelate whose name it bears. In its architectural character it is Romanesque, two portions only belong to the ogival style.

Of course no visitor to Köln fails to make a pilgrimage to that legendary edifice, the church of St. Ursula. From an artistic point of view it presents very little that is interesting or remarkable, except in the choir, the tomb of St. Ursula (dating from 1668) and her statue in alabaster on a pedestal of black marble, with a dove at her feet.

The legend runs that St. Ursula, daughter of a British king, set sail with a train of 11,000 virgins, to wed the warriors of an army that had migrated, under Maximus, to conquer Armorica from the Emperor Gratian. The ladies, however, losing their way, were captured at Köln by the barbarous Huns, who slew every one of them because they refused to break their vows of chastity. The story is told in a series of most indifferent pictures, to the right of the visitor as he enters the church. The relics of the virgins cover the whole interior of the building; they are interred under the pavement, let into the walls, and displayed in glass cases about the choir.

As in St. Ursula's, so in St. Gereon's church, the principal ornaments are bones. The nave dates from 1262; the other portions, including the choir and crypt, are as early as 1066–69. The baptistery, of the same date as the nave, contains a font of porphyry, said to be a gift of Charlemagne.

In the late Gothic choir of the semi-Romanesque church of St. Andrew are preserved the relics of the great chemist and necromancer, Albertus Magnus. The Church of the Jesuits (1636) contains the crosier of St. Francis Xavier, and the rosary of St. Ignatius Loyola.

One of the most ancient churches is that of Santa Maria di Capitolio. It is reputed to have been founded in 700, by Plectruda, wife of Pepin d' Héristal, and mother of Charles Martel, who erected a chanonry beside it. It is very clear that Plectruda's tomb belongs to an earlier date than the edifice which now enshrines it; and which, judging from its Romanesque style, was erected about the beginning of the Eleventh Century.

The Church of St. Peter should be visited for the sake of the great picture by Rubens, forming its altar-piece, of the Crucifixion of the Apostle, with his head downwards. It was painted shortly before the master's death. Wilkie and Sir Joshua Reynolds both criticise it adversely; but the visitor who contemplates it, however, without any foregone conclusion, will be powerfully impressed by it, and will pronounce it not unworthy of Rubens. The artist was baptized in this church; and the brazen font used on this occasion is still preserved. Until he was ten years old (1587) he lived in the house, No. 10 Sternengasse where Marie de' Medicis died in 1642.

The church of the Minorites, that of St. Mauritus, those of St. Pantaleon and St. Andrew, are well worth visiting. The same may be said of the double iron bridge (1,352 feet long) across the Rhine; the noble quays; the House of the Templars, No. 8 Rheingasse; the new Rathaus, and the Wallraff-Richartz Museum of pictures, found and enriched by the two citizens whose name it bears.

HELIGOLAND

G. W. STEEVENS

HELIGOLAND is an absurd little triangle of red rock sticking up out of the North Sea. Its population is put down as something over 2,000; and an active man can walk round it, cutting off a corner here and there, in twenty minutes. Its staple industry is letting lodgings to Germans, varied by fishing in the off season. Its staple export, up to the time it became part of the German empire, was postage stamps.

Why the Kaiser ever cast the eye of desire upon it, and exchanged for it the German claim upon vast territories in Eastern Africa, the Germans themselves do not profess to know. As a taxable entity Heligoland is securely contemptible. Its fisheries have fallen off; nothing grows on it but potatoes and a few sheep; there is said to be one horse on it, though he is not exhibited to strangers, and the cows are imported for the tourist season. Strategically it seems equally insignificant. It lies opposite the mouths of the Elbe and Weser; but it has no harbour, hardly a roadstead, and nothing with even a remote resemblance to a dock or a wharf. It is the kind of island which the stronger Power can do without, and which is no help to the weaker. To these elements of uselessness it adds the disadvantage that it is slowly, but steadily, falling away into the sea.

Why did the Kaiser desire it? Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the historical maps of Germany, as appointed to be used in schools. There you will see, each

marked in a separate colour, the various territories added to the original Mark of Brandenburg by succeeding sovereigns of Prussia. From Albert the Bear, down through the Great Elector and the Great Frederic, the tale of expansion goes on till it comes down to Alsace and Lorraine. And then the list of enlargers of the empire closes with the still, small inscription —

1890: Wilhelm II., Heligoland.

And there, I fancy, you have it.

He wanted something to play with, something of his very own to add to the empire, whereupon he might leave his indelible mark; and played with it in the seven years of its Germanization he assuredly has. The first word you meet when you step ashore in Heligoland is the familiar "Forbidden." It is forbidden to make a mess on the beach on pain of punishment by the police. Under the notice stands the largest German policeman my eyes ever saw, spiked helmet on head, and in his belt, not only the universal sword, but also a huge revolver. A little farther on you come to a flat stone let into the ground, with the inscription: "Wilhelm II., August 10, 1890." That marks the spot where the Kaiser stood when he took possession of the island. Even poor little Heligoland cannot escape the German passion for memorials.

Then you begin to pass through the streets of the queer little place. Heligoland is a toy place all over and all through. It looks like a toy island from the first moment the grey blotch bobs up over the steamer's bow; but when you pass through the narrow streets, with the wooden painted houses, the suggestion of a German toy is irresist-

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF HELIGOLAND

ible. There is no carriage traffic, and so the main streets are ten feet wide and the side streets six feet. The many-coloured houses have just the pointed roofs and the regular square windows that we all remember on the lids of our boxes of bricks; they are mostly two-storeyed, yet so low that it looks as if one good kick would send all Heligoland down flat. The names are a queer jumble of English and German. The Empress of India Hotel stands side by side by the Deutscher Reichs Adler, and Kaiser Strasse is parallel with Victoria Strasse. But, of course, the names of the streets have been translated into German letters, though, to be sure, O'Brien Strasse still remains in its glory. And in the middle of the Kaiser Strasse stands the new post-office. The Kaiser's Government, of course, suppressed the stamps which were one of Heligoland's main sources of income, and assimilated the postage to the rest of the empire. But the old post-office was plainly not imposing enough for a department of the sacred Government. So they have built a new one of glazed bricks in the style of the Victoria Station subway—the most pretentious edifice on the island. And on it, in letters of gold, stands the inscription, "Built under William II."

But the first-fruits of that beneficent rule consist in the fortifications. Nothing grows in Heligoland except potatoes did I say? What a magnificent crop of notice-boards, long in the straw, heavy in the ear, embowers the fortifications! With what sternness is the Heligolander forbidden to approach the fortifications, referred to section so-many-hundred-and-so-many of the "Strafgesetzbuch," and threatened with the penalties of the Act dealing with the betrayal of military secrets! "Strafgesetzbuch" means, literally, punishment-law-book—that is to say, criminal

law. Criminal law is a necessity of all civilized States—and yet there is something about the conception of the "punishment-law-book" quite German. You picture the German buying the work in a book-shop, and reading it up to find what things it is naughty to do and how hard he will be smacked for each naughtiness respectively. The Heligolander would seem to be beset by few temptations; but with the Germans came the new crime of betraying military secrets. Before, there were no military secrets to betray. Now, in the ample space devoted to official notices, you may read directions how the Heligolander is to avoid this crime. He must not sketch or photograph forts or guns; he must not take notes of their bearings; he must keep off the grass near them, and in general he must not look at them too often or too long. And he must remind all strangers politely—no naughty rudeness!—that they must do likewise.

You may some of you remember the First Recruit. He was the first baby born after the cession of the island, and when his time comes he will have to serve in the army or navy. You may see the poor little wretch's pinched face—he is twelve years old now—in almost every shop window in Heligoland. He has been photographed in a busby and sabre, with a toy horse at his feet, from which I infer that the idea is to make a hussar of him. Possibly Heligoland's only horse has been imported to familiarize him betimes with the fact that such a quadruped exists. Now, shortly after the First Recruit was born the Kaiser and Kaiserin visited the island in state; and of the scandalous behaviour of the First Recruit on this occasion I speak on the testimony of an eyewitness. When the Kaiserin landed there met her six maidens of Heligoland bearing a

bouquet of flowers. Behind them was the First Recruit in the arms of his mother; the Kaiserin approached him and made to pat his cheek. The First Recruit made one wild clutch at the bouquet and tore the middle out of it. Next came the Kaiser, and, undeterred, made also to pat his cheek. Then the First Recruit once more raised an impious hand and smote his sovereign across the face, and then turned right round and showed his back and hid his face and refused to be comforted. From this it may be inferred that the First Recruit is of the old Heligoland party, which objects to German rule—the new Heligoland party not being yet in existence.

The Heligolanders are a square-built race, akin in dress and looks to our East Coast fishermen, with faces seared brick-red by the salt wind. They say little, but they do not like the change. They do not like the police, they do not like the regulations. They do not like the guts of their island torn out to make fortifications which they must not walk over. They do not like a lump of their island to fall into the sea when the heavy guns are fired: there is not much of the island, and all there is they want. They do not like the prospect of sending their sons away for three years to serve a sovereign whose quarrels are not theirs; and especially they do not like the broad space of cliff papered with instructions what they are to do and what they are not to do. One, I noticed, had reference to an electric launch. Somebody appeared to have said that it was not safe, and its German owner complained to the magistrate, who issued a notice, saying that if anybody did that again, he would be punished under rule so-many-thousand-and-so-many. Of course it was wrong of the boatman to libel the electric launch, but it was probably sincerely done,

and very human. Only the iron heel is down on Heligoland, and human nature must be squeezed out.

The magistrate issues his notice from some town in Schleswig-Holstein. Heligoland stands all by itself in the sea; its people have their own little history and traditions and ways, their own German-Danish-Dutch-English speech. But they are part of the German Empire now, and in the German Empire there is only room for the one pattern. Poor little Heligoland, melting away into the German Ocean!

MECKLENBURG

MAURICE TODHUNTER

A MOURNFUL fascination clings to such provinces of the earth as struggle to hold their own local features and character against the levelling influence of large cities and governments. Few seamen who slumber in the scorching sunshine of July and leave their nets to dry at midday on the banks of the Warnow, seem to realize the fact that they alone of all people in the whole west of Europe are exempt from the benefits and the dulness of constitutional rule. Nor would they be able to estimate the exact amount of Slav or Teuton blood that flows in the veins of the fellow-townsmen of the rough old commander who stands sword in hand in front of the red temple of Minerva, although rumour has accused him of a certain hostility to letters.

A lordly castle on a lake, built in the style of mansions on the banks of the Loire, lodges the royal house that still makes laws for the Duchy of Mecklenburg. Like most children of the north, their princely forefathers upheld Luther in his reforming zeal, and kept up an intercourse with the sovereigns of Denmark. Many dark Wendt features look down from the walls, amidst diadems and armour, with a deep-set but genial expression. The great Dr. Schliemann, who dug up the bracelets of Helen, was the son of a pastor in the neighbourhood, and his bronze image is reflected in the peaceful water that flows beneath the houses of Schwerin.

A striking contrast prevails between the refinement of Schwerin and the busy life of Rostock. No harbour in the Baltic boasts a larger fleet of black trading vessels, which pass constantly seawards along pine-clad banks and by the mole of Warnemunde. The tall church towers form a beacon for mariners, soaring above sand-hills and green intervening pasture-land.

Few Baltic watering-places are more popular than Warnemunde, with its long sea frontage and prim plantations of myrtle. Various forms of music of a high order may be heard all day long. Whenever the wind is in the north the sea-breezes improve the complexion of well-dressed womanhood, but cannot quite blow off the Semitic taint from some, however much they may have forgotten the old songs of Zion beside strange waters.

The peasantry of Mecklenburg suffered during the Thirty Years' War almost more than any between the Baltic and the Tyrol. Only the great Gustavas saved them from the tyranny of the Hapsburgs when they had been sold to Wallenstein and his savage band of plunderers. The town of Rostock itself remained in Swedish hands between the Peace of Westphalia and 1803. Thus Blucher himself was born a Swedish subject, and is said to have first longed for a soldier's life as he beheld the Swedish hussars on the seashore in boyhood.

Stein happened to travel through the whole duchy in 1802, but records an unfavourable impression: "The appearance of the whole country displeased me as much as the cloudy northern climate; great fields, of which a considerable part lies in pasture and fallow, extremely few people, the whole labouring class under the pressure of serfdom, the fields attached to single farms, seldom well-built—

RÜGEN

in one word, uniformity, a deadly stillness, a want of life and activity diffused over the whole which oppressed and soured me much. The abode of the Mecklenburg nobleman who keeps down his peasants instead of improving their condition, strikes me as the lair of a wild beast who desolates everything round him, and surrounds himself with the silence of the grave. Assuredly even the advantage is only apparent; high energy of cultivation, thorough agriculture, is only possible where there is no want of human beings and human power.

Storks abound on the borderland between Mecklenburg and Pomerania. Stralsund is less lively than Rostock, but possesses an interest of its own with its quaint church towers and battlements encompassed on all sides by water. In the middle of summer a festival is still held to celebrate a mighty deliverance. Wallenstein, whose favourite motto was "God up in heaven and myself down here," had sworn a blasphemous oath to take Stralsund by storm, though it were tied by chains to the firmament. But "the old God of the Protestants" (to cite a Saxon historian) remembered His faithful people and brought His enemies to confusion. Twelve thousand Catholics perished in the vain attempt, while the brave Danes and Swedes helped the inhabitants by sea.

Nothing can surpass the beauty of moonlit nights on the Baltic when the waters are at rest and ships and well-wooded headlands are visible far and wide. The white silvery cliffs of the eastern coast of Rügen, looking down on old battleships at anchor, seem to have sprung straight from the canvas of Turner. A king once sat on that rocky brow (Charles XII. of Sweden) during a naval combat between his subjects and the Danes. Behind is a dusky and mys-

tical lake, where human sacrifices were once offered to Hertha, until a handsome young knight came from a far country to win the heart of the priestess, and forswore her to change her trade.

In spite of long periods of Swedish dominion and genial old-world memories of mirth and song, Stralsund and Rostock are both thoroughly German at present. A visit to the town of Lund on the opposite side of the water (where Esaias Tegner, the Gothic singer of Frithjof, fell madly in love with another man's wife before he became a bishop) shows the contrast between Swedish and German ways, particularly the ways of young men in their studious seed-time.

Fritz Reuter is the best known writer whom Mecklenburg has had, and sometimes bears the label of the German Dickens. If the humour of Dickens is more effective than his pathos, Reuter is usually praised for his mixture of both. The cellar where he sat, and sometimes drank to excess, is still used as a restaurant, and boasts of paintings of scenes out of his works on its walls. A quaint story is told of his exclaiming "white or red?" instead of the usual list of cumbrous titles and compliments, to a minor German prince, who once visited him in the morning and found him shabbily dressed and sitting in front of his table. It is not left on record which of the two beverages the prince helped him to consume.

To pass from Mecklenburg to Hamburg seems almost like passing from one century into another. Even the swan that swim in the superb Alster-Bassin seem more prosaic than those which float around the lake and castle of Schwerin, with ancient trees in the background. Perhaps imperial influences will soon make themselves felt and

change the old qualities of the inhabitants of the duchy. But a great modern historian was surely right in his surmise that human beings would cease to be interesting and poetical if they could be uprooted from their localities and become "a machine-made fabric, the counterpart of countless others," under military pressure or other levelling forces.

HAMBURG

ARTHUR SHADWELL MARTIN

NEXT to Berlin, the greatest city of the German empire and the third largest port of the world is Hamburg. Its territory of 159 square miles forms a constituent state as well as a city, the latter covering an area of thirty square miles. It is situated at the estuary of the Elbe and has a population (1900) of 768,349. It is the seat of the upper Hanseatic court, and of the provincial courts of Bremen, Hamburg and Lübeck. It sends three members to represent it in the Reichstag.

The city has long been the commercial emporium of Northern Europe and the efforts to keep it abreast of the times by providing facilities for unloading and loading merchandise have resulted in the finest equipment of docks and wharfs to be found anywhere in the world. The river bed is being constantly dredged and deepened so that now vessels drawing twenty-three feet can reach the city. The trade and population have consequently increased with great rapidity in recent years. The tonnage of its mercantile marine surpasses that of the whole of Holland, and its commerce extends over the whole globe. In 1876, when it already ranked third in the world's ports the number of vessels entered was 4,991; in 1900, the total had risen to 13,100, with a tonnage of 8,000,000. The two leading nations with which Hamburg trades are Great Britain and the United States. In 1900, the imports from Great Brit-

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ain amounted to $108,052,000; and the exports to $103,530,000. In 1900, the total imports from all countries by boat and rail were valued at $951,000,000; and the exports at $285,000,000.

Hamburg is also one of the foremost cities in the world in the banking business, besides being pre-eminent as a coffee-mart, and an emigration bureau. Nearly half a million persons departed in the years 1890–1895, three quarters of them being destined for the United States. The principal industries of the city are cigar-making, spirit and sugar refining, brewing, meat-curing, engineering and shipbuilding.

The most famous street, and the busiest thoroughfare of the city is the Jungfernstieg. The Alter and Neuer Jungfernstieg are fine quays on the Alster-Bassin. Commercial life centres at the Exchange and in the neighbouring streets, the Neuerwall and Alterwall. Fine old residences of the opulent merchants of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries are to be seen in Rodings-Markt and the Katharinenstrasse. Hamburg is not rich in public monuments.

St. Catharine's Church which escaped the fire is one of the most interesting buildings because of its age. St. Nicholas's, built from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott, as a memorial of the fire of 1842, has one of the tallest spires in Europe (483 feet high). St. Michael's, built in the Eighteenth Century, has a spire 432 feet high.

Among the civic buildings, the *Rathaus* completed in 1894 and the picture gallery are the most important.

Hamburg has a long record. It was founded by Charlemagne in 804; but its importance as a centre of commerce began in the Thirteenth Century when the emperor Frederick I. granted it the free navigation of the Elbe from the

city to the sea, with the right of levying a toll on foreign shipping. These privileges were confirmed by his son, Otho IV., who raised Hamburg to the rank of a free city. In 1241 Hamburg joined with Lübeck in the formation of the Hanseatic league and from that time increased rapidly in wealth and commercial importance, augmenting its territory by the purchase of the township of Ritzebüttel, at the mouth of the Elbe (where the harbour of Cuxhaven in now situated), and several villages and islands in the vicinity of the town. Under the protection of the German emperors, Hamburg soon became powerful enough to defend itself and its commerce both by sea and land, and carried on war for a considerable period against the Dutch and the Danes, though with varying success. It early embraced the doctrines of the reformation, and in consequence of the vigorous administration of its affairs, never had an enemy within its walls during the stormy period of the Thirty Years' War. The frequently recurring disputes with Denmark ceased in 1768, when that power renounced all claim to any portion of the Hamburg territory. The prosperity of the city continued to increase until 1799, when a great commercial crisis occurred, followed in 1806 by its occupation by the French, which with a few interruptions, lasted till 1814. During this period the town was strongly fortified, it being Napoleon's intention to make Hamburg the stronghold of his power in northern Germany. The sufferings of the citizens were very great, and their losses were estimated at $52,500,000. Their miseries culminated in the siege which the French under Davout sustained from the Russians in the winter of 1813–14, when 30,000 people were driven out of the town, many of whom perished of cold and hunger. In 1815 Hamburg joined the German confederation, and

enjoyed a return of its former prosperity until the terrible fire of 1842, by which, within three days, one-third of the city was destroyed, and great loss of life and property took place. The fire was, however, not an unmixed evil, for advantage was taken of the opportunity to reconstruct that portion of the town, which by its broad, well-lighted, and well-drained streets, and fine and lofty houses, offers a striking contrast to the remaining part, much of which is devoted to wholesale business, and intersected by canals communicating with each other and with the river, by which goods are conveyed in lighters to and from the warehouses. The old ramparts have been converted into gardens and walks, and the beauty of the city is greatly increased by two large sheets of water formed by the Alster, and surrounded by good hotels and private houses, many of which in the suburb of Uhlenhorst, about two miles from Hamburg, are very charming.

THE HARZ MOUNTAINS

HENRY BLACKBURN

THE attractions of the Harz Mountains to the inhabitants of the flat countries, in the burning days of July and August, are greater than the sea-breezes of their coast. The charm of mountaineering and walking on heather-covered hillsides and wandering freely in forests of pines, is greater and more alluring than the casinos on the sea-shore. Thus it is that the capitalists of the northern towns of Germany, especially Bremen, are popularizing the principal valleys in the Harz, constructing railways and hotels and turning little villages into prosperous summer towns. The crowded inhabitants of the old streets of Bremen and Leipzig, where children live like caged birds for nine months of the year, fly with native instinct to trees and woods, to freedom and fresh air, to see in real life the little red and white houses, the stiff pine-trees, the flat-sided sheep, the spotted cows, the herdsmen in brown and green "Noah's ark" coats and the formal procession of pigs, goats and sheep that they had played with in babyhood. The process is now made easy enough for all classes. A through ticket can be taken from Bremen to Harzburg, and the journey is accomplished in about six hours.

What there is to see in the Harz Mountains and how the holiday-makers beguile their summer days, the tourist may see for himself in less than a week by following the route indicated in this narrative.

BROCKENHAUS, HARZ

Leaving Hanover, with its dirty streets and sunburnt walls, with its old palaces covered with Prussian *affiches*, we take the railway to Brunswick and so on southward to Goslar in the Harz Mountains.

Goslar—this strange old town set on the slopes of beautiful hills—who ever heard of it before excepting as "the head-quarters of a mining-district—bleak, dull and uninteresting"? Have we not made a discovery here of a new world of interest? What is its history—to compass in a few words eight centuries of time? A city rich, flourishing and powerful, with imperial rights and dignities, once the residence of emperors and the seat of the German Diet; the source of almost unbounded wealth in its gold and silver mines, guarded from its watch-towers by trained bands of warriors day and night,—a city not only planned and fortified with wonderful knowledge of the science of defence, but set upon a line of hills with such admirable design, that it must have been a delightful place of residence in imperial days. A pause of five hundred years, and the old Romanesque buildings—which are still traceable here and there, such as the *Dom-capelle*, a relic of the imperial Dom erected by Conrad II. in the year 916,—are swept away, and a new element of life makes its mark in Goslar: a period of commercial prosperity takes the place of the more romantic and warlike; the arms and insignia of an imperial city are thrust aside, the guilds and corporations erect town-halls, warehouses, and massive high-gabled beer breweries. The Gothic *Kaiserwerth* (now turned into an inn), standing in the central square, gives in itself a new character to the city, and bows and arrows give place to more peaceful weapons. A new city is built, so to speak, within the walls of the old; new customs and new sciences are introduced,

manufactures are encouraged, and the art of mining and smelting—the source of wealth, the *raison d' être*, it may be said of Goslar—is carried to such perfection, that the world and the world's wealth flock hither from all parts of Germany. Schools of mining are established, geological experiments of great scientific importance are carried on, and the little river Gose, which once flowed a wide stream through the town, has its tributaries diverted for mining purposes and dwindles almost out of sight. Three hundred years more, and the city is asleep. Its population has dwindled away; its mining operations are no longer the world's wonder; its halls are turned into granaries; the walls of the old beer breweries totter and fall; the wooden gables lean; the carved wood-work on its doorways becomes defaced; there is silence in its streets.

The *Kaiserwerth* in the market-place, is the principal inn—a picturesque old building of the Fifteenth Century, adorned exteriorly with statues of former emperors—and there are several others in the town. The streets are roughly paved and some not too clean; but the old houses, with their carved frontages and high-pitched gables, fringed with ornament and decorated with grotesque figures, the creepers growing over the closed lattices, the solid brass door-knockers in the likeness of mermaids, satyrs, dolphins, dragons and griffins, the deep, rich colour of stained wood, and the peeps of the hills at the ends of the streets lead the visitor on and on over innumerable and weary cobble-stones.

To see what are called the "show-places" in the town, the visitor will probably do best to take a human guide, and give himself up to his care for one day. He will then see in detail what we can only indicate here—the relics of a

wonderful Tenth Century city. He will be shown the remains of the imperial *Dom*, and what is said to be a votive altar of the early Saxons; and what is more interesting, because more authentic, the walls of the ancient *Kaiserhaus*, erected by the Emperor Henry III. in 1059. Its style is Romanesque, and its proportions and situation make many similar buildings of a later date look mean and poor.

But ancient Goslar has already a fashionable life of its own, and affects, to some extent, the manners of to-day. It does not attempt to compete with Harzburg or the more modern watering-places of Blankenburg or Wernigerode, but it *is* a watering-place, and it has its own particular promenade.

Among the antiquities of Goslar we must not omit to speak of the mines. About a mile up the valley, in a southward direction, there is a mine that has been worked for at least *eight centuries*, yielding "gold and silver, copper, lead, zinc, sulphur, vitriol and alum." We repeat the catalogue of minerals as given to strangers who visit the Rammelsberg mine, but at the present time there is little activity, and the yield hardly pays the expense of working.

The situation of Harzburg, the next town on our route, at the head of a little valley, closed in on either side by woods, will remind the traveller of the watering places of the Pyrenees. It is in a *cul-de-sac*, from which there is no easy escape, except by returning northward into the plains. As we drive up the valley, past the railway terminus, we pass a long line of scattered cottages of the peasants before reaching the new and fashionable Harzburg, the growth of the last few years. The road is wide and smooth as we leave the old village behind us; on either side are large hotels, out-door *cafés*, and private, park-like villas, with

prettily laid out gardens. Through the gates of one of these gardens the driver turns, and stops at the verandah of a large noisy hotel. The *Juliushalle* is so celebrated for its (German) comforts and its admirable cuisine, and is so popular as a boarding-house and bathing establishment, that it is seldom, during the height of the season, that chance wayfarers can be accommodated. It is a large, rambling booth-like building, with a strong sense of cooking and good living pervading it—an odour which, combined with tobacco, clings to the valley on a summer's night and quite overwhelms the scent of the pines.

It is evening when we stroll up the valley, and the peasants are returning from the mountains; cattle, sheep, pigs, goats and geese line the roads, and the people all stop to stare as usual. We have only been in the mountains a few days, but these figures and the lines of fir-trees above our heads seem strangely familiar. Where have we seen these grave peasants in long coats, these wooden-faced women with baskets on their backs, these spotted cows, flat-sided pigs and uniform geese? Where these formal-looking houses, rows of stiff-looking trees, white, staring dogs and grave, fat-faced children? It is the child's box of German toys, suddenly opened and turned out before us; the strange impression produced upon a child—who shall say how many years ago?—reproduced in life before our eyes. Here are all the living materials for Noah's Arks and Christmas-trees. Noah, with his long brown coat in stiff wooden folds and his hat and stick as presented to us in childhood; his wife and family in red, brown and buff standing staring vacantly in a row; the shepherd with his horn and gigantic crook painted green; cows and goats walking home two by two; and pigs lying flat upon the ground, like little toys thrown

down. Under the trees, as the sun goes down, our Christmas-tree is lighted up, and the figures that move before us only want packing up and selling at two sous each at a child's bazaar.

There are clouds at the head of the valley next morning, and behind the clouds it is raining on the Brocken; but the sun is so hot by ten o'clock that we are glad to get out of the valley and walk up through the woods, which we enter by a wicket gate nearly opposite to the *Juliushalle* to the Burgberg, or castle hill, just above the town. In about a quarter of an hour we are surprised to find ourselves at the summit. Whether it is worth while for any one to walk up to this noisy little beer-garden, where the shouts of waiters and the clink of glasses drown every other sound, we will not say. The walk through the woods gives us beautiful peeps of the valley, and we see as on a map beneath us the châlets and gardens that are rising in every direction, and covering every available plot of ground. From the top the view is much impeded by the masses of fir-trees; but we obtain a good idea of the formation of the valley and in clear weather see the distant peaks and slopes of the upper Harz.

From Harzburg there is a carriage-road to the inn at the top of the Brocken, but the pleasantest way is to drive to Ilsenberg and then walk, the distance from the latter being about seven miles. The walk is altogether beautiful through woods, by waterfalls, and under the shadow of great rocks, until the upper and more Alpine region is reached. We pass through open glades and pastures here and there, then into a thick forest of pines, then out again on to the road for a while, following the windings of the Ilse. On our left hand as we ascend, an almost perpendicular

ridge of rock towers over the valley, and we pass a little sign-post which tells us that, by a digression of three-quarters of an hour, we can ascend the Ilsestein. From this prominence where an iron cross is shining in the sun about 350 feet above our heads there are views of scenery wilder and more grand than anything that can be imagined from below. Continuing the ascent, which changes every moment from rocks and streams to the quiet and solitude of pines and firs,—now walking on a carpet of living moss or dead fir cones, now coming upon a little garden of wild flowers, red, white and blue, under our feet, with red berries, Alpine roses and blue forget-me-nots, purple heath in the distance, and above our heads mosses and creepers growing round projecting boulders—we come suddenly upon a little plantation of toy fir-trees, from four to six inches high, railed off like a miniature park—a nursery for forests for our great-grandchildren to walk in when the trees above our heads are turned into the eaves and gables of towns. No one touches these plantations, which are to be seen on the mountain-side in various sizes, planted out wider year by year, as they grow larger until they spread into a living forest.

The path now leaves the stream and all traces of the road, and we enter upon open ground, up a steep and stony path, across heather and furze and between great blocks of granite, where there is no track visible; then into more woods and so by an easy ascent of three hours to the top of the Brocken. The air has been crisp and keen, the sky is almost cloudless, and the aspect of the mountain during the last half-hour reminds us for the first time of Switzerland. We are climbing on up the last steep ascent, strewn with enormous moss-grown boulders, which hide the view

above us, and are unaware until we are within a few yards of the inn that we have reached the summit of the famous Blocksberg, the spot haunted by spectres, witches and bogies from the earliest times.

Here we are in the Toy Country again; but this time it is Noah and his family that we see before us. The inn on the Brocken is the identical form of the packing-case which the religious world of all nations has vulgarized into a plaything for children. There is the host with his three sons coming out to meet us, the people walking two and two, and the horses, sheep, pigs and goats all stowed away at the great side-doors. The resemblance is irresistible and more fascinating to our minds than the legends and mysteries with which German imagination has peopled this district.

Of the bogie which haunts the Brocken, the famous optical illusion which, under certain conditions of the atmosphere reflects figures of enormous size on the clouds, we can only speak by hearsay, as it is seldom seen—but once or twice during the summer. The spectre is said to appear at sunset or "whenever the mists happen to ascend perpendicularly out of the valley, on the side opposite to the sun and leave the mountain-top itself free from vapour. The shadow of the mountain is reflected against the perpendicular fall of the rising vapour as it were against a gigantic wall. The inn then becomes a palace in size, and the human beings on the summit become giants." This spectre and a dance of the witches on the eve of May-day are the two "associations of the Brocken," which no traveller comes away without hearing of, nor without having pointed out to him the great granite blocks called the "Witches' Altar" the "Devil's Pulpit" and other monuments commemorative, it is said, of the conversion of the

early Saxons to Christianity. The ordinary aspect of the Brocken is described in a few words by Andersen. "It gives me," he says, "an idea of a northern tumulus on a grand scale. Here stone lies piled on stone, and a strange silence rests over the whole. Not a bird twitters in the low pines; round about us are white grave-flowers growing in the high moss, and stones lie in masses on the sides of the mountain-top, but everything was in a mist; it began to blow and the wind drove the clouds onwards over the mountain's top as if they were flocks of sheep." And thus it is in a few minutes with us. In less time than it takes to write these lines the whole aspect of the mountain has changed, the clouds have come up from the valleys and we are under a veil of mist. Here and there it has cleared for a moment, and revealed to us the only spectres of the Brocken we ever saw during our stay—sad, wet and weary travellers waiting for the view. Another minute and they disappear in the clouds, and the strains of Gounod's music coming from the Brockenhaus, and the sounds of voices and the clinking of glasses make us beat a retreat. The transition to the scene within is as startling as a transformation scene in a pantomime, and almost as grotesque. Here are at least sixty people crowded together,—English, Americans, French, Spaniards and Germans, the latter already hard at work on the viands which the slaves of the Harz had brought up from the valleys on their backs. The accommodation for travellers is, of course, rough and plain, but we are all sheltered from the pitiless storm outside, and are kept alive until morning.

The day breaks and the sun rises over the plains of Europe, while we sixty travellers are enveloped in mist. There is a view at sunrise here once in a summer, which

those who have not slept on the Rigi or Mount Pilatus, in Switzerland, describe as surpassingly beautiful. It is a relief to descend again into the region of sunshine, to walk across green pastures and in moss-covered woods, to rest by picturesque waterfalls and hear the thunder of the stream swollen by the clouds that we have left behind us. It is a beautiful romantic walk by the footpaths down to Wernigerode.

It is a sudden change to civilization to approach Wernigerode from the mountains. On descending from the Brocken we are scarcely prepared for a macadamized road a mile long, lined with modern villas and pleasure-gardens and to see fine carriages and horses and people driving about in the fashions of Berlin. But changes are being made rapidly at Wernigerode: the castle and beautiful park with its woods that skirt the northern slopes of the mountains, remain, but the property is passing into Prussian hands and the old town itself, which was modernized after the fire in 1844, will soon lose its antique character.

There are a few fine old timber houses left, and the *Rathaus* is both picturesque and curious.

There is a good carriage road to Elbingerode, past which, with its hard-working and dingy population, through the valleys where the smoke hangs over us, and the fumes from the mines seem to blight the land, through dreary valleys, with strange forms of rocks on either side, we come in about three hours to the village of Rübeland, deep in the gorge through which runs the river Bode. Here, as at Elbingerode, there is no thought of natural beauty, and the valley is picturesque in spite of its inhabitants.

The general aspect is of work, smoke and the grinding of machinery, and the people from their appearance, might

have come from Staffordshire, in England. On a fine summer's day many visitors come to see the celebrated stalactite caverns, and give Rübeland for the time a holiday aspect.

These stalactite caverns, which extend for long distances under the limestone rocks at Rübeland, assume the most fantastic shapes, and when lighted up are a wonderful sight. The principal caves shown to visitors are the Baumannshöhle and the Bielshöhle, the former a natural cavern discovered more than two hundred years ago. It is now entered by an opening cut in the rocks, 144 feet above the village, through which visitors descend by spiral staircases and ladders. The finest stalactites have long been removed from Rübeland, and it is only here and there that we get a glimpse of those wonderful colours which have inspired German poets of all ages.

Passing up the valley of the Bode, leaving the black iron foundries and ochre mines, we soon arrive at a bleak, flat tableland, where the air is keen and fresh, and, in about two hours after leaving Rübeland, turn off suddenly from the high road to a spot where a view bursts upon us as unexpected as it is beautiful.

We are at the Ziegenkoff, on the heights above Blankenburg, a promontory 1,360 feet above the plains, with an uninterrupted view looking northward and eastward, which may be fairly called one of the noblest in the Harz.

Descending to the town, we find the streets of Blankenburg as rough and ill-paved as any artist could desire. The buildings are most interesting; there is something to study in the exterior of nearly every house, and the outline is varied in every gable. The perspective down the steep streets near the old market-place, which is almost under the walls of the castle, is full of variety and colour, and the

figures of the market women have a more picturesque aspect than in any other town in the Harz.

Thale, the next place on our list is neither a town nor a village; it is a place which it is almost impossible to describe satisfactorily, and about which no two people are agreed. There is so little to see in Thale, excepting the inn, that we may at once ascend the mountain on the opposite side of the Bode, through a wood, to the famous rock called the Rosstrappe, an almost perpendicular ridge of granite, which stands out like a wall, and hems in the entrance to the valley. There is a path to the most projecting point, which commands a view up and down the valley of the Bode, with its grey rocks and trees, overhanging precipices, its waterfalls and its dark recesses, and beyond, towards Treseburg, mountains rising one behind the other, covered with trees. The Rosstrappe is scarcely 1,400 feet above the sea-level, but its shape, like a narrow wedge, and its isolated position, with sides descending almost perpendicularly beneath us, render it one of the most striking sights in the Harz. The romantic legend of a princess having leaped across this valley is learned by heart by every visitor, and the proof of the feat is shown in the marks of a gigantic horse's hoofs on the rock! We will not attempt to describe the grandeur of the view from the Rosstrappe, because immediately opposite to us is another eminence projecting into the valley, from which it is even more remarkable. The valley is crossed by a precipitous descent of 800 feet, and by an ascent on the other side by a staircase cut in the rock with 1,100 steps to reach the Hexen Tanzplatz.

At Thale the tourist who is merely passing through the Harz district may leave the mountains, with the knowledge

that it is in this neighbourhood that its beauties culminate; unless he is going southward through Gernerode to Ballenstedt, where there is a railway station. The pedestrian who wishes to make a complete tour can work his way from Thale westward to Clausthal on foot.

At Clausthal we are in a district where the whole business and population are underground. There are bright green fields, beautiful pastures, old timbered houses in gardens full of flowers, with their red-tiled roofs, with creepers twining round them. There is sweet air from the mountains and such freshness in nature overhead that the aspect of the human population filing down the paths in a long black procession, like some accursed race, throws a gloom over the landscape this morning which it is difficult to shake off.

Across the bright, fresh fields again, leaving Clausthal and the great smelting-works in the valley which they desolate—a walk on springy turf across sweet pastures through park-like little forests and deep glades, between regiments of silent pines over hill and dale for six miles, brings us to the brow of a hill, from which we first see Grund.

In the midst of a series of what we may call "mountainettes," tinted with the most delicate gradations of grey, we see sloping woods and fields, set with bright, red-tiled gables and glittering spires and little paths leading from them, with processions of goats and cattle coming down, led by toy shepherds, and hear the tinkle of innumerable bells and the distant mountain-horn. This is our first impression of Grund. Winding down into the irregular streets, where old men and women are seated about, and the cattle that have parted from the droves are gravely walking in at the front doors of their homes, unattended,

we stop at the principal inn, in front of a market-place, which occupies a few yards of open level ground in the middle of the town.

After visiting Grund, there is no prettier or more delightful way of quitting this district than through the valley northward to Lautenthal, and then to Seesen, where the system of railways is reached again.

THE ILSENSTEIN

HEINRICH HEINE

AND now the students prepared to depart. Knapsacks were buckled, the bills, which were moderate beyond all expectation, were settled, the two susceptible housemaids, upon whose pretty countenances the traces of successful amours were plainly visible, brought, as is their custom, their Brocken-bouquets and helped some to adjust their caps; for all of which they were duly rewarded with either coppers or kisses. Thus we all went " down-hill," albeit one party, among whom were the Swiss and Greifswalder, took the road towards Schierke, and the other, of about twenty men, among whom were my " land's people " and I, led by a guide, went through the so-called " Snow-Holes " down to Ilsenburg.

Such a head-over-heels, break-neck piece of business! Halle students travel quicker than the Austrian militia. Ere I knew where I was, the bald summit of the mountain, with groups of stones strewed over it, was behind us, and we went through the fir-wood which I had seen the day before. The sun poured down a cheerful light on the merry *Burschen*, in gaily coloured garb, as they merrily pressed onward through the wood, disappearing here, coming to light again there, running in marshy places, across on shaking trunks of trees, climbing over shelving steeps by grasping the projecting tree-roots, while they trilled all the time in the merriest manner, and were answered in as merry echoes

THE ILSENSTEIN, HARZ

by the invisibly plashing rivulets and the resounding echo. When cheerful youth and beautiful Nature meet, they mutually rejoice.

The lower we descended, the more delightfully did subterranean waters ripple around us; only here and there they peeped out amid rocks and bushes, appearing to be reconnoitring if they might yet come to light, until one little spring jumped forth boldly. Then followed the usual show—the bravest one makes a beginning, and then the great multitude of hesitators, suddenly inspired with courage, rush forth to join the first. A multitude of springs now leaped in haste from their ambush, united with the leader, and finally formed quite an important brook, which, with its innumerable waterfalls and beautiful windings, ripples adown the valley. This is now the Ilse—the sweet, pleasant Ilse. She flows through the blest Ilse vale, on whose sides the mountains gradually rise higher and higher, being clad even to their base with beech-trees, oaks and the usual shrubs, the firs and other needle covered evergreens having disappeared; for that variety of trees prevails upon the Lower Harz, as the east side of the Brocken is called in contradistinction to the west side, or Upper Harz, being really much higher and better adapted to the growth of evergreens.

No pen can describe the merriment, simplicity and gentleness with which the Ilse leaps or glides amid the wildly piled rocks which rise in her path, so that the water strangely whizzes or foams in one place amid rifted rocks, and in another wells through a thousand crannies, as if from a giant watering-pot, and then in collected steam trips away over the pebbles like a merry maiden. Yes, the old legend is true; the Ilse is a princess, who, laughing in

beauty, runs adown the mountain. How her white foam garment gleams in the sunshine! How her silvered scarf flutters in the breeze! How her diamonds flash! The high beech-tree gazes down on her like a grave father secretly smiling at the capricious self-will of a darling child; the white birch-trees nod their heads around like delighted aunts, who are, however, frightened at such bold leaps; the proud oak looks on like a not over-pleased uncle, as though he must pay for all the fine weather; the birds in the air sing their share in their joy; the flowers on the banks whisper: "Oh, take us with thee! take us with thee, dear sister!" but the wild maiden may not be withheld, and she leaps onward, and suddenly seizes the dreaming poet, and there streams over me a flower-rain of ringing gleams and flashing tones, and all my senses are lost in beauty and splendour, as I hear only the sweet flute-like voice:

I am the Princess Ilse,
And dwell in Ilsenstein;
Come with me to my castle,
Thou shalt be blest—and mine!

With ever-flowing fountains
I'll cool thy weary brow;
Thou'lt lose amid their rippling
The cares which grieve thee now.

In my white arms reposing,
And on my snow-white breast,
Thou'lt dream of old, old legends,
And sink in joy to rest.

I'll kiss thee and caress thee,
As in the ancient day
I kissed the Emperor Henry,
Who long has passed away.

The dead are dead and silent,
  Only the living love;
And I am fair and blooming,
  —Dost feel my wild heart move?

And in my heart is beating,
  My crystal castle rings,
Where many a knight and lady
  In merry measure springs.

Silk trains are softly rustling,
  Spurs ring from night to morn,
And dwarfs are gaily drumming,
  And blow the golden horn.

As round the Emperor Henry,
  My arms round thee shall fall;
I held his ears—he heard not
  The trumpet's warning call.

Finally we reached the Ilsenstein. This is an enormous granite rock, which rises high and boldly from a glen. On three sides it is surrounded by woody hills, but from the fourth, the north, there is an open view, and we gaze upon the Ilsenburg and the Ilse lying far below, and our glances wander beyond into the lower land. On the tower-like summit of the rock stands a great iron cross, and in case of need there is also here a resting-place for four human feet.

As Nature, through picturesque position and form, has adorned the Ilsenstein with strange and beautiful charms, so has also Legend poured over it her rosy light. According to Gottschalk, "the people say that there once stood here an enchanted castle, in which dwelt the fair Princess Ilse, who yet bathes every morning in the Ilse. He who is so fortunate as to hit upon the exact time and place, will be led by her into the rock where her castle lies, and receive a

royal reward." Others narrate a pleasant legend of the loves of the Lady Ilse and of the Knight of Westenburg, which has been romantically sung by one of our most noted poets in the *Evening Journal.* Others again say that it was the old Saxon Emperor Henry who passed in pleasure his imperial hours with the water-nymph Ilse in her enchanted castle. A later author, Niemann, who has written a Harz guide, in which the heights of the hills, variations of the compass, town finances and similar matters are described with praiseworthy accuracy, asserts, however, that "what is narrated of the Princess Ilse belongs entirely to the realm of fable." So all men to whom a beautiful princess has never appeared assert; but we, who have been especially favoured by fair ladies, know better. And this the Emperor Henry knew too! It was not without cause that the old Saxon Emperors held so firmly to their native Harz. Let any one only turn over the leaves of the fair Lünenburg Chronicle, where the good old gentlemen are represented in wondrously true-hearted woodcuts as well-weaponed, high on their mailed war-steeds, the holy imperial crown on their blessed heads, sceptre and sword in firm hands; and then in their sentimental moustached and bearded faces he can plainly read how when they lingered in distant lands they often longed for the familiar rustling of the Harz forests and their sweethearts the Harz princesses. Yes, even when in the orange and poison-gifted Italy whither they, with their followers were often enticed by the desire of becoming German Emperors, through that German lust for title which finally destroyed Emperor and realm.

I, however, advise every one who may hereafter stand on the summit of the Ilsenburg to think neither of Emperor and crown, nor of the fair Ilse; but simply of his own feet.

For as I stood there lost in thought, I suddenly heard the subterranean music of the enchanted castle and saw the mountains around begin to stand on their heads, while the red tiled roofs of Ilsenburg were dancing and green trees flew through the air, until all was green and blue before my eyes, and I, overcome by giddiness, would assuredly have fallen into the abyss, had I not, in the dire need of my soul, clung fast to the iron cross. No one who reflects on the critically ticklish situation in which I then stood can possibly find fault with me for having done this.

SAXONY

FINDLAY MUIRHEAD

SAXONY is the name successively given in German history to a mediæval duchy in northern Germany, to a later Electorate, which afterwards became the present kingdom of Saxony, and to a ducal province of Prussia. The last was formed directly out of part of the second in 1815, but the connection between the first and second is neither local nor ethnographical, but political.

The Saxons (Lat. *Saxones*, Ger. *Sachsen*), a tribe of the Teutonic stock, are first mentioned by Ptolemy as occupying the southern part of the Cimbrian peninsula between the Elbe, Eider and Trave, the district now known as Holstein. The name is most commonly derived from "*sahs*," a short knife, though some authorities explain it as meaning "settled," in contrast to the Suevi or "wandering" people. By the end of the Third Century, when we hear of a "Saxon Confederation," embracing the Cherusci, Chauci and Angrivarii, and perhaps corresponding to the group of tribes called Ingævones by Tacitus, the chief seat of the nation had been transferred south of the Elbe to the lands on both sides of the Weser now occupied by Oldenburg and Hanover.

The Saxons were one of the most warlike and adventurous of the Teutonic peoples, and they not only steadily extended the borders of their home, but made colonizing and piratical excursions by sea far and wide.

SAXON, SWITZERLAND

The Saxons who remained in Germany (*Alt-Sachsen* or Old Saxons), gradually pushed their borders further and further until they approached the Rhine and touched the Elbe, the North Sea and the Harz Mountains. In 531 they joined their neighbours the Franks in a successful expedition against the Thuringians, and received as their spoil the conquered territory between the Harz and the Unstrut. Their settlements here were, however, forced to acknowledge the supremacy of the Franks, and from this period may be dated the beginning of the long strife between these two peoples which finally resulted in the subjugation of the Saxons. During the reigns of the weak Merovingian kings who succeeded Lothair I. on the Frankish throne, the Saxons pushed into northern Thuringia, afterwards known as the Alt-Mark. Pippin the Short obtained a temporary advantage over them in 753 and imposed a tribute of three hundred horses, but their final conquest was reserved for Charlemagne. At this time the Saxons did not form a single state under one ruler, but were divided into the four districts of Westphalia to the west of the Weser, Eastphalia chiefly to the east of that river, Engern or Angria along both banks and Nordalbingia in Holstein. The *gaus* were independent, each having an ealdorman of its own; and they only combined in time of war or other emergency to choose a *herzog*, or common leader. From the partition in 1815 to the war of 1866 the history of Saxony is mainly a narrative of the slow growth of constitutionalism and popular liberty within its limits. Its influence on the general history of Europe ceased when the old German Empire was dissolved. In the new Empire it is too completely overshadowed by Prussia to have any objective importance by itself.

The kingdom of Saxony is the third constituent of the German Empire in point of population and the fifth in point of area. With the exception of the two small exclaves of Ziegelhein in Saxe-Altenburg and Leibschwitz on the borders of Reuss, Saxe-Weimar and Saxe-Altenburg, it forms a compact whole of a triangular shape, its base extending from the north-east to south-west, and its apex pointing north-west. On the south it is bounded by Bohemia, on the west by Bavaria and the Thuringian states, and on the remaining sides by Prussia. Except on the south, where the Erzgebirge forms at once the limit of the kingdom and of the Empire, the boundaries are entirely political. For administrative purposes the kingdom of Saxony is divided into the four districts of Bautzen in the south-east, Dresden in the north-east, Leipzig in the north-west and Zwickau in the south-west.

Saxony belongs almost entirely to the central mountain region of Germany, only the districts along the north border and around Leipzig descending into the great north-European plain. The average elevation of the country is not, however, great; and it is more properly described as hilly than as mountainous. The chief mountain range is the Erzgebirge, stretching for ninety miles along the south border, and reaching in the Fichtelbergs (3,979 and 3,953 feet), the highest elevation in the kingdom. The west and south-west half of Saxony is more or less occupied by the ramifications and subsidiary groups of this range, one of which is known from its position as the Central Saxon chain and another lower group still further north as the Oschatz group. The south-east angle of Saxony is occupied by the mountains of Upper Lusatia, which form the link between the Erzgebirge and the Riesengebirge in the

great Sudetic chain. North-west from this group, and along both banks of the Elbe, which divides it from the Erzgebirge, extends the picturesque mountain region known as the "Saxon Switzerland." The action of water and ice upon the soft sand-stone of which the hills here are chiefly composed has produced remarkable formations of deep gorges and isolated fantastic peaks, which, however, though both beautiful and interesting, by no means recall the characteristics of Swiss scenery. The highest summit attains a height of 1,830 feet; but the more interesting peaks, as the Lilienstein, Königstein and the Bastei, are lower. With the trifling exception of the south-east of Bautzen, which sends its waters by the Neisse to the Oder, Saxony lies wholly in the basin of the Elbe, which has a navigable course of seventy-two miles through the kingdom. Comparatively few of the smaller streams of Saxony flow directly to the Elbe, and the larger tributaries only join it beyond the Saxon borders. The Mulde, formed of two branches, is the second river of Saxony; others are the Black Elster, the White Elster, the Pleisse and the Spree. There are no lakes of any size, but mineral springs are very abundant. The best known is at Bad Elster in the Voigtland.

Saxony owes its unusual wealth in fruit to the care of the paternal elector Augustus (1553–1586), who is said never to have stirred abroad without fruit seeds for distribution, among the peasants and farmers. Enormous quantities of cherries, plums, and apples are annually borne by the trees round Leipzig, Dresden and Colditz. The cultivation of the vine in Saxony is respectable for its antiquity, though the yield is insignificant.

The early foundation of the Leipzig fairs and the en-

lightened policy of the rulers of the country have also done much to develop its commercial and industrial resources. Next to agriculture, by far the most important industry is the textile. The chief seats of the manufacture are Zwickau, Chemnitz, Glauchau, Meerane and Hohenstein in the south of Zwickau; and Camenz Pulsnitz and Bischofswerda in the north of Dresden. Lace-making, discovered or introduced by Barbara Uttmann in the latter half of the Sixteenth Century, and now fostered by government schools, has long been an important domestic industry among the villages of the Erz Mountains. Stoneware and earthenware are made at Chemnitz, Zwickau, Bautzen, and Meissen, porcelain ("Dresden china") at Meissen, chemicals in and near Leipzig. Machinery of all kinds is produced, from the sewing-machines of Dresden to the steam locomotives and marine-engines of Chemnitz.

The very large printing-trade of Leipzig encourages the manufacture of printing-presses in that city.

Leipzig, with its famous and still frequented fairs, is the focus of the trade of Saxony. The fur trade between eastern and western Europe and the book-trade of Germany centre here. Chemnitz, Dresden, Plauen, Zwickau, Zittau and Bautzen are the other chief commercial cities.

The people of Saxony are chiefly of pure Teutonic stock; a proportion are Germanized Slavs, and in the south of Bautzen there are still about 50,000 Wends, who retain their peculiar customs and language. In some villages near Bautzen hardly a word of German is spoken.

Saxony claims to be one of the most highly educated countries in Europe and its foundations of schools and universities were among the earliest in Germany. Of the four universities founded by the Saxon electors in Leipzig,

Jena, Wittenberg and Erfurt, only the first is included in the present Kingdom of Saxony. It is second only to Berlin in the number of its students. The conservatory of music at Leipzig enjoys a world-wide reputation; not less the art-collections at Dresden.

Saxony is a constitutional monarchy and a member of the German Empire, with four votes in the federal council and twenty-three in the Reichstag. The constitution rests on a law promulgated on 4th September, 1831, and subsequently amended. The crown is hereditary in the Albertine Saxon line, with reversion to the Ernestine line, of which the Duke of Saxe-Weimar is now the head.

For administrative purposes Saxony is divided into four *Kreishauptmannschaften*, or governmental departments, subdivided into fifteen *Amtshauptmannschaften* and one hundred and sixteen *Aemter*. The cities of Dresden and Leipzig form departments by themselves. The supreme court of law for both civil and criminal cases is in the Oberlandes-Gericht at Dresden, subordinate to which are seven other courts in the other principal towns, and one hundred and five inferior tribunals. The German imperial code was adopted by Saxony in 1879. Leipzig is the seat of the imperial supreme court.

DRESDEN

ARTHUR SHADWELL MARTIN

DRESDEN, the capital of Saxony, is one of the most important cities of Germany, whether viewed from an artistic, picturesque, social, or mercantile point of view. With a population of more than 300,000 souls, it is beautifully situated on both sides of the Elbe at its confluence with its tributary the Weisseritz, about 100 miles south of Berlin. The Old Town, with its six faubourgs is on the left bank, and the New Town on the right. These are connected by four fine bridges called the Augustus, 402 metres long; the Mary, 231 metres; the Albert, 316 metres; and a new one commenced in 1892. Dresden is one of the prettiest and most delightful cities of Germany. It abounds in handsome edifices and public buildings of antiquarian lore and historical associations. The surrounding country consists of low hills and dales covered with plantations and vineyards. On almost every side the city is approached through leafy avenues of trees. On account of its delightful situation and the numerous objects of art it contains it is known to tourists as "the German Florence," an appellation first used by Herder.

Dresden was hardly known to history till 1202, when Henry the Illustrious, Margrave of Meissen, made it his capital, built the first stone bridge (Augustus), and gave the city its charter. After his death, it passed successively to Wenceslas of Bohemia, and the Margrave of Brandenburg. When Saxony was divided between the Princes Ernest and

DRESDEN

Albert in 1485, the city fell to the Albertine line, which held it thereafter. George "le Barbu" enlarged it and built the castle. The elector, Maurice, and his brother Augustus, did much to fortify and beautify it. It blossomed into splendour and prosperity under Augustus II. (1694-1733), and its importance was maintained under the rule of his son, and grandson. The city suffered terribly during the Seven Years' War, being bombarded in 1760.

Saxony had the misfortune to be always on the losing side in European politics. She was against Frederick the Great; she sided with Napoleon; and in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870–1, she was inclined to help France. Naturally, the punishment inflicted by failure was felt in the capital. Dresden has seen many armies encamped within and around her walls. In 1806, the victorious French entered; three years later they were followed by the Austrians. In 1812, Dresden was the meeting-place of the emperors of Austria and France, the King of Prussia and the reigning princes of Germany. In 1813, Dresden played a great part in the history of nations. Napoleon made of it a vast entrenched camp. From March to October, the allies struggled with the French with varying fortune. On the retreat of the French one of the buttresses and two of the arches of the old bridge were destroyed. In 1810, the French had already begun dismantling the fortifications; this work was finished in 1817, and the ground was appropriated to gardens and boulevards.

The city again suffered severely during the general period of European unrest in 1849–50, but the damage was soon repaired.

Dresden is rich in artistic monuments and treasures of the arts and crafts that appeal to the tourist, the scholar and

the antiquarian. Among the notable edifices and museums on the left bank of the Elbe should be mentioned the royal palace, called the George Palace, because it was commenced in 1534 by Duke George. It contains collections of goldsmith's work, precious stones, etc. In the Zwinger, the ethnographical, mineralogical, mathematical and physical collections are installed. The New Museum contains one of the most famous galleries of Europe, with nearly three thousand pictures on its walls. Another celebrated building is the Albertium, formerly the Arsenal. This is a fine example of pure Renaissance architecture, having been built 1559–1563; it contains archives and antiquarian collections. Among the many churches may be mentioned St. Sophia, built as a convent chapel (1351–1357). Another edifice worthy of record is the palace built in 1737 by Count Brühl, the minister of Augustus II. Near it, is the Brühl terrace approached by a grand flight of steps, on which are Schilling's groups of Morning, Evening, Day and Night. The terrace, which forms a favourite strolling place for the citizens, commands a beautiful view of the surrounding country.

THURINGIA

FLORENCE ELYE NORRIS

"AND the breath of thy mouth is that sharp, invigourating wind which steels the nerves and aspirations of the sons and daughters of Thuringia; makes their hearts susceptible of love, and tenacious of their poetical traditions; which maintains their feeling for the right, their naïve, true nature, and—their heavenly roughness!"

In these words, the lamented German novelist Marlitt—herself a Thuringian born—bears testimony to the invigourating influence of her native air upon the character and idiosyncrasy of its children. We also, strangers and pilgrims in the land as we are, feel inclined to add our little pæan of praise of their balsamic, tonic qualities, when, after a prolonged spell of the atmosphere of cities, we draw a new breath, physical and mental upon some bit of moorland of the wild rolling country in the midst of which lies the little red-roofed town of Eisenach. Around us, as far as the eye can see, stretches the vast, undulating Thuringian Forest, "like the green ribbon of an order upon the breast of Germany," and before us, rising out of a richly-wooded height, just above the town, is that jewel enshrined in every German heart, Thuringia's Fortress-Queen, the Wartburg of history and song.

Between the thick masses of foliage, still in all the exquisite variety of their first summer tints, are bold projections of conglomerate rocks, down whose rugged sides

trickle the streams which go to feed the Elbe, the Weser, and the Rhine, and to water the valleys, whose red soil contrasts with the green of the meadows, in which the mowers are already at work. Green, at least, they look to us from our moor, but we know that with the waving grasses flowers of every hue—brilliant poppies, gold-hearted marguerites, rich red clover, St. John's wort, great campanulas, the blue scabious, the delicate eye-bright—are falling under the hands of these Tarquins of the scythe. The scent of their dying breath is borne upwards to us, and mingles with the warm, aromatic, fruity odour of the firs, as we leave the breezy moorland, with its carpet of wild thyme and pale purple heather, and turn into one of the many sheltered paths which lead into the heart of the woods. Here, after plucking some of the almost crimson blossoms of the wild-briar rose, or a bunch of the little white sweet-scented orchis growing among the grass at our feet, we can luxuriate in idleness, listening to the myriad voices of the silence: to the soughing of the wind among the birches and firs, which rise out of their beds of pine-needles, or of "the leaves of yesteryear," thick as those in Vallombrosa, on all sides of us; to the creaking and swaying of the more slender stems, the song of yellow-hammers and finches, the chirping of grasshoppers, the hum of the other winged insects. Perhaps, if we are very still, a gentle roe comes cautiously from the underwood and crosses the path just above us, or a bright-eyed red squirrel looks down at us from his aerial perch among the branches; or a "pale-throated snake"—for even this Eden has them—glides quietly up to us, and less quietly, but rather more quickly, rustles off again. Sometimes the scene is diversified by human interest, as when a sturdy peasant, with his long

EISENACH AND THE WARTBURG

primitive cart, laden with freshly felled trees, and his friendly "*Guten Tag*," comes by; or a tourist, botanical-box and field-glass on back, spectacles on nose and hat, anywhere but on his head, beams at us with Teutonic urbanity, and "*Heiterkeit*," and pursues his cheerful way. To these follows, perhaps a little later, a procession of weary-looking women bent nearly double under huge bundles of firewood, a sad smile crossing their thin, patient faces in laconic assent to our suggestion that the burden is a heavy one—the revolt against its weight being all on our side, none on theirs. They do indeed toil terribly, these Thuringian women—their lives for the most part seem little better than those of beasts of burden; and it is pathetic to see how spiritless and worn quite young women look, and how soon they lose even the smallest pretensions to youth and comeliness. The district about Eisenach is an especially poor one, there being but little to be got out of forest and fell to supply even the very moderate wants of a German peasant population; and thin coffee, potatoes and black bread, which are their staple articles of diet, can hardly be called food of the most nourishing description.

This Thuringia must have been always a Spartan sort of mother, if one may judge from tradition and Saga. Storms and tempests, floods which washed away whole villages and destroyed countless human lives, oppression from knights and nobles, endless wars, famine, the Black Death, and more than once "a terrible comet" seem to have plagued the land in desolating succession. But the spirit of the Thuringian folk generally sustained them; notably when, upon the Pope sending ministers of the Inquisition to root out the growing heresy from among them, they took the law into their own hands, and falling upon the Papal min-

ions, made an end of them and of the Inquisition, so far as they and their country were concerned, at the same time, in which summary proceeding we perceive a touch of the "heavenly roughness" and impatience of spiritual despotism which were in later times to make of Thuringia the cradle of the Protestant Reformation.

Before that period, however, was the one in which she earned her title to be called the cradle of the German people's song, to touch upon which we must go back to Eisenach and the Wartburg.

The history of the two is so interwoven that it is difficult to think of them separately; but, as a matter of fact, the town is of much earlier origin than the fortress, and dates from remote heathen times, receiving its ancient name of Isennaha from a stalwart smith (*Eisenschmied*), who pursued his calling on the banks of the never frozen Nesse; or from the tool (*Eisenhammer*) which he wielded. So at least says tradition, according to which also Etzel or Attila, "the Scourge of God," lived for some years in the neighbourhood, ruling the fair-haired, blue-eyed "*Germanen*" with the same iron grasp which already held all the territory lying between the gates of Byzantium and the "amber islands of the Midnight Sea."

After his time fresh hordes of Huns fell upon Thuringia, and though the people, helped by the Franks, made a brave stand against them, their united efforts were powerless to prevent the entire destruction in 1602 of the little town of Eisenach by these barbarians, to be rebuilt later by a Frankish prince, Ludwig, surnamed the Bearded, for which he was rewarded by the Kaiser with the title of Count of Thuringia.

It was his son Ludwig the Salier, or, as the people called

him, the Springer, who conceived the idea of building a strong fortress upon one of the hills commanding the town. "*Wart Berg, du sollst mir eine Burg Sein*," he said; hence the Wartburg.

Ludwig's son, also Ludwig—for princes of that name were as numerous in Thuringia as in France—was the first Landgrave; and it was under their successor, Hermann I. that the celebrated Singer-Contest was held on the Wartburg, the hospitality of which this art and splendour-loving ruler threw open to the Minnesingers of his time, making Eisenach the home of the early German Romantic, the Weimar of the Middle Ages.

The period of Minnesang, beginning with the Austrian Küremberger,—by many believed to have composed, or at least adapted from the still more ancient Edda, the *Niebelungen Lied*,—reached its zenith with Walther von der Vogelweide and his distinguished contemporaries; after which time a slow and gradual decadence is to be observed. He was one of the six singers who met at the great Wartburg contest, to compete in praise of Hermann and of his son-in-law Leopold of Austria, then also a guest there. How the struggle ultimately became one for life and death, and how Heinrich von Ofterdingen (the Tannhäuser of romance), being vanquished by Wolfram von Eschenbach, the noble-minded author of *Parsifal*, threw himself at the feet of Sophie of Austria, Hermann's spouse, beseeching her to allow the decision to be referred to the great Hungarian poet and magician Klingsor, is all depicted in fresco by Moritz Schwind upon the wall of the room in which it took place.

From the beautiful mullioned window of this same Sänger-Saal, with its arched daïs at the end, upon which the

singers sat, is a good view of the Hörselberg or Venusberg. as the Minnesingers called it, in which, according to the legend, the noble Knight Tannhäuser was held in durance vile by the goddess, the old Germanic Holda, who, banished from the Walhalla on the triumph of Christianity, found refuge here, and developed into the Venus of a latter period.

As in duty bound, we made a pilgrimage to the Venus-or Hörselberg; but our sense of the romantic received a slight shock when we found that this whilom mysterious haunt of Frau Venus, or Frau Hölle as the country-folk called her, was only an ordinary bare breezy hill; that the little tower on the summit was no mediæval ruin, but a brand-new restaurant; and worst bathos of all! the dreaded hole which the superstitious for centuries believed to be the entrance to purgatory, a mere cleft in the rock, utilized at that particular moment for the cooling of sundry bottles of German beer! Then at least we realized, if never before, that great Pan was indeed dead, and that even a Richard Wagner could only galvanize him into a semblance of vitality.

On the same day on which the Singer-Contest was held, was born the patron saint of Thuringia, the holy Elizabeth of Hungary; and it was at the suggestion of the Klingsor of whom we have made mention, that the little four years' old maiden was brought from "far Hungarian land" to be the bride of Hermann's son Ludwig, seven years her senior. Their marriage took place in 1221, and the attendant festivities in the Wartburg plunged the royal exchequer into difficulties, which Elizabeth's 1,000 marks did not go far to relieve. But what was money compared with the countless blessings which this angel of goodness brought down into the land of her adoption?

When envious evil-wishers accused her to her husband of

extravagance, Ludwig's answer was: "Let my Elizabeth do what she will; so long as Eisenach and the Wartburg remain to me, I have enough." At last, however, when her unbounded charity had begun seriously to cripple his finances, he was obliged to modify the *carte-blanche* he had granted her; and the legend is well known, describing her carrying a basket of bread for some hungry ones in the *Marienthal*—the spot is called *Armenruhe*, or Rest of the Poor, to this day—and being met by her husband, who, with unusual abruptness, asked: "What hast thou under thy cloak?" Tremblingly she answered: "I am taking roses into the town." And the pious deception was justified by a miracle, for as Ludwig lifted her cloak, instead of loaves a mass of the sweet flowers was disclosed to his enchanted gaze; whereupon he, thinking he discerned a golden crucifix upon the head of his wife, clasped her rapturously in his arms. The wedded happiness of this ideal pair was not of long duration: in seven years from their marriage, Ludwig obeyed the summons which was then calling all pious princes to the Holy Land, and soon fell a victim to one of the fevers which in the Crusades counted a greater number of victims than the sword of the infidel itself.

The conclusion is a sad one. Hunted from the Wartburg by her brother-in-law, who usurped the Landgravate to the exclusion of her little sons, Elizabeth passed through much suffering and privation, taking refuge finally in a little cell at Marpurg, where she earned a scanty livelihood by spinning, and died, prematurely worn out by hardships and austerities, at the early age of twenty-four,—to be canonized with great ceremony a year after her decease.

It is a long step from her time to that in which a boy of fifteen years of age, Martin Luther by name, might have

been seen daily wending his way to the school in Eisenach, in which under the learned rector, Johannes Trebonnius, he built up the groundwork of the strong, enlightened intellect which was suddenly to flash upon an awakened Europe, kindling a steady flame for generations to come. Not one of the least picturesque bits of the town is the old wattled house, very much out of the perpendicular, with its bulging walls and overhanging quaintly buttressed upper story, from one of the windows of which, rather less than four hundred years ago, Frau Ursula Cotta saw this same Martin Luther stand, wallet on back, in the course of his daily wandering quest of the cast-off food grudgingly bestowed upon him by the more well-to-do burghers; and, attracted by the beauty of his singing voice and by something more than commonly interesting in himself, adopted him into her home, and smoothed the early steps of life for him.

Of still greater interest is the Luther Room in the Wartburg, at the back of the *Ritterhaus*, upon which, after going through the Armoury with its tattered banners of the Thirty Years' War, and weapons and suits of mail of many a dead and gone Thuringian prince, we come, as upon a quiet *andante* after a restless, turbulent *presto*. After his bold declaration at Worms had placed his life in jeopardy, the Reformer was brought by order of his staunch friend and protector Frederick the Wise, a nominal prisoner to this little room, his "Patmos," as he calls it, "his hermitage, his windy manor, on the hill above Eisenach, among the birds who sweetly praise God day and night." Portraits of himself, his parents and princely patron hang from the mouldering plaster upon the worm-eaten time-bleached panels, with specimens of his handwriting and the cuirass

he wore as Junker Görg, and from the little round windows he must often have looked out upon the Thuringian Forest with the birds, longing for which found expression in one of his letters, in which he said he " would rather be burned upon glowing coals, than half-alive and half-dead in idle loneliness there."

As we look at the old red-roofed towerless church of St. George in the Eisenach Market-place, with its tiers of galleries, and quaint paintings of the Augsburg Confession and of the first Protestant celebration of the Eucharist, we wonder whether in the peregrinations allowed to him during the latter part of his friendly imprisonment Luther often bent his steps in its direction, and whether the odd little gilded statue of the hero-saint, his foot upon the dragon's head, over the fountain hard by, suggested an analogy with his own sharp combat and cheered him as to its outcome. The space between it and the little so-called *Schloss*, with its solitary sentinel, and the *Rathaus* at right angles, is on market-days filled with a lively crowd of buyers and sellers from the country round. Goods of all kinds, perishable and otherwise, are here displayed; stalls with bright-coloured handkerchiefs and stuffs, gaudy bead-necklaces, combs, braces, and what not, in delightful confusion,—with hay sold by the bundle; vegetables, butter, eggs, and the unappetizing-looking little brownish-yellow cheeses, so much appreciated by the educated—or uneducated—taste. But the pleasantest, coolest " bit " is that just under the church and round the fountain, the *Unter den Linden* of Eisenach, especially charming now in these July days, when the limes are in blossom, and exhaling their (one of the sweetest of all) sweet odours. Here the Thuringian peasant women sit in their turban-like head-gear, the one

relic of their former picturesque costume; and here is the best fruit to be had, notably the little wood-strawberries, whose exquisite flavour is thought by some epicures to far surpass that of their garden relative. Cherries, white, crimson and black, are everywhere in evidence, enough to supply a thirsty army corps, and after observing the Thuringian penchant for and consumption of them, we can no longer wonder that the only remark which Schubert was able to evolve in his exceeding nervousness upon being admitted to the presence of the great Goethe was *à propos* of the number of cherry trees on the road to Weimar.

Behind the church is a space devoted to the display of native pottery of various hues, glazed and unglazed, sometimes quaint, but seldom artistic; and near it a row of old fashioned covered carts, emporiums for potatoes and the loaves of shining black bread. Here the housekeepers skirt about, filling up the lower strata of the pyramid-shaped baskets made of willow withes, which they carry strapped on their shoulders, and which ultimately contain a *mélange* of articles, which only the skill born of long practice could bring into any kind of harmonious arrangement. To whom come those "*matres conscripti*" of Eisenach, whose purchases have been made betimes, for a little cheerful gossip, wrapped in the wide-filled, bright cotton mantles, which we have seen nowhere out of Thuringia, with a kind of sling in front for the more easy carrying of their offspring; and one of which, when worn by a young and comely woman, with her fair, plait-crowned head bending Madonna-wise over her infant, has a rather picturesque effect.

Looking down at the scene under a solitary, wide-branched linden by the eastern side of the church, is the

bronze statue of the greatest of all the tone-poets, Sebastian Bach, here in Eisenach born, and whose little unpretending house is to be seen, not far from Frau Cotta's, in a steep "murderously-fanged" street yclept the *Frauenplan.*

BAVARIA

GERTRUDE NORMAN

THE most dominant characteristic which impresses itself on the traveller in Bavaria, is the intense spirit of devotion which immediately manifests itself as one leaves Prussia, Baden and Würtemberg and draws within her borders. A perceptible change becomes apparent in the atmosphere. Out of the landscape, the first thing which rises up to greet one, as one approaches village or town, is the spire of some church or cathedral. The houses always nestle round the protecting walls of some ancient, monastic retreat. In the fields, as one speeds past them, rise up white stone crosses, slender ones of wood, and little shrines for prayer. Stations of the Cross climb up the hills to church or chapel. The spirit of religion seems the very breath of life, not merely an adjunct for certain days. At sunset or sunrise in the verdant, quiet and sweetly smelling fields, the labourer stops to rest and pray in the miniature chapel. The Saints' Days are full of processions, and all the houses are adorned with niches over the door lintels to hold some figure of Saint or Madonna.

In the eating-rooms of country inns and taverns hang large crucifixes or religious pictures. Day and night, over the old town gates, lamps before the Virgin are ever burning. The churches are munificently kept up, and in the smallest towns we find a magnificent old pile, rising up above the little brown-roofed cottages. The swallows fly in and out, building their nests in the heads of some little rococo angel,

BODENSEE (LAKE CONSTANCE)

or in the mitre of some Bishop or Saint. On All Soul's Day the cemeteries are crowded, in villages, towns and cities, with the families of the departed, who spend all day by the graves, decorating them with wreaths and flowers, and at night illuminating them with lanterns and candles. In the small villages the early morning air is filled with a monotonous chant of mingled voices; old men and maidens, young men and women, walking two by two, with bent head and clasped hands, in lengthy procession, a robed priest leading, with little lace-and-scarlet-clad choir boys, the Cross held aloft, bent on some mission of prayer to a distant shrine, for the succour of some soul, or some martyred Saint.

The initiation services of young priests are fraught with many ancient customs and symbolical rights, such as the marrying of a little maiden to the young priest, at his holding of the First Communion and departure from the world. For eternity she is to be his spiritual bride, he her protector, by prayer and seclusion, for life. The Bavarians are very conservative, clinging to old ways, customs and dress. In some districts, the costumes are intensely picturesque; the broad brimmed hat, high leather boots and silver buttons everywhere to be seen, or the charming grey and green costume of the mountain districts. That simplicity is inherent in the Bavarian folk is very evident in their unsophisticated acceptance of old myths and legends to this day as truisms. For instance, on Walpurgis Night, there is still to be observed in certain parts of the more remote districts, the custom of driving out witches or evil spirits. The young fellows of the village assemble after sunset on some height, especially at a crossroad, and crack whips with all their strength for a while in unison. This, so they firmly

believe, drives away the witches; for so far as the sound of the whip is heard, these maleficent beings can do no harm.

In some places, while the young fellows are cracking their whips, the herdsmen wind their horns, and these long drawn notes, heard far off, vibrating through the silence of the night, are believed to be very effectual for banishing the evil spirits. In temperament, the Bavarians resemble more the Austrians, being more open hearted and buoyant of nature than their more Northern brothers. They are spontaneous, cheerful, effervescent, and intensely artistic loving, yet inclined to be credulous and superstitious, and the lower classes are comparatively ruled in both ecclesiastical and political views by their superiors. Of course, to this there are exceptions, and all over the country, socialists and independent thinkers are to be met with. Among the cultivated classes, a very marked independence of both thought and action has latterly manifested itself. The low German or Bavarian has a very noticeable dialect, which in mediæval days, was called Platt Deutsch (that is, flat Dutch), the Highland German being called Hoch Deutsch (or High Dutch). The inhabitants of Holland are called Dutch, but they belong to the Low-German races, and have no exclusive right to the title. Luther, being born in upper Germany, and having translated the Bible into High German, is probably the reason why "Hoch Deutsch" is alone recognized as the literary and aristocratic language of the country.

"The present form of government is founded partly on long established usage and partly on a constitutional act passed May, 1818, and modified by subsequent acts, especially one passed in 1848 after abdication of Ludwig I.

The monarchy is hereditary and the executive power vested in the King, whose person is considered inviolable. The responsibility resting, as it does in England, with the ministers. The Upper Parliament, the Chamber of the Reichsrath, comprises the Princes of the Royal blood, two Archbishops, the Barons or heads of certain noble families and a Protestant and Catholic clergyman."

The history of the mysterious cities of Southern Germany hangs around them with a melancholy severity, occasionally serene, always earnest, but seldom with that colourful radiance of hope, which one so promptly feels on crossing the borderland into the warmth of Italy. It is typically the land of Dürer, of Cornelius, Hans Sachs and Wagner. And yet it is immensely progressive and full of an enthralling magnetic charm. In Munich, however, all the above is changed. The air there glistens and shimmers as nowhere else in Bavaria. It has little of that staid formalism, that rigid mediævalism of the other cities. It were impossible to follow individually the history of the many Free Imperial cities which are now joined to Bavaria, or the stories of all her towns, castles, palaces, monasteries, lakes and villages. The civilization of these cities and their art, reaches back to a very distant period, as we have seen. The Thirty Years' War and the discovery of the passage around the Cape being the two chief causes for their downfall. But the monasteries mostly managed to maintain their princely wealth and celebrity up to the Nineteenth Century. Although the Carolingian period saw the beginning of Ratisbon's importance, little that is of other import from that time has descended to Bavaria, excepting some fine specimens of the goldsmith's art and miniature painting. About the Tenth Century an unbroken chain of

activity began to manifest itself in a number of important towns. From the Tenth to the Thirteenth Centuries the art style most prevalent was the Romanesque, revealing itself in innumerable ecclesiastical buildings. It had been suggested by the Roman Basilica and attained its artistic height in Bavaria in the Twelfth Century.

Ratisbon is aglow with buildings of this style, the most remarkable being the cathedral, the Ober Mũnster, the Schottenkirche and St. Emmeraus. But the most perfect example of the Romanesque architecture is to be found in one of the most ancient cities of Germany, Bamberg! This cathedral was founded by Henry II. in the year 1004 who also built the Bishopric of Bamberg. He and his wife St. Kunigunde, are buried in the former. The Romanesque period of architecture was followed victoriously in Bavaria by the Gothic. The Frauenkirche in Munich, the church at Landshut and the churches of Nuremberg, being very perfect examples. During this Gothic period sculpture and painting began in Bavarian cities to achieve their world-wide distinction. Tombstones in stone, altars in carved wood, fonts in metal, were the most followed branches of art. Wood carving was religiously carried on everywhere, in all the mountain districts, as well as in the towns and cities, the chief works being altars, choir-stalls and crucifixes. The carvings on the altars were usually painted, and most perfect specimens of the latter can be seen in the Museums at Munich and Nuremberg.

Later the towns became transformed under another influence, that of the German " Renaissance." It breathed its influence into every branch of art. St. Michael's Kirche in Munich, and the Castle and New Palace of Landshut showing very clearly the new tendency. As the riches and

power of the Bavarian Dukes increased, their palaces gradually became transformed into homes of splendid magnificence. In almost every town and parish can be seen the vast sweep of this new influence, but Nuremburg and Rothenburg unquestionably stand at the head of all German Renaissance towns. The former, despite its wide fame, perhaps less than the latter, for the invasions of modern thought and a devastating practicality have laid their disturbing touch on the ancient atmosphere. Rothenburg is probably the purest existing type of unadulterated German Renaissance beauty, revealing the consistent aim at inner harmony with exterior beauty. The goldsmith's work, the wood carving inlaid with ivory, the metal panelling, brass utensils, coarse pottery, finely coloured, and much plastic ornament, leading one outwardly as it were to the shell, the complete architecture of the enclosing form. In the Seventeenth Century the Italian style crept in to influence all the arts and we can see its mark in the façades of the Nuremburg Rathaus, and in the "Goldene Saal" of the Augsburg Rathaus. Italian ideas were very dominant in the latter city, as she was in such vital and continuous intercourse with that country. The next art influence to manifest itself was the Baroque.

Bavaria is very rich in beautiful lakes, the most important being Starnberg Lake, Lake Constance, forty miles in length, and curious, apart from its immense beauty, in that its banks belong to five different states, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Baden, Switzerland, and Austria. Lindau, the little island on the waters of the lake, belongs to Bavaria. Tegernsee, Herrenchiemsee, which has three islands (the Herren-Insel on which formerly stood a monastery, and on whose site Ludwig II. erected his castle, the Kraut-Insel which used to be

a vegetable garden for the monks and nuns, and the Frauen-Insel on which still stands a convent).

The most beautiful lake in Germany is the Bavarian Königsee, a small emerald lake through whose delicate green waters shine the rarest tints of sapphire-blue. The brittle-looking mighty mountains pierce upwards from the very water's edge to a distance of 6,500 feet, in a perpendicular glory, leaping heavenwards like ardent, aspiring prayers. In this soul exalting spot we will take leave of this marvellous and beautiful little country, for which one lifetime is all too short wherein to comprehend fully its charms, influence, inestimable treasures, and the picture of a wonderful mental, spiritual and artistic progression.

To know her, nevertheless how imperfectly, is to lose her. Through all her evolutions, wars, battles of belief and unbelief, times so terrible that we swiftly endeavour to wrap a heavy veil of unprejudiced leniency over the eyes, we have seen that at bottom a great Justice ruled her, a beautiful Destiny awaited her. And if we have seen that the path of her noblest and most artistic souls has been one of martyrdom, they individually seldom seeing the fruit or result of their profound endeavours, let us remember that "to take from art its martyrdom is to take from it its glory. It might still reflect the passing modes of mankind, but it would cease to reflect the face of God."

MUNICH

GERTRUDE NORMAN

THE city which is of the greatest import to Bavaria now undoubtedly is Munich. Since the splendid energies of Ludwig I. and the enormous art inspiration spread through Cornelius, Kaulbach and their followers, she has ranked among the foremost of European art centres.

Not before the reign of Henry the Lion does she come into prominence.

We first read of her as "Dorf München," where some storehouses stood, built by monks for the reception of salt which was brought from the mines of Reichenhalle and Salzburg. These monks belong to the Schäftlarn or Tegernsee monastery, where they possessed a small farm or produce dairy which was called "München." The word comes from the Latin Forum "ad monachos" or Muniha, and the present title of Munich, or München, comes from these same monkish pioneers. Henry the Lion built a wooden bridge over the Isar, founded a customs house and mint and started also a market, but it did not become the residence of the Bavarian Dukes until 1255, when Otto the Illustrious transferred his residence there, and his son Ludwig the Severe built the Old Palace or Alte Veste. The latter it was who started the first brewery, drawing up himself the regulations for the brewers.

Under these Wittlesbach princes the town began to pros-

per. After a terrible fire in 1327 Ludwig the Bavarian, who was born in the Alte Veste, almost entirely rebuilt the city. He was deeply attached to his Bavarian capital and the people worshipped him. His tomb is in the Frauenkirche. Between 1550 and 1573 Duke Albrecht V. founded the library, the Kunst Kammer and the first collection for the National Museum.

Elector Maximilian I. erected the Arsenal, the Alte Residenz and the Marien-Säule. Munich suffered a severe retardation in 1631 when Gustavus Adolphus made it his head-quarters on his devastating journey through Bavaria. But like all other cities she slowly resuscitated herself after the Thirty Years' War, and under the rule of Ferdinand Maria began the building of the Rococo works of architecture, in churches, palaces and houses. Munich contains two distinct atmospheres; the older part of the city still possessing an aroma of ancient days. The city was originally surrounded by a wall and ditch (but these were filled up in 1791) and one entered her precincts by castellated gates, many of which are still standing. The beautiful old Sendlinger-Thor dates from the Fourteenth Century. The Isar-Thor and the Carls-Thor were built about 1315. The oldest parish church in Munich is St. Peter's; originally it was a small Romanesque building, but was enlarged in the Gothic style 1327. The Marien-Platz, although even there numerous new buildings have sprung up, is still suggestive of the mediæval life of the city; the houses being built in the same quaint, attractive way, which appeals so to one in Nuremberg and Augsberg. Still can we see buildings, irregular both in size and form, oriel windows high up on some corner, high sloping roofs, punctured with scores of little windows in tiers. The fronts of these

MARIENPLATZ, MUNICH

houses are often covered with frescoes, scroll-work or stucco patterns. The great market-place with its Column of the Virgin, erected by Elector Maximilian in commemoration of his victory over Frederic of Austria and the end of the Plague, the old clock tower and Rathaus, first built in 1315, all fill the eye with a picture of ancient beauty. In 1715 Max Josef III. founded the Academy, but it was Maximilian I., who began to add most to the improvement of modern Munich. He dissolved a number of superfluous religious houses and erected new buildings. But all its modern magnificence dates from the accession of Ludwig I.

Munich, like any other city, can only be absorbed by a visit with some reliable guide book. One notices on the pavements, as signs over inns, or as advertisement or crest, the Münchener Kindel. It immediately attracts one's curiosity. The legend has passed through innumerable phases and changes. One story runs that our Saviour came down to bless the town and the furtherance of the good works of the monks, in the guise of a little child, robed in a monk's garment and hood. It probably was originally the seal of the monks, and through the centuries, under the hands of various artists, who carved, painted and chiselled the little figure, endeavouring to beautify it, it gradually became transformed to its present childlike aspect. The greatest contributors to the splendours of modern Munich in carrying out the ambitions of Ludwig I. were Schwanthaler, Klenze and Gärtner. They are all buried in the Southern cemetery which is considered the finest and most artistic in Germany. Frauenhofer, the astronomer, Senefelder, the inventor of lithography, Neumann, the historian, and Franz von Hess the painter were also buried here.

For the artist, the student, the seeker for rest, Munich will make a very definite appeal. Her broad streets, fountains, statues, deep wooded park, quaint customs, picture galleries (containing almost the finest collection of old masters in the world), her galleries of sculpture, academies for the study of every branch of literature, science, or art, her beautiful little Residenz-Theatre and magnificent Opera House, her concert halls, the great artists who flock to her centre every year, her standard in productions and plays, all seem to round out a life of complete artistic enjoyment. It is a city both to absorb, study and create in. Here Kaulbach the elder lived and worked; here now in his artistic home lives and works his famous son. Lenbach's exquisite home, so alive still with that great and suggestive personality, the classical, remarkable home of Stuck, and on the hill above the river, the inspiringly poised Peace Monument, the wonderful Prinz-Regenten theatre for the production of Wagner's operas and classical dramas alone, all greet us with inspiring hopes.

Next to some of the galleries in Italy, the old and new Pinakotheks contain some of the finest pictures in the world. Next to Vienna and Antwerp the former possesses the most exceptional collection of Rubens. Dürer (the greatest painter Germany has ever given birth to), Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Ruysdael, Van der Meer, Schongauer, Holbein and many master-pieces of the Flemish, early Cologne and Italian masters, all being excellently represented. In the new Pinakothek is an entrancing array of the works of Overbeck, Hess, Markart, Max, Piloty, Kaulbach, (father and son), Defregger, Stuck, Lenbach, Böcklin, Rottmann, Piglheim, etc.

Two very noticeable pictures of the later modern school

are Stuck's "War," and "Die Sünde." But the gems almost of all picture collections in Munich is that contained in the little Schack Gallery. One leaves Munich rich with memories, but perhaps the most treasured remembrance of all is that of the New National Museum on the Prinz-Regenten Strasse.

No better evocative lesson for the resuscitating and absorbing of the arresting changes, through which this one small kingdom has passed, can be obtained than by a visit to this most wonderful of all European Museums. Each room is built so as to harmonize with the period of its contents. This alone was a labour of infinite art and all-embracing knowledge. The exterior is of the German Renaissance style; within, all the objects are arranged in chronological order (as in the Glyptothek) from far prehistoric times, down through all the passing centuries, and bearing all through a special reference to Bavaria. To dwell in each room for a while is to be impregnated with the past atmosphere and personality of barbaric, pagan, and mediæval times. A very aroma seems to cling to the furniture and to emanate from the walls, hangings, relics and pictures; wordless oracles from the graceful mystic urns, which hide what secret of death or fragrance of life? The silent standing armoured figures are stern and ominous with blood and wars; the Roman floors are polished with the passing of countless sandalled feet, now long ages at rest; the ancient altar receives no more ardent pagan prayer, no more ceremony in praise of Beauty; the antique forge and tools lie impotent, and the Hun's Column rises up in impenetrable mystery and eternal secrecy.

The arduously, delicately illuminated miniatures and illustrations of full deep coloured missals, reflect innumer-

able, concentrated, earnest faces, bent long years in devotion and labour of passionate love. All these ancient objects, these rooms, empty of the life which wrought them, which have witnessed so many births, deaths, scenes of love, lawlessness, and cruelty, the hatching of revolutions, the first appeals of new religions, the quiet inevitable progress of the arts, changes of costumes, habits and manners, and heard the gradual evolution of speech and language, seem to be mourning with a burden of the past, hung with enwrapping folds of ancient gloom and grandeur, and of their own present impotency. Nevertheless, they mark a luminous road. They may be musty with an old and terror abiding memory of an unwieldy civilization, but as we pass downward through the centuries, we are more struck by the chastening, direct and potent influence of that "handmaid to Religion," art. We can see man reaching upward and outward in steady throbs as if impelled by some gigantic cosmic machine. We see the progression of the abstract and eternal ideas sweeping aside the external and the temporal; crude forms and expressions crumbling away before the mounting, powerful, penetrating, persistent, delicate thoughts of the artistic soul; and as art heightened and rarified, nothing able to bar its onward sweeping power, the aspect of the cities, towns, villages, and life in the home, becomes distinctly different, moulded by the same inward beautifying power; all becoming as it were purified by flame and thought; simplified, the unnecessary rejected, the necessary applied. And so we leave behind with traversed room after room, the horrors of the past, wars, rapine, crimes of political and ecclesiastical corruption, holding only to those necessary, beautiful and illuminating things which must, from very virtue of their own necessity, exist.

NUREMBERG

GERTRUDE NORMAN

THERE is a subtle charm about Nuremberg which can be found nowhere else in Germany. Its great age carries one back to those shadows of tradition where only silence greets us. We learn that it sprang up gradually from the midst of woods and marshes and that during the Migrations was sacked by the Huns, their king Attila probably passing through the little town, murdering and plundering. There is little proof, as in the more southern towns, of a Roman colonization, but later it was taken by Charlemagne and came under the rule of the Frankish kings. The first authentic mention of Nuremberg occurs in a document about 1050, which was called into existence by the founding of the castle. About this time a mint, custom house and market were established. After the first persecution of the Jews, the entire town was burned down by them, but rebuilt in 1120. In 1127 it endured a long siege: the emperor Lothair took it from the Duke of Swabia and gave it to Henry the Proud of Bavaria about 1130, but in 1138 it was re-united by Conrad III. to the German Empire and for the next three or four centuries belonged to the Hohenstaufens and was much favoured by the Emperors. Gradually around the castle grew up the little winding streets and houses, and a strange mixture of races, Germans, Franks and Sclavs, converged to its centre. Not only a special dialect was the result and the art of the future ages stamped propitiously by this influx of various

nationalities, but an enormous business energy became prominent, the city soon becoming the centre of the vast trading procession between the Levant and Western Europe, and with Augsburg, the chief medium for the valuable products of Italy. Barbarossa often came to Nuremberg, adding to the castle and making it an Imperial stronghold. The progress of the city was greatly promoted by the privileges granted to it by this Emperor and in 1219 it received from Frederick II. the charter making it a free imperial city, independent of allegiance to all but the Emperor. The years, from 1225 and onward, were a period of much lawlessness all over Germany, murder and violence being matters of every day occurrence. The power of the Princes was almost anarchic: the strength of the robber Barons a source of menace to everybody's safety. In 1259 all the towns had to band together to protect themselves and their travelling merchants against these robber knights who swooped down on them from their castles.

The government of Nuremberg was originally vested in the patrician families, but in 1344 they were expelled by the civic guild, only later to return and reap a greater control than ever. The office of Burggraf (originally a deputy-governor in the name of the Emperor) was first held by Frederick I. (1218) of the Zollern family, under Henry IV. But these governors soon acquired independent power and in 1363 became Fürstens or Princes. In 1226 Conradin, nephew of the ruling Duke of Bavaria, became Burgrave of Nuremberg, but he had to pledge his possessions in order to pay back a loan, and in 1269 Duke Ludwig and Henry of Bavaria took equal rights in Nuremberg. Nevertheless, it still continued to retain its independent rights as a free city. There were constant discussions and fights between

THE CASTLE, NUREMBERG

the Margraves and the citizens, but it did not materially interfere with the rapid growth and progress of the city. The Emperors constantly came and made it their headquarters on account of the good hunting in the surrounding forests, and it also attracted thousands of pilgrims, owing to the miracle-working relics of St. Sebald, which it possessed. As early as 1020–1080 pilgrims began to flock to Nuremberg and this alone was enough to attract commerce and success. The story of this remarkable monk, St. Sebald, the son, in all probability, of some Danish, Irish, or British Christian king, his early brilliant theological career in Paris and his subsequent relinquishment of all worldly goods, happiness, fame and comfort for the service of Christ, is fraught with much tender interest. He settled in the great forests outside of Nuremberg, performing miracles, healing the sick, fasting and praying. He was buried on the spot where St. Sebald's Church now stands, and his relics, of which innumerable miracles are still recorded, lie in the beautiful shrine made by Vischer in 1507.

In 1298 took place another awful massacre of the Jews all over Franconia. In 1340 Nuremberg entered into a treaty with Würzburg and Rothenburg for the mutual protection of the Bavarian Dukes. In the wars of succession, at the time of Ludwig the Bavarian, the latter had taken his side. Under Maximilian of Bavaria in 1447–1491 Nuremberg reached her greatest height of prosperity, where she comparatively remained for the next two centuries. She possessed at this time an independent domain and furnished 6,000 fighting men to Maximilian's army. Her artisans worked in all sorts of metals; there were smiths, cutlers, armourers, casters in bronze, and gold and silversmiths. Also sculptors, painters, engravers, mathematicians,

etc. In 1414 John Huss passed through Nuremberg on his daring reforming journey. Although given up to trade and merchandise, the Nurembergers were full of a deep religious enthusiasm, and in 1453 eleven burghers went on a crusade on hearing that Constantinople had been taken by the Turks.

In 1494 there was another antagonistic movement against the unfortunate Jews, who had chiefly carried on the profession of medicine (the business of money-lending was carried on by the monasteries !), they were expelled and on pain of death forbidden to sleep even within the walls. At a later period the gates were even closed upon the Protestant weavers exiled from France and Flanders, who, however, found an asylum in other German cities and by their skill and talent soon rendered themselves successful competitors to the prejudiced Nurembergers. The citizens of Nuremberg early adopted, with their neighbouring city Augsburg, the Reformed Faith, and clung to it for several years, no Romanist being allowed to hold property in the town. In 1518 Luther came to Nuremberg and we read that both Dürer and Hans Sachs were devoted admirers and ardent upholders of his. In the famous conflict between Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus, Nuremberg took the part of the latter. This awful siege drained the city of all its wealth and plunged it into debt, exhausting it in every way, and this period of the Thirty Years' War inflicted a calamitous and seriously permanent blow to the city. Down to the peace of Pressburg, Nuremberg possessed a constitution of its own, but in 1805 it was taken possession of by the French, and to this period belongs the cruel execution by order of Napoleon, of John Palm, the Bookseller. In 1806 Nuremberg ceased to be an independent city, and was given over

to the newly established Bavarian Monarchy by the French Emperor.

The oldest chronicler of Nuremberg was Ulman Stromer; he was also the first man to set up a paper mill (1390–1407).

A little later the great names of Wohlgemuth and his noble pupil Dürer began to adorn the pages of her history (1435–1519). And now also began that lavish expenditure for the adornment of her person; such incidents for instance crop up to establish the proof of the Nurembergers' great love for their city, as in 1447 the voting of five hundred florins for the gilding of the beautiful fountain in the Hauptmarktplatz.

Dürer's personality, works and life, have occupied many students and the career of this gentle, devoted, ardent and painstaking genius is well known. He was both painter, sculptor, engraver, mathematician and veritable northern Leonardo.

1529 saw the name of Adam Krafft, the sculptor, appearing on the scroll. Between 1440 and 1503 Veit Stoss lived, the best wood carver of his time and also a beautiful carver in stone, painter, engraver and mechanical architect. His most famous piece of wood carving is the beautiful Nuremberg Madonna. A remarkable altarpiece and other exquisite works of his are to be seen in the Lorenz-Kirche. Nuremberg at this time was the incentive for many revealing practical necessities and remarkable inventions as well as for her artistic beauties. In 1380 cards were manufactured; in 1390 the first paper mill was built; in 1356 the first cannon balls were cast. Watches were made in oval form, called the Nuremberg egg, by Peter Heebe, in the year 1500. In 1517 the first gunlock was invented. In

1550 Erasmus Ebner discovered that particular alloy of metals, composing brass. Nuremberg also gave birth to Veit Hirschvogel and his three sons, famous as potters and glass painters, and also promulgators of the art of enamelling. In 1560 Hans Lobeinger invented the air gun, and in 1690 Christopher Denner invented the clarionet. A few weeks after the birth of Dürer, in 1471, Johann Müller came to Nuremberg. He was a great mathematical genius, and looked upon that city as the centre of Europe, the meeting place of art and industry. Dürer's book on Geometry was due to his influence, and also the beautiful chart he made of the heavens. Müller also introduced popular scientific lectures and organized the manufacturing of nautical and astronomical instruments. Martin Behaim, that adventurous navigator and constructor of the globe, was also his pupil.

Nuremberg is very mediæval in both atmosphere and appearance. It is surrounded by feudal walls and turrets, strengthened in more recent times by ramparts and bastions resembling the early Italian fortifications, these being enclosed by a wide ditch. Four principal arched gates, flanked by massive towers are not only intensely interesting, but serve to complete a picture as of a coronet of antique towers encircling the city. One is immediately carried back to a remote age as one threads one's way through the irregular streets and examines the quaint, gable-faced houses, the churches and other monuments of religion, charity and art. All is singularly perfect having miraculously escaped the ravages and storms of wars, sieges and even the Reformation. The patrician citizens have homes like palaces. Many are still inhabited by families who trace their descent back to the city's earliest days. A number of the houses,

though built in the fashion of the Fifteenth Century, with narrow, highly ornamented fronts and acutely pointed gables, are very large, telling one poignantly of the luxury in which they lived at that period. The part in which the family lived was richly decorated with stucco and carving, and there is little wonder that Nuremberg acquired the name of the Gothic Athens. The Italian Cardinal Eneas Silvio, who visited Germany in 1459, in writing of the glories of the then resplendent German Empire, said, that "the Kings of Scotland would be glad if they were housed as well as the moderately well-to-do burghers of Nuremberg, and that Augsburg is not surpassed in riches by any city in the world." All the cities at this time, but especially Nuremberg, cultivated music, each town having its "master-singers" and musical guilds and on a Sunday afternoon the members would meet and give performances in the Town Hall or in churches. Prizes of philigree-wire, wreaths of silver and gold, were given for the best compositions. The first prize was a representation of David playing the harp, stamped on a golden slate. The last performance given in Nuremberg was in 1770.

Nuremberg, at present may be said to be the second largest town in Bavaria, and the first in commercial importance. The best point of surveyance of the old town is from the burg or castle, picturesquely situated on the top of a rock on the north side of the town. This castle, dating back, in its present form, to the year 1151 is a store-house of interesting relics and shuddering moments for the imaginative and sensitive sight-seer. The collection of all those tortuous instruments, especially that of the "Iron Virgin," that climax-reaching of all degenerate horrors, gives one unpalatable glimpses into what the minds of the majority were like,

in those mediæval times, except when they were exalted by a devotion to art or the gentleness bred by a true religious sentiment. We are infinitely thankful for their great heritage of artistic genius, but more than grateful that their times are remote, and to be resuscitated only by the divine gift of memory. That gift which can bring us, in an almost vivid nearness, to the purest and most soul entrancing days of Greece, Rome, Egypt and of mediæval glory; which enables us through the intervening mists to see the luminous countenances of Homer, Plato, Dante, Leonardo, Angelo and Dürer; and again are we initiated into the eternal secret whisperings, which bespeak, that in Beauty lies the greatest and only permanent strength, the solitary power which alone is lasting, which never dies, but ever repeats itself in all times and climes. "The Beautiful is higher than the Good. The Beautiful *includes in it* the Good."

In all the beautiful Gothic churches of Nuremberg are to be seen innumerable examples of the noble artists of her great art-cycle. In the awesome and mighty edifice of St. Lawrence are miracles of carving by Adam Krafft; the most noticeable perhaps being a receptacle in the form of a Gothic spire, sixty-five feet in height. There is also a beautiful piece by Veit Stoss representing the Salutation. One of the most precious art treasures in the entire rich land of Germany is in the equally magnificent church of St. Sebald's. It is an enormous bronze sarcophagus and canopy, adorned with many statues and reliefs, the master piece of Peter Vischer. This glorious monument took the incomparable artist fifteen years to accomplish, from 1506 to 1521.

Everywhere are works of art, from the artistic decorations

over doors and windows to the masterpieces of Dürer, Van Dyck, Wohlgemuth, etc.

Most of Dürer's works are sadly scattered from his native town, adorning the galleries of Munich, Vienna and Berlin. But his undying fame haloes the city, as the fame of the past glorious days of Greece halo her very name with a transcendental lustre. His statue, copied from the portrait by himself, stands in the Albrecht-Dürer-Platz. In his house are copies of his masterpieces, and a fascinating collection of antique and very typical German furniture. The exquisite art of staining glass is the curiously fitting occupation of the warder who guides the traveller over the ancient home of Dürer.

Wood-carving, glass-staining, medal and medallion engraving, copying of the antique furniture and old cabinets and the world famous toy-making, are only a few, but the most attractive of the occupations of the Nuremberger. Exquisite linen, superbly embroidered, and decorated with drawn work is to be found in abundance. In fact, this work is a specialty of Bavaria's. In the spring, summer and also at Christmas time, peasant women come in from the mountain districts, with baskets full of dainty doilies, tablecloths, sheets and gowns, in the purest hand-woven linen, both coarse and fine, the former being the most beautiful. All is edged with heavy hand-made lace.

The atmosphere of this fascinating city is hard to leave, the more one feeds on its rare and delicate charm. The narrow streets are lined with houses which lean towards each other in intimate and confiding manner.

The windows are picturesque and prominent, and high up on the corners, balconies jut out in harmonious contrariness, and as one steps through the doorway into the

mystic sanctuary of some ancient house one finds oneself suddenly in an old world atmosphere of rich and legendary tapestries, deft and suggestive wood-carving, and absorbing old prints. Doors, panelling, floors and ceilings, inlaid, carved and chiselled, and everywhere brass, copper, iron and pewter utensils, to awaken envious longings in the heart of the collector.

After a long day, when the brain and heart are full of new and lasting treasures and visions, one must wend one's way to the quaint little Bratwurst-Glöcklein, and step over its high doorsill, to enter the minute room so dimly lit with many small windows, seat oneself at one of the little tables on one of the wooden benches, look into the burning charcoal furnace curling up over the bricks, watch the rosy-cheeked maids cooking the "*wurstlein*" and dream of the day behind one which has brought and taught one so much.

OBERAMMERGAU

GERTRUDE NORMAN

AS one draws upward towards the little station of Oberammergau one is conscious of a peace descending, of an atmosphere as unusual as it is strange and elusive. The very air seems impregnated with a tender benediction; the atmosphere poignant with some great, omnipotent thought possessed and held throughout the centuries. It is indeed a peaceful village into which one glides, leaving behind great ranges of mountains, enclosing one in a God-made circle of blue haze and distance; an infinitely gentle picture which meets one's gaze.

Not one of primitive grandeur or ecstatic loveliness, but one of simple, reflective and introspective beauty; one to inspire the thoughts to climb, to enable them to remain at ease at a certain elevation with a quiet joy and not to awe one into moods of tragic gloom, impossible speculation, or an almost uncontemplative passion, which the overpowering majesty of certain vistas is apt to do. On every side are verdant fields which stretch away lovingly to wooded hills, and guarding all are stately mountains, shedding tender shadows, rolling away to greater and ever greater peaks.

The first thing to attract one's gaze, even before one catches a glimpse of the village, attracting the eyes upward, is a thing of mighty symbolical import. One of the peaks, detached as it were and isolated from the rest, rises up, narrowing at the summit to receive as its crown, a lofty simple

cross. The elusive grandeur of this moment is a prayer, a song, a comforting caress. So high is it, that the pine trees cease to grow, and the summit is rocky with only low shrubs and bushes clinging to the ground, leaving all stencil-clear for the reception of the delicate spire. It points upward, year after year, like the eternal flame of the indomitable spirit, in sunshine, storm, snow and gloom. Even in nature's blackest moods, though it become invisible, still is it there, the everlasting symbol of spirituality, aspiration and eternity. The cross of the Kofel, as the Oberammergauers call it, is faced with some shining metal which catches the sun, the wall of rock below changing colour with every mood of the day; now blue and green, now brown and purple, now dark and awesome with the reflection of some great inrolling cloud, now white and luminous, like the holy guardian of the Grail, in the moonlight! Wheresoever one may wander in this consecrated little spot one cannot, nor would not, escape this silent voice of uplifting sorrow. The little village is winding and of exceeding picturesqueness, the intrusion of several modern buildings unable to effect its sweetness of atmosphere. The houses are of delicately coloured plaster, or sunburned to a deep velvety brown. Through the village, bordered at first on either side by cottages and later running out to fragrant flower-laden fields, is a clear, limpid, opalescent-hued stream, reflective also of the life of its hamlet and the clarity of its mission. It is a stream in which to look long and deeply; a stream to breed dreams of purity, of steadfast faith and musical art; a stream to cleanse and make innocent, to draw one into a mesh of endless visions of eternal wonder.

By its waters one feels new-born, re-awakened. The whole place is an enchantment, wherein everything is a

symbol, from the lives of the inhabitants to the great theatre which greets one on first drawing into the village.

The theatre, which was built, in its present form in 1830, and improved in 1890, is a severely simple, solid and earnest looking structure. High over its entrance a clear white cross appears, to face the Calvary Group, marble-white on the green hill, and the great cross of the Kofel.

All here work in unison; art, religion, the labourer of the fields, wood-carvers, builders, and potters; all these sturdy, æsthetic peasants with their remarkable culture, refinement, unusual personal beauty, dramatic ideal and remoteness of position. Originally Oberammergau was a Celtic settlement and later in the time of the Romans a station on their military road from Verona to Augsburg. It was named by them "Ad Coveliacas" meaning the station at the Kofel.

From the Ninth to the Twelfth Century it was in possession of the Welfs and one of their Dukes, Ethiko, built a castle and also founded a monastery there. It was in the year 1167 that the village of Oberammergau was transferred to the Hohenstaufens, and exactly one hundred years later, to the House of Wittelsbach. It has always enjoyed a great amount of freedom, being granted more rights and privileges than any other of the near lying villages. Under the rule of Ludwig the Bavarian (1330) it was allowed even more freedom, and immunity from serfdom. It was at this time that the above named Duke founded the famous old monastery of Ettal, near Oberammergau. From that time on, for a long period of years, the prosperity of the little town was assured. Not only did the Emperors, on their hunting expeditions pass through, but continuous caravans of both German and Italian merchants; introducing the vil-

lagers not only to the progression and culture of the outside world, but also giving them the impetus and encouragement for the carrying on of their wood-carving (combined with the possibility of selling it, and having carried to other towns and countries). It was probably about this time that the Passion Play was first given, for in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries the various monasteries, especially in southern Germany and the Tyrol, were in the habit of giving both Miracle and Religious plays. It was in England originally, as far as can be gathered, that the first Mystery plays were given and from thence they swiftly spread all over Christianized Europe. In Augsburg "Moralities" were constantly performed from the year 1200 down to the time of Holbein.

Commercially and artistically Oberammergau continued to have a glorious prosperity until the breaking out of the terrible wars in the Sixteenth Century. Violent, wild and reckless armies of soldiers, passed ceaselessly through the heretofore peaceful hamlet, leaving behind poverty, famine and worst of all, the hopeless ravages of the plague. It was then the vow was made, that if only the plague might be taken from amongst them, they would, in thankfulness, give the Passion Play every ten years. Oberammergau never again attained the commercial importance which had been hers, but she nevertheless enjoyed a long period of happiness and peace until war again broke out at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, when hordes of Austrians and Hungarians besieged the valley, devastating all within their fierce breath of destructiveness. Then came the Austrian wars of Succession, and later the disastrous period of the French invasions. Famine again and innumerable losses were endured by the plucky little town, but at

last peace has settled once more within her borders by the soldering together of the German Empire in Peace and Unity.

Wood-carving, apart from the enormous influx of thousands of strangers from all over the world to witness the Passion Play every ten years and the "David Play" every five (formerly the latter was given only every thirty years), is still the chief work of the peasant-artists. Their talent in this direction is full of a rare and most delicate perfection. Oberammergau, as early as the year 1111 introduced the art of wood-carving into Berchtesgarten, which points to the fact that she was the founder, or at least the original home of this art in Bavaria. Her salesmen used to travel out into the distant towns with their packs on their backs, achieving for their treasures a wide and enviable fame, and they now possess branches for the disposal of their beautiful art works at Liverpool, Bremen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Groningen, Drontheim, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Lima and Cadiz.

AUGSBURG

GERTRUDE NORMAN

THE very name brings up vivid dreams of ancient splendour, and the picture of that vast, endless sea of evolution, on artistic and progressive lines, which is comparable only to that of Italy's.

Würzburg, Regensburg, Bamberg, Landshut, Ingolstadt, Bayreuth, Oberammergau; is it possible that all are contained in that one enchanting word, Bavaria? And the sapphire lakes, enclosed by, or revealing, over wooded hills, the glistening snow peaks and chaste, wide glaciers, and those vast, deep forests written of by both Tacitus and Cæsar, so impressive in their grandeur, only the soul of the observer and not the pen of the writer, can do justice to their mystic loveliness.

From Munich it is an easy run to Augsburg, which is virtually the capital of the circle of Swabia and Neuburg and the principal seat of South German commerce. The latter word brings a mundane clang with it, but one need have no fear that one is about to see something similar to the unattractive toils of an English or American commercial town; for Augsburg, sheds with the richest of Bavarian towns, an atmosphere of mediæval charm, if not of such complete artistic beauty.

Its name is derived from the Roman Emperor Augustus, who on the conquest of Rhaetia by Drusus, established a

AUGSBURG

Roman colony here and called it Augusta Vindelicorum. This was about the year 14 B. C.

About the Fifth Century we read that the town was sacked by the Huns and later, came, with the rest of Bojuvarii, under the rule of the Frankish Kings. In the war of Charlemagne against Duke Thassilo it was almost entirely destroyed. Later, after the division and dissolution of the Empire, it fell into the hands of the Dukes of Swabia. It gradually rose as a prosperous manufacturing town, becoming so noted for its wealth and beauty that it was one of the chief points desired by the constantly attacking and avaricious Hungarians (936–954).

In 1276 it was raised to the rank of a Free Imperial city, which position it retained, despite many internal changes in its constitution, until 1806, when it was annexed to Bavaria by Napoleon. Augsburg reached its greatest height, both for prosperity and beauty, during the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. Its merchants were literally citizen-princes, enjoying the most enormous individual wealth and power.

Three daughters of Augsburg merchants married princes. The unfortunate Agnes Bernauer (who was secretly married to Albrecht III.) and who was drowned in the Danube near Straubing by his father, Duke Ernest of Bavaria in 1435, the latter being so enraged at his son's supposed mesalliance. Then there was Clara von Detten who was married to Elector Frederick the Victorious of the Palatinate, and Philippina Welser to Arch-Duke Ferdinand of Austria. The famous Fugger family, the richest people of their century, were originally but poor weavers. Their house on the Maximilianstrasse, with its beautifully painted and frescoed front, is, to this day one of the most interest-

ing houses to be seen in Augsburg. Curiously interesting too is the Fuggerei, a small quarter of Augsburg, founded by Jacob Fugger, "the Rich" in 1514. It consists of 106 charming little houses, like some ideal Morrisonian village, for the benefit of very poor Roman Catholic families. The miniature town with its spotless asphalt streets, two storied cottages, gaily coloured little doors and flower-potted window sills, and pumps of clear running water, is enclosed within its own gates. The Maximilianstrasse is exceptionally handsome, broad and long. In the centre of the street, at harmonious distances, are three magnificent bronze fountains; one of Augustus, the founder of the city, and the other two of Hercules and Mercury. Another very beautiful statue is the "War Monument" in the Frohnhof, near the Cathedral. The latter is a remarkably beautiful Gothic edifice begun in 995 but altered considerably in 1321–1431. The most mediæval looking street is the Jacobstrasse, which leads down from the Barfusserkirche to the Fuggerei. Near the latter stands the house where the elder Holbein lived and the younger Holbein was born. The Rathaus is one of the most remarkable of Renaissance buildings in Bavaria. The "Goldener Saal," said to be the finest of the numerous halls in Germany, is brilliantly decorated in Italian rococo style, the exquisitely carved ceiling being hung from above by twenty-four chains. All the rooms in this especial Rathaus impress one by their extravagant wealth of decoration, splendid ancient stoves and treasures of every sort. St. Annakirche, the Fuggerhaus and St. Ulrics are all full of both beauty and historical interest. The Royal Picture Gallery which is situated in the old monastery of St. Catherines, contains some very fine works, but is chiefly

notable for its collection of the works of two Augsburg artists, Holbein and Burkmair. During the Sixteenth Century Augsburg was the seat of many Diets held by Charles V. In 1530 the Protestant princes handed him, in the above mentioned Rathaus, the famous "Confession" (drawn up by Melanchthon of Nuremberg). The article consisted of a reformed creed containing twenty-one articles in the name of the Evangelical states of Germany, which lucidly explained the doctrinal position of the Lutheran church; a religious peace, of the greatest import to the religious welfare of Germany, was also concluded here in 1530. In 1632 the city was besieged and captured by Gustavus Adolphus on his slaughtering journey through Bavaria, but after he was vanquished it returned again to its old inheritance. But the enormous trade and prosperity of Augsburg was for the time being completely ruined by the civil and religious strifes and the long, bloody wars which so racked Germany in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. In 1703 it was bombarded by the Electoral princes of Bavaria and forced to pay a heavy contribution, later as we have seen, becoming absolutely Bavarian.

In 1518 the first fire-engine ever used was invented in Augsburg. Between the years 1500 and 1800 the gold and silversmiths guilds were everywhere noted, even more so than those of Munich, or Nuremberg. For the seeker after these rare old pieces, or for antique brass, copper or pewter, Augsburg is a veritable treasure house.

A beautiful portion of the old wall is still standing and some fine old gates. Along the canal, the houses are intensely picturesque, and down the winding, narrow and sloping roads from St. Annaskirche one comes across entrancing bits of mediævalism. In 1703 the ancient fortifi-

cations were dismantled and laid out in public promenades. Many, many years ago the famous Montaigne wrote, declaring, that to him the wonderful old city of Augsburg was more beautiful even than Paris.

REGENSBURG

GERTRUDE NORMAN

THE interesting city of Regensburg, which was ceded to Bavaria only in 1810, derives its name from the river Regen on which it stands. The Celts, in the days when it was one of their settlements, used to call it Ratisbon, the Romans later naming it Castra Regina. It is in reality on the Danube, but the Regen flows into that mighty river just opposite to where the city was founded. It used to be the capital of the Romans in those parts, holding as it did such an advantageous position on the Danube. The narrow stone bridge, which connects the town with its suburb, was thrown over in 1136. Later, after the Roman power had waned, it became the seat of the Bavarian Dukes and the chief point of East Frankish monarchy. It was one of the most important centres for the promulgation of Christianity, for in the Seventh Century St. Emmeran founded the Abbey here and in the Eighth St. Boniface the Bishopric. In the Thirteenth Century it became a Free Imperial city, one of the most flourishing of all German towns and a favourite resort, like Nuremberg, of the Emperors. Of enormous import was the short, but vital hold, the spirit of the Reformation held here, and later of the counter-reformation inspired by the Jesuits.

From Regensburg cargo boats used to go down the Danube to the Black Sea, with merchandise from the

Western and Southern countries, bringing back in turn, treasures from the East as far off as China. Even in the remote days of the Crusades the Regensburg boatmen were famous, conveying down the broad waters of the river holy pilgrims and warriors on their way to the Holy Land. No less than seventeen sieges are recorded as having been endured by this city during the Thirty Years' War, that fearful time from which we can nowhere escape in the history of Bavaria, almost completely ruining both the prosperity and beauty of the town.

From 1663 to 1806 it was the seat of the Imperial Diets, sixty-two of which were held within its walls. 1806 saw the assignment of the town and bishopric to the Prince Primate Dalberg, by the Peace of Luneville. In 1809 it was stormed by Napoleon, the Austrians experiencing a fearful defeat beneath its walls, when the city itself was almost reduced to ashes. Nevertheless many of the old buildings remained mercifully untouched, some of which are much older even than those in Nuremberg. A curious and essentially characteristic feature of Regensberg are the towers attached to the houses, all loop-holed, witnesses to a day when battle, danger and internal strife were of daily occurrence, The Golden Tower, attached to the Inn of the Golden Cross and the one adorned with paintings of David and Goliath, being the most notable. The Street of the Ambassadors (where all the Ambassadors of the German Diet used to reside), bears still over the doors many of their Coats of Arms. Of the purest Gothic style is the beautiful old Cathedral founded in 1273. It was not completed till 1634 and the towers are of a still later period; one of the little interior chapels dates back to the Eighth Century.

REGENSBURG

An ancient Benedictine monastery of Irish monks, named "Scoti" used to stand on the spot where now rises the Schottenkirche, a Roman basilica of the Twelfth Century. The Golden Cross Inn is famous for being the meeting place of Barbara Blumenberger and Charles V. She was the mother of Don Juan of Austria. Regensburg is full of magnificent pieces of architecture of every period.

Not far from Regensburg, above Keilheim, on the heights of the Michaelsberg, the Befreiungshalle, or Hall of Liberation, was erected in 1842 by Ludwig I. It resembled a Roman temple and contains, ranged within a circular-domed hall, statues in Carrara marble by Schwanthaler, and bronze shields made out of French cannon, on which are engraved the different victories gained by the Germans and the names of their leaders. The walls are lined with marble, the roof being supported by granite pillars.

In his interesting little book of his trip down the Danube the noted American historian, Mr. Bigelow writes, "The slabs bear the names of such as the King of Bavaria recognized as the liberators of the Fatherland. But we are struck by the names of many Austrian and South German mediocrities, and the absence of those who really did make their country free. Wellington is conspicuous by his absence, so the noble Boyen and Lützow. The man whose far-sighted legislation lifted Prussia from out the result of Jena, is not to be found here—we mean Stern, nor his able successor, Hardenberg. The poets, thinkers, the patriotic spirits that stirred the people to heroic actions, these were the ones who fought Katzbach and Leipzig, but they are not noticed on these slabs: Schiller and Körner, whose songs of liberty fired every German heart and who sent

every schoolboy into the army; Arndt and Jahn, Uhland and Fichte—names that in 1813 did more for the German success than a fresh army corps—of these this Bavarian Mausoleum says nothing."

An easy trip from Regensburg is to that magnificent and masterly construction of Klenze's, the Graeco-Doric Temple of Walhalla, a national monument built by Ludwig I., also a temple of fame to German's greatest men. The temple architecturally is the exact copy of the Parthenon. Walhalla means "Walhall or Hall of the Chosen." The glorious view from the platform extends over the level plain of Bavaria to the glistening snow peaks of the Alps in the South and to Straubing and up the majestic Danube to Regensburg in the East. Within are innumerable busts and statues of Germany's most famous men, heroes, musicians, statesmen, artists, poets, sages, etc.

ROTHENBURG AND OTHER BAVARIAN TOWNS

GERTRUDE NORMAN

THIS gem-like appendage, as it were, of Nuremberg, is one gleaming mass of rich artistic treasures and innumerable historical detail. It is perhaps the least altered and purest existing example of all mediæval towns, and being more miniature and concentrated than Nuremberg is easier to fully absorb. It rises before one's vision beautifully encircled by walls, moats and towers, rich in harmonious colouring and warmth of tone. The well preserved gabled houses are red-tiled and glow in the sun. As far back as 942 Rothenburg's name appears in the ancient documents, and for 529 years it was a free city of the Empire like most of the Bavarian, Franconian and Swabian cities. During the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries it radiated the highest artistic standards in every branch of art and architecture and its industries were similarly progressive. During the Reformation its sympathies were entirely with Luther. In 1525 it experienced the disturbances of the uprisings of the peasants, taking part with them, and also suffered the inevitable relapse and degeneration consequent on the Thirty Years' War. During this period it was several times besieged and taken by opposing parties.

To the sojourner within its enthralling crown of walls, it offers such a bewildering wealth of architectural beauty,

that one scarce can recall another city which can vie with it in this direction. Its absolutely mediæval streets, narrow, and winding, are more exquisite in an harmonious suggestiveness than even those of Nuremburg. Gothic churches, Renaissance buildings (mostly of an ecclesiastical character), Rathaus, arches, gates, fountains, castle, all are in the most perfect state of preservation. The most fascinating piece of ancient beauty, where even on the rainiest days can be seen artists sketching and painting its perfect outlines, is the old gate of the Altes Rathaus, with its overhanging lantern; and the quaintest vista, that is to be seen on looking down towards the Plönlein. In the church of St. James are some very exquisite specimens of altar-carving by Tilman Riemenschneider, and in the church of the little village of Dettwang is also another fine example of this same artist's work.

We cannot pretend to go satisfactorily into all the venerable towns which add to the interest and glory of Batavia; each one possessing both a significant historical and artistic interest, which must be sought in a more complete and individual form. Würzburg and Bamberg could alone fill a book with the vicissitudes of their development, height attained, and wealth of ecclesiastical buildings. The latter is built on a chain of hills, innumerable churches rising up to crown their summits in majestic outline; the former is situated in a vine-clad, verdant valley of the Main. From 741 down to 1803 Würzburg was governed by an unbroken chain of Bishops. The first was Burkardus, who was consecrated by St. Boniface. As history has already told us, these Bishops attained enormous power, and in 1120 the Emperor Frederick created them Dukes of Franconia. The sceptre of these same princes often including the

ROTHENBURG

See of Bamberg. In 1803 it was incorporated with Bavaria.

Then there are the towns of Ingolstadt (now a mighty fortress, famous as having been the first home of the university founded by Ludwig the Rich in 1472 and besieged by Gustavus Adolphus in 1632, when Tilly lay mortally wounded within the city, and also of having the first established Jesuit's college in Germany).

Wunsiedel (the birthplace of Jean Paul Richter, and where on certain dates, every few years, is given an intensely interesting festival drama, in the beautiful forest of the Luisenberg, in honour of the visit paid to the lovely little town by the much beloved Queen Luise).

Fürth, meaning a fort (the rival manufacturing town of Nuremberg, and the haven which sheltered the Jews when they were driven out of Nuremberg). The great progression of the town is due to their wonderful industry and talents. They possess a Hebrew printing establishment, a college, separate court of justice, many schools and a synagogue. At the time of the epoch making battle between Gustavus and Wallenstein, the latter made this town his headquarters, putting up at the Grüner Baum, in the street which takes its name from this noted Swedish Emperor. Carlstadt (founded by Charlemagne, and the birthplace of the reformer Rodenstein, the instigator of puritanical iconoclasm, 1543). Hanau (the home of the Flemish and Walloon peasants banished from the Netherlands, 1597, the birthplace of the world-known and loved brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm 1785–1863 and 1786–1859. Near here Napoleon with 80,000 men defeated the Bavarians and Austrians under Marshal Wrede with 40,000 men in 1813). Aschaffenburg (belonging from 982 to the bishops

of Mayence, and ceded to Bavaria in 1814. In the old castle, erected in 1605, is a most remarkable collection of missals, engravings, prayer-books, miniatures, etc., and also an extremely valuable collection of paintings, including good examples of Ruysdael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Teniers, Angelica Kaufmann, Giordano, Cuyp, and Cranach. Beyond the castle gardens stands the Pompeianum erected by the indefatigable Ludwig I. in 1824 in imitation of the Castor and Pollux at Pompeii, decorated with mosaic and mural paintings). Aichach (the cradle of the Wittelsbach house), Kissingen, which is the most frequented water cure place in Bavaria, was in 1866 the scene of a fierce combat between the Prussians and the Bavarians, the latter under Prince Karl being defeated. In 1874 Göben also attempted to assassinate Bismarck here). Freising, Donauwörth, Lauingen (the birthplace of the most famous man of his century, Albertus Magnus). Voburg, Füssen, etc., all towns of quaint custom, interest and value to the kingdom to which so many of them only latterly have definitely belonged. Then the many lovely country districts, such as Berchtesgaden which Ibsen so loved, Yarmisch, Partenkirchen, etc.

BAYREUTH

GERTRUDE NORMAN

"LITTLE city of my habitation, to which I belong on this side of the grave at the foot of the fir-capped mountains," wrote that transcendental and sweet spirit, Jean Paul Richter, of Bayreuth, where he spent so many years of his arduous and fruitful life.

This "Festival Grail," which is a modern place of pilgrimage, is situated in "a fascinating circle of enchanting environment." Long stretches of tender green and undulating meadows surround the town; then in the foreground loom the deep shadowed pine forests, their delicate spires pricking the blue of the heavens, and encircling all are the picturesque fir-capped mountains. It is a spot of infinite peace, of calm undistracting joy, a place in which to concentrate the dream, and draw the scattered fancies into a glorious artistic bondage!

"The word Baireuth means a piece of ground reclaimed or dug up by the Bavarians. Reut or Reuth being still made use of by the peasants to designate a spade or shovel, which is always to be seen hanging from the plough. Baireuth is the ancient mode of spelling and Bayreuth the modern."

It was not until 1881 that English or Americans heard much of Bayreuth, nevertheless it is fraught with a significant historical interest. It possesses the home of the present ruling house of Germany, Hohenzollern-Branden-

burg; also the principalities of Culmbach-Baireuth, together with the upper portion of the Burggraf of Nuremberg, which in reality includes Nuremberg itself and Rothenburg. Originally it was a principality or a duchy like Salzburg; appearing in the old deeds as a Margravate, or small duchy, its ruler styled only Margrave, which led to much ill-feeling, discussion and bitter jealousy.

Wagner had visited Bayreuth early in his youth, and had then been much impressed by its peaceful beauty, which had also so appealed to the gentle soul of Richter. Wagner revisited Bayreuth in 1871 and was so enthusiastically received by both, municipality and administration, that he felt assured his hopes had at last found a resting place and that his great idea would meet with encouragement. Wahnfried, that "home of peaceful fancies," was built, but his first years there were nevertheless beset with infinite difficulties, hardships and struggles. Bayreuth now is a sun-centre, radiating over the entire civilized globe, the inspired music of this luminous genius. In choosing Bayreuth for the spot on which to found his great Festival playhouse, Wagner fully realized that *concentration on the one idea* was the surest and absolutely necessary foundation for success. People go to Bayreuth for the Wagner Festival, not to be charmed with the attractions of some mediæval town. The foundation stone for the theatre was laid on May 22, 1872, Wagner's fifty-ninth birthday. Among other notabilities, both Haeckel and Nietzsche were present. The building is on the top of a hill, commanding a wide and sweeping view. It was made from plans drawn solely by Wagner, and not by Semper, who designed the plans for the Munich house. Architecturally it resembles a Grecian Amphitheatre, and holds 1,450 people.

VIEW OF BAYREUTH FROM FESTIVAL-THEATRE

The interior is severely plain, with few decorations, no gilding or draperies, and no disturbing, glaring chandelier. The lights, which are all placed on the tops of pillars, are extinguished immediately the performance begins. The orchestra is invisible, buried in a "mystic abyss." Pilgrims journey to Bayreuth, concentrated on the one idea of becoming absorbed in the elemental genius of a solitary man. It is probable that without the constant enthusiasm and the aid of Ludwig II., Wagner's dream might have been still longer delayed; as it was, he called the latter "the fellow creator of Bayreuth." At the great production of Parsifal in 1881 Ludwig was not present. The darkness was beginning to enwrap him, but when he heard of Wagner's death, he was sorely stricken, experiencing probably the greatest loss and sincerest affection of his life.

WÜRTEMBERG

FINDLAY MUIRHEAD

WÜRTEMBERG is bounded on the east by Bavaria, and on the other three sides by Baden, with the exception of a short distance on the south, where it touches Hohenzollern and the Lake of Constance. For administrative purposes the country is divided into the four circles (*kreise*) of the Neckar in the north-west, the Jagst in the north-east, the Black Forest in the south-west, and the Danube in the south-east.

Würtemberg forms part of the South German tableland, and is hilly rather than mountainous. In fact the undulating fertile terraces of Upper and Lower Swabia may be taken as the characteristic parts of this agricultural country. The usual estimates return one-fourth of the entire surface as "plain," less than one-third as "mountainous," and nearly one half as "hilly." The average elevation above the sea-level is 1,640 feet; the lowest point is Böttingen (410 feet), where the Neckar quits the country; the highest is the Katzenkopf (3,775 feet), on the Hornisgrinde, on the western border.

The chief mountains are the Black Forest on the west, the Swabian Jura or Rauhe Alb, stretching across the middle of the country from south-west to north-east, and the Adelegg Mountains in the extreme south-east, adjoining the Algau Alps in Bavaria. The Rauhe Alb, or Alp, slopes gradually down into the plateau on its south side, but

WILDBAD

on the north it is sometimes rugged and steep, and has its line broken by isolated projecting hills. The highest summits are in the southwest, viz., the Lemberg (3,326 feet), Ober-Hohenberg (3,312 feet), and Plettenberg (3,293 feet). In a narrower sense the name Rauhe Alb is reserved for the eastern portion only of the Swabian Jura, lying between Hohenzollern and Bavaria in the narrowest sense of it all it is applied to a single group near Reutlingen. Most of the isolated summits above referred to (none of which are over 2,630 feet) project from this eastern section; among them are the hills of Hohenstaufen, Teck, Mossingen, and Hohenzollern.

The Black Forest (*Schwarzwald*), a mountain group, or system, deriving its name from the dark foliage of its pine forests, lies partly in Würtemberg and partly in Baden. Its general shape is that of a triangle, its base resting on the Rhine between the Lake of Constance and Basel, and its apex pointing north.

The climate of the *Schwarzwald* is severe, but healthy. The forests cease at 4,250 feet, and are succeeded by scanty grass and herbs. On many of the summits snow lies for ten months in the year, yet in some of the valleys vines, almonds and chestnuts ripen. Wild boars, deer, hares, foxes and various kinds of game are found. The carriage-roads follow the valleys; but innumerable foot-paths lead in all directions through the magnificent woods. The Black Forest Railway, opened in 1873, ascends the picturesque valleys of the Kinzig and Gutach by means of bridges, viaducts and tunnels, often of the boldest construction.

To the south of the Rauhe Alb the plateau of Upper Swabia stretches to the Lake of Constance and eastwards

across the Iller into Bavaria. Between the Alb and the Black Forest in the north-west are the fertile terraces of Lower Swabia, continued on the north-east by those of Franconia.

About seventy per cent. of Würtemberg belongs to the basin of the Rhine and about thirty per cent. to that of the Danube. The principal river is the Neckar, which flows northward for 186 miles through the country to join the Rhine, and with its tributaries drains fifty-seven per cent. of the kingdom. On the west it receives the Enz, swelled by the Nagold, and on the east are the Fils, Rems, Murr, Kocher and Jagst. The Danube flows from east to west across the south half of Würtemberg, a distance of sixty-five miles, a small section of which is in Hohenzollern. Just above Ulm it is joined by the Iller, which forms the boundary between Bavaria and Würtemberg for about thirty-five miles. The Tauber in the north-east joins the Main; the Argen and Schussen in the south enter the Lake of Constance. The lakes of Würtemberg, with the exception of those in the Black Forest, all lie south of the Danube. About one fifth of the Lake of Constance is reckoned to belong to Würtemberg. Mineral springs are abundant; the most famous spa is Wildbad, in the Black Forest.

Until the close of the Napoleonic wars, Würtemberg was almost exclusively an agricultural and bucolic country; but since that period it has turned its attention to trade and manufactures, and perhaps now stands second only to Saxony among the German states in commercial and industrial activity. The want of coal is naturally a serious drawback, but it is to a certain extent compensated by the abundant water-power. The textile industry is carried on in

most of its branches. Wool, from both domestic and foreign sources, is woven at Esslingen, Göppingen and other towns in Lower Swabia; cotton is manufactured in Göppingen and Esslingen and linen in Upper Swabia. Lace-making also flourishes in the last-named district as a rural house-industry. The silk industry of Würtemberg, which employs about 1,100 hands, though not very extensive in itself, is the most important silk industry in Germany. Ravensburg claims to have possessed the earliest paper-mill in Germany; paper-making is still important in that town and at Heidenheim, Heilbronn, Göppingen and other places in Lower Swabia.

Würtemberg is one of the best educated countries of Europe. School attendance is compulsory on children from seven to fourteen years of age, and young people from fourteen to eighteen must either attend the schools on Sunday or some other educational establishment. Every community of at least thirty families must have a school. The different churches attend to the schools of their own confession. There is a university at Tübingen and a polytechnic school at Stuttgart. Technical schools of various kinds are established in many of the towns, in addition to a thorough equipment of gymnasia, commercial schools, seminaries, etc. The conservatory of music at Stuttgart enjoys a high reputation.

Würtemberg is a constitutional monarchy and a member of the German Empire with four votes in the federal council and seventeen in the imperial Diet. The constitution rests on a law of 1819, amended in 1868 and 1874. The crown is hereditary, and conveys the simple title of King of Würtemburg.

The highest executive is in the hands of a ministry of state

(*Staatsministerium*), consisting of six ministers and the privy council, the members of which are nominated by the king. There are ministers of justice, war, finance, home affairs, religion and education and foreign affairs, railways and the royal household. The legal system is framed in imitation of that of the German Empire. The judges of the supreme court for impeachment of ministers, etc., named the *Staatsgerichtshof*, are partly elected by the chambers and partly appointed by the king. The country is divided into four administrative "circles," subdivided into sixty-four *Oberämter*, each of which is under an *Oberamtmann*, assisted by an *Amtsversammlung* or local council. At the head of each of the four large divisions is a *Regierung*.

The earliest known inhabitants of the country now called Würtemberg seem to have been Suevi. The Romans, who appeared first about 15 B. C., added the south part of the land to the province of Gaul in 84 A. D., and defended their positions there by a wall or rampart. About the beginning of the Third Century, the Alemanni drove the Romans beyond the Rhine and the Danube; but they in their turn were conquered by the Franks under Clovis (496) and the land was divided between Rhenish Franconia and the Duchy of Alemannia. The latter, however, disappears about 760, and its territories were administered for the Frankish monarchs by *grafs*, or counts, until they were finally absorbed in the Duchy of Swabia. The last Duke of Swabia died in 1268, and a large share of his power and possessions fell into the hands of the *grafs* of Würtemberg, whose ancestral castle crowned a hill between Esslingen and Cannstatt. In 1870 this kingdom shared in the national enthusiasm which swept over Germany when France de-

clared war; and its troops had a creditable share in the memorable campaign of 1870-71. Since the foundation of the present German Empire, the separate history of Würtemberg has been of almost exclusively local interest.

STUTTGART

DR. R. ELBEN

THE situation of Stuttgart is one of the most beautiful in Germany. The capital of Würtemberg is encircled by pleasant towns and villages, fertile fields, vine-clad hills, skirted by shady forests in harmonious display. The city itself belongs to the fairest in the German Empire.

Though it may lack the romantic adornment of ruined castles crowning its hilltops, yet the city with its environs has few equals for charming landscape scenery, luxurious vegetation and diversity of views, as it lies embedded in a recess of the romantic valley, through which the Neckar, winds its silvery band. The gently ascending slopes are cultivated with grape-vines and fruit-trees and dotted over with villas; the verge of the hills and mountains is crowned by woods in nicely undulating lines. The hill-slopes extend on several sides even to the city borders, their rich verdure affording pleasing resting-place to the eye and forming a charming background.

The commanding points of view, so largely taken advantage of and beautified by the *Verschönerungs Verein* (a Society for enhancing the natural beauties of the city and its environs) present a surprising variety, especially where they afford an outlook into the picturesque valley of the Neckar, a perspective into the fertile *Unterland* (the lower or northern part of Würtemberg), and on the blue summits of the Alb rising in the distance.

ROYAL PALACE, STUTTGART

As far back as 1519, Ulrich von Hutten wrote: "Germany possesses hardly any finer country than this one. The fields are excellent, the atmosphere is wonderfully pure and healthy; mountains, meadows, rivers, springs, forests, everything delightful; the wine as delicious as may be expected from such a land." About two hundred years later, Mr. Bürk remarked in his Directory: "The goodly city of Stuttgart is but a gem set in a precious ring"; and quite recently J. Klaiber writes: "When in spring the evening sun deepens the reddish hue of our hills into a purple glow, when the pure, and yet so softly undulating outlines of our hilltops are blended with the mellow vapour; or again, when autumn spreads its inexhaustible profusion of luxurious blessings over this valley, over these heights, and all Nature seems to smile in the blissful enjoyment of an easy abundance, one may hear now and then the bold expression: 'Well may this land remind you of the landscapes of Italy!'"

The city is regularly built, and, being divided by King Street and its extensions into an eastern and western part, the stranger has a ready means of orientation. With the exception of its oldest parts, it is laid out into symmetrical blocks, bordered by broad streets with convenient sidewalks, hardly matched by other cities in Germany. It abounds in magnificent and stately edifices, erected by the State, the City, or by private citizens; the building material, a red and a greenish sandstone, is found in the neighbouring quarries. The freestone masses and elegant façades, displayed even in smaller private residences, impart to the modern section of the city an aspect of an imposing nobility.

Stuttgart, capital and royal residence of the kingdom of

Würtemberg, forms, according to the political division of the kingdom, with the suburbs of Berg, Heslach and Gablenberg under the name of *Stadtdirectionsbezirk Stuttgart* (City Police District) one of the four *Oberämter* (counties) of the kingdom, and one of the seventeen counties of the *Neckarkreis* (circle). A considerable number of neighbouring villages form a separate district, called *Amtsoberamt Stuttgart.* The city lies in the approximate centre of the kingdom, and is the converging point of all railroads and stage and carriage roads. As one of the *Sieben Guten Stadte* (Seven privileged towns) Stuttgart has her own representative in the Legislative Assembly. In elections for the *Reichstag* (Imperial Diet) the city, together with the country, forms the first Electoral District.

In ancient documents the name of Stutgarden occurs for the first time in 1229 (*Studgarden*, foaling-farm; hence the coat-of-arms of the city is a mare in rearing posture). It was at that time in the possession of the Counts of Würtemberg. The unsuccessful siege of the city by King Rodolph of Habsburg in 1286, during which he destroyed seven Burgs (strongholds) around it, proves it to have been strongly fortified by walls.

Count Eberhard *der Erlauchte* (the Illustrious) in 1321, transferred hither his residence from the Castle of Wirtenberg (the present Rothenberg), as well as the Prebendary of Beutelsbach in the Rems valley, as this site offered better protection, a healthy wine-growing location.

It became, however, the permanent residence of the Sovereigns only under Count Ulrich the Beloved (1419–80), who enlarged and beautified the city considerably. During the reign of the Dukes and in the early years of the kingdom, the city had many hardships to endure: from 1519–34,

after Duke Ulrich's expulsion, it was in the hands of the Swabian League and of Austria; in the Thirty Years' War and that of Schmalkalden, it was occupied successively by the troops of the Emperor and those of General Alva; by the French during the predatory excursions under Louis XIV. in 1707; the Court held its residence at Ludwigsburg from 1724–33; and from 1764–75, it was temporarily abandoned to the enemies during the French Revolutionary wars of 1796, 1800 and 1801. It rose to its present importance only in the reigns of Kings Frederick (1797–1816), William (1816–64) and Charles (since 1864).

In the way of agriculture, the production of wine and gardening occupy the foremost place. The vineyards around Stuttgart produce about 7,000 barrels of wine. Good and cheap wines, splendid fruits and vegetables attest the excellence of the soil and climate, as well as the industrious habits of the people. Flora's and Pomona's children are most lovingly cared for, and a glance over the broad girdle of gardens, skirting the borders of the city, suggests the idea that Stuttgart may be called with equal propriety—Garden city and Vine city. Kings William and Charles have established beautiful and effective models for the flourishing art of professional and ornamental gardening in the villas of *Rosenstein*, *Wilhelma* and *Berg*, also in the flower-beds of the *Schlossplatz* and the Botanical Garden. The Stadtgarten Society and the *Verschönerungs Verein* exert also a suggestive and elevating influence on this pleasing branch of agricultural economy.

The most attractive place in the city is the *Schlossplatz*, which rivals the most beautiful city squares of any capital or residence in Europe. The new *Residenzschloss*, or Royal Palace, was begun in 1746 and completed in 1807.

It is in Renaissance style, consists of a main building surmounted by a huge gilded crown and two wings at right angles and contains 365 rooms. The splendid *Schlossplatz* (Palace Square) is decorated with avenues, fancy flower-beds, two gorgeous fountains, showing at their bases four genii of Würtemberg rivers, and a large Music Kiosk. In the centre of this square the *Jubiläums Säule* (Jubilee column) thirty yards high, was erected in 1841, in commemoration of the Twenty-fifth anniversary of King William's glorious reign; on its top stands the statue of Concordia.

The steep mountain-slope, east of the Palace, with its play of reddish hues from the sandstone hills clad with vineyards and dotted with villas, greatly enhances the beauty of the *Schlossplatz*.

On the other side of the *Planie* (an avenue of chestnut trees skirting the southern side of the *Schlossplatz*), rises like a citadel, the Old Castle with round towers on three corners. It is built on the site of the ancient castle, which was the residence of the Counts of Würtemberg from the Fourteenth Century. At present it contains lodgings and offices of the court functionaries and the royal household.

THE BLACK FOREST

JOHN STOUGHTON

EVEN in the great forest age, the *Hercynia Sylva* was renowned. It reached from Swabia to Saxony, touched the Rhine, and ran along the banks of the Danube as far as Transylvania. Cæsar spent nine days in crossing a part of it, and it took more than eight weeks to traverse it from end to end in its longest direction. The warrior and historian gives an account of its character, and of its wild beasts, in the sixth book of his Gallic Wars. In the *Hercynia Sylva* were included, on the north, a region called the Marciana Sylva, and, on the south, the Mons Abnoba; the former ran up near the countries now known as Thuringia and the Harz—the latter enfolded in the sources of the River Danube. Of the vast sweep of these rather indefinite boundaries some idea may be formed by a glance at the modern map of Europe; roughly they may be said to correspond with the present Grand Duchy of Baden and that district or cycle of the Kingdom of Würtemberg which bears the name of the Black Forest. The old Marciana Sylva and the Mons Abnoba are not identical with the German *Schwarzwald;* but they included this large region of wooded hills, bounded by the Rhine on the west and south, and by the Neckar and Swabia to the north and east. The *Schwarzwald*, according to the "Imperial Gazetteer," is 150 miles long, and, in some part, forty-five miles broad. Towards the north the mountain chain rapidly

subsides, and some geographers mark it as terminating near Neuenburg and Pforzheim. The north division is called the Lower *Schwarzwald*, the south portion the Higher. The culminating point is the Feldberg, 4,800 feet high. The whole of the *Schwarzwald* is now encompassed, and the south is penetrated by a railway.

At the remote period just noticed—the age of forests—it was scarcely accessible, and only a few daring spirits attempted to explore its dark depths. The sombre hue of its wide-spreading woods has given it its modern name, and it seems to have suggested images of terror, and inspired emotions of fear, in the minds of the roving tribes who peopled the north and eastern sides. They looked upon it, however, as a natural defence against the aggressions of the Roman Empire, which made inroads upon Germany, and they rejoiced in the difficulties presented by the black chain of hills to the march of conquering legions. For a long period the forests had few or no inhabitants, but people wandered or settled on its skirts, and then gradually cleared their way into the interior, seeking in the valleys pasturage for their cattle, cutting down from the hills materials for their habitations. Ethnologists think that they can discover in the present inhabitants indications of physical and mental differences which they ascribe to varieties of race; and hence they hazard a theory of distinct tribes having here come together, some of Celtic, others of Teutonic origin. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that at an early date, however the Germans might look on the *Schwarzwald* as a bulwark of protection, the Romans made their way into the neighbourhood, laying down roads and erecting forts in the Hercynian Forest, according to their established policy. The remains of a Roman settlement,

BADEN-BADEN, FROM NEUE SCHLOSS

it is said, are to be seen near Hüfingen, a station on the Black Forest Railway, not far from Donaueschingen, where, in an interesting museum, some Roman antiquities are preserved. Up in the Forest, about Unter Kirnach, on the same line, near Villingen, an ancient roadway has been traced, marked by wheel-ruts, pronounced to be a Roman road connecting *Adaris Flavii* (Rottweil) and other places with the Rhine Valley. At Haslach, also on the Black Forest Railway, we are told there are Roman remains.

The best known of such relics are at Baden-Baden. The vaults of the masonry enclosing the *Ursprung*, the principal of the hottest mineral springs, is of Roman construction; and fragments of Roman sculpture, dug up in the vicinity, have been placed in the building over the fountain; among them are votive tables and altars to Neptune, Mercury, and Juno. Roman vapour baths seem to have existed where the *Neue Schloss* now stands, for remains are shown in the subterranean parts of that interesting edifice, which plainly point to Roman times. The district watered by the Oos, which gives a name to the branch line from the Rhine Valley to Baden, was partially subjugated by Drusus Germanicus, and then more fully conquered by the Emperor Trajan. A Roman colony, named *Civitas Aquensis*, occupied the site of the fashionable modern watering-place. The hot springs were then celebrated; and Caracalla gave Roman freedom to the town, whence it became known as *Civitas Aurelia Aquensis*. Baden-Baden is the chief centre for excursions in the Lower *Schwarzwald*, and is to be regarded as the principal town in that part; and it would appear that this pre-eminence pertained to it of old, and clung to it during the ages of confusion

which followed the fall of the Roman Empire. For when the Alemanni, who were the original inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and were subjected by the Romans, fell under the dominion of the Franks, the new masters of Gaul, Baden-Baden having accepted the Christian religion, made, under its Duke Gottfried, repeated attempts to establish independence, but in vain, and the dukedom was abolished in the Eighth Century by Pepin the Little. But, in the Eleventh Century, a Duke Berthold, a reputed descendant of the Alemannian Gottfried, built a castle in the Breisgau, and founded the line of the Zähringen princes, one of whom, in the Twelfth Century, took the title of Margrave of Baden, and was the ancestor of the illustrious house which still reigns over the Grand Duchy.

The history of the country is dim and indistinct during the mediæval period. The Germans have a saying, when a number of particulars touching a subject perplex the mind, that "you cannot see the wood for the trees." Certainly it is not on that account that we are unable to discern the historical line which runs through the *Schwarzwald* of the Dark Ages. There are scarcely any trees to be seen. The wood is lost in dense clouds, such as, to the disappointment and mortification of the Baden visitor, sometimes envelop and conceal the scenery all around the castle. Legends, it is true, float before the imagination. Like the images seen on the face of the Brocken mists—shadows of forms cast by spectators—stories are told in prose and verse of ancient heroes, and supernatural beings who lived mysterious lives. In the very indifferent frescoes painted on the walls of the Baden *Trinkhalle*, under the long and stately colonnade, some of these legends are embodied in form and colour.

There is the *Kellerbild*, which commemorates a phantom maid who haunted the spot so named—two hours' distance from Baden—and fascinated a wanderer, who, after thrice meeting her, in an ecstasy of love, threw himself into her arms, only to perish in her embrace. There, too, is painted the *Mummelsee*, a rocky basin on the road from Achern to Allerheiligen, where the *Undines*, or Lake Maidens, dwelt in crystal palaces, amidst gardens of coral, and, ascending at night, danced to sweet music in the forest dells, and then vanished at cock-crow. There also may be seen a picture of the *Teufels Kanzel*, a place six miles from Baden, not far from Gernsbach, where the devil is reported to have preached; while, near at hand, stood the *Engels Kanzel*, where an angel of light proclaimed the truth, and destroyed the work of the evil one. In the room of history, such dreams gather round some of the woods and waters of the *Schwarzwald;* and but little can be discerned in the shape of solid fact by the student who strives to penetrate into the condition of the region ten centuries ago.

Some faint rays of actual truth shoot athwart the dark vista as we travel up and down this romantic realm, for the ruins of abbeys meet us here and there; and castles, or the remains of them, adorn some of the most picturesque landscapes.

The missionary labours of Boniface form an interesting chapter in German ecclesiastical annals, but the scenes amidst which those labours were carried on lay to the north of the territory now under consideration; through the influence of other like-minded evangelists, however, Christianity, as it was then understood, made its way into the Black Forest. It was preached to the

scattered inhabitants; and at a time when monastic habits were in the ascendancy, brethren of the cowl erected convents in several nooks and corners of the *Schwarzwald*, and by their industry brought surrounding lands into cultivation, while they instructed the peasantry in some of the elements of the Christian faith.

Two miles from Baden-Baden, at the end of a charming avenue of trees, lies Lichtenthal, a bright green valley, famous for a monastery built by the Margraves of Baden to shelter one of the religious brotherhoods. On the way thence to Wildbad, through Gernsbach, one may pass through Herrenalb, a village grouped around buildings which belonged to a celebrated abbey, and tombstones of the wicked chiefs who presided over the establishment are found in the churchyard. Hirshau is another in the same portion of the Lower *Schwarzwald*, which can boast of the ruins of a convent dedicated to St. Peter. But of all the ecclesiastical ruins which we have seen in the Black Forest, there are none so remarkable as those of Allerheiligen, within a pleasant drive from Achern or the Baden Railway. We might also notice the church at Peterzell, built by the monks of Reichenau, and the great Benedictine Abbey at St. Georgen, both which places border the line which runs from Offenburg to Singen. St. Blasen, on the road from Freiburg to Albruck, is another example. Such buildings, at different dates of the middle ages, denote the advance, step by step, of religion and civilization in regions once inhospitable, and scarcely ever trodden before by the feet of men. These buildings became centres of population, and villages sprang up around the abbey walls.

The age of abbeys was also an age of castles; they are

found, in preservation or in ruins, in several parts of the Baden and Würtemberg dominions, within the Forest circles. The visitor at Baden-Baden is almost sure to take a drive to *Schloss Eberstein*, which crowns a rocky hill commanding a most delightful view of the picturesque valley of the Murg. The figure of a wild boar, from which the castle takes its name, is conspicuous on the gateway; and entering the outer courtyard, you can go round to an inner one, which recently restored, gives a good idea of the baronial homes and haunts of the wild days, images of which history seeks to recover from oblivion. There are not far off the ruins of another castle, that of *Alt Eberstein*, originally a Roman watch-tower. In connection with it is told a story to the effect that Otto I., wishing to reduce it to his sway, invited the count who possessed it to a tournament at Spires, with a view to seize it during his absence. But the emperor's daughter fell in love with the count, and disclosed the plot, whereupon he hastened home and saved his domain, and the matter ended, of course, in the marriage of the lovers.

The *Alte Schloss* is one of the chief resorts of Baden visitors, and there one sees the earliest residence of the reigning family. Its situation, perched on a rock overlooking the valleys of the Oos and the Rhine, reminds us how the chieftains of the Middle Ages sought security by climbing up difficult heights. Not to gaze on beautiful prospects, but to bar their gates and arm their walls against intruding foes, did these old warriors choose the place of their abode. And as the tourist ascends to the top of the remaining towers, and beholds with delight villages, spires, and water-mills, he is reminded by the force of contrast

how different was the aspect of the country when in the Middle Ages the ladies of the family in hours of peace leaned over those battlements.

The *Neue Schloss* was not erected until the latter part of the Fifteenth Century when less savage times released noble families from the necessity of building their nests among the rocks.

A few large towns arose on the edges of the Black Forest in mediæval times. Freiburg is the principal, founded by the Duke of Zähringen in 1118, then handed over to the Counts of Urach, and next transferred to the House of Hapsburg. In 1386 it became a free town—hence its present name. In 1490 it was constituted an imperial city, and here a celebrated Diet was held in 1499, after which the Treaty of Basle was signed, recognizing the independence of Switzerland. Its ancient cathedral is a magnificent structure, and its archbishop is the ecclesiastical superior of the Hohenzollern principality together with the Grand Duchy of Baden. No other place of equal importance belongs to the Black Forest district. Heilbronn lies too far north to come within its confines. Baden-Baden is not to be compared with it in extent and architecture; and Donaueschingen, first heard of in the Thirteenth Century, though an interesting, is but a small and unimportant town. The fact is that in the Black Forest town life in the Middle Ages gained but little upon country life. Whilst great old cities were flourishing elsewhere and ambitious towns were springing up round about them, the *Schwarzwald* remained with a scattered population of villages, dotted over the verdant valleys, in some cases growing up into small towns, as in Gernsbach, on the River Murg, where a handsome old building of the Sixteenth Century,

used as a town house, indicates the growth there of municipal aspirations at that period.

Beyond to the south, ten miles from Gernsbach is Forbach, a flourishing village where cattle are bred and wood is collected—one of the finest points in the Murgthal; and still farther on are almost interminable forests of virgin fir, and mountain streams are dammed up that they may float down the hewn timber to the Murg as it flows northward to the Rhine. The *Schloss Eberstein* overlooks Gernsbach and the Murg valley, and the eye following the winding stream catches here and there glimpses of cosy villages dotting the banks, whilst to the south the waters are seen flowing on to an immense distance, inspiring a wish to explore what lies beyond.

All this part of the Black Forest abounds in pine wood. The pine is the *pinus pinacea*, very different from the Scotch fir. It grows to an enormous height, often 200 feet, has a silvery stem, round, broad, straight, and robust, like "the mast of some tall ammiral," and does not put forth branches until near the top, where it spreads out in a dark-green crown, decked with numerous cones. To stand at the foot of one of these lofty pines and to look upwards, has a strange effect on the sight and the imagination, especially if at the moment the ear is filled with the murmurings of an adjoining brook and the music of the wind through the boughs overhead. The whole is calculated to affect the mind with "a sense of sublimity," and it recalls the language of Sir Walter Scott: "All nature seems united in offering that solemn praise, in which trembling is mixed with joy, as she addresses her Maker."

Leaving Baden-Baden and its vicinity, we now proceed by rail to Freiburg, in the Breisgau. It has a history run-

ning back into the Middle Ages, relating to the Dukes of Zähringen, Counts of Urach, and the Emperor Max; the War of the Peasants and the Thirty Years' War; and it has a cathedral commenced in 1122, under whose noble Gothic roof it is no small privilege to stand and gaze on nave and choir columns and arches, stained glass and sculptured monuments. The interior and exterior are worthy of each other. The octagonal tower is four hundred feet high, supporting an open-work spire of ingenious workmanship, and the numerous chapels and baptistry add immensely to the interest and grandeur of the edifice. The city contains churches and other public buildings as well as fountains and domestic houses of a picturesque character; and these objects with charming walks in the environs, may well detain the tourist two or three days. But we now notice Freiburg, because it lies in the western outskirts of the Black Forest, and affords a good opening into a line of road which takes us through some of its best southern districts. Many years ago we drove out of the city one sunny morning on a journey down to Albruck on the Rhine, comprising some of the most famous views in that direction.

In this journey we missed the Feldburg. The Feldburg is the highest mountain in the Black Forest, being 5,000 feet high. When the weather is clear the view of the Alps, the Jura and the Vosges in the distance, and the mountains of the Black Forest all around, is very magnificent. On the summit of the mountain is a tower twenty-eight feet high, called the Friedrich Louisen Thurm, erected in honour of the betrothal of the Grand Duke Frederick of Baden to the Princess Louisa of Prussia.

The Seebach (4,760 feet) is a place with seats, half an

BRÜNNHILDE'S BED, FELDBERG

hour's walk from the summit. The view hence is very picturesque. The Feldbergsee, encircled by mountain and forest, is seen below; beyond that Bärenthal, the Seebach River, and part of the Titi See, with the mountains of Swabia and the Höhgau in the distance.

The Feldbergsee is a wierd-looking lake in the very heart of the Feldberg, and, like the mountain itself, the scene of strange legends.

We did not ascend the Höchenschwand, which is said to command a view unsurpassed in the whole of the Black Forest. It comprises an unbroken view of the Alps from the Bavarian Tyrol to Mont Blanc.

We have now to describe another route, the easiest and least expensive of all, whilst it surpasses the rest in variety, novelty and grandeur. We allude to the Black Forest Railway, which can be reached from Schaffhausen by a branch running to Singen. From Singen you go northwards to Immendingen, the junction of the Black Forest Railway with the Tuttlingen-Rottweil Stuttgart line, by which you can travel along the Upper Danube valley and visit Sigmaringen, a most interesting place, with a picturesque castle, full of works of art and other curiosities. Here you are within the Black Forest circle of the kingdom of Würtemburg, and can diverge right and left exploring valleys and climbing hills, and watching the activities of the industrial population. From Immendingen junction the rail runs in a western direction across a verdant village to Donaueschingen, where we must pause for a moment. It is a quiet little town of no architectural pretensions, but has a palace belonging to the Princes of Furstenberg, situated on the edge of a fine park and extensive gardens. Here is a spring of crystal water, bubbling

up within a stone basin, adorned with statuary; and this spring is pointed out as the source of the mighty River Danube—in German *Donau* whence the town takes its name. It is, however, but one of the sources; and it almost immediately falls into the Brigach, which, united with the Brege, rolls on till the stream swells into a mighty flood.

Taking to the rail again, we reach Villingen, a walled town with a double-towered church and a curious Rathhaus. Thence to St. Georgen the road ascends, and at Sommerau attains its greatest altitude 2,800 feet, being the summit of the watershed between the Danube and the Rhine. It is hereabouts that the glorious scenery begins as the tourist moves north-west.

Hence the Black Forest mountains extend in a continued chain, north by west, till they are lost on the plain round Carlsruhe and the neighbouring hills of the Neckar. They belong to a geological system the same as the Vosges, the other side of the Rhine. Granite and gneiss form the substratum, over which rise porphyry beds and red sandstone formations. There is work for the scientific traveller amidst these wonders of nature; and to the unscientific, rounded heights, everlasting breadths of forests, sublime gorges, dislocated rocks, and winding valleys, present a charming succession of objects, bewildering from their variety and rapid succession, as he is whirled along this stupendous work of engineering skill. The line goes zigzag, up and down, now shooting through a tunnel, and then dashing along the side of a precipice. The direction is mysterious, and puzzles one even after repeated journeys. It advances, returns, doubles, one minute winding round, and the next climbing over the picturesque hills. On one

side you look up a pine-crowned stony wall; on the other look down into green valleys and bright streams, meadows and mills, villages and scattered cottages. Triberg is a most tempting spot, a few miles distant from Sommerau.

From Triberg the line enters the valley of the Niederwasser, of a similar character to the rest as regards the main features. The charming scenery continues on to Hornberg, whence excursions can be made to the Berneckthal. Hornberg is situated much lower down, and there the valley of Gutach is entered, where, in addition to romantic views of nature, you have curious costumes to look at: rose-trimmed straw hats, a cap of black tulle, a blue or scarlet kerchief, a red-lined jacket, a blue bodice, black petticoat and blue stockings. The men's black coats often have red linings. Hausach, in the valley of Kinzig, is the next station, in the midst of orchards, woodlands, and meadows, and from this point a road leads to the famous cluster of baths, known as the Knebis Baths, from the pass of that name, which leads from Allerherleigen down to the south point of the Schwarzwald. The baths are four in number and are much frequented, but that at Rippoldsau, two hours' drive from Hausach, carries the palm.

The rapid survey to which we are limited by no means exhausts the resources of the *Schwarzwald.* We have kept to routes visited by ourselves. But there are others with which we are personally unacquainted. Wildbad is a bathing-place of much resort; it is situated in the bosom of dense woods, and the mineral springs have been much extolled by physicians of authority. From Wildbad, the pilgrim in search of the picturesque may find abundant gratification by ascending the Enz valley to Enzklösterle, amongst the mountains, and by that means reach the

Murgthal; and then descending to Forbach he can make his way to Herrenwiese, and onwards to Buhl on the Baden-Baden railway. Herrenwiese is in the midst of a grouse-shooting district, and stands on a plain encircled by high mountains.

Badenweiler, a short distance from Mulheim on the Baden and Basle line, is a picturesque little watering-place with about 500 permanent inhabitants, and attracting about 3,000 bathers annually. It is situated on one of the spurs of the Black Forest, running down to the valley of the Rhine, 1,400 feet above the sea level, and nearly 750 feet above the Rhine. The waters of Badenweiler are used externally and internally; and the goat's milk and whey cures are largely used as adjuncts. Hotels and pensions for the accommodation of visitors are plentiful. In the *Cursaal* is a fine *Trinkhalle*, besides a ball-room, concert-room, reading-room, etc. The well was dug in 1685. The present building was erected in 1853, after designs by Eisenlohr.

THE RHINE

VICTOR HUGO

Born where blooms the Alpine rose,
  Cradled in the Boden See —
Forth the infant river flows,
  Leaping on in childish glee.
Coming to a riper age,
  He crowns his rocky cup with wine,
And makes a gallant pilgrimage
  To many a ruined tower and shrine.

YES, the Rhine is a noble river—feudal, republican, imperial—worthy, at the same time, of France and of Germany. The whole history of Europe is combined within its two great aspects—in this flood of the warrior and of the philosopher—in this proud stream which causes France to bound with joy and by whose profound murmurings Germany is bewildered in dreams.

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 phantoms and fables.

After an historical period the Rhine became linked with the marvellous. Where the noise of man is hushed, Nature lends a tongue to the nests of birds, causes the caves to whisper and a thousand voices of solitude to murmur:

where historical facts cease, imagination gives life to shadows and realities to dreams. Fables took root, grew, and blossomed in the voids of History, like weeds and brambles in the crevices of a ruined palace.

Civilization, like the sun, has its nights and its days, its plenitudes and its eclipses; now it disappears, but soon returns.

As soon as civilization again dawned upon Taunus, there were upon the borders of the Rhine a whole host of legends and fabulous stories. Populations of mysterious beings, who inhabited the now dismantled castles, had held communion with the *belles filles* and *beaux chevaliers* of the place. Spirits of the rocks; black hunters, crossing the thickets upon stags with six horns; the maid of the black fen; the six maidens of the red marshes; Wodan, the god with ten hands; the twelve black men; the raven that croaked its song; the devil who placed his stone at Teufelstein and his ladder at Teufelsleiter, and who had the effrontery to preach publicly at Gernsbach, near the Black Forest, but, happily, the Word of God was heard at the other side of the stream; the demon Urian, who crossed the Rhine at Düsseldorf, having upon his back the banks that he had taken from the sea-shore, with which he intended to destroy Aix-la-Chapelle, but being fatigued with his burden, and deceived by an old woman, he stupidly dropped his load at the imperial city. At that epoch, which for us was plunged into a penumbra, when magic lights were sparkling here and there, when the rocks, the woods, the valleys, were tenanted by apparitions; mysterious encounters, infernal castles, melodious songs sung by invisible songstresses; and frightful bursts of laughter emanating from mysterious beings,—these, with a host of other adven-

FALLS OF THE RHINE, SCHAFFHAUSEN

tures, shrouded in impossibility, and holding on by the heel of reality, are detailed in the legends.

At last these phantoms disappeared as dawn burst in upon them. Civilization again resumed its sway, and fiction gave place to fact. The Rhine assumed another aspect: abbeys and convents increased; churches were built along the banks of the river. The ecclesiastical princes multiplied the edifices in the Rhinegau, as the prefects of Rome had done before them.

The Sixteenth Century approached: in the Fourteenth, the Rhine witnessed the invention of artillery; and on its bank, at Strasburg, a printing-office was first established. In 1400, the famous cannon, fourteen feet in length, was cast at Cologne; and in 1472, Vindelin de Spire printed his Bible. A new world was coming into being; 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 has had a sort of providential signification in the destinies of Europe. 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 called sword. Cæsar crossed the Rhine in going to the south; Attila crossed it when going to the north. It was here that Clovis gained the battle of Tolbiac; and here that Charlemagne and Napoleon figured. Frederick Barbarossa, Rodolph of Hapsburg and Frederick the Great were victorious and formidable when here. For the thinker who is conversant with History,

two great eagles are perpetually hovering over the Rhine—that of the Roman legions and the eagle of the French regiments.

The Rhine—that noble flood named by the Romans *Rhenus superbus*—at one time bore 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 Basle, 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, and 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 vineyards on the other—signifying strength and joy.

For Homer, the Rhine existed not; for Virgil, it was only a frozen stream—*Frigora Rheni;* for Shakespeare, it was the "beautiful Rhine"; for us, it is and will be to the day when it shall become the grand question of Europe, a picturesque river, the resort of the unemployed of Ems, of Baden and of Spa.

Petrarch visited Aix-la-Chapelle, but I do not think he has spoken of the Rhine.

The left bank belongs naturally to France: Providence, at three different periods, gave both banks to France—under Pepin-le-Bref, Charlemagne and Napoleon. The Empire of Pepin-le-Bref comprised France with the exception of Aquitaine and Gascony, and Germany as far as

Bavaria. The Empire of Charlemagne was twice as large as that of Napoleon.

The Rhine—providential flood—seems to be a symbolical stream. In its windings, in its course, in the midst of all that it traverses, it is, so to speak, the image of civilization to which it has been and still is so useful. It flows from Constance to Rotterdam; from the country of eagles to the town of herrings; from the city of popes, of councils and of emperors to the counter of the merchant and of the citizen; from the great Alps themselves to the immense ocean.

The most celebrated and admired part of the Rhine, the most interesting for the historian and the loveliest for the poet, is that which traverses, from Bingen to Kœnigswinter, that dark chaos of volcanic mounds which the Romans termed the *Alpes des Cattes*.

From Mayence to Bingen, as from Kœnigswinter to Cologne, there are seven leagues of rich smiling plains, with handsome villages, on the river's brink; but the great *encaissement* of the Rhine begins at Bingen by the Rupertsberg and Niederwald and terminates at Kœnigswinter at the base of the Seven Mountains.

From Cologne to Mayence there are forty-nine islands, covered with thick verdure which hide the smoking roofs and shade the barks in their charming havens each bearing some association. Graupenwerth, where the Dutch constructed a fort called the Priest's Cap; Pfaffenmuth, a fort which the Spaniards took and named Isabella; Graswerth, the island of grass, where Jean Philippe de Reichenberg wrote his *Antiquitates Saynenses;* Niederwerth, formerly so rich with the gifts of the Margrave Archbishop John II.; Urmitzer Insel, well known to Cæsar; and Nonnenswerth, the spot frequented by Roland.

When the traveller has passed Coblenz and left behind him the lovely island of Oberwerth, the mouth of the Lahn strikes his attention. The scene here is wonderful. The two crumbling towers of Johanniskirch, which slightly resemble Jumièges, rise from the water's edge. To the right stands the magnificent fortress of Stolzenfels upon the brow of a huge rock; and to the left on the horizon mingling with clouds and the setting sun the sombre ruins of Lahneck abounding with enigmas for the historian. On each side of the Lahn the pretty town of Niederlahnstein and Oberlahnstein smile at each other. A stone's throw from Oberlahnstein hidden by trees is a chapel of the Fourteenth Century, where the deposition of Wencelas took place. Facing this chapel, on the opposite bank is ancient Kœningsstuhl, which half a century ago was the seat of royalty and where the Emperors were elected by the seven electors of Germany. At present, four stones mark the spot. After leaving this point, the traveller, proceeding to Braubach, passes Boppart, Welmich, Saint Goar and Oberwesel, and then suddenly comes to an immense rock, surmounted by an enormous tower on the right bank of the river. At the base of the rock is a pretty little town with a Roman church in the centre; and opposite in the middle of the Rhine is a strange oblong edifice, whose back and front resemble the prow and poop of a vessel and whose large low windows are like hatches and port-holes. The tower is Gutenfels; the town is Caub; and the stone ship—eternally at anchor on the Rhine—is the Palace, or Pfalz. To enter this symbolic residence, which is built upon "the Rock of the Palatine Counts," we must ascend a ladder that rests upon a drawbridge.

From the Taunus to the Seven Mountains there are fourteen castles on the right bank of the river and fifteen

HEIDELBERG

on the left, making in all twenty-nine which bear traces of devastations of war and of time. Four of these castles were built in the Eleventh Century—Ehrenfels, by the Archbishop of Siegfried; Stahleck, by the Counts Palatine; Sayn, by Frederick, first Count of Sayn and vanquisher of the Moors of Spain; and the others at a later period.

This long and double row of venerable edifices at once romantic and military, each with its legends and history, begins at Bingen with Ehrenfels on the right and the Rat Tower on the left and ends at Kœnigswinter, with Rolandseck on the left and Drachenfels on the right.

The number I have given includes only those castles on the banks, which every traveller can see in passing; but should he explore the valleys and climb the hills, he will meet a ruin at every step; and if he ascend the Seven Mountains, he will find an abbey, Schomburg, and six castles,—the Drachenfels, Wolkenberg, Lowenberg, Nonnestromberg and the Œlberg, the last of which was built by Valentinian in the year 368.

In the plain near Mayence is Frauenstein, built in the Twelfth Century, Scarfenstein and Greifenklau; and on the Cologne side is the admirable castle of Godesberg.

These ancient castles of the Rhine, built in feudal times, give a feeling of romance to the scenery. All the great events which from time to time shook and frightened Europe, have, like flashes of lightning, lighted up these old piles. At present, the sun and moon alone shed their light upon these old buildings famed in story and gnawed by time, whose walls are falling stone by stone into the Rhine and whose history is fast fading into oblivion.

O noble tower! O poor paralyzed giants! A steamboat filled with travellers now hurls its smoke in your faces.

THE BANKS OF THE RHINE

F. WILLIAMSON

IN a quaint little handbook giving an account of a Continental ramble, the passage up the Rhine from Cologne to Mayence is delightfully compressed into the following:

"After leaving Bonn there is a constant succession of objects of interest, old castles, quaint towns, curious churches, terraced vine-clad hills, the whole region saturated with legend, and an excellent dinner on board the steamer for three marks." This, perhaps, fairly well epitomizes the general idea that the steamboat traveller gets of the varied scenery through which he passes, perhaps too quickly, and with but an occasional chance of stopping and quietly enjoying any particular spot if he should desire so to do.

To the pedestrian, however, carrying the smallest possible impedimenta, a ramble along the river banks and country roads, following the river's many windings, and wandering at will through the curious old towns and villages studding its banks, offers a most delightful way of spending a week or two. The distances from town to town are for the most part but easy walks, and there is always the pleasurable certainty of a dinner and a "*zimmer*" at any place one may happen to reach.

Perhaps the greatest charm of the Rhine is in the notable variety and changes of the scenery along its banks. To start with, there are the grand architectural subjects

given by the finely grouped buildings and skilfully designed towers of such cities as Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence; the river spanned by the curious, but very useful, boat bridges, and the varied character of the boats continually passing up and down—from the broad, heavy built and elaborately decorated Dutch barges, with their great red or white sails and slow movements, harmonizing beautifully with the mediæval buildings; and the mellow air of antiquity which seems to pervade some of the old towns and villages, and pleasantly contrasting with the hurry and bustle of the numerous steam-tugs and passenger steamers, which seem now to consider the river their own. A little less in interest than the large cities are the smaller towns that stud the banks at intervals, on both sides of the river; for the most part very ancient and, in many instances, still partially enclosed by their mediæval walls and towers, surrounded by vine-clad hills, and generally with a ruined castle perched on the highest point in the neighbourhood. In some districts these castles form the most conspicuous features in the landscape, nearly every prominent hill seeming to have one upon it; they appear almost to be dotted about a little too liberally, for perchance you feel that you would like to take a closer interest in one of the old ruins, and you climb the hill to investigate, when, on nearly reaching the object of your ambition, you see perhaps two or even three more coming into view in the distance, and the spell is broken, and desire for investigation fails, and you go back once more to the fields and roads. These country roads are far from being uninteresting, for, besides the continually changing character of the landscape, every now and then you come across interesting little old shrines by the roadside, some containing perhaps the figure

of a saint and a few faded flowers, others of a more pretentious character, with interiors painted like little chapels and with an altar and candles, and more rarely, one desecrated by dust and cobwebs. Now and then you may find, set up by the side of the road, a fine sculptured stone cross, and in at least one of the villages is a crucifix, life size, and painted most realistically.

On leaving Cologne on our ramble up the river, the first stopping place is Kœnigswinter, a little town lying at the foot of the Drachenfels, perhaps more noted for its comfortable hotels, than for its antiquity or picturesqueness. Crossing the ferry and taking the footpath along the river bank, several very fine views are obtained of the castled Drachenfels, and of the long range of what are called the Seven Mountains, but of which the peaks number at least thirty, stretching one after another for some eight or nine miles, nearly parallel with the Rhine. In about half an hour, we come to the beautifully wooded island of Nonnenwerth, with the turret and roof of the Twelfth Century nunnery showing above the trees; and on our right are the steep wooded heights of Rolandseck.

A pleasant walk of a few miles along the bank and we reach the small town of Remagen, lying low in a bend of the river, its picturesque church-tower rising conspicuously above the town. In the distance, on the other side of the river, lies the town of Linz, partly surrounded by walls and towers, with beautifully wooded hills forming a background to the scene. For several miles beyond Remagen the ground near the river is rather flat. After crossing the bridge over the little stream of the Ahr, we are soon clattering through the streets of the little old town of Sinsig, which leaves on the memory a recollection chiefly

ROLANDSECK AND THE SEVEN MOUNTAINS

of narrow streets, paved with large, uncomfortable pebbles; it has, however, a beautiful late Romanesque church. A long straight road, fringed with apple trees, leads through the fields, and passing the old wayside cross, we reach the village of Niederbreisig, and beyond this, on a finely wooded hill, stands the castle of Rheineck. After a long walk through the fields, lying low, between the hills and the river, and getting a passing glimpse of the grey ruins of Hammerstein, we reach Andernach, one of the most ancient of the smaller towns. The mediæval walls and towers remaining nearly complete in places, the narrow streets and old houses, the late Romanesque church with its four towers, and the fine old watch-tower near the river, make the town one of considerable interest.

Beyond Andernach, the ground near the river is fairly flat and with not a great deal of interest until Coblenz is reached, and this, for beauty of surroundings, can vie with any other town on the Rhine; lying at the junction of the Moselle and the Rhine, the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein crowns the heights on the opposite side of the Rhine, which is crossed by the bridge of boats. The place has many old houses and churches; of the latter, the basilican church of St. Castor, lying on the point of land at the junction of the two rivers, with its two rather flat western towers, is perhaps the most interesting. The grandly simple lines of its interior are finely enhanced with frescoes on the walls. The older parts of the town lie along the Moselle, spanned by a Fourteenth Century bridge of fourteen arches.

Near this bridge is the ancient Burg, a delightful building of yellowish stone, steep grey-slated roof, with rows of dormers, formerly the Archiepiscopal Palace, but now

turned to more prosaic uses. Crossing the Rhine by the boat bridge, we continue our journey up the river by a footpath along the left bank. A little way after passing the second railway bridge, which crosses the river at a high level, the view becomes very romantic. The grassy path wanders under a row of tall poplars, growing by the side of the water, and we soon come to a very curious battering wall, with huge buttresses at intervals, very ancient looking and grey, seeming like the enclosing wall of the grounds of some old monastery. The scene, shut in by steep wooded hills on the opposite side of the river, gives quite an old-world impression ; there are no sounds to be heard but the rippling of the stream and the quivering of the aspens, and no signs of human labour but this grey old wall, looking centuries old. But the scene quickly changes as we approach the mouth of the little river Lahn, passing the Romanesque church with tall square tower and grey-pointed roof, standing quite alone among the trees at the bend of the river, a short distance from the quaint old-fashioned village of Niederlahnstein. Looking across the river we obtain a view of the royal castle of Stolzenfels, on the beautifully wooded heights above Capellan.

Crossing the Lahn, we soon pass through Oberlahnstein, some of its old walls and towers still standing, but rather ruthlessly cut through by the railway. Still following the path at the river's edge, a short walk brings us to the fine old castle of Marksburg, perched on a hill nearly five hundred feet above the river. At its base, nestling amidst trees and gardens, lies the little town of Braubach, of which the church has a quaintly designed tower. Beyond Marksburg, the road for several miles follows the many windings of the river, hemmed in on both sides by long

ranges of undulating hills forming perhaps some of the wildest scenery on the Rhine. After crossing the river by the ferry at Boppard, our road follows the right bank until St. Goar is reached. A little way, however, before reaching St. Goar, there is quite a Turneresque view, across the river, of a small town lying at the foot of a ravine between high hills, the church, with its typical Rhenish tower, and a few tall poplars by the water-side; a ruined castle crowns one of the hills above the town.

St. Goar itself is a curious little place, lying low on the river's bank and surrounded by hills, and on one stand the extensive ruins of Rheinfels. Across the river on the opposite hill is another castle, and at its foot the village of St. Goarhausen, consisting mainly of hotels and boarding-houses. There are several fine views from the neighbouring heights, but perhaps the most impressive scene is from the railway bank, a short distance below the town. On the wild rocky heights to the right are the Rheinfels ruins, and low down in the hollow lies the little town, its church and tower standing well above the houses. Beyond is a fine series of receding hills, the river winding in serpentine curves between, St. Goarhausen and the Katz Castle forming a distant echo to St. Goar and the Rheinfels, for the foreground the winding road leading into the town, and a glorious group of poplars between it and the river. A short distance above St. Goar, on the opposite side of the river, rises the legendary Lurlei rocks, and a couple of miles farther we reach Oberwesel, one of the loveliest spots on the Rhine.

Looking down upon it from the vineyards on the hill slopes in the bright early morning, it seems almost like a dream. The old town, delightful in the varied colours of

its mellow walls and quaintly-shaped towers, its stately Frauenkirche, and the little chapel on the walls next the river, lies in one of the pleasantest spots imaginable, shut in and surrounded by beautiful hills covered with vineyards. On a wooded hill beyond the town rises the castle of Schönburg, its circular keep standing well above everything, and the broad-bosomed Rhine seeming almost to sleep as it glides along, so silent is it. An hour's walk along the road, which is parallel with the river, brings us opposite Caub, another village with mediæval walls and towers. On a vine-clad hill at the back of the town rises the castle of Gutenfels, surrounded by battlemented walls and turrets, picturesquely following the rise and fall of the hill on which it stands.

On a reef of rocks, rising out of the middle of the river, nearly opposite Caub, stands the Pfalz, a mediæval river toll-house, with its curious grey-turreted roofs. Still following the river banks for about a couple of miles, Bacharach is reached, a place full of interesting old work; the black-timbered houses, the Templar's church, with its round choir next the street, the beautiful ruins of the church of St. Werner on a hill above the town, the tall pointed windows and arches looking, as seen from below, like a wonderful piece of lacework—these, with the old walls and towers, complete a scene which requires but a little imagination to realize the Fifteenth Century.

Leaving Bacharach it is a long afternoon's walk along the road by the river to Bingen. The scenery becomes less interesting; the lower hills are still covered with vineyards; one or two castles and the little Clemens-Kapelle on the river-bank give variety to the scene. Just before reaching Bingen, however, the scenery gets

LURLEI ROCK

wilder and more picturesque, and the river narrower and more rapid. Crossing the bridge over the river Nahe, which here joins the Rhine, nearly opposite being the ruins of Ehrenfels, we enter the little Hessian town of Bingen. The view from the quay at Bingen, looking across the river to Rudesheim, late in the afternoon, is very fine; its old towers and bright modern buildings of varied colours, with its background of low hills, lying bathed in the light of the setting sun, and being reflected in the shimmering waters of the river, form a lovely gem-like picture. Between Bingen and Mayence the river wanders through a wide and fertile valley, the long low hills on the left bank being mainly devoted to the wine industry, the success of which evidently accounts for the general air of prosperity and comfort of the several little towns, and the many well-groomed mansions and villas which are passed ere the city of Mayence is reached.

STRASBURG

VICTOR HUGO

I ARRIVED in Nancy Sunday evening at seven o'clock; at eight the diligence started again. Was I more fatigued? Was the road better? The fact is I propped myself on the braces of the conveyance and slept. Thus I arrived in Phalsbourg.

I woke up about four in the morning. A cool breeze blew upon my face and the carriage was going down the incline at a gallop, for we were descending the famous Saverne.

It was one of the most beautiful impressions I ever experienced. The rain had ceased, the mists had been blown to the four winds and the crescent moon slipped rapidly through the clouds and sailed freely through the azure space like a barque on a little lake. A breeze which came from the Rhine made the trees, which bordered the road, tremble. From time to time they waved aside and permitted me to see an indistinct and frightful abyss: in the foreground, a forest beneath which the mountain disappeared; below, immense plains, meandering streams glittering like streaks of lightning; and in the background a dark, indistinct, and heavy line—the Black Forest—a magical panorama beheld by moonlight. Such incomplete visions have, perhaps, more distinction than any others. They are dreams which one can look upon and feel. I knew that my eyes rested on France, Ger-

STRASBURG

many and Switzerland, Strasburg with its spire, the Black Forest with its mountains and the Rhine with its windings; I looked at everything and I saw nothing. I have never experienced a more extraordinary sensation. Add to that the hour, the journey, the horses dashing down the precipice, the violent noise of the wheels, the rattling of the windows, the frequent passage through dark woods, the breath of the morning upon the mountains, a gentle murmur heard through the valleys, and the beauty of the sky, and you will understand what I felt. Day is amazing in this valley; night is fascinating.

The descent took a quarter of an hour. Half an hour later came the twilight of morning; at my left the dawn quickened the lower sky, a group of white houses with black roofs became visible on the summit of a hill, the blue of day began to overflow the horizon, several peasants passed by going to their vines, a clear, cold and violet light struggled with the ashy glimmer of the moon, the constellations paled, two of the Pleiades were lost to sight, the three horses in our chariot descended rapidly towards their stable with its blue doors; it was cold, and I was frozen, for it had become necessary to open the windows. A moment afterwards the sun rose, and the first thing it showed to me was the village notary shaving at a broken mirror under a red calico curtain.

A league further on the peasants became more picturesque and the waggons magnificent. I counted in one thirteen mules harnessed far apart by long chains. You felt you were approaching Strasburg, the old German city.

Galloping furiously, we traversed Wasselonne, a long, narrow trench of houses strangled in the last gorge of the Vosges—by the side of Strasburg. There I caught a

glimpse of one façade of the Cathedral, surmounted by three round and pointed towers in juxtaposition, which the movement of the diligence brought before my vision brusquely and then took it away, jolting it about as if it were a scene in the theatre.

Suddenly, at a turn in the road, the mist lifted and I saw the Münster. It was six o'clock in the morning. The enormous Cathedral, which is the highest building that the hand of man has made since the great Pyramid, was clearly defined against a background of dark mountains whose forms were magnificent and whose valleys were flooded with sunshine. The work of God made for man and the work of man made for God, the mountain and the Cathedral contesting for grandeur. I have never seen anything more imposing.

Yesterday I visited the Cathedral. The Münster is truly a marvel. The doors of the church are beautiful, particularly the Roman porch, the façade contains some superb figures on horseback, the rose-window is beautifully cut, and the entire face of the Cathedral is a poem, ably composed. But the real triumph of the Cathedral is the spire. It is a true tiara of stone with its crown and its cross. It is a prodigy of grandeur and delicacy. I have seen Chartres, and I have seen Antwerp; but Strasburg pleases me best.

The church has never been finished. The apse, miserably mutilated, has been restored according to that imbecile, the Cardinal de Rohan, of the necklace fame. It is hideous. The window they have selected is like a modern carpet. It is ignoble. The other windows, with the exception of some added panes, are beautiful;—notably the great rose-window. All the church is shamefully whitewashed; some

of the sculptures have been restored with some little taste. This Cathedral has been affected by all styles. The pulpit is a little construction of the Fifteenth Century, of florid Gothic of ravishing design and style. Unfortunately, they have gilded it in the most stupid manner. The baptismal font is of the same period and is restored in a superior manner. It is a vase surrounded by foliage in sculpture, the most marvellous in the world. In a dark chapel at the side, there are two tombs. One, of a bishop of the time of Louis V., is of that formidable character which Gothic architecture always expresses. The sepulchre is in two floors. The bishop, in pontifical robes and with his mitre on his head, is lying in his bed under a canopy; he is sleeping. Above and on the foot of the bed in the shadow, you perceive an enormous stone in which two enormous iron rings are imbedded; that is the lid of the tomb. You see nothing more. The architects of the Sixteenth Century showed you the corpse (you remember the tombs of Brou?); those of the Fourteenth concealed it: this is even more terrifying. Nothing could be more sinister than these two rings.

The tomb of which I have spoken is in the left arm of the cross. In the right arm, there is a chapel, which scaffolding prevented me from seeing. At the side of this chapel runs a balustrade of the Fifteenth Century, against the wall. A sculptured and painted figure leans against this balustrade and seems to be admiring a pillar surrounded by statues placed one over the other, which is directly opposite, and which has a marvellous effect. Tradition says that this figure represents the first architect of the Münster—Erwyn von Steinbach.

I did not see the famous astronomical clock, which is in

the nave; and which is a charming little production of the Sixteenth Century. It was being repaired, and was covered with a scaffolding of boards.

After having seen the church, I made the ascent of the steeple. You know my taste for perpendicular trips. I was very careful not to miss the highest spire in the world. The Münster of Strasburg is nearly five hundred feet high. It belongs to the family of spires that are open-worked stairways.

It is delightful to wind about in that monstrous mass of stone, filled with air and light, hollowed out like a *joujou de Dieppe*, a lantern as well as a pyramid, which vibrates and palpitates with every breath of the wind. I mounted as far as the vertical stairs. As I went up, I met a visitor who was descending, pale and trembling, and half carried by the guide. There is, however, no danger. The danger begins where I stopped, where the spire, properly so-called, begins. Four open-worked spiral stairways, corresponding to the four vertical towers, unroll in an entanglement of delicate, slender and beautifully-worked stone, supported by the spire, every angle of which it follows, winding until it reaches the crown at about thirty feet from the lantern surmounted by a cross which forms the summit of the bell-tower. The steps of these stairways are very steep and very narrow, and become narrower and narrower as you ascend, until there is barely ledge enough on which to place your foot.

In this way you have to climb a hundred feet which brings you four hundred feet above the street. There are no hand-rails, or such slight ones that they are not worth speaking about. The entrance to this stairway is closed by an iron grille. They will not open this grille without

a special permission from the mayor of Strasburg; and nobody is allowed to ascend it unless accompanied by two workmen of the roof, who tie a rope around your body, the end of which they fasten as you ascend to the various iron bars which bind the mullions. Only a week ago three German women, a mother and her two daughters, made this ascent. Nobody but the workmen of the roof, who repair the bell-tower, are allowed to go beyond the lantern. Here there is not even a stairway, but only a simple iron ladder.

From where I stopped, the view was wonderful. Strasburg lies at your feet—the old town with its dentelated gables, and its large roofs encumbered with chimneys and its towers and churches—as picturesque as any town of Flanders. The Ill and the Rhine, two lovely rivers, enliven this dark mass with their plashing waters, so clear and green. Beyond the walls, as far as the eye can reach, stretches an immense country richly wooded and dotted with villages. The Rhine, which flows within a league of the town, winds through the landscape. In walking around this bell-tower you see three chains of mountains—the ridges of the Black Forest on the north, the Vosges on the west, and the Alps in the centre.

The sun willingly makes a festival for those who are upon great heights. At the moment I reached the top of the Münster, it suddenly scattered the clouds with which the sky had been covered all day, and turned the smoke of the city and all the mists of the valley to rosy flames, while it showered a golden rain on Saverne, whose magnificent slope I saw twelve leagues towards the horizon, through the most resplendent haze. Behind me a large cloud dropped rain upon the Rhine; the gentle hum of the town

was brought to me by some puffs of wind; the bells echoed from a hundred villages; some little red and white fleas, which were really a herd of cattle, grazed in the meadow to the right; other little blue and red fleas, which were really gunners, performed field-exercise in the polygon to the left; a black beetle, which was the diligence, crawled along the road to Metz; and to the north, on the brow of the hill, the castle of the Grand Duke of Baden sparkled in a flash of light like a precious stone. I went from one tower to another, looking by turns upon France, Switzerland and Germany, all illuminated by the same ray of sunlight.

Each tower looks upon a different country. Descending I stopped for a few moments at one of the high doors of the tower stairway. On either side of this door are the stone effigies of the two architects of the Münster. These two great poets are represented as kneeling and looking behind them upward as if they were lost in astonishment at the height of the work. I put myself in the same posture and remained thus for several minutes. At the platform they made me write my name in a book; after this, I went away.

IN THE KAISER'S COUNTRY

G. W. STEEVENS

IT needs no customs-house to tell you that you have come into Germany. You are in a new atmosphere —an atmosphere of order, of discipline, of system, rigidly applied to the smallest detail. The officials carry themselves stiffly, and seem to live with their heels together at attention. I must own at once that they have been far more civil than I seem to remember them in the past: whether it is that the newer generation of Prussian non-commissioned officer has improved his manners, or that I have improved mine, must be left for other criticism to decide. But, civil or not, they know exactly what it is their duty to do, and they do it exactly. The railway stations are almost exactly alike—roomy, airy, spotlessly clean, but painfully naked brick and glass. No advertisements are allowed in German stations: they belong to the Government, and anything smacking of enterprise in the individual must be kept far from them. Even the name of the station is usually wanting, or else inscribed somewhere high up, and on the side of the wall where only the engine-driver can see it. The passenger is not expected to know for himself when he gets to his destination. He is in charge of the guard, and must so leave himself, like a corpse in the hands to his superior.

Hanging in the railway carriage, as like as not, you will find a little blue-paper-covered book with directions for

railway travelling. The directions cover several closely printed pages, and deal with every branch of the subject, from the time you *must* arrive at the station to the precise circumstances in which the window *may* be let down. If you have not got your baggage ready to be booked a quarter of an hour before your train is due to start, then you must wait for the next. No bundling in at the last moment for methodical Germany. You must not get in or out until the guard tells you. It is not, I fancy, punishable to open the door of your carriage yourself, but there is a bolt at the very bottom of the door, and if you try to lean out and open it yourself, you stand a fair chance of taking a header on to the platform. The very vocabulary of the guard seems contrived to impress on you that you are not a person but only a part of a system. "Everything get in," "Everything get out," is the literal translation of his commands.

Arrived at Berlin, you find a porter who takes your luggage-ticket and goes off to get your luggage at the proper counter: no picking up your bags off the platform for orderly Germany. "Go to the right," says one notice; "Have tickets ready," says another. These notices use an infinite imperative, as being the most impersonal grammatical form known; you are not a person so much as the object of a direction. A policeman gives you a metal ticket with the number of the cab you are to take: no picking a likely-looking horse in Germany. In the cab are the rules and regulations for taking a cab. So they are in ours, no doubt; but what a lesson in precision is the Berlin notice, with the tariff for day and night, the tariff for so much baggage over so many kilogrammes' weight, the tariff for every circumstance that may occur. Disputes with your driver are not encouraged in seemly Germany.

ALEXANDERPLATZ AND KÖNIGSTRASSE, BERLIN

There are three kinds of cab in Berlin. The station cab is intended for much baggage; besides this there are the first-class and the second-class cabs. Each has its own tariff, and though the drivers of each must wear the blue coat and red waistcoat of the regulation livery, the first-class man must wear a white hat and the second-class man a black. The police sees to that. It also lays down how many and what kind of blankets the cab-horse is to wear in summer and winter respectively. But Berlin's latest triumph in cabs is the taxameter. There is a little bracket with the word "Free" which the cabman hangs out when he is disengaged. When you get in you find yourself opposite a little dial. As the driver takes in his "Free," the dial starts off. It takes note of every revolution of the wheels, and as these alter the fare, the addition is shown on the dial. When you get out you read off the amount of the fare; there is nothing to prevent you giving the driver more if you like, but there can be no possibility of a dispute.

Installed in your hotel, you go out for a walk. As you walk you notice a number of kiosks up and down the street; you say to yourself that they exist for advertisements. So they do, but look at the advertisements. They tell you what is going on at the theatres, or where there is music and dancing. But round the post you will find even more characteristic announcements. They tell you the nearest ambulance, the nearest hospital, the nearest fire-alarm, the nearest police-station. And on every other one is a clock, with the correct official time. No not knowing where, no not knowing when, in well-ordered Germany.

You want perhaps to send a packet of manuscript to England. You do it up in brown paper and string, with the ends open, and take it to the post-office. There is one

way in and another way out, and a policeman stands by to see that you take the right one. In the vestibule there is a plan of the post-office: it is a prodigiously big building. In Cologne, for example, or Frankfurt-on-the-Main, the post-office shames St. Martin's-le-Grand. In every tiniest hamlet the post-office is as big as the rest of the place put together, till you wonder where the Government gets all the officials to fill it, and what it finds for them to do. You must study the plan of the post-office till you find the right door and counter for what you want. You find it, and take up your packet. "Can this go by letter-post?" "No; it is too big." "Can it go by book-post?" "No; it is not printed matter." "Can it go by parcel-post?" "No; it is not well enough fastened up." "Then how can it go?" The uniformed official contemplates the covering packet and then looks in the book of regulations. "It must be wrapped up in oil-skin, sealed, and provided with a blue wrapper." "But, in England——" The official relaxes to a smile: "Yes, in England; but here we are more precise. Oil-skinned, sealed, and blue-wrappered must it unconditionally be."

You slink dejectedly out to look for an oil-skin shop, a sealing-wax shop, and a blue-label shop. Perhaps after all, though, it will be cheaper in the long-run to give it to the hotel porter to look after. A life of constant storm and stress has accustomed the hotel porter to grapple with regulations. But what the German does in such cases I would rather not imagine. Happily, he is blessed with a good head for details, and takes an unending pleasure in learning them. He will dispute for hours over a figure in a time-table or a phrase in a police regulation with never-flagging enjoyment; so that I suppose a German who wants

to send a parcel to England first buys a book of rules, then gives the matter a week of looking up and thinking out and talking over, then reconnoitres the post-office, then solemnly buys oil-skin and sealing-wax and blue-label, calls his wife and children to bear a hand in the preparation of the sacred packet, and finally leads them in triumphant procession, with a note of the weight in his pocket and the exact fee wrapped up in paper, to the right door, the right counter, and the right pigeon-hole, and then triumphantly posts it. Then he goes out to meet his friends over a glass of beer, and fights his post-parcel o'er again. Yet with all exceptions granted, you have to own there is no perplexity, no confusion, no disorder. Everything fixed, definite, regulated—for the most part practically and common-sensibly regulated. In Germany somebody has always arranged things for you. "All right," is the national cry of the Englishman all the world over; the German for it is "*Alles in Ordnung*"—"Everything in order." But "All right" usually means that things will do as they are; "*Alles in Ordnung*" means that they are as somebody up above has ordained that they shall be.

THE HIGHER NOBILITY

S. BARING-GOULD

IN the period of Napoleon's greatness, the main object of the German princes was the salvation of their own sovereignties, at whose expense mattered little. It is difficult to conceive an attitude more humiliating than that assumed by the princes at this time. Instead of rallying around Austria in heroic opposition to Napoleon, they cringed at his feet. On March 28, 1806, in defiance of the Constitution, von Dalberg, the Chancellor, named Napoleon's uncle, Cardinal Fesch, as his coadjutor and successor in the see of Mainz, which was to become a secular principality in the family of Napoleon. Thereupon sixteen German princes formally decreed the separation from the Empire.

By the Peace of Presburg, the year before, the Electors of Bavaria and Würtemberg had been accorded the title of king. In gratitude for this favour they led the servile troop, and were followed by the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt and the princes of Nassau, Hohenzollern, Salm, Isenburg, etc.

On August 1, 1806, the French ambassador, Bacher, declared that his Emperor no longer recognized Germany as an empire; and on August 6th, Francis II. laid down the crown of Charlemagne. Thereupon Napoleon rewarded Dalberg by creating him Prince-Premier. Of old, at the coronation of a German Emperor, the herald had proclaimed, "Where is a Dalberg?" and with the sword

OLDENBURG

Al:

Joyeuse the newly-crowned Emperor had knighted one of that family. It had for centuries been an hereditary prerogative of the family of Dalberg to be the first to receive honour of the sovereign. In 1806, the first to lift his heel against his Emperor was a Dalberg. The Elector of Baden, the Landgrave of Hesse, for their subserviency, and Joachim Murat, Duke of Berg, were raised to grand dukes, with royal rights and privileges. The Prince of Nassau-Usingen became a duke, and the Count von der Leyen was made a prince. The French Emperor proclaimed himself patron of the Bund.

By decision of the Rhenish Confederacy, Nuremberg lost its independence and fell to Bavaria; Heitersheim, which had belonged to the German knights, was annexed to Baden; Friedberg fell to Hesse-Darmstadt. But at the same time a number of princes and counts who had been made, or had made themselves, independent, or "immediate," were "mediatized," *i. e.*, made subjects. Such were the Princes of Nassau-Orange-Fulda, of Hohenlohe, Schwarzenberg, Löwenstein, Leiningen, Thurn und Taxis, Salm-Reifferscheid-Krautheim, Neuwied, Wied-Runkel, Dettingen, Fugger, Metternich, Truchsess, Fürstenberg, Solms, the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, the Dukes of Croy and Looz-Corswarem, many countly, and all the remaining baronial families, which boasted their "*unmittelbarkeit*," or "immediateness."

One remained, overlooked, when the map was re-arranged. The Liechtensteins were in the Sixteenth Century marshals to the dukes of Carinthia, and therefore "ministrales" of the house of Hapsburg. Originally an old Moravian family of Herren von Liechtenstein, they were created princes in 1621, during the Thirty Years' War, and as none of the

family estates in Austria were "immediate," they bought the little country of Vaduz, among the rocks under the Sessaplana, on the upper Rhine, over which they could exercise sovereign jurisdiction. When the Rheinbund recast the map of Germany, this little territory was by oversight left un-mediatized, and to this day it remains an independent principality of not nine thousand inhabitants, scattered over three geographical square miles.

On September 25, 1806, the Elector Bishop of Würzburg joined the Rheinbund, and was rewarded for his submission with the title of grand duke. The Elector of Saxony then stole in, and was repaid with the royal crown (December 11, 1806). It was now a race who could get in and get something. The Saxon dukes followed; then the two Princes of Reuss. The Dukes of Mecklenburg came next. Somewhat sulkily Oldenburg stole under cover. By decree of December 10, 1810, Napoleon annexed to France the Duchy of Mecklenburg, a large portion of Westphalia, and Berg. The Duke of Aremberg lost half his lands to France and half to Berg. The Princes of Salm also saw their territories incorporated into France. The two Dukes of Mecklenburg, who had been almost the last to join the Bund, were the first to leave it (1813) and join Prussia and Russia against Napoleon. They were followed by the Grand Dukes of Baden and Hesse-Darmstadt, the Kings of Bavaria and Würtemberg. Two hesitated—the King of Saxony and the Grand Duke of Frankfurt. The former lost thereby half his land, the latter all. The same fate attended the French intruders, the King of Westphalia, and the Duke of Berg. The Duke of Aremberg and the Princes of Isenburg and von und zu der Leyen and Salm, who had been spared by the Rheinbund, were media-

tized by the Congress of Vienna. Forty-five princes, of whom three were dukes and forty-one counts, also lost their independence, and were forced to bow under the rule of their more favoured or fortunate neighbours. Lippe had been saved from mediatization by the sagacity of the Princess Pauline, who sent the Empress Josephine a dress embroidered with blue jays' feathers, and so bought her intercession with Napoleon. Mediatization was somewhat arbitrary. Prince Fürstenberg became the subject of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, whose territory was not more extended, nor his ancestry more illustrious. But Fürstenberg was forced to pass under Hohenzollern, and not Hohenzollern under Fürstenberg, because the descendent of another branch of Hohenzollern sat on the throne of Prussia. In 1849, Prussia mediatized Hohenzollern-Hechingen and Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, and appropriated the principalities, to supply her with a convenient foothold in the midst of Würtemberg. Mediatization was nowhere opposed except at Mergetheim, where the *bauers* refused to give oath of allegiance to the King of Würtemberg till released by their old lord, the Archduke Anthony of Austria. Frederick of Würtemberg marched dragoons among them and hung and shot the objectors. The marriage of provinces to kingdoms had its honeymoon not on union, but long after.

In vain did the mediatized princes protest and appeal to Austria. Austria was powerless to help them.

By the Act of the Rheinbund certain rights had been reserved to them.

1. They were to be regarded as "*ebenbürtig*" with reigning families—*i. e.*, able to contract marriages with sovereign houses.

2. They were to form the highest aristocracy in the land into which their principalities were absorbed, and to have a position in the House of Peers. Confirmed in 1815.

3. They were to be exempted from taxation.

4. They were to be allowed to exercise magisterial rights on their estates. This privilege was withdrawn in 1848.

5. They were "to bear the titles they had borne before mediatization, with omission only of all dignities and predicates expressive of their former relation to the Empire, or to their position as former sovereigns of the land." Yet the head of one of these families is allowed to be called "the reigning prince," and to use the *pluralis majestaticus*. By decree of the German Confederation, August 18, 1825, and March 12, 1829, confirmed June 12, 1845, the mediatized princes and dukes are to be addressed as "*durchlaucht*" (your serene highness), and the mediatized counts as "*erlaucht*" (your highness).

6. They might be attended by a body-guard of not exceeding thirty men.

The mediatized princes lost all sources of revenue which were derived from sovereignty, but retained all that were derived from property.

Since 1806, the mediatized princes, called in German *Standesherren*, enjoy the greatest privileges in Prussia. In the Prussian monarchy there are seventeen; they sit in the Chamber of Lords. In Silesia, Saxony, and the Lausitz, there are twenty-eight more "*Standesherren*," of which the most illustrious is the House of Stolberg. There are other princely and countly families in Prussia, but as they were not independent (*unmittelbar*) before the Rheinbund Act, they cannot intermarry with royal families, or even

with the families of the mediatized nobles. Such are the princely houses of Blücher of Wahlstadt, Hatzfeld-Trachenberg, Hatzfeld-Wildenberg, Lichnowsky, Lynar, Pless, Putbus-Wrede. Absurd as it may seem, it is yet true, no doubt, that a prince of Salm can only marry a princess Blücher morganatically. In the Austrian monarchy are many houses formerly "immediate," but whose estates there were never "immediate." That is to say, houses which were immediate—say in Swabia—had lands over which they had no sovereign jurisdiction in Austria. Their lands out of Austria they have perhaps lost or sold, but they remain sovereign houses mediatized, retaining only estates over which they never had independent authority. In 1825 the Emperor of Austria followed the example of the Rheinbund, and mediatized all these, giving them the predicate of "*durchlaucht*" (serene highness), and "*durchlaucht hochgeborner Fürst*" (serene highborn prince). Of these there are forty-seven. In Bavaria, by decree of December 31, 1806, the mediatized princes, counts, and barons were deprived of all independent jurisdiction, but were given many great privileges and a seat in the first house. By decree of 1817, the ducal house of Leuchtenberg has precedence over all the other "*Standesherren*," numbering in all twenty-three.

In Würtemberg there are thirty-five "*Standesherren*"; their position was secured by royal proclamation December 8, 1821. Of these thirty-four sit in the House of Peers. The Prince of Metternich, who used to be peer in Würtemberg for the principalities of Ochsenhausen and Winneburg, sold them to the Crown, and thus ceased to have a seat on the bench.

In Hanover there are three peers; in Baden eight; in

Kur-Hesse are four; in the Grand Duchy, nineteen; in Nassau are five, in Oldenburg only the Count of Bentinck.

A good number of the German princes, reigning and mediatized, derive from the old feudal vassals of the Crown. The Grand Duke of Baden, for instance, descends from the counts of Zähringen and Ortenau, and they are clearly traceable to a count placed over the Breisgau, a "ministerialis" of the Emperor—an ennobled charcoal-burner, according to tradition. So also the Princes of Anhalt derived from a *gau-graf* of Northern Swabia, and the King of Prussia from a burgrave of Nürnberg, invested with the feoff of Henry VI. Others represent old princely families with sovereign blood in their veins. The Erbachs claim descent from Emma, daughter of Charlemagne. Unfortunately for the claim, it is pretty clearly demonstrable that Charlemagne had no daughter named Emma.

Some again present princely houses represent very ancient families regarded as noble from a remote antiquity —as the Fürstenbergs, Dettingens, Hohenlohes, Solms, and Leiningens. Others are of mere *bürger* origin, as the Fuggers, weavers of Augsburg, and the Waldbotts, merchants of Bremen. Others, again, spring from alliances of princes with mistresses. Such is the family of Platen. Clara Elizabeth of Meissenbach married Baron Franz von Platen. She became the mistress of the first Elector of Hanover, the father of George I. The husband, for accommodating the Elector with his wife, was created a Count of the Empire, and the post-office was made hereditary in the family. The son of Countess Platen—whether the Elector or the Count was the father nobody knows—married a daughter of General von Uffeln, and she became a mistress of George I., but was deposed for the

sister of Count Platen, married to Baron von Kielmannsegge, created by the King Countess of Arlington. The mediatized Counts of Wallmoden had a similar, and not more savoury, origin for their "immediateness."

After the Thirty Years' War, Austria created the postmaster family of Thurn und Taxis princely and immediate. The old Duchess of Orleans, a princess palatine by birth, wrote: "A prince of Taxis! This is a wonderful princedom indeed! If you want a pack of princes of this sort, you can create them by the dozen." In 1708 she wrote about the newly-created Free-imperial-counts of Wurmbrand: "Of the county of Wurmbrand I never heard in all my life; it must be something newly cooked, or Austrian." It is not to be wondered at that numbers of ancient families, as the Guelfs, Wettiners, and Holsteiners, should feel indignant to have to rank among such, and to give these newly-fledged princes a seat beside them in the Diet. If the Protestant princes did not remonstrate at this privilege being freely given as a reward for conversion, it was only because they wanted the same favour awarded them for their sons by mistresses, or by morganatic wives. When the Emperor offered the title of prince to Count Anthony Günther, of Oldenburg, of the illustrious House of Holstein, "No, thank you," he said; "I had rather enter at the head of the counts than bring up the tail of the princes." With an outburst of rage and contempt, a Count of Orange-Nassau flung behind him one of the newly-cooked princes who was entering the council-chamber of the Emperor before him, bitterly exclaiming, "*Apprenez, monsieur, que des princes comme vous marchent après des comtes comme nous.*"

The recruiting of the "immediate" nobility went on

with great activity during the 320 years since the first patent was given to the Croys, in 1486, to the year 1804, when the Trautmannsdorfs closed the series. In that period twenty-nine diplomas have been issued creating Princes of the Empire, and twenty-three making Counts of the Empire, all "immediate." The venerable houses of Stolberg in Prussia, and Castell and Ortenburg in Bavaria, are the only three among the mediatized which do not owe their origin to Austria. Isenburg, Leiningen, Solms, and Wittgenstein were indeed old Counts of the Empire before the introduction of patents, but they were made princely by Austria in 1743, 1779, 1742, and 1792 respectively. For a long time the Herren von or zu der Lippe refused to be ennobled by patent. Their nobility dated from the remotest antiquity, and they exercised jurisdiction over their retainers and vassals under feoff to the see of Paderborn and the house of Hesse-Cassel. At the Reformation they took the title of count but it was not till 1789 that the Count of Lippe-Detmold condescended to accept a diploma from Joseph II. creating him a prince.

Notwithstanding the dying out of many hundreds of illustrious immediate, princely, and countly houses, the Austrian factory had worked so vigorously that, at the breaking out of the Revolution, there were 300 free imperial princes and counts, and several thousand immediate barons and knights, who did not indeed enjoy a seat on the bench of princes, but exercised almost absolute sovereignty in their petty estates. Of these there were all degrees, from the powerful Elector-Kings of Brandenburg-Prussia and Hanover-England to the tiniest counts and barons and knights lording it over their little patches of land and handfuls of *bauers*. The sovereign Count of Leinburg-Styrum-

Wilhelmsdorf, in Franconia, had a standing army of hussars, consisting of a colonel, nine lower officers and *two* privates. He published, however, his "Court Gazette," and instituted an order in his diminutive realm. Baron Grote, in the Harz, reigned over one farm; and when Frederic the Great came there, he met him with a fraternal embrace, saying, "*Voilà deux souverains qui se recontrent.*"

The Rheinbund reduced the list of three hundred sovereigns to about thirty; the spiritual princes had disappeared wholly. But the Baron von der Leyen was made a prince by the Bund, and in 1837 the house of Bentheim was accorded the same honour by Prussia.

The word "*Adel*," which we translate *Noble*, has in German a signification more extended. There are the "*hoher Adel*" and the "*nieder Adel.*" To the former category belong all those families which are princely, and can mate only among themselves or into the foreign sovereign houses—the families which, as von Stein coarsely said, will serve as a stud for Russia, and not for Russia only. To the latter category belong all counts, barons, and "vons"—all, that is, who have a right to bear a coat-of-arms, and are reckoned in England as gentlemen by birth. There are, however, princes who hover in an ambiguous position between these classes, princes to whom the predicate of *durchlaucht* ("your serene highness") is accorded, but who are not regarded as "*ebenbürtig*" with other serene highnesses, or even with countly highnesses. For instance, the countly houses of Isenburg-Philippseich, of Isenburg-Büdingen, and of Erbach, belong to the very highest stratum of the German aristocracy, ranking at court among sovereign princes; but the princely houses of Blücher, Hatzfeldt, Lichnowsky, Lynar, Pless, Putbus, and Wrede

do not, in this respect. A Prince Bismarck, for instance, could not marry into a family of a mediatized baron. The Bismarcks, though made princely, are not made "*ebenbürtig*" with the families to whom the privilege of mating with royalty was accorded by Act of June 8, 1815.

If any member of one of the reigning or mediatized families contracts a marriage with a person below his rank, the marriage is entitled morganatic. It is performed in church by priest or pastor, but the sons are mules; they neither inherit the rank nor reversion of estates of the family, nor can they continue the pedigree. The morganatic wife is no wife in the eye of the law, because not acknowledged by the family; and the families of the upper nobility are allowed to make rules among themselves barring or licensing marriages. The union with the morganatic wife, be it remembered, has been blessed by the Church, and sealed with solemn vows of mutual fidelity before God, publicly taken. The "*unebenbürtige*" wife who gives her hand to a prince does so trusting not to the law, but to his honour as a gentleman and to his oath as a Christian, and the prince who takes advantage of his legal privilege to throw her aside when a more profitable match presents, forfeits his rights to be regarded as one or the other.

I know the case of a prince, the member of one of the first mediatized families in Germany, who in an access of youthful ardour married an actress. He sacrificed for her his title and every office about court. She was his wife before God, their union had been blessed by the Catholic Church, and he would not appear among his class without her at his side. They live together now as Herr and Frau von X——. Her charms have withered, and she has sunk into exacting and querulous middle age. But he stands

loyally by her, enduring all her humours, political life closed to him, association with his equals barred, but without a thought of casting her aside to emancipate himself from the false position in which he has placed himself. *O si sic omnes!*

A member of the German high nobility towers, in his own opinion and in German law, above our most ancient coronetted families—and by what right? By decree of the Rheinbund! A Howard, a Percy, a Neville, is not fit to mate with a Fugger, a Waldbott, or a Platen.

The instance of the Fuggers is crucial.

A weaver of Graben, near Augsburg, in the Fifteenth Century, was the founder of this family. A son was made a gentleman by Frederic III. in 1452, but this branch died out in 1583. The second son, Jacob Fugger, left seven sons, whom Maximilian I. ennobled. The Emperor pawned to the Fuggers the country of Kirchberg and the lordship of Weissenhorn for 70,000 florins. As the money was not forthcoming to redeem the estates, Charles V. created the brothers Anthony and Raimund counts, and made the lands over to them for ever. Though Counts of the Empire, the Fuggers stuck to the shop, and continued their looms. One branch of the family was made "immediate" by Francis II. in 1803, but it was mediatized in 1805; thus, it enjoyed its immunity for *two* years, and in virtue thereof a Prince of Fugger-Wellerstein, a descendant of the old Augsburg weaver, would scorn to marry into any English family except the royal family. One of our ducal houses could only furnish him with a morganatic mate. Since the Rheinbund, other houses have been mediatized. Hohenzollern-Hechingen, and Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen went in 1849, Saxe-Gotha, Anhalt-Köthen,

Anhalt-Bernburg, Hesse-Homburg, Hesse-Cassel, Hanover, Nassau, are gone either into limbo or among the mediatized. Reuss-Lobenstein, Isenberg and Leyen, have also had to shuffle off their mortal coil of "*unmittelbarkeit.*" Others must follow in good time. A few have sought to buy prolongation of life by marrying Prussian princesses, or protection by union with daughters of the Czar. But their time will come; Prussia is prepared to address them in the words of Lady Macbeth:

> Stand not upon the order of your going,
> But go at once.

THE LOWER NOBILITY

S. BARING-GOULD

IN the Fourteenth Century the Emperors began to create nobles, by patents, for the same consideration that made James I. create baronets. The Emperor Wenceslas the Fool ennobled all kind of rabble. Sigismund sold titles. Under his successor Ferdinand, a chimney-sweep was created a baron. It was the age of the *Briefadel.* Patrician families like those of Ebner, Kress, Haller, Behaim, Holzschuher, Roth, etc., some by patent, some without, adopted the predicate "von" under the impression that this particle betokened gentility; and they blossomed into Ebner von Eschenbach, Kress von Kressenstein, Haller von Hallerstein, Behaim von Schwarzbach, Holzschuher von Anspach, Roth von Schreckenstein, after estates they had inherited or purchased. Others prefixed the von to their family names, whether appropriately or not, as "von Weber," "von Deuzlinger," which are as absurd as "of Weaver" and "of Londoner." Many bought or were granted baronial titles, and assumed the pearl coronet of a Freiherr, who had never actually held a freehold. Members of trade guilds who had found their way into the council of their town received patents of gentility; they might put a "von" before their names, and adopt a coronet of three strawberry leaves and two pearls.

The grant of arms and the prefix of "von" in Germany was and is precisely like the grant of arms made in England

by the College of Heralds. In Germany a man can scarcely paint a coat-of-arms on his carriage and put a "von" before his name unless he has an hereditary or acquired right to both. The ordinary gentleman, untitled, uses a coronet, which is the same as that we attribute to a marquis, *i. e.*, three strawberry leaves and two pearls. The coronet of a Margraf in Germany has three strawberry leaves and *six* pearls. The princes alone can raise a *bürger* out of his class and make a gentleman of him. They very often confer gentility for life, so that the person ennobled bears the "von" before his name, but his sons do not. A *bürger* blossoms into Herr von Sauerkraut, but his sons fall back into Sauerkraut and *bürgerthum* again.

The old Freiherren were the ancient landed gentry—in Swabia and Franconia obtaining independence over their estates, like little princes. In 1791, the Margravate of Anspach-Baireuth fell to Prussia through the surrender of the last Margrave, Karl Friedrich, who married Lady Craven, after she had lived with him as his mistress for some years. The two principalities were given a new constitution, and the liberties of the free knights in them were curtailed. Three independent barons were obliged to surrender their sovereignty over their little domains. The only opposition encountered was in the cantons of Altmühl and Gebirg. Portions of Franconia and Swabia fell to Bavaria, portions swarming with these "immediate" families. Their independence was summarily abolished. Those in the Rhenish provinces were extinguished by Napoleon in 1805.

Since the surrender of the Imperial crown by Francis II. there have been no fresh creations of *Freiherren*. Publishers, as Tauchnitz, chemists, as Liebig, tailors, as Stulz,

THE CASTLE, HEIDELBERG

have been made barons; but a modern baron is not the equivalent of an ancient *Freiherr*. A baron created by a Grand-Duke since the dissolution of the Empire, has a right to bear a seven-pearled coronet, but the new-baked noble cannot take his place in the close aristocratic society of the town he inhabits. The baron hovers in *gauche* discomfort between the *bürger* and the *adel;* he is the bat of society, neither altogether bird nor beast, and not an inviting specimen of either. In the theatre he takes a *loge* in the first circle, instead of in the *bürger* range of boxes, but he sits there uneasily; he has lost his old companions, and his new give him the cold shoulder. Princes, like the Almighty, love to create out of nothing; but their creations, unlike His, are not always "very good." The German baron newly made stands on the same level as the English knight. He is perhaps a gentleman by birth, he is more probably a successful grocer or corn-factor.

During the Middle Ages the landed gentry had been a check upon the princes. The latter could only exercise their sovereignty with consent of the chambers in their provinces in the matter of raising taxes and imposing laws. After the Thirty Years' War, when the French fever set in over Germany, the princes sought not merely to copy French fashions, but also French despotism. The extravagance of their courts made it necessary for them to impose huge burdens on their lands, and such imposition the landed *Freiherren* opposed. The princes, therefore, set deliberately to work to extirpate them. This they effected by degrees, by involving them in extravagances, making them attend their courts and there dissipate their fortune, and then buying their land. In Oldenburg, at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, there were fifty-three noble estates,

held by old families of gentle blood, the Westerholz and Mundel, Mausingen and Fichenhold, Knigge, Rhaden, Steding, and others. Nearly all of these have died out or lost their estates. Two that survive, the Wehlaus and Westerloys, have so sunk in the world that they are now represented by farmers, and have abandoned their claim to be regarded as gentry. In Anhalt Dessau, Prince Leopold, who married the apothecary's daughter, bought up all the estates in his land, and those of the nobility who demurred to sell he drove out of the principality, and took their estates from them at a price he fixed. Thus he got rid of the Barons von Grote, the Harslebens, Schillings, Krosigks, and many others. The Prince of Bernberg did the same. He took their lands from the von Geuderns, Erlachs, and Einsiedenlers, etc. The same policy was pursued by the Prince of Köthen. He also was not satisfied till he reigned alone over *bauers*, with a nobility hanging about his court, and dependent on his bounty as his chief foresters, marshals, chamberlains, etc.

In Schiller's letters we get a picture of the old landed gentry as they were, and as they were being made. On December 8, 1787, he wrote from Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt: "I have met in this neighbourhood with some interesting families. For instance, in the village of Hochheim is a noble family, consisting of five young ladies—in all, ten persons—living in the old patriarchal way, or reviving old knightly manners. No one in the family wears anything which is not of home manufacture. Shoes, cloth, silk, all the furniture, all the necessaries of life, and almost all its luxuries, are grown or manufactured on the property, many by the hands of the ladies, as in patriarchal days and in the times of chivalry. The greatest exterior cleanliness and

order, and even display and beauty, please the eye; of the ladies, some are young, and all are simple and true, like the nature in which they live." The European war was felt severely by the lesser German nobility. Their estates had been burdened by extravagant living, and they were ill-prepared for a season of invasion and its consequent evils. On the Rhine, in Hesse, in Baden, in the Palatinate, the Code Napoléon was introduced, and subdivision of property was made compulsory. In Prussia, before this, Frederick William had done his utmost to break up the properties and destroy the privileges of the aristocracy, and for much the same reasons as other princes, because they interfered with despotic government.

But it was not only where the Code Napoléon was introduced, that lands were divided and subdivided till the owners sank from being nobles to *bauers*. Such a subdivision had been universal in Germany; fought against, indeed, in Westphalia and Saxony, but prevailing freely elsewhere. Great houses had melted into a hundred little farms. But in the Seventeenth Century it was fully seen that this equal cutting up of land was ruinous; and everywhere the gentry were adopting primogeniture or some other system by which properties might be held together. But it was too late. The introduction of the Code Napoléon sealed the fate of the gentry on the Rhine. Elsewhere they were ruined by the events of 1848.

The revolution in that year produced an electrical effect in Germany. On February 27, at a gathering at Mannheim, four demands were made—freedom of the press, trial by jury, national representation, and general conscription. A mass deputation carried these demands on March 1 before the Baden Chamber. A few days later,

the abolition of the freedom of the aristocracy, and of the remains of feudal obligations, of copyholds and ground-rents was demanded. Speedily the whole of Germany was in commotion; the *bauers* joined the revolution started by town republican clubs, with the double object of getting rid of ground-rents and of expelling the Jews from the country. In the National Assembly at Frankfurt a violent attack on the nobility was led by Möhl, Rösler, and Jacob Grimm; and the nobility as an order was abolished by a majority of fourteen. But whilst the National Assembly was discussing the rights of man, natural equality, and the bases of authority, the princess, who had cowered before the storm, put their heads together and organized opposition. When the deputation of the Assembly came to Cologne to meet the King of Prussia, and lay before him its resolutions, Frederick William curtly told them not to leave out of their calculations the fact that there were princes in Germany, and that he was one of them. A volley dispersed the rioters in Berlin; the *bauers* grew suspicious of the town rabble, and sided with the sovereign. The revolution came to an end; but it had left its victims, especially in the South. The Grand Dukes, in the agony of their alarm, had flung the gentry to the wolves, and many were reduced to poverty by the loss of their property in land. All rights of "*frohn*" were absolutely abolished, without compensation to the lord of the manor; and the State took measures to convert the copyhold land of the *bauer* into a freehold estate, by making its allodification compulsory should the tenant be able and willing to commute. In Austria all charges on land were abolished by a stroke of the pen on September 2, 1848. In Bavaria the work of allodification was begun by a law passed June

4, 1848; in Würtembug on April 14, 1848; in Baden on April 10 and July 31, 1848. In Kurhessen all feoffs, and ground-rents and charges on land, together with other manorial rights, were abolished on August 26, 1848, the landlords receiving as indemnity from three to five per cent. of the value of their estates. This was done in Waldeck, in Sigmaringen, in Saxe-Weimar, and elsewhere. In almost every case all personal services were done away with without compensation. To assist the peasants in converting their farms into freeholds, the Saxon Government established a fund for the redemption of the land under Government guarantee. In 1850, a similar bank was established in Berlin. Baden and Hesse followed.

As the greatest part of the estates of the gentry had been let, there remained to them now only the home farm and the sum in money they received from the State for their lands which had been let and leased. The capital disappeared, and their sons are left with a little patch of land about the ancestral castle, and no funds on which to keep up the stately mansion. The result of the allodification has therefore been to sever the gentry from the soil. They cannot live all the year round in the country; they go for a few weeks in the summer to the *schloss*, carrying with them sufficient furniture, and there they picnic for a while. They have lost their interest in the peasants, and the peasants in them. They seek situations under Government as judges, or make the army their profession, and live in offices on their salaries rather than starve in their ancestral halls. In the south of Germany, where the free Imperial knights were most numerous and most independent, their descendants are most impoverished and most dependent on State employ. In

the North of Germany the *Freiherren* are still landed gentry, but they have not clung to acres with the same tenacity as the nobles and squires of England. In 1861, there were in all Prussia 12,543 knightly estates, but of these only 394 had been in a family over 100 years. In 1858, in the Prussian House of Lords, there were only seventy-seven landed proprietors holding old family estates: the remaining eighty-nine were life peers.

In North Germany the landed gentry suffered by the allodification of their farms, but not to the same extent: the process was less rapid, and more moderate. In the north the nobles are not infrequently manufacturers; dye-works, spinning-mills, distilleries, rise within a few yards of the castle. The reaction after 1848 helped the Prussian nobility to obtain some new privileges.

In the German courts, the nobility not mediatized were treated with sovereign contempt. Frederic, the fat King of Würtemburg, the smallest of kings and the smallest of snobs, did his utmost to drive the few that lingered on in Swabia out of his realm by making residence in it intolerable. He published a decree that no nobleman of his newly manufactured kingdom should be allowed to leave his district for more than a week without leave of the *bürger* functionaries of the parish.

There is something not a little insulting in the way in which the old landed gentry—counts and barons of as good, if not better blood than their sovereigns—are treated when they visit court. Their aristocratic rank is ignored, military rank alone is recognized. Rank throughout Germany is military, but certain civil offices are reckoned as military offices. Thus a judge ranks as a major-general, and a lord-in-waiting as a colonel. The princes of the

royal or grand-ducal family and the mediatized princes in their territory are above rank.

The head of a princely family alone is called *Fürst*, the other brothers and sons are *Prinzen*. So also only the reigning duke is a *Herzog* the other brothers are *Grafen*. But the children of a count are counts and countesses, and of a baron are barons and baronesses. Every writer on the German nobility has urged the abandonment of this senseless adhesion to titles by the junior branches of noble families. It has a mischievous effect. In England, where only the eldest son inherits the title of his father, the other members of the family melt into the general mass of the English gentry, and in another generation are altogether one with it. In Germany, the retention of title by every one who derives from a noble family makes of the aristocracy a caste which associates only with its own members, and is absolutely cut off from the class below. I knew a case of a baron, so poor that he was glad to act as gardener and not above accepting a cigar, living in a poor cottage. But his associates, and the associates of the baroness his wife, were noble. They were received into the first circle, but never set foot inside the door of the burgher. This caste severance is the more mischievous, because courtesy of manner and gentlemanliness of feeling are both a tradition of the aristocracy. It is because the burger has not associated with a polished class, but been left to stew in his own fat, that he has never been able to emancipate himself from mediæval boorishness. The incessant circulation of social currents in England keeps the whole body sweet.

VILLAGE LIFE IN GERMANY

A. F. SLACK

IT is quite possible for the traveller to spend several very pleasant months in Germany and to return home none the wiser as to the real life of the people of the country. In the large towns, as Berlin and Hamburg, Dresden and Heidelberg, visitors are so numerous, and in the hotels and pensions their requirements are, as a rule, so well understood, that the tourist can pursue any route he may desire without more deviation from his usual mode of living than is sufficient to give him a pleasing sense of the change and exhilaration afforded by foreign travel. Far otherwise is it in the remote country villages. The few foreigners who penetrate thither are, from their very strangeness, a source of interest to all the inhabitants round about, and they have an opportunity for studying the people as they really are, the habits and customs of the peasantry, and of that distinctly German race, the German middle class, which is denied to the more favoured traveller who pursues his comfortable way from hotel to hotel, or from pension to pension, in the great historic towns. Let us turn aside, then, for a little from the beaten track, and watch the country people at home in a remote little village of Lower Silesia.

Our village consists of a single wide road, flanked on either side by fair-sized houses of irregular shape, very plain, but for the most part roomy and well built. The custom of living in flats, so common in towns, does not

SCHILLER'S HOUSE, WEIMAR

prevail here; every peasant has his own house, often roomy and convenient, but very sparsely furnished. Up this one street the writer drove on a brilliant evening in early June, and, alighting from her *droschki* at the *Pfarrhaus*, or parsonage, was received, with the kindly welcome so invariably accorded in Germany, as an inmate within its walls. The *Pfarrhaus* is the most pretentious of the village houses, and must claim, accordingly, precedence in description.

We ascend a long flight of stone steps and enter the front hall. It is a large, bare space with boarded floor, devoid of furniture other than several large cupboards. The dining-room next claims our attention. It also is entirely uncarpeted, its main furniture consisting of a long, narrow table of ashwood, very much of the kind that might be found in an English dairy, and scrubbed, like the boards, to surpassing whiteness. It is quite without cloth or ornament of any kind. On either side of it, ranged against the wall, are cane-bottomed chairs. At the end of the room is a small table of mahogany, rather more ornamental, and adorned with the best tea-tray. The German *Esszimmer* is for use, not ornament.

The upper rooms of the *Pfarrhaus* all open one into the other, and two of these are drawing-rooms. The drawing-room, or *Wohnzimmer*, is the one part of a German house which is permissible to decorate, and upon it the *Hausfrau* lavishes her chief care and thought. Beneath our feet, as usual, are the bare boards, here, however, crossed obliquely by narrow strips of carpet, which run like footpaths to the chief pieces of furniture. One runs from the door to the sofa, which is the seat of honour *par excellence*, and which, when visitors are present, must be devoted to the greatest lady among them. Another strip of carpet runs from the

sofa to the piano, and another, again, from the piano to one or more of the tables which stand about, covered with crimson cloths, or without covering, and polished to an excellent brightness.

But the most essential of the drawing-room is not the tables or chairs, it is not the sofa nor even the piano, it is the handsome mahogany wardrobe. The other things may be cheap and common, but this is of the best; chairs and tables are profaned by daily use, but the wardrobe is to look at. The wardrobe or wardrobes, are never permitted to waste their sweetness in the seclusion of a bedroom, offering their beauties to the gaze only of the favoured occupant of the room. No. They hold a prominent place in the drawing-room, and their rich stores are the glory and crown of the German *Hausfrau.* In these is her stock of household linen, in these are the family plate and the various gifts which relatives and god-parents, according to promise, give yearly to her children, the slowly accumulating piles which are in turn to form the dowry of her daughters. In the wardrobes lie folded the sheets which she hemmed when she was a little girl, and in one corner of which, between the day of her betrothal and the day of her marriage, she, with her mother and sisters, embroidered the large monograms of her own and her husband's name, or, if the family of her future spouse were noble, the monogram surmounted by a coronet. The household linen and plate of a daughter are considered of such importance that preparations for their provision begin with her christening. One aunt promises to give every year one spoon till a dozen and a-half are completed; another promises forks, another prefers to give her present at once and sends a silver coffee-pot or milk-jug. Not that

these are ever permitted to come into ordinary use. Steel forks and nickel spoons are quite good enough for daily ware, and the German middle-class housewife would regard the use of silver at every meal much as the English lady would regard the wearing of a handsome silk train to go marketing. The great point is to possess these things, to let it be well known that the Frau Pastorin has good store of linen and damask and is rich in silver, to show them to intimate friends and tell their history to admiring maidens, emulous of similar treasure, but the occasions on which they are used may number half a dozen in a life-time.

On the various side-tables of the *Wohnzimmer* are arranged all the ornaments of the family. These are probably not many, but such as they are they muster in full strength, for no ornament is wasted on the bedrooms.

A German household keeps very early hours. Breakfast is always served at 6:30. It is well described by its name, *Frühstück*, or early bit. It consists as a rule of coffee and a *Semel*, or white roll. Ah! The English traveller need live in the remoter parts of Germany and learn the secrets of its country life rightly to appreciate the blessing of white bread. It is only at the early breakfast and at the afternoon coffee, or *Kaffeestunde*, that the *Hausfrau* permits such a luxury; at dinner and supper, and at *Zwischenessen*, the light lunch served to him at about 10 A. M., he must eat *Schwarzbrod*, or black bread. This is not, as its name would imply, black, but of a brownish grey. It is usually very moist, and will keep in a fair degree of freshness for a fortnight. At first it is most unpalatable to English taste, and it is possible after a few weeks to eat it at any rate without disgust.

It is well for the English inmate of a German house-

hold if there has not recently been a wedding among the friends and acquaintances of the hostess. If there has, the grateful sight the Semel, or white bread, is withheld, and its place is taken at breakfast by large pieces of *Brautkuchen.*

It is remarkable that the Germans, who are justly famous for their cakes, should manufacture such an exceedingly plain and unattractive article for their bride-cake. Being at first quite unconscious of the important nature of the strange confection served to us each morning at *Frühstück*, I thus wrote to a friend in England: "For breakfast we have a cup of coffee and a large square piece of a peculiar kind of sweet bread, spread with sweetened fat and baked." This, indeed, almost describes the *Brautkuchen.* It is a very plain cake, baked in flat tins measuring some two feet by one foot six inches, and when baked is about an inch in thickness. A compound of lard, butter, and sugar takes the place of our elaborate icing. These cakes are baked by scores before a wedding, it being etiquette to give a whole one to each family with whom the bride or her mother are on terms approaching to intimacy. One of these cakes being presented to a family, it forms for several mornings the standing dish at breakfast, and the dainty white rolls and delicious butter are conspicuous—ah! most conspicuous—by their absence.

At 10 A. M., lest nature should sink before the first substantial meal makes its appearance at midday, the strength is reinforced by a *Schnittchen* or slice, composing the little *Zwischenessen.* This is a slice cut from the large loaf of black bread, or a sandwich composed of black bread and *Leberwurst*, or liver-sausage, one of the standing dishes of German country life, made from the liver of the hog,

minced fine and mixed with fat chopped into half-inch cubicles, which give it a chequered appearance. A cup of cocoa accompanies the *Schnittchen*. Each member of the family enjoys these refreshments while engaged at his or her proper duties; the household does not assemble for an impromptu meal. This is an inestimable fact in the comfort of the wily foreigner, and I must confess to having made clandestine use of an opportunity which solitude offered on the day after my arrival at the *Pfarrhaus*. It so happened that I was sitting in the garden when this small lunch was brought to me on a tray by a diminutive maid. It was an old rambling garden, and its winding paths were in many cases shielded completely from the view of the house. I took my cocoa from the tray, laid the *Schnittchen* in the saucer, thanked the little maiden, and began to walk slowly down a neighbouring path, presumably that I might enjoy the air and sunshine at the same time as the refreshments. I was soon screened from sight by the bushes, and began suspiciously to examine what might be the nature of that intermediate layer between the thin damp slices of black bread. When I saw whereof it was composed, I put down my cup on the stump of a tree, and with a stick I raked a little hole in the mould of the garden. Then, like Moses of old, I looked this way and that way, and saw that there was no man; so I drew out my penknife, and expeditiously consigned those lumps of solid fat to the small grave prepared for their reception.

It is only at first, however, that one can afford to be so dainty. By degrees one learns that food of some kind one must have, and that food in abundance is daily forthcoming, only one must learn to eat it without too much niceness. It is not that the quality is bad or the cooking other than

excellent, that makes German dishes often so revolting to an English palate—it is rather that the German's taste in food differs radically from the Englishman's, and that the combinations which the one favours are such as the other abhors. Before I had been six months in my German home I had learnt to eat with perfect equanimity sour milk and bread crumbs, raw herrings in oil, uncooked ham, and even sauerkraut, but never during the time of my stay did I arrive at eating stewed pears with mutton or stewed plums with beef, or accepting raisin sauce as a suitable accompaniment to veal.

I have said that a German household assembles early. Let it not, however, be supposed that this would imply that its members have been astir an hour or so before their appearance, and that each has performed a careful toilet before breakfast. One of the most established customs of German home life is that the ladies never complete their toilet until all the domestic duties of the morning have been performed. The lady of the house appears in her *Morgenkleid*—*i. e.*, in a loose wrapper or a skirt and jacket, drawn in at the waist by the strings of a capacious apron. Her hair has been smoothed in front, and is enveloped as to the back in a large frilled cap, having ends or strings which, if she is young, are allowed to float free; and if she is old, are tied under the chin.

The *Morgengebet*, or family prayer, was never omitted in our *Pfarrhaus*. Immediately after breakfast, often before seven o'clock, the household assembled in the *Wohnzimmer*, where the servants had arranged chairs in a semicircle. At one end sat the Herr Consistorialrath, for our pastor was a member of the Consistory, and beside him the Frau Räthin his wife, then the other members of the

family, till at the other end came the two maid-servants. The little service consists usually of a hymn sung without accompaniment, during which all sit; next follows the reading of psalm or chapter from the beautiful version of the Scriptures by Luther, the Authorized Version of Germany, then follows the Lord's Prayer, which closes this simple morning worship.

After family prayer the mistress betakes herself to the kitchen, and there remains for several hours, accompanied by one or more of her daughters if old enough to be released from the schoolroom. Her duties there are by no means ornamental. She does not merely superintend, she actually cooks, nor does she leave the kitchen until little more remains to be done in the preparation of dinner. A German lady would never be persuaded that the jam-making could go on without her, that the pickling could be entrusted to a domestic, or that the whole batch of bread would not be spoiled if she did not look personally to every detail of its making.

If, as is usual in the country, the laundrywork is done at home, the mistress is to be found keeping her workwomen up to the mark, and she with her daughters frequently takes a share of the ironing. If visitors are expected, all the ladies of the family are busy for days beforehand in culinary preparations, and the Germans excel both in the garnishing and design of their home-made dishes for state occasions.

This system results in one great good and in two distinct evils. The good is apparent. The mistress of a German household thoroughly understands the whole work of her house; she makes its smallest detail her personal care, and comfort, as in Germany understood, is ensured. But, on the other hand, the wife, from her constant absorption in

household details, becomes little more than the head servant; even her husband, taught by immemorial custom, regards her more as his housekeeper than as his companion; and, with the one notable exception of music, she has, outside her housekeeping, little interest or occupation. As she must turn to something for relaxation, she turns to gossip. At a *Kaffeegesellschaft*, or coffee party, where German ladies (and ladies only, for men are vigorously excluded) meet and enjoy themselves after their manner, gossip flows free and scandal stalks unchecked. The knitting-needles gleam and click pleasantly, the stockings grow with astounding rapidity, the servants carry around again and again large trays bearing cups of fragrant coffee and plates piled high with dainty confectionery, but the conversation is of the most frivolous.

The second evil is that the servants, being never relied upon for anything, grow increasingly incompetent. What we should understand by "a superior servant" is almost unknown, and the maids are for the most part ill-suited to play any but their own very subordinate part in the comfort and economy of the house.

Hospitality is shown with ungrudging liberality all over Germany. At our distant *Pfarrhaus*, however unexpected or inopportune their arrival, it was always understood that visitors should spend the day. In the towns no less than in the villages every caller must be offered some sort of refreshment. Fruit or cake is generally offered to ladies, cigars and lager beer to men. But it is on Sunday that visitors are most numerous, and one of the most trying experiences that the English resident in Germany has to face is the complete secularization week by week of God's holy day. The morning service is over early, and within

an hour there arrive some three or four of our host's friends, accompanied by their wives. The ladies bring large parcels of embroidery or knitting, and work and chat go merrily forward till the midday meal is served; then more chat, and very probably card-playing until evening, when, after supper, the guests take their leave.

A great event at our *Pfarrhaus* was the periodical plucking of the geese, a practice which would not be permitted in England, but which is regarded as a natural part of the good management of a poultry-yard in Germany. On a given day near to the moulting season all other work was put aside, and the two maid-servants and two women hired for the purpose sat from morning till late afternoon carefully plucking the feathers and down which had become loosened preparatory to shedding. I expressed to the eldest daughter of the house my astonishment at such a custom, and she assured me that though the geese "did not like it," she thought that the pain inflicted was slight, while the Frau Räthin pointed out to me that but for this timely intervention the precious down would soon bestrew the poultry-yard, and be dirtied and injured, or altogether lost. As each great white or grey goose, loudly remonstrating against the indignities heaped upon it, was carried back to the yard, I am bound to confess that, although a fair proportion of its feathers remained, the appearance it presented was anything but happy.

At the close of the plucking day feathers and down are tied up separately in large bags, and sent to a woman who makes feather-dressing her business. She bakes them, takes out quills, and returns them soft and ready for use. They are then sold, or made into huge pillows, or into the *Federbetten* so generally used in Germany. The *Federbett* is not,

as its name would imply, a feather bed, but a kind of quilt. It measures some six feet by four, and is simply a coarse linen bag half filled with the finest down and slipped into a cotton or linen case. It forms the whole covering of the bed in winter, and no one who has not slept in this nest of feathers can imagine its comfort.

As summer waned and winter drew on, great preparations were visible at our *Pfarrhaus*.

English people have little idea of the severity of a German winter; ordinary clothing, sufficient to carry the wearer in comfort through the coldest weather in England, is of no use to face it; coats and jackets of thick cloth avail little; fur is the only adequate protection. Every cab-driver has his fur-lined coat and round fur cap. With us the careful *Hausfrau* is preparing thick stockings, gaiters, and under-shoes for every member of her household, and by-and-by experience will prove her wisdom.

The autumn is bright and often glorious, and lasts well into October; but then the winter begins, and by the middle of November our village was mantled in snow. This early snow was soon followed by thaw; but by the beginning of December the cold was upon us indeed, and a frost set in which lasted with slight intermission until March. In the towns life goes on as ever, or more gaily than before. Sleighs take the place of wheeled vehicles, which for the time being totally disappear. The horses are for the most part gaily caparisoned; a bright saddle-cloth under the harness matches the frontal and rosettes, and on the crest is a tiny bell, while other bells in pairs adorn the pad. Skating and sleigh parties become very general among the well-to-do, and men thrown out of their usual employment by the frost are able to earn a good deal as drivers.

But in our village we are practically in a state of siege; we are held by a conqueror whom we cannot hope to subdue; and our deliverer, spring, is yet far off. The ways and customs of the rest of the year all at once drop away. First, the *Botenfrau*, or village carrier—that beneficent link between us and civilization—ceases her daily visits to the town four miles distant; and, simultaneously, the woman who brings us our white bread from the town bakery is unable to reach us, and thus the white rolls, chief alleviation of the rigours of a German diet, disappear from our table, and their place at breakfast and *Kaffee* is taken by slices of black bread and butter. The village butcher now strides up and down outside an empty shop, for this is no time for keeping meat. But at our *Pfarrhaus* forewarned has proved itself to be forearmed. The Frau Räthin knew that this weather was before us, and when autumn winds were only beginning to rob the trees of their leaves, she was laying her plans accordingly. Now that the expected conqueror has come, and we are straitly shut up, she has within her own walls the means of defying him for a long time. Come with me to that part of the house which we have not visited—the store-room. This is by no means the least comfortable apartment in the house. The two maid-servants slept, until winter drove them down, immediately under the tiles, in an unceiled garret in the roof, but not thus can the stores be housed. The maids can come down and make up impromptu beds in the kitchen, or in one of the lower rooms, when winter holds sway and their own garret is untenable, but on the condition of the provisions depends the welfare of the whole house, and a good room is therefore set apart for their storage.

In the middle of the store-room is a small oil stove, for

the frost must be kept out. On a long deal table against the wall stand rows of jars, tins, and bottles; huge heaps of potatoes are on the floor, and near the ceiling, hanging from hooks on either side of a beam, are lines of large German sausages. These last are among the most important stores of a country house. They are made of cured pork and will keep as long as hams; each sausage is as good as a small joint, being about fourteen inches long and four inches in diameter. From this stock of provisions the table can be furnished for a considerable time. As a matter of fact, during the six most rigorous weeks of the winter we lived at the *Pfarrhaus* on potatoes, smoked pork and sausages, and black bread. For two or three days after the first deep snow we are utterly cut off, even our letters do not reach us; but at last a path is dug, and our postman appears again—his advent hailed by at least one member of the household with gratitude and benediction. He is an old soldier, tough as nails despite his sixty winters, with blue kindly eyes gleaming under shaggy white eyebrows. He generally goes a daily tramp of twelve English miles, being walking postman to villages beyond ours. To us he is postman and post-office in one; he can sell us stamps; he not only brings the letters we receive, but takes those that we write, and if they are not ready by the time he arrives in the morning, well, they must wait till to-morrow. He is, moreover, the porter of any parcels that may be sent to us by rail, and when he brings a heavier one than usual we must give him two or three *Silbergroschen* for his trouble.

Most of the peasants in our village are well off; but to the very poor winter comes armed with appalling terrors. Near the church is the poor-house, very different from an

English Union, but in some respects its equivalent. It contains six empty rooms, and any family really in destitution may, on obtaining an order signed by the chief constable, take up their abode there and carry thither the few articles of furniture they may possess. For subsistence the inmates of this dwelling depend entirely on charity. They solicit alms daily from house to house, and are never refused. The sums given are extremely small, generally two *pfennigs*—less than a farthing—at most five *pfennigs*, or about a halfpenny; but this is all that is expected, and the few pence thus collected go much farther in Germany than in England, for black bread is very cheap indeed.

Long evenings in the big sitting-room were among the winter pleasures of our *Pfarrhaus* life, and many books were read aloud while busy fingers plied the needle, or the stockings, which the German in season and out of season is forever knitting, grew swiftly on the needles. The books chosen were of a very intellectual character, for, despite the almost primitive simplicity of their mode of life, our pastor and his family were both cultured and refined. Female education in Germany comprises many branches, and each receives most thorough attention. A German girl is generally well read in her own literature, writes a good hand, and is an adept at expressing herself in the long involved sentences and heavy periods which are the admired of all (German) admirers in the matter of style. She is thoroughly versed in history up to the point required by the text-books generally in use, has been taught to recite with much care and feeling, and is probably an excellent French scholar. In music, and in all that can make proficiency in housekeeping and sewing, she has been carefully trained from a child. Many of the German maidens whom I

knew would have come up to this standard. Such as went beyond it, and added English, drawing, and painting to their attainments, were considered accomplished. At last the frost began to give, and when we were well into March and the deep snows had melted and rolled away in streams of slush, I went down to see the great platforms of slowly melting ice that covered the Oder. This river is frozen in winter for many miles, and as the cold lessens the ice melts at the edges, and great sheets become detached and drift slowly towards the sea.

It was at this time that a sad accident occurred which resulted in the death of two of our villagers. A man was at work upon a boat which had been injured by the frost. He was standing on a plank, laid as a rough bridge, across the few intermediate feet of water between the bank and the ice, which floated, almost stationary, in the midst of the stream. Suddenly the ice on which his plank rested gave way and he was precipitated into the water. His son bravely sprang after him; but both were soon under the ice, and when help arrived it was too late. The funeral was a touching sight. The two coffins, each made, as is usual in Germany, in the form of an arc, were wreathed with evergreen boughs in emblem of immortality. The widow and six orphans followed in worn garments, with pieces of crape tied on to their wrists and pinned upon their breasts, and almost the whole village attended. At the close of the service, the mourners and friends drew near and threw each a handful of earth into the grave.

> "*Eine Handvoll Erde*
> *Geb' ich Dir zu Ruh.*"

On the following Sunday, when the minister mounted

the pulpit and began his sermon by a reference to the cloud which had just shadowed the village, the congregation wept aloud. The Germans, in most things so unlike the French, resemble them in their public demonstrations of emotion. The "loud crying and tears" of the listeners obliged the minister to pause in his discourse. When, a month or so later, the events of the winter were reviewed from the pulpit and special reference was made to this calamity, the same outburst of grief arose from all parts of the little church.

Spring, when at last she came to us, came with no backward pace. The ice had long since vanished from the river. Earth was smiling once more, and the June roses were blooming again in the garden, when a letter called me to Dresden, and I bade a reluctant farewell to my kind friends at the *Pfarrhaus* and to German village life.

A GERMAN HOLIDAY

G. W. STEEVENS

THE deck of the fast steamer *Cobra*, plying between Hamburg and the popular seaside resorts of Heligoland, Sylt, Norderney, and Borkum, beggared disgust. She had started with her cargo of holiday-makers at eight in the morning. I went on board from Cuxhaven at half-past twelve. But already the deck was a rolling pavement of beer-bottles. It was raining, and the slippery planking ran beer and water; in the beer and water stewed the stale ends of cigars. Waiters rushed up and down with more beer; the Germans emptied the bottles and then added them to the deck. The ship recalled the morrow of a hoggish debauch; really it was only the natural and normal beginning of the German's holiday. Observe the fat travelling bags—all of a handy size for the rack: you pay extra for the van—with one side embroidered over in wool-work, and the legend "Pleasant journey" patterned in beads in the middle.

You would have expected the company to be a herd of coarse rowdies, by the side of whom a Sunday shipload of Margate trippers would be refined and intellectual. But not at all. These were all persons of the highest respectability—the staid and prosperous middle classes, who were making a trip which none but the relatively affluent could afford. The men might indeed be bloated with much good living, little exercise, and endless beer; yet they held them-

NORDENEY

selves upright like old soldiers, now self-respecting men of business; their large foreheads suggested men of education and intellectual power. The women—and herein lay the difference from an English crowd of the upper middle class—were infinitely less refined than the men. Fat, sitting with their knees wide apart, with large coarse features, dowdy, baggy travelling dresses, handbags slung round their middles in front, mackintoshes hitched to their waists behind, they radiated an uncomfortable suggestion of a Kaffir kraal. You saw what goal the pink and blue and flaxen bride was travelling to.

From the whole boat swelled a roar of loud-voiced conversation, and the subject was always the same. Time-table and guide-book—nothing else. The German has a passionate love of details, especially of details with a flavour of official authority about them. They talked on by the hour about the best connection from Ober-Puppenheim to Hamburg, where you stopped for four minutes—or was it six? loud dispute—to get a glass of beer; what was the exact tariff for the porter who carried your baggage on board the boat; how much they charged for breakfast at the third-best hotel in Norderney; the exact date and dimensions of the new post-office at Heligoland. I should have been appalled at their learning, but that I had the same time-table and guide-book myself. Yet they babbled on, reeling off strings of facts which each man knew to come word for word out of the guide-book, which yet each received—except when inexactly remembered—as if he were absorbing a new theory of life from a new Socrates. It all showed wonderful memory, wonderful grasp of particulars, wonderful gravity—and wonderful childishness. Such might be the debates of a Parliament of babies.

When the boat began to dance and the waves to splash on board, the Parliament became hilarious. Between each drenching their faces relapsed into statesmanlike preoccupation; as the spray flew up they screamed like children. After a little of that many retired to the side of the ship, and were gravely sea-sick. And after a little of that came the time to land. On the landing ensued a ceremony which seems traditional in German watering-places—is it not mentioned in the sacred guide-books? The visitors were massed on the beach, leaving a clear pathway for the new-comers to pass between them. As each bedraggled, pale passenger set foot on land the crowd proceeded to jeer at him. Especially the women came in for yells of derision: "Hallo, mother-in-law, chemist's shop to the left," cried the wits. Loudest of all was the reception of a couple with the unmistakable mark of honeymooners. You would never have believed that behaviour so cubbish and unmannerly could exist in civilization—except that it should be taken in such complete good part. Men stopped in the middle of the gangway to answer chaff with chaff. The bridegroom took off his hat and bowed as if he was a conquering hero; the very bride only laughed. It was again the unconstrained badinage of the nursery.

And now we are at the German seaside: what do we do there? How do we amuse ourselves? First and most important, with beer and the band. Germany cannot do without either, and the comfort is that you can take both together. After beer and the band—the baths. The German never talks of the seaside; he calls it a sea-bath. He takes his sea-bath with the solemnity with which he takes his time-table and his beer. The morning is the time, and the style of bathing is the common female, or bob-and-duck,

style. Not that the German cannot swim: there is a swimming bath in every little town that has a river to put it in, and the young men are as useful in the water as they are in the gymnasium. But at the sea-bath the bob-and-duck is the way to bathe, and the German does things in the way. The joy of the Englishman, still more of the American, is to do something out of the way; the German finds his warmest glow in finding out the regulation way, and triumphantly walking in it. So he takes his bath-ticket and his machine, attires his portly form in an ordinary bathing costume, goes quivering, jelly-like, into the surf, bows himself and carries water to his face, and then awaits the wave. Three waves is the regulation dose for the first day; when three have wetted him he quivers back to his machine: he has taken his bath. The sexes do not bathe together; as you walk—flanked by notice-boards directing you to places ten yards away, or forbidding you to damage the beach—you come to a notice-board whose genial peremptoriness is thoroughly German. "For the honoured gentleman-public," it runs: "thus far and no farther." There you may stand and see fisherwomen, attired in what appear white night-gowns, push the machine down to the sea. Therefrom emerges the German's wife: her dress, figure, and method of bathing is a disappointingly exact copy of her husband's.

The German has bathed; he glows with satisfaction. He describes the process to everybody he meets; he never saw his friend before, and his friend has just done exactly the same thing; yet each repeats his exploits with frank self-gratulation. Then dinner—midday eat, they most appropriately call it—say soup; lobster eaten with a knife; roast veal in a curiously square, lumpy joint with viscous

spiced gravy over it; raw herring and kidney beans cooked with nutmeg; roast fowl with salad and stewed peaches; pudding; cheese; dessert; coffee; the whole prefaced by beer, accompanied by Rhine-wine and seltzer, with an epilogue of beer at the end. That is a fair sample of the German midday eat; and the wonderful thing is that he takes it, if he can afford it, every day, work-days and holidays alike. Of course he is comatose after it, and must sleep for a couple of hours. Business takes its siesta from twelve to three in Germany as completely as it does in Turkey. But you must remember that the German was at work at eight, and will not knock off till six or seven.

Remember that he has had his coffee and roll (early-piece), and his sandwich and glass of beer (second early-piece) before he comes to midday-eat. After that comes coffee and a roll, evening-eat—say steak and onions, cold beef, sausage and raw ham, stewed fruit and oddments—and then a little sandwich to wind up with before going to bed. In all seven meals, of which, however, only one quite disabling.

For the interstices between meals, beer and the band. At Norderney and Heligoland there are theatres; at simpler Borkum you sing in chorus with the band. The more athletic young men play with their spades and pails. But one great pastime we must not forget—sending picture post-cards to one's friends. The picture post-card is one of the vital elements in German life; the most highly cultivated do not disdain to play with them. On one side they are wholly taken up with views, with the simple inscription: "Greeting from ———" wherever it may be. On the other side you have only to write the address. As the object of the German's travels is not so

much enjoying himself in a place as enjoying saying he has been there—adding it to his repertory—the picture post-card is just the sort of combined index and guarantee of good faith that he wants. The picture may be a view of a place or of an event. They sell them on excursion steamers, in music-halls, dancing saloons, everywhere—each with its own inscription: "Greeting from La Marguerite"; "Greeting from the Tivoli"; "Greeting from the largest crane in the world at Hamburg," greeting from any conceivable place a German could ever visit. If you prefer humour, you can get pictures of a row of people being sea-sick over a ship's side. At the manœuvres soldiers by the hundreds bought half-penny cards with little pictures of soldiers manœuvring on them to send to friends. If you are artistic you can get one with the Sistine Madonna; if frivolous, one with the Sisters Barrison. High-toned or low, the whole nation plays with the picture post-card as one German. It is the exact summary of the German holiday.

ON THE GERMAN ARMY

G. W. STEEVENS

"IT is a noiseless engine—like doing from the topmost general to the bottommost soldier." That is the description of the German army given to me by a member of it. And the description is no overstatement. The German army is the most perfectly adapted, perfectly running machine. Never can there have been a more signal triumph of organization over complexity. The armies of other nations in days past may have been as well organized, but the problem of organization was infinitely less complex. The armies of other nations to-day may be as complex, but they are not so completely organized. To quote my friend again, in the French, the Austrian, the Italian services, "it works, but it works not with oil." The German army is the finest thing of its kind in the world; it is the finest thing in Germany of any kind. It is even worth the price that Germany pays for it.

To the Germans themselves the army is the cause and justification of the whole nation. Comment to a person on the want of personal liberty in some little detail of daily life, and he counters at once with an appeal to the army. "Yes; it is no doubt annoying to an Englishman to have to wait on a railway platform till the guard tells him he may get in; but then you must remember that we have powerful military nations on both frontiers." To the English mind the logic is ridiculous; to the German it is irrefragable. He accepts the deforming of his country as a necessary cor-

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relative to the efficiency of his army. He may approve or he may disapprove. "I belong to it," said an officer to me, "and belonging to it I see what a splendid thing it is, and I'm very proud of it; but I see also that it's the ruin of everything else in Germany." But even to this exceptional officer it did not seem to occur that civil life need not be cut to the military pattern. For good or evil the army is Germany.

Germany pays dear for it, and the year's military budget represents only the smallest fraction of the burden. Two to three years out of the life of every working man, one year out of the life of everybody else, eight weeks a year for five years more, the whole lives of thirty thousand of the best men in the country—these are only the most obvious of the other items. Germany pays cruelly—but also gets something back. To the English eye the German private appears lumpish and stupid. Heavy in form, heavy in face, he just does what he is told to do, like a rather clumsy machine. At the manœuvres you may see whole companies, when they are not ordered to march or fire, lying down with their faces on the ground, not taking the dimmest interest in the operations which are the test and the crown of their whole year's work. Yet if they are dull, you may safely say that without their years of service they would be duller yet. Take your peasant for two years into a garrison with a company of 120 others; teach him drill and discipline, show him at least a corner of the world; he will not go back quite the clod he came. No doubt the quickening of his wits has primary regard to military operations: at the manœuvres it was a revelation to see the peasants turn out of their huts and drop their carting, to see the keenness with which

they followed the troops, recognizing the name, the nature, and intention of each evolution. Seeing this, you began to understand what the phrase "a military nation" means. But it is safe to conclude that the man whose intelligence is sharpened to the point of following and understanding military manœuvres is sharpened in his appreciation of other sides of life also. In the towns, where the mind does not need the stimulus of military training, the good of it works out in the body. The years of service are the only healthy ones in the German's life: they stiffen him out of a flaccid boy into a straight-shouldered man. In after life he may degenerate into a beer-barrel, but it takes years to get the soldiery set out of his limbs. Returning from Germany, you find it almost painful to walk about London: what business have these slouching, stooping, chestless young men in our imperial city?

But good influence or bad in the country, that is not the question. The country exists for the army, not the army for the country. In the army German thoroughness, German industry, German common-sense, German devotion to duty, are found at their full. From the chief of the great General Staff to the driver of the field-telegraph waggon every man knows what he has to do, and every man does it. There is some definite person charged with every possible service that war might require. To find out about foreign armies; to determine what force, applied in what way, is necessary to defeat them; to raise and train that force, to supply it with arms, ammunition, food, clothing, saddlery, medical attendance; to move it from one place to another, to lead it into the field—the details of every function have been thought out beforehand, and have been provided for. "Suppose war should suddenly break out," I

said to an officer on leave, "I suppose you make for your regiment at once." "No," he replied: "if war breaks out I go at once to Niederschlossburg: there are certain horses there which I have to requisition." "Do you know exactly where to lay your hands on them?" He smiled. "Should I be of any use if I didn't?" he asked. No waiting in war time to ask what is wanted and then find it: he just goes and gets the horses.

Briefly, the difference between the German and, for instance, the English armies, is a single one. The German army is organized with a view to war, with the cold, hard, practical, business-like purpose of winning victories. The question what show it makes in the eyes of Germany or the world comes a long way second; absolute efficiency is its one and only test. In Germany you can stake your life that every *pfennig* spent on the army is honestly spent, and that every man or horse or cartridge that is on paper is there in fact; and that, what with official corruption and lassitude, and a desire to put off public opinion, is what you cannot be certain of in any other nation on earth. The British army, we hear, is ready to go anywhere and do anything; but when we say that, we are talking only of the temper of its officers and men. In the German army the men are ready, and the plan, the railway-carriages, the gas for the war-balloons, and the nails for the horse-stores, are all ready too.

It is wonderful; but there is one thing about the German army more wonderful still. In the organization of civil life and government the tendency of Germany appears to be towards the resolute suppression of the individual. You are not to think, to decide, to act for yourself; the Government, the police, think and decide, and you are to

do what they tell you. In the army it is exactly the opposite. Subordination, discipline, certainly—but also quick and independent judgment, initiative, fearless assumption of responsibility. "Without shirking from responsibility"—so runs the Kaiser's regulations—"every officer in all circumstances, however unusual, is to stake his whole being on the accomplishment of his mission, even without waiting for orders."

It seems a strange self-contradiction this insistence on the development of initiative in the army by the side of its systematic repression elsewhere. But the answer would probably be that in civil life the citizen is as the private, the police as the officer. The officer does not begin to face responsibility till he becomes a captain—but then he gets his fill of it. The training of his company—or squadron or battery—is left to his own unaided judgment. He decides what exercises shall be undertaken, when and how often; he alone has the administration, the discipline, and punishment of his company in his hands. Inside the company he is supreme; his superiors are only concerned with the fitness of the company when the captain has made it. Thus the major takes his four companies and is responsible for their training as a battalion; the colonel takes his three battalions and makes a regiment of them. Thus, all through the military year, the training goes on, in higher and higher units, till the recruits are welded into brigades, divisions, and army corps, and as such exercised at the manœuvres. None of the higher officers is burdened with the routine of the unit below: he gives himself wholeheartedly to his battalion, his regiment, his brigade, his division, his corps—to perfecting each for its work in the field, and to directing the perfected force in action.

In the manœuvres you could see the system in action, in the snap and go and dash at every point. The men looked bumpkins, but they were bumpkins drilled into unswerving, unhesitating obedience. A battery was surprised by infantry fire: one word and the guns were in line, the limbers were unhooked and falling behind, the guns were shipped round and flashing imaginary shell before you quite realized that the battery was there. The cavalry came into line like the turn of a kaleidoscope. The infantry opened fire, charged, fell back, lined up, and opened fire again, charged again, on either side, like a smart rally at tennis. No officer was content to rest on the defensive; a glimpse of an opening, and he was up and at the enemy. The captain knew his company; he had made it, and his career depended on the way he had made it. Each higher officer knew what he could do with what he had. Within that limit he was untrammelled in the doing of it, and could give his whole heart and head freely to doing it with the intensest energy. It impressed you as a mighty, resistless machine, all in one piece, and yet working quite freely in every joint. Each wheel seemed flying round on its own account, yet you could see that the guides and connecting rods—smooth, well-oiled but fast-fixed—were combining and regulating the whole.

Nothing overlooked, nothing neglected, everything practiced, everything welded together, and yet everything alive and fighting. The highest unity with the most strenuous individuality. The army is a machine. Yet the men remain men. And what should we do if 100,000 of this kind of army got loose in England? Volunteers? Good Lord!

AT THE KAISER MANOEUVRES

G. W. STEEVENS

THE gentlemen of the press assembled in the railway station of Frankfurt at half-past five every morning; there they met the officer of the great general staff appointed to give them information concerning the manœuvres.

To each he distributed an account of the forces engaged, a summary of the preceding day's operations, a map showing the position of the troops, and a sketch of the idea governing the operations of the day. Each journalist had his pass, enabling him to wander as he liked over the whole ground: when he had got his information from the Herr Major he could act upon it as he deemed best. The arrangement gave him plenty of discretion. The country covered by the manœuvres was fifty miles by twenty-five, the force engaged four Army Corps—two Prussian, two Bavarian—of three divisions apiece, with three independent Cavalry divisions. Say roughly, a country the size of Wiltshire, and a force equal to the British army in Britain. Substitute ball-cartridges for blank, and the two armies were operating exactly under the conditions of war.

The generals commanding knew roughly the strength of the enemy: where he was and what he was doing each had to find out for himself—that was the exercise of the first day. It had been raining since midnight. At half-past six, as I climbed slowly up the high ground north-east of Frankfurt, the roads were already like rice-pudding; the

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ploughed fields clung to boots and horse shoes till they felt like the leaden soles of the diver; the pastures were like a soaked sponge, and the heavens were opened like a sieve. The beautiful blue-marked maps were pulp in my pocket before I saw the first soldier. Then, trotting along the streaming road, I came up with a string of waggons—the baggage of the advance-guard. The infantry escort had covers over their helmets; they were squeezing water out of their Wellington boots by the bucket; they had been on the road since three in the morning; yet they were lighting cigars with cheerfulness, and grinned as they asked me if I had seen anything of the Bavarians.

As the broad-faced peasant asked the question came the muffled thud of guns away on the right. I rode up a long hill of stubble, and looked out over a grey half country of hill and valley, wood, and mud, and water, to see what it was. Miles away on the left a wisp of smoke was just melting into the drizzle; miles away in front came a couple of sparks, washed out again in an instant, and then, a minute after, a couple of thuds. That was the beginning. That was the horse artillery attached to the reconnoitring cavalry; they had found the enemy, and were trying a shot or two to tempt him to reply and show his hand. I descried, in the direction of the fire, a church steeple, apparently just being washed off the sky-line of a bare hill, and rode towards it. When I got there I found infantry knapsacks and cooking-pans, overcoats and water-bottles, rifles and cartridge-pouches. These boys of twenty had been scrunching through slush and gravel since half-past one in the morning. It was now ten; but bent a little forward under the weight on their backs, with tight belts, and pale faces, and lips gripped together, they scrunched heavily on.

However, the operations for the day were already almost over. Presently I came to the leading battalions of the Prussian force: they had piled arms on either side of a road which ran through a wood; they had got their packs off, and were soaking placidly on the ground. Generals and adjutants and umpires, in long mauve-grey overcoats, sploshed up and down, saluting rigidly. Just in front the cavalry were feeling for the enemy. At each turn in the road, at each break in the trees, you came on a little clump of a dozen or half-dozen Uhlans. They would be moving along at a wary walk. Then the clump would split up. One man disappeared down a grass ridge through the wood, another rode cautiously to a cottage, stole round it silently, and brushed the drops from his helmet as he peered through the rain; another rode up to a little knoll and did his best to obliterate himself under a tree; from time to time each returned and reported to the lieutenant or sergeant in command. I rode past them and then suddenly met a couple of riders prying through the trees: this was the beginning of the Bavarians. Next moment there was a heavy trampling along the road, and up swung a battalion of blue Bavarian infantry. Without a moment's pause they wheeled to the right, breaking in the instant into companies in line, and then, bent a little forward, rifles ready, moved swiftly towards the trees where the Prussian battalions had piled arms. A crack, two cracks, a rattle—the armies were in touch and the fighting had begun. And for that day it was over. The day's work was to get in touch of the enemy—a race for position. It had been done thoroughly, strenuously, exactly as in war. And now, what next? The men had been eight hours on the march in a never-ceasing alternation of drizzle and downpour. To

make them bivouac in two inches of water would be to invite the country's defenders to die of inflammation and rheumatic fever. So they were billeted. From house to house, over 1,200 square miles, went soldiers with little bits of paper quartering the troops—in this house five men, in that an officer or two; here four horses, there a gun. The possibility had been foreseen, but until the last moment it had been intended to bivouac. Yet in four hours 100,000 men, and heaven knows how many horses, guns, and waggons, were safely under shelter. No confusion, no perplexity, no hitch. That is the German army.

The fourth day was even more eloquent. It had been arranged that the Prussians were in retreat, and the day's exercise was for cavalry to break them up. The Kaiser himself took command of the cavalry, and to give him a force worthy of a Kaiser the divisions of both sides were combined in one corps. But then the retreating Prussians must have cavalry too. So somebody said a word, and at dawn a new cavalry division had appeared in the field. Six thousand men, fully horsed, fully accoutred for war, had been called up from somewhere at a moment's notice, and there they were ready. I don't know where they came from, perhaps from Metz, perhaps from Magdeburg, it does not matter. At the word of command there they instantly were ready. That, again, is the German army.

There had been two days of heavy fighting in between. No one man could have seen the whole of it, for the line was ten miles long, but it was presumably all the same, infantry lying down in line, hostile infantry lying down opposite them, a lively crackle of fire, and the guns booming behind. Then on one side a harsh yell of command; one line springs up and makes a rush over the field and through

the tree trunks at the other. Half-way they lie down, and their fire rings out again as that of the opposite line slackens. Then up spring the assailants again and rush on. "Lively fire," yells the captain in the defending line. "Lively fire," roar the sergeants after him. The guns are suddenly hushed as the attacking line makes its last rush; the captains' and sergeants' whistles scream on the other, and the blank cartridges spit out a breathless rush of fire. Then the two lines stand panting and grinning at each other ten yards apart. "How's that, umpire?" "Successful charge," says the umpire, and the defenders troop back to a new position. Or else "Unsuccessful," and the defending peasants guffaw as the assailants troop back to begin over again.

The Kaiser's day was different. I stood on a long hill and watched the Prussians in retreat. Down at the bottom on one side the last battalion was marching in solid column along a valley road; at the other side were stealing up the blue uniforms of a weak Bavarian bicycle corps. Suddenly, miles away on the left, came a few horsemen riding swiftly over the extreme shoulder of the hill. Then the black mass of a squadron, the silhouette of a horse battery, and then mass on mass, a whole division, 6,000 sabres, glided swiftly into sight. Farther still on the sky-line, another gliding mass, another pursuing division. The retreating battalion had left the road now; it was trudging patiently up the opposite hill, the long lines of four companies, one behind the other. The infantry could not see the hunting cavalry, the hunters were almost tumbling over the quarry. The foremost riders reined up, whipped round, and galloped furiously back. They had seen them: but the infantry trudged on up the hill. For the Kaiser it was a critical

moment. The leader of a cavalry corps must be a man of steel nerves and instant decision: cavalry has no time to balance chances. And in the instant the Kaiser decided. The huge black mass swayed and parted, and the bulk of it disappeared rapidly over the sky-line; the Kaiser was going on to strike at the bulk of the retreating division farther on. But there remained the blotch of one regiment and one battery. Hastily the battery broke up into six guns, unlimbered, was flashing imaginary shrapnel into the plodding infantry. The cavalry spread itself as by machinery into line; without check or hesitation it rode down the hill, across the road, up again until it was on a level with the infantry. The battalion would be caught on its flank, and rolled up like paper: what were its officers looking at? But as the thundering line swept down on it the hoarse echo of an order floated across the valley. There was the turn and click of a kaleidoscope, and the infantry were not four lines marching up hill but one lying down facing the charge. The cavalry flew on—horses leaping and plunging, but level as if they were tied together—out spurted the rifle fire, on flew the chargers. Then twenty yards off they stopped, two-thirds of the line opposite the infantry, one-third lapping round its left flank. A word from the umpire, the charge had succeeded. The guns had shaken the infantry; the charge had broken it; the outflanking squadrons had stamped it to pieces.

Meanwhile the Kaiser had ridden on four miles, and was repeating the process on a big scale with the main body of the retreating division. In front of a pale village with a square church tower I could just see wave after wave of cavalry sweeping over the fields as if devouring them. I could see the flash of the guns and the rippling blaze of the

infantry fire. When I got up they had just charged home, and the division was collecting itself again. The Kaiser had come up swiftly across country in just the right place at just the right moment, he had never lost a moment by hesitation, yet he had not struck till the moment when his blow must be crushing. I wonder how many men could take 12,000 riders ten miles across a strange country, plump into the middle of the enemy, and fall on him unexpected at the instant when he was exposed? For my ignorance it seems almost superhuman. An average Emperor possibly, but a most brilliant cavalry general.

STUDENT LIFE

A. H. BAYNES

IN considering a German student's course, there is perhaps nothing that strikes one so much as his freedom from restraint. There is at the outset no matriculation examination, no "necessary subjects" to be got up for preliminary examinations of any kind. In order to matriculate, it is only necessary for him to produce the certificate of having passed the exit examination of school or gymnasium. Armed with this, he calls at the university offices, enters his name, pays his fee, and receives a book in which the list of his lectures is to be entered, and his student's card. The card is important as a means of identification, and in this respect takes the place of the cap and gown. A student can be fined for not having it in his pocket; but on the other hand he has no interest in being without it, as it carries with it certain privileges, and moreover, in matters of discipline, delivers him from the jurisdiction of the municipal authorities.

At the time of matriculating the student selects the subject which he intends to study. He is free to choose philology, theology, philosophy, law, mathematics, science, or whatever it may be, and this he does at the very outset. He is not required to split up his course by spending half of it in continuation of school work. He is a specialist from the first.

The process of matriculation is, however, not yet com-

plete. Two days later, he is summoned before the prorector and is formally admitted by shaking hands, after a few words of advice and exhortation.

The next thing to be done is to select lectures. This is often no easy business. Such a wealth of subjects appears in the professors' announcements that it seems as if the whole field of human knowledge were covered in a single semester's lectures. There is, however, no immediate necessity to come to a final decision as to whom you will hear. (A German professor does not "lecture," he reads, and the student "hears.") There is not only no restriction as to what lecture the student attends, but there is every facility for him to please himself. He is free to give every lecturer a trial for a week or so. This attendance in the capacity rather of a guest than of a regular attendant is known by the term "*Hospitiren.*" After a week or two the student is expected to settle down to the lectures he prefers, and then he pays the proper fees to the quæstor, and shortly after makes a formal call on the professor to obtain his signature in the "*Anmeldungs-buch.*"

To be correct, the student is usually expected to make his call between twelve and one, attired in full evening dress, including white gloves. He is as likely as not to find the professor in slippers, dressing-gown (with what looks very much like a night-shirt beneath) and long pipe.

The days of "*Hospitiren*" being over, the student settles down to his lectures for the semester, which lasts about four months, and the professors do not spare themselves. A professor seldom lectures less than four hours a week. I have heard of professors who lecture on an average three hours daily throughout the semester.

The lecture room is large and bare, with rows of desks

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and a raised seat at one end. Almost invariably, every student is in his place before the quarter past the hour strikes, when the professor enters punctually; and, almost before he is in his seat, one hears the invariable introduction, "*Meine Herren.*" If a student is late, he receives his reproof, not from the professor, but from the scraping boots of his fellow-students. The common plan of lecturing is to spend about half-an-hour in tolerably rapid discussion of the subject, and the remaining quarter in deliberate dictation of a summary of the lecture. The notes are always taken in small packets of paper stitched together which can be added to according to need, and these manuscript notes (or "*Heft*" as they are called) are available, not only for the student himself, but for any one studying the subject. One continually sees notices posted in a university, "Wanted, notes of Professor ———'s lectures for such and such a semester."

Attendance at a certain number of lectures is necessary, but this requirement is very liberally understood. The professor's signature in the "*Anmeldungs-buch*" is the only evidence of attendance required; and this signature is only refused in cases of constant non-attendance. The professor has no roll-call, and in the larger universities has hardly any means of noting who is present. Very commonly, attendance at the beginning and end of the semester would secure the professor's signature.

Perhaps the most important department of this "*Freiheit*" is the freedom to pass from one university to another without interruption to the regular course. The only formalities to be observed are for the student to obtain a certificate of honourable dismissal from the university he is leaving, and to deposit this, together with a small fee, with the

secretary of the university he is joining; and he is then admitted to re-matriculation by the ordinary process of handshaking. The advantages of this freedom are obvious. The student can graduate his course of lectures, and can arrange to "hear" all the most distinguished professors on his subject in Germany.

There are other minor advantages in this freedom to change from one university to another. For instance, a student at the outset of his course, and fresh from the severe work of his gymnasium examination, often avails himself of his liberty to enjoy himself, and see life a little before plunging again into hard work. For this, he will probably choose a university where the life is "*flott*," such as Heidelberg or Jena. After a semester or two thus passed he can break away from the companionships he has made, and start afresh in a new university with no hindrance (beyond the habits he has formed) to hard-work. Students even change their universities according to the season, choosing Heidelberg, or Bonn, or Jena for the summer semester, and one of the large towns, Berlin, Leipzig, or Vienna for the winter.

From the time the "*Obiturienten-Examen*" (the examination on leaving the gymnasium) is passed there is no further examination until the student is at the end of his undergraduate days.

The degree examination is peculiar in many ways. First, it is a private individual affair; and, secondly, it is not competitive. About half a year before the student has completed his six semesters, he makes a formal application to be examined, sending in at the same time his "*Anmeldungs-buch*" with the signatures of the professors whose lectures he has attended. If these papers are satisfactory,

he has assigned to him a subject, or choice of subjects on which to write a dissertation. This work, which is usually of considerable dimensions, must show originality, and a sufficiently deep and wide grasp of the subject.

If the "*Arbeit*" is satisfactory, a day is appointed for the rest of the examination. But here again great freedom is allowed. The examination being a private and separate affair for each student, and there being no competition, he can on reasonable grounds obtain a postponement. The system is throughout elastic, and proceeds on the assumption that the student is no longer a schoolboy, but a rational being in earnest in the search for knowledge. The examination is *vivâ voce*, and occupies some hours. It must be remembered, however, that the ground has been already traversed in the written "*Arbeit*," and that that is the backbone of the examination. When the *vivâ voce* is satisfactorily passed, the candidate is eligible for the Doctor's degree. Shortly afterwards he is formally presented with his diploma. He has now risen out of that in-Germany-much-to-be-pitied class—the great untitled, and henceforward in private and public is addressed as Herr Doctor.

In German universities there is no such thing as a college where the students live together. From the moment a student enters the university he is as free and unfettered as any other citizen. If there is any difference it is in his favour. The first thing for him to do is to choose a lodging. The student's room is probably a good deal more simply furnished than the English undergraduate's. Instead of the pictures of school and college eights, or elevens or fifteens, will probably be found photographs of the student's corps; and instead of cricket bats and tennis rackets, old

"*Schlägers*" (duelling-swords) and basket helmets. The German takes much less pride in his room, and bestows less attention on it than the Englishman, because with the former it is a mere work room. He seldom entertains his friends in it. There are none of the delightful breakfast, luncheon, and supper parties in the student's room. Not even the "wine," and the card parties take place in the student's lodgings. All such entertainments are given at the restaurant or the corps room. Possibly, however, what is lost in social enjoyment by the absence of private festivities is gained in work. Students scarcely ever share the same room, and hence the "*Wohnung*" is kept religiously for each man's private study.

The best explanation of the persistence of the institution of duelling is that it is the German student's one and only active amusement—it meets the needs which with us are met by cricket, football, rowing, etc. The various corps in a university are just like so many college boating or other clubs with us. By far the greater part of the duelling is simply a trial of skill between the representatives of rival corps. For instance, the members of each corps are ranked numerically according to their standing of seniority and fighting proficiency. Every time that No. 4 of a certain corps is promoted to the third place, he is expected to show his qualifications for the more exalted honour by challenging in turn No. 3 of each of the other corps. He may of course allow sufficient intervals for the wounds of one duel to heal before the next; but he has not vindicated the honour of his corps till he has fought his way through all the other No. 3's. To bring about these duels he either watches for an opportunity of falling foul of the man he is to fight, or else he sends a friend who politely and cere-

moniously calls on his opponent with a formal insult. "*Empfehlung von Herrn—und er schickt Ihnen ein 'dummer Junge.'*" (Mr. ———'s compliments, and he sends you a "young fool.") But the quarrel may be provoked, in much less formal manner, by a push or a refusal to make room. The offended party thereupon offers his card and politely asks for that of his opponent. Everything is ceremoniously civil. "*Darf ich um die Karte bitten?*" "*Sehr angenehm.*" This exchange of cards is followed up by a call from a friend of the offended party in which he asks if the other will withdraw the opprobrious epithet. The common form of refusal would be "*Es fällt mir gar nicht ein.*" ("I shouldn't think of it.") The envoy then asks for satisfaction, and the duel is arranged. There are various terms on which the encounter can be fixed, according to the aggravation of the insult or the ambition of the parties. Within the limits of ordinary student duelling—which is with "*Schläger*" and not with sabre or pistol—the extreme form of challenge is "*ohne Mützen und Secundanten*" (without caps and seconds), or, as it is termed in the technical abbreviation, "*ohne ohne.*"

Steadfastly resolving to suppress my insular prejudices and to judge with unbiassed mind, I went to the duelling room. Perhaps the closeness of the room, thick with the confined tobacco of yesterday's festivities, or the bathos of students eating sausages during the encounter, or the businesslike indifference of the waiters passing in and out, or the fumes of the cigars before breakfast on a hot summer morning, or the grotesqueness of the padding and iron spectacles were conditions unfavourable to the heroic. I must confess that when the blood began to ooze and spurt, every other feeling gave way to an invincible nausea and

disgust. I certainly had not realized that there could be so much bloodshed with so little damage. Knowing that these duels were scarcely ever attended with any danger, I had imagined that the first slit decided them. But I found that the rule was ten minutes of actual fighting (pauses not counted) for freshmen ("*Füchse*"), and a quarter of an hour for seniors ("*Bürschen*"), unless an artery were cut. This I discovered in cases like the present, where the duel was one-sided, meant considerable use of the sponge and mop.

Hitherto I have only spoken of ordinary student duelling—that, namely, which is conducted with the "*Schläger*," a long and very thin sword with basket hilt, sharpened only at the tip. In this kind of duel, the combatants are padded all over the body to the knees, the right arm is guarded with very thick bandages, and the neck and eyes with enormous, stiff, black stocks, and big, round, iron spectacles. The parrying is done with the sword arm, which is held above the head. The object is to whip the "*Schläger*" over the opponent's sword arm so as to reach the face. The blows are given so fast that one sees nothing, but only hears the constant thud on the padded arm. The seconds, who stand in a straddling attitude (almost beneath the principals) with drawn swords, have to stop the encounter by striking the swords up whenever they see a touch. The umpire, who stands by, gives the signal "*los!*" for beginning, and takes notes in a pocket-book of the wounds inflicted.

This kind of duelling is winked at by the authorities. But occasionally, perhaps on an average twice in a semester at a single university, a much more serious encounter takes place. This is a regular sabre duelling with no bandages

except the throat guard. It is, of course, strictly prohibited. In consequence, it is kept much more secret and I should probably have heard less about it, but for an unfortunate instance in which one such duel ended fatally. The trial of the survivor, which I attended, was rather a revelation to me. It proved that the true explanation of the duel, even in its extreme form, is the only outlet for athletic rivalry. Even in this case the quarrel had been intentionally provoked by the deceased from ambition to establish a reputation. He had accordingly selected an opponent of fighting fame in one of the best corps (the "*Hannoveraners*"), and had aggravated the offence in order to ensure a challenge to sabre instead of "*Schläger*." Being a German, he had no outlet for his ambition—no way of showing his strength or skill—but in the duel in which he lost his life.

The subject of duelling naturally suggests the other prominent feature of the corps student's life. This is the "*Kneipe*." I am afraid it must be confessed that the student's two great recommendations to social fame are, first, the number of faces he has succeeded in gashing; and, second, the number of gallons of weak beer he has been known to consume at a sitting. Not that there is any great amount of drunkenness; the beer is too weak for that. Quantity, not quality, is the thing aimed at. But it is a coarse and tedious proceeding. Its dulness is not even relieved by the devilry of a big Oxford "wine." "It is worse than sinful, it is vulgar."

It is interesting to note that here, as everywhere, the German student is elaborately ceremonious,—ceremony prevails everywhere. Even friends scarcely ever meet without lifting their hats to each other, and distant acquaintances

would not think of omitting it. Introductions are essential. Rather than enter into a conversation without introduction, a student will formally introduce himself. If at a regular *table-d'hôte* a student has a place allotted to him between students whom he does not know, he takes the first opportunity of rising in his place, and with an elaborate bow introduces himself. Whereupon the others return the compliment with the same ceremony, and inform him of their own names. The same dignified formality prevents anything approaching familiarity even among friends. There is never any slapping on the back or digging in the ribs—much less any "bally-ragging." But this ceremonial formality is best seen at the "*Kneipe.*" There is an elaborate code of etiquette in drinking, any breach of which is punished by what we should call a "sconce"—that is a fine of a glass of beer paid to the party slighted. Drinking by oneself is against the rules. Whenever you drink, you must challenge some one else. This you do in the words: "*Ich komme Ihnen einen halben* (or *einen ganzen*) *vor.*" In reply to this challenge your friend has an alternative. He may drink with you at once, in which case he says, "*Ich komme mit,*" or simply "*Prosit.*" Or he may simply acknowledge the compliment with a bow; but in this case he must return your challenge within three minutes (three beer minutes = five ordinary ones!) with the words "*Ich komme Ihnen nach.*" In either case he must drink the quantity (half or whole, as the case may be) which you originally proposed. This is only a small part of the ceremony rigidly observed in every student "*Kneipe.*"

One redeeming feature of the "*Kneipe*" is the singing. This part of the entertainment is more formally organized than with us. The students have very good collections of

songs in their "*Commersbücher*," and the singing is generally not from memory as with us, but from these books, the covers of which are armed with metal knobs to lift them out of the beer spilt on the tables.

It must not, however, be supposed that the duel and the "*Kneipe*" exhaust the list of the German student's amusements. There is the theatre and the *Kaffeeconcert*, and the universal "*Kegelbahn*." It is a common form of recreation for students to form a party and walk to a neighbouring village, play "*Kegel*," and have supper at the village "*Gasthaus*," and return on foot, or, if possible by train. The indispensable quality of all the student's amusements is "*Gemuthlichkeit*"—a word which reveals its foreign flavour by the difficulty in translating it. It combines various ideas, such as sociableness, comfort and absence of fatigue. It generally requires sociability. No one would seem a more pitiable object to the German than the solitary angler on a Highland moor. The German likes to take his pleasure not only in ease but in society. If he goes up a mountain, there must be a restaurant at the top where he can meet his friends, and drink a glass of beer and smoke a cigar. So important is this, that if the restaurant cannot be taken to the scenery, the scenery must be brought to the restaurant, and this is actually the case in more than one instance. I remember in the Harz Mountains a celebrated waterfall which I went to see. As I was sitting with my glass of beer and cigar at the restaurant below it, another tourist got into conversation with me. After a few moments he said: "How fortunate that you arrived just at the right time: the waterfall is only turned on at three!"

Having practically illustrated the student's freedom from supervision, it is time we mentioned to what extent there is

such a thing as discipline. First of all, no professor has anything whatever at all to do with discipline, unless he happen to be the rector for the time being, or a member of the university court. This latter body, as we have already mentioned, alone takes cognizance of student's offences. Further, there is nothing corresponding to our proctorial system. The university takes no steps to detect misdemeanours. If a policeman catches the student breaking the law, he must hand him over at once to one of the university beadles. And in general this latter official is bound to report any flagrant offence which may come under his notice. The university court can inflict various punishments. These are fine, imprisonment in the university *Carcer*, "*consilium abeundi*," or dismissal from the particular university to which the student belongs, but with liberty to enter another; and, finally, relegation, or absolute expulsion, which precludes the student from entering any other university in Germany.

The advantages of this *laissez-faire* system are very great. The relation between professor and student is never anything but that between teacher and learner. The result is, there is absolute decorum and seriousness during lecture. The professor never has occasion to say one word about behaviour. He treats his audience as students anxious for the knowledge which he has to impart, and they in their behaviour justify that presumption.

And not only within the precincts of the university, but in their social life, the students of most universities, such as Jena, have been the scenes of riot; but this belonged to the period when students were ardent politicians and revolutionists—a period which in Germany is past, though it is present in Russia.

Before I leave the undergraduate, I will say a word or two about his expenses. My rooms (bed-room and sitting-room), in a nice old house, with a beautiful garden, in the best part of Göttingen, cost £4 15s for the whole semester; that is, if we liked to keep them, from the middle of April till the end of September. Breakfast, consisting of coffee, eggs, and bread and butter, about six pence. Dinner at a regular student's restaurant (consisting of soup, two courses of meat, and stewed fruit), thirteen pence. Supper about the same, if taken at a restaurant, rather less if taken at home. Beyond these there were no expenses for board and lodging, except a slight outlay at the beginning on china and cutlery, a trifle for boot cleaning, and a small amount (only the actual cost of fuel and oil) for fire and light when needed. The university fees are proportionately moderate. There is first of all the matriculation fee, which is about £1. Then each course of lectures is paid for separately. The charge varies between £1 and £2 for a single course for the semester, according to the number of hours per week. It must be remembered that everything—whether it be subscriptions, theatres, concerts, or what not—is on the same scale of rigid economy. In one town, for instance, where I stayed, I remember that the stalls in the theatre cost eighteen pence, and for this one heard a constant variety of operas and plays very fairly rendered. Altogether a student may live comfortably, not to say luxuriously, and travel a little in his vacation, for £100 a year.

It may be noticed, in conclusion what encouragement the freedom and elasticity of the German university system give to foreigners in search of a higher education. Great numbers of English and Scotch graduates are to be found in the different universities of Germany, continuing their studies

from the point at which our universities leave them. An instance of a German graduate coming to Oxford or Cambridge to complete his education is scarcely, I should think, on record. But the most important and constant foreign element in the German universities is the American. For one American who comes to an English university probably three hundred go to Germany. In fact, the upper-class students in America hardly regard their education as complete till they have spent a year or two at a German university. At the larger universities, such as Berlin and Leipzig, there are always great numbers of Americans; but even at the comparatively small university of Göttingen there is a stable contingent. The American "colony," as they call themselves there, have a regular organization. A book is kept, in which all new-comers are enrolled, and the colony is presided over by the American of longest standing, who is called "the Patriarch." It is his duty to look out for new arrivals from the States, assist them, if necessary, in finding lodgings, and introduce them to the colony. Every Saturday evening a "*Kneipe*" meets in proper German student style, and hospitality is often extended, as I have reason gratefully to acknowledge, to Englishmen and other foreigners. The books date from the early part of this century, and contain, among other illustrious names, that of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

HOW TO BE A GERMAN

G. W. STEEVENS

THE essence of the German character—it is always enlightening to find a formula, so long as you do not apply it to death—is the weight it lays on trifles. That is the source alike of German strength and of German weakness. You see it at its best in the complete and powerful organization, for example of the army. You see it on its weak side in the emphasis with which Germany underlines and doubly underlines things that do not matter. All things seem to be of equal, supreme importance to the German. He has no perspective. He is always on the strain, always doing his utmost. The keynote of his character is that he has nothing in hand.

Take the smallest item of his daily life. You cannot caricature the German. Caricature implies going farther than the object caricatured along its own lines, developing and exaggerating its features until they become ridiculous. But the German has gone to the very end already; his features are already developed to exaggeration. Here is a group of Germans who have been out shooting: cocks' feathers in their hats, Tyrolese suits, bare knees, knitted gaiters, dogs at their feet—they are the very pictures we have seen on mugs since we were babies. You could not caricature them; they are caricatures already; they have nothing in reserve.

One day in Hamburg I saw a heavy waggon which the horses could hardly pull up a slippery hill. The carter whipped them up; they refused to try. There was a policeman near by, but he, of course, did nothing to help: be was taking a note. A crowd collected, and began to help; half-a-dozen people tugged at each wheel, half-a-dozen more pushed behind; the thing creaked, moved; the horses came up to the collar and off it went. The people ran along by it in procession, took off their hats and gave three ringing cheers. And the carter—he took off his hat and bowed, cracked his whip, and went off waving it round his head, laughing and dancing on the box in a delirium of triumph. What more could he do if he had won the Derby? He had nothing in hand.

The Germans lavish so much of themselves on the small and ordinary things of life that they can have nothing to spare for the greater. If a steamer goes faster than another steamer they never speak of it but as a "fast-steamer"—and then what word is left for the "Wilhelm der Grosse"? The very Kaiser could not possibly improve on his solemnity of aspect were it never so necessary: if he ever had a tragic, an immortal moment, a new retreat from Moscow, or a new surrender of Sedan, he could not look any more impressive than he does when he is going out for a drive. Germany to-day is so loaded with monuments, showing that she conquered France in 1870, that if she now conquered the whole world there would be no room to commemorate the feat. All this makes you ponder. Everything is so complete, so mapped out, so tensely strong every day, that you wonder what would happen in an unforeseen and unfamiliar crisis. Would not everything break down? Every moment, over every trifle, Germany seems to be doing every jot it knows:

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if it were called on to do more, could there be any more forthcoming?

The knock-about adventurous race of Britain has this tradition, that when the moment of need comes every subaltern will command a regiment, every voter will form a Ministry. He has never done it before, he seems to have no particular qualification for it, but—he does it. Somehow or other, against all the rules, he pulls it through. He has a reserve of strength—yes, and even of tact—stored away somewhere, and at the supreme moment it comes into play. Has the German? For the affirmative it must be said that the German, being of a cautious and very practical turn, succeeds as a colonist in new lands better than any countryman, except the Scotsman. And yet—it may be unreasonable—the doubt remains. Except in the army, the German has flung himself headlong into the details of so narrow, so straitly circumscribed a sphere, that you are bound to believe the initiative must be in some degree starved within him. He concentrates himself so thoroughly on doing what he is told, that you are bound to wonder how much he could do if he were not told.

One thing, at least, seems certain—it is the German's deification of small things that enables him contentedly to live under his present rule. Contrariwise, it is the emphasis laid by his present rule on trifles that maintains their sanctity unimpaired. Small things are so well organized by the police that, being unable to do without these small things, he accepts the police as the necessary price to pay. "But you seem, Mr. Steevens," said a German lady of cultivation and intelligence, "to have a wholly false idea of our German freedom. When I travel in Russia I feel lost and miserable; there is no official looking after me; I feel that if I

were to die in a corner nobody would know it, and nobody would care. But as soon as I cross the frontier back into Germany I feel comfortable and secure. I know that there are officials looking after me, whose business it is to see that I come to no harm." That, of course, is a point of view like another. If you accept your official in that spirit, then he will do much to serve you. I have not found German officials uncivil. Quite the reverse; if civilly treated they will go out of their way to oblige you. Certainly it is best to take off your hat to them, and to the free (if snobbish) Englishman this is painful. But the Englishman must bear in mind that in Germany to take off your hat is not a sign of servility or a confession of inferiority; it is the minimum of courtesy which you use to all people of all stations. The German's manners, you must also remember, are like everything else German—there is none of them in reserve; all the goods are put into the shop window of outward observance. Now if you treat the official with the ordinary German good manners, and happen to know the right official to apply to in each case, he will be kind to you. As my friend said, he is then a stand-by and a comfort; only I cannot think that the attitude of leaning on the official's arm is conducive to standing by yourself.

Whether the German made Germany or Germany made the German, it would be unprofitable to inquire. It is with them as with all peoples and governments; each people gets the government it needs and deserves, and one is constantly influencing the other. The essential point is that the middle classes of Germany are, on the whole, very well satisfied with their Government. The Government confines their activity to the details of life, and in details they are very

much interested and quite happy. All classes have an intense love of pleasure. They do not generally get the credit of this among those who have not watched them; but though they take their pleasures more quietly than the French or Italians, or even the Austrians, they take them with full enjoyment. Beer-drinking, smoking, talking, and listening to the band, will keep them quiet for years. Their love of art—the theatre, the opera, pictures—is perhaps well educated rather than intellectual; but this also is a far greater factor in their lives than it is in ours. All this keeps them contented. The most irritating rule hardly irritates them; the most barbarous would hardly drive them to revolution.

To sum it all up, the German is the soul of economy. He makes the most of everything, himself included. In affairs of money, he is the most sparing of men—sparing as only he can be whose currency is measured in a coin of which eight go to an English penny. It is enough to say he always carries his nickels—worth ⅝d. and 1¼d.—in a purse. Even when he is dissipated he proceeds warily and with system, so as to get the last possible ounce of dissipation for his five-shilling piece. You seldom hear of a German who went the pace in youth and then settled down; the young man who has gone the pace gets so utterly lost, so cut off from all national experience and tradition, so deep out of his depth, that he often finishes up by fraud and prison, or suicide. It must be one thing or the other for the German—level-headed economy or sheer reckless ruin. And as he makes the most of his money, so he makes the most of his dignity, of his adjectives, of his shooting-suit, of his satisfaction when his horses decide to pull him up hill, of his victories, of his Kaisership. Quietly, method-

ically, surely, the German is always making the most of small things. He never draws back for a great effort; he is making small efforts continually. Sometimes ridiculous, usually most effective, always well satisfied with himself, he lives with his second-best foot foremost.

STETTIN

WHAT A GERMAN MAY NOT DO

G. W. STEEVENS

THE light on German character and German government shed by the "Address-Book, Town and Business Handbook" of Hanover is certainly a dry one. But for the student with a few days to spare it can be confidently recommended as a source of instruction, and even, here and there, of amusement. Its priceless second part begins with the latitude and longitude of the four principal churches in the town, and winds up with the hours at which every doctor in the place may be found at home. Within these limits you can get all the conceivable statistics about Hanover, an outline of the municipal constitution, particulars of all the clubs, churches, poor-law boards, sanitary arrangements, educational arrangements, newspapers, and museums, besides instructions for railway travelling, with the tariff for tipping porters, practical hints as to posting a registered letter, directions for amusing yourself, remarks on what may and may not be done on Sunday, particulars as to the price of coke, and the hours at which the street lamps are extinguished, and a list of the names and numbers of porters, with the place where each stands. In a word, it is a most masterly little monograph, and it goes without saying that it could exist nowhere but in Germany.

If you want to read it all you can get it for eight shillings, and with industry and concentration you will get one

year's issue finished before the publication of the next. It is proposed, therefore, in this chapter to deal only with Part II., chapter viii., pages 83–104; "*Polizei-Verwaltung und polizeiliche Einrichtungen*," which, in our terser English, may be translated "Police." A brief abstract will give a clear and certainly an officially accurate idea of what the German may not do; after which, by simple subtraction, it is easy to discover what, if anything, he may do.

Sub-section 1 is devoted to "building-police." In Germany there seem to be many varieties of police. With us police is just police, and there you are; in Germany it may be building-police, street-police, five kinds of fire-police, charged respectively with preventing, announcing, and putting out fires, with the regulation of explosives, and with sweeping chimneys. Then there is business-police, press-police, and sub-sectional-police dealing with lodgings, particulars of residence of inhabitants, passports, domestic servants, lost property, factories, clubs, public meetings, cruelty to animals, the keeping of large dogs, and skating. If a sense of multiform and strenuous activity can bring happiness, then in a future life the good will be German policemen. Return, though, to the building-police. For every building, erection round a building, addition to a building, or alteration of a building, without respect to its aim, position, or size, and for all other buildings, fixed or movable, which lie on public streets, ways, or places, or are visible therefrom, you must get preliminary permission from the police. Along with your application you must send a complete plan of the proposed work, and the name of the builder who is responsible for it. The police permission loses its validity if the work is not begun within a year. Pillars, supports, and so on must be tested with double the

weight they are to bear, and the police must be satisfied of their successful trial. If anything is built contrary to regulations it has to be pulled down and built over again. When the building is finished in its raw state it must get a certificate from the police before it can begin to be decorated. The extent to which buildings may project into the street is rigidly prescribed. Steps must not protrude beyond the skirting,—that is, not more than 1–100th of the street's width, and in no case more than twenty centimetres. Similarly, boot-scrapers. Steps leading down from the street may only begin thirty centimeters below the skirting; they must be protected with a lattice at least a metre high, with interstices of not more than twelve centimetres diameter. Twelve centimetres is under five inches, so that even a thin German runs little danger of slipping through. Window-sills less than 2.4 metres—say seven feet—above the pavement may project no farther than the skirting; balconies are not allowed in streets less than ten metres wide, and must be at least three and a-half metres above the pavement; water-pipes may only go fifteen centimetres into the street, and you cannot have a trap in the pavement without the written permission of the police. Finally, the police can forbid any building which in its opinion is a disfigurement to the street.

There are several hundred other regulations, but these are fair specimens. It will be seen that every single one has a definite and desirable public end in view, and tends towards personal safety, health, and correct appreciation of beauty on the part of the German. The police takes care that he does not knock his head; it takes care that he only sees buildings which it is good for him to see.

Passing to the street-police regulations, they open with

the ordinance that the German who lives on the ground-floor shall have thoroughly cleansed his frontage of pavement by seven in the morning, from April 1 to September 30, and by eight from October 1 to March 31. If it gets dirty again in the course of the day the police can call upon him to clean it again. It might be that there is nobody living on the ground-floor, but the police is equal to that; then the person next above must clean it. In winter the inhabitant must keep it clear of ice and snow, and the way of doing this is prescribed; but to injure the pavement in the process is severely forbidden (*streng verboten*). You must put your dust and rubbish out on the pavement, but not till you hear the bell of the dust-cart; as soon as it is emptied you must take it in again. If anybody leaves any forbidden article on your piece of pavement you must clear it away. You must not hang beds or clothes out of window so that they can be seen from the street. You must not feed horses in streets where there is not room for two vehicles to pass, and in others only with the consent of the occupier opposite whose piece of pavement you are; you must watch the horse, and undo the traces while he is eating, and when he is done the occupier must clear up the spilt chaff. If you accidentally break a bottle or jug in the street you must carefully gather up the pieces and take them away. If you stand on the pavement you must leave room for other people to pass. After this it is rather an anticlimax to learn that you must not discharge fire-arms in the street, nor shoot with crossbows and blow-pipes. If children make a noise in the street their parents can be punished, and "rambling about in droves" is forbidden after dark. Dogs that annoy people by barking are forbidden, especially after ten; if you take your dog out

then the nearest policeman bears down on you and wakes the street with yells of "That dog—must—not bark!"

Again all very clean, and right, and proper, and leaving the German no loophole for naughtiness. The rest of the sub-sections may be passed over rapidly. Kitchen chimneys must be swept at least three times a-year, and, on the requisition of the police, as often as six times. In Hanover the chimney-sweep is a public official, and his fee is regulated by the police law. If you move into the district, you must produce you police permission to come from your last abode; if you move out, you must produce you tax-receipt, and announce your future abode; if you move inside the district, you must announce to the police that you leave one dwelling and take up another. Then follow regulations telling you on what occasions you may or may not dismiss a servant, and what breakages you can make her pay for. The chapter on waitresses is of special interest. Nobody may be a waitress without giving evidence of her name, age, birthplace, and freedom from crime and immorality during three years. Her employer must keep all this written down in a book, and produce it when the police ask for it. She must not live with her employer, nor in the same house; she must leave the place at 10 P. M. and not re-enter it till seven next morning. Waitresses must not sit or stand about with customers. They are forbidden to wear fancy costumes, and they may only wear national costumes upon proving to the satisfaction of the police that they really belong to the nationality in question. Otherwise their dress must not be open at the neck, and must come down at least to the ankle.

The police regulations about public meetings and the press are a little dull after this, and are better known in

England. You must not hold a public meeting without giving twenty-four hours' clear notice to the police, and when you print anything you must dash off at once with a copy for the approval of the police. Finally, bulldogs and all larger dogs, as short or long-haired St. Bernards, must be muzzled and lead by a leash not more than sixteen inches long, and that not on the pavement but in the street. And in winter you may skate only between the red flags, and unless the green flag is up you may not skate at all.

When I had read all this I was taken with a fierce longing to go out and commit a crime. Few of the above cost more than 9s.; some only 3s., some only 1s. I wanted to do something untidy, to spoil something, to block the way, to break a bottle and only pick the pieces up carelessly, to hold an open-air meeting, to fire a revolver at a policeman, to wear a skirt above the ankle—anything, so long as it was a crime. In the course of twenty minutes' walk in a public pleasure place I counted fifty boards all forbidding something or other; and then I deliberately and openly walked across the grass. I was not arrested! That particular board was momentarily without its attendant policeman. The truth is that all the regulations cannot be always enforced—never can be till all the inhabitants are policemen but one.

But would you like to be a German?

PAINTING

MRS. CHARLES HEATON

THE School of Bohemia is about the earliest school of painting that arose in Germany. It dates from the beginning of the Fourteenth Century, but chiefly flourished in the time of the Emperor Charles IV. (1348–1378), who employed several native artists in the decoration of his castle and church at Karlstein, near Prague.

The school of Nürnberg, during the early Gothic period, was a school of sculpture rather than of painting. We find, however, a few early paintings at Nürnberg, such as the celebrated Imhof altarpiece, executed about 1418–1422, and the beautiful Virgin with Cherubs in the Lorenz Kirche, that prove that the Nürnberg masters even in painting, were not behind the other early schools of Germany in artistic development.

In Swabia, also, German Art appears to have developed at an early date; but here, as at Nürnberg, it was sculpture that was principally practiced.

In the more celebrated and better School of Cologne, on the other hand, painting, although undoubtedly preceded by architecture and sculpture, rose at a very early date to separate importance. As early as the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, Wolfram von Eschenbach, in his famous romance of *Parsifal*, in describing the beauty of his knight, declares that —

"From Köln nor from Maestricht
No limner could excell him,"

proving that even at that date Cologne was celebrated for its limners.

The first of the "limners" of Cologne, of whom we gain any real sight, is that patriarch of German Art, Meister Wilhelm of Cologne (painting in the latter half of the Fourteenth Century). Unfortunately but few of his productions survive, or at least can be identified. A Madonna and Child in the Wallraf Museum at Cologne is still ascribed to him. But the fame of Meister Wilhelm has of late years paled before the superior merits of another master of the Cologne School, Meister Stephan, or Stephan Lochner, who was, perhaps, one of Wilhelm's pupils and flourished in the first half of the Fifteenth Century. The name of Meister Stephan was first made known to critics by an entry in the *Journal of Albrecht Dürer*, which states: "Item. I have paid two silver pennies to have the picture opened which Meister Stephan painted at Cologne." This picture was the great "*Dom-bild*," as it is called, an altarpiece still preserved in the Cathedral of Cologne, which, until this entry was noticed, had always been attributed to Meister Wilhelm. The fame of being the painter of such a picture as the *Dom-bild*, the crowning work of the Cologne School, is truly worth contending for, it being one of the noblest and most beautiful works of early Christian Art.

Another highly-finished and beautifully conceived work of the early Cologne school is the Madonna in the Rose Arbour, *Madonna in der Rosenlaube* now in the Wallraf Museum in Cologne. There are many other curious works of the same school in the Wallraf collection which is

ALBRECHT DÜRER'S HOUSE, NUREMBERG

peculiarly rich in works of early German Art. There are also many scattered in old German churches, but space will not permit of any more being mentioned here, except an altarpiece at Jiefenbronn in Swabia, painted in 1431 by Lucas Moser, which displays a national tendency united with the ecclesiastical forms of previous years. Before the end of the Fifteenth Century the influence of the Flemish School was powerfully exerted over the masters of Cologne. Their spiritual idealism gave way before the noble realism and better technical methods of the Van Eycks, and most of the German painters of this time belong to the school of Roger van der Weyden rather than to that of Meister Stephan. The influence of Flemish realism is especially apparent in the works of a German master who was formerly, but erroneously, called Israel Van Meckenen, but who is now usually styled after his principal work, *The Master of the Lyversberg Passion* (about 1463–1480). The Lyversberg Passion[1] is in eight compartments, representing the scenes of the Passion of Christ.

Another anonymous painter of this time is The Master of the Death of the Virgin. He is unfortunately but little known, and consequently but little spoken of, even by German critics; but the one certain work by which he is known, the *Death of the Virgin*, and its side wings is a painting worthy of being classed with many of the most extolled works of the School of Bruges. There are two repetitions of this work, one in the Pinakothek in Munich, and the other, slightly varied, in the Cologne Museum.

Far less Flemish in style is a Westphalian painter who executed some works in the Benedictine Abbey of Liesborn

[1] So called because it was formerly in the possession of Herr Lyversberg. It became the property of the Cologne Museum in 1864.

about the year 1465, and who from these has received the designation of the Meister von Liesborn.

It must not be supposed that the majesty and sweetness of Meister Stephan or the powerful realism of the master of the *Death of the Virgin*, was reached by all, or even many, of the German masters of this time. A large proportion of them continued, even after the revival that art had experienced in Italy and the Netherlands, to work on the old Byzantine trammels; and, indeed, we find, even in the Sixteenth Century, after the free schools of Upper Germany had attained to a noble national development, that the Byzantine type was, in many instances, still perpetuated in the Lower Rhine Schools.

Of what may appropriately be called the Reformation School of Germany, Albrecht Dürer and Hans Holbein the Younger were the two chief masters; but before their time, before even the time of Luther, we find an artist who in no way swerved from his obedience to Rome, but in whose works, nevertheless, we first become dimly aware of the new thoughts and ideas which took distinct shape in the art of his successors.

This artist was Martin Schongauer, or Schön, so called on account of the beauty, not of his person, but of his art. His paintings, unfortunately, are extremely rare, and such as are certainly known to be by him are mostly at Colmar, where he appears to have long resided and to have formed a large school.

A *Virgin and Child*, which forms the altarpiece in the church of S. Martin, at Colmar, is his most important painting.

But what more especially places Martin Schön forward as the predecessor of Dürer and the founder of the Refor-

mation School of German Art, is the weird, or as writers on art usually call it, *fantastic* spirit, that occasionally breaks forth in his works. Even in the early religious times, when the obedient artist strove faithfully to express the teachings of the Church of Rome, this spirit, which we fail to find in Italian or even in Flemish Art, is occasionally visible in the works of the German artist. In early German manuscripts, for instance, often in the midst of Byzantine Madonnas and ascetic saints, we come suddenly across some fantastic monster, whose features bear a much stronger resemblance to the creatures met with in the eddas and sagas of the North than to the orthodox devils of Christian legend.

It was, perhaps, a lingering remembrance and affection for the old Northern mythology, with its ice-giants, its world-encircling serpent and its poetical impersonations of the powers of nature, that gave birth to this strange element in German Art.

A most striking instance of the fantastic treatment of a legendary subject may be found in Martin Schön's celebrated print of S. Anthony tormented by demons. This, it is said, so drew the admiration of Michael Angelo at the beginning of his career that he copied it in oils, and truly it is a most wonderful work.

Several other fantastic subjects have been treated by Martin Schōn with good effect, and we have also several engravings from scenes of common life, genre pictures they may almost be called, which betray a slight sense of humour, another element hitherto unknown in German Art; but for the most part he adhered to religious subjects, treating them in a thoroughly German manner.

His engravings were widely known and esteemed in

Italy even in his own day. He was called by the Italians Il Bel Martino and by Vasari Martin l' Ollanda. He appears to have been a friend of Perugino's, and to have exchanged drawings with him as Albrecht Dürer did afterwards with Raphael.

Bartolomäus Zeitblom (1484–1517) belongs, like Martin Schongauer, to the Swabian School. He did not attain to the same free artistic development as Martin Schön, but his paintings have great spiritual beauty and tenderness of sentiment. His colour also is pure and soft, more like fresco than oil painting. Two paintings by him, S. George holding the white banner of Holiness and S. Anthony with the staff, are in a cabinet of the Pinakothek, and there is a Veronica in the Berlin Gallery, but most of his works are in the Gallery at Stuttgart, though some are scattered in the churches of Swabia. He never, like Schön, indulged in a fantastic imagination, but was purely a religious painter with no sympathy for the Reformation movement.

Martin Schaffner (living 1499–1535), was a master of the same school as Zeitblom, but somewhat later in date. There are six paintings by Schaffner at Munich, all of them excellent works, but falling far below the standard of the great age of German Art in which he lived.

The Nürnberg, or to speak more widely, the Franconian School of this time, as represented by Michael Wohlgemuth (1434–1519) had not even yet attained to the development in painting that it had reached in plastic art. The paintings that pass with Wohlgemuth's name are widely unequal in merit, some being wretched daubs, and others showing true dignity of thought united with much tenderness of feeling. Unfortunately he allowed his school to degenerate into a huge manufactory of altarpieces, in which

not only paintings were executed, but likewise many of the remarkable wooden bas-reliefs, for which the Nürnberg School was famous, were coloured. The painting of these wooden carvings was necessarily left to workmen rather than to artists, indeed, with the exception of Albrecht Dürer, no artist of any note is known to have issued from Wohlgemuth's School.

Amongst Wohlgemuth's most important and best authenticated works is a large altarpiece in numerous compartments, representing the Life and Sufferings of Christ, in the Marien Kirche at Zwickau. We also find paintings by him in different churches in Nürnberg; four wings of an altarpiece in the Moritz-Kapelle representing four female saints of great dignity and sweetness, and a great altarpiece, broken into parts, setting forth the various scenes of the Passion, now in the Pinakothek at Munich.

"It was a fatal destiny for the development of German Art," says Lübke, after greatly depreciating Wohlgemuth and his school, "that from this very teacher and this very school that artist was to proceed, who, in depth of genius, in creative richness of fancy, in extensive power of thought, and in moral energy and earnest striving must be called the first of all German masters. Albrecht Dürer, as regards artistic gifts, need fear no comparison with any master in the world, not even with Raphael and Michael Angelo."

He is, in truth, pre-eminently the representative artist of the Fatherland.

Albrecht Dürer (born at Nürnberg, 1471, died 1528) was the son of a working goldsmith, and himself worked, for some time, at his father's trade; but "his inclination carrying him more towards painting than to goldsmith's work," his father bound him apprentice to Michael Wohlgemuth,

with whom he served for three years. To these student years (*Lehrjahre*) succeeded four years of travel (*Wanderjahre*), of which, unfortunately we have no record. On his return he settled in his native town as a painter, and married Agnes Frey, with whom it is supposed he lived very unhappily.

In 1505, Dürer undertook a journey on horseback to the North of Italy, and was kindly received by the painters of Venice. Yet at the end of 1506 he returned to Nürnberg, refusing an offer of 200 ducats a year that had been made him by the Venetian government if he would settle at Venice.

Whilst at Venice he executed a great altarpiece for the guild of German merchants, which, he tells us, effectually silenced the jealous assertion of the Venetians, that "although he was a good engraver he did not know how to colour." This painting—*The Feast of the Rose-garlands*—is now preserved in the monastery of Strahof near Prague.

To the period immediately following his return from Venice belong some of the finest and most original of his works. In 1511, he followed up the success of his *Apocalypse* series by another magnificent set of large cuts known as the *Great Passion*; a set of thirty-seven smaller ones, called the *Little Passion*, and the series of the *Life of the Virgin*. To the same fertile year belongs also the great painting of the *Adoration of the Trinity*, now in the Belvedere at Vienna, which is usually considered to be his finest painted work.

Another of his greatest religious paintings represented the *Coronation of the Virgin*. It was painted for the Frankfort merchant Jacob Heller, and several of Dürer's letters respecting it are preserved; but unfortunately the picture itself

perished by fire in 1674. An excellent copy of it, however, still hangs in the old Town Gallery at Frankfort. It must have been a grand work. But the masterpiece of Dürer's art is undoubtedly found in the *Four Apostles* of the Pinakothek at Munich.

But it is less by his paintings than by his engraved works that Dürer is known to the world. His paintings, even if we reckon all that are attributed to him, are but few and scattered, and none of them, except perhaps the *Apostles*, are equal in dignity of form or harmony of colour to the works of the great Italians of his time, but his engravings are fantastic poems of which we never grow weary, for there is a sense of mystery in them that exerts a powerful fascination over the mind. Every one knows the celebrated print of *The Knight, Death and the Devil:* each time we see it, we regard it with fresh interest, and, although we may not be poets like Fouqué, who founded upon it his wild and romantic tale of Sintram, yet we cannot help constructing some theory to explain its strange charm. To how many theories, likewise, has that weird conception called *Melancholia* given rise? That grand winged woman, sitting brooding in darkness of mind over the hidden mysteries of nature, while the insufficient instruments of human science lie scattered around—symbols of man's futile endeavours to reach heavenly wisdom. In the *Coat of Arms with the Death's Head*, also, a less known engraving, and many other of his prints, the same sense of mystery prevails.

The portraits he has left of himself, more especially the well-known one of the Munich Gallery show us a noble, thoughtful countenance, with large melancholy eyes, far-seeing, and yet full of human sympathy.

Dürer had a considerable number of pupils and follow-

ers, but most of them are better known as engravers than as painters. These are called the "Little Masters" or "the Little Masters of Nürnberg," on account of the small size of their prints, few of which measure more than three or four inches across, some being much smaller.

Next to the grey old town of Nürnberg we find the equally ancient city of Augsburg a central point of German Art in the Sixteenth Century. Here, for two or three generations, the families of Burgkmair and Holbein put forth their artistic skill, until their efforts culminated in the works of Hans Holbein the younger, as he is called to distinguish him from his father, a master who stands next to Dürer in the annals of German Art.

Hans Holbein, the younger and greater painter of the name, was born at Augsburg in 1497. His father (1464–1524), was an artist of considerable merit, by whom there are a number of paintings in the Munich Gallery, as well as several at Augsburg.

In 1515, he left Augsburg and set up for himself at Basel, where he achieved so great a reputation, that he was employed by the town council in 1521–22 to paint in fresco the council-chamber of the new Rathhaus. But by far the greatest work of Holbein's early, or Basel, period is the celebrated votive picture known as the Meier Madonna, executed for the Burgomaster Jacob Meier of Basel, and representing him and his family kneeling before the Virgin. Two repetitions of it are known to exist, one in the Royal Palace at Darmstadt, and the other the well-known Holbein Madonna of the Dresden Gallery.

In 1526, Holbein, either because he failed in obtaining a sufficient reward for his labours in Basel, or for some other cause quitted that city and came over to England. In 1528

he returned to Basel, in order, it would appear, to finish his paintings in the *Rathhaus* (1530), but in 1532 he was back again in England. England, indeed, at that time, offered a far wider and richer field for his art than the impoverished cities of Germany. The Court of Henry VIII. was then about the most magnificent in Europe, and as there were no English painters attached to it, it is not strange to find that Holbein was soon installed as court painter, or "servant of the King's majesty," with a salary of thirty pounds a year, besides rooms in the palace.

It is impossible to enumerate the numerous portraits that Holbein executed in England. He confined himself indeed, almost entirely to portraiture during his English time, but he threw into his portraits a grandeur of thought and a freedom of expression that added to their noble simplicity and truth, raises them at once into the highest historical works.

He did not altogether escape the fantastic spirit which was prevalent in German Art in his time. This is especially manifest in his famous *Dance of Death*, most likely executed during the Basel period, but not published until 1538 at Lyons.

An important and independent master is Lucas Cranach (1472–1553). Like Dürer, Cranach's mind appears to have been deeply stirred by the great religious movement going on about him. He early embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and was the intimate friend of Luther and Melancthon.

In 1493, Cranach accompanied Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony to the Holy Land, and on his return was appointed court-painter to the Electoral House of Saxony, an office that he held under three successive Electors.

Cranach's art is thoroughly national. He delights in quaint invention, and sometimes even indulges in caricature. His pictures have a cheerfulness of character, and a certain naïve child-like grace that seems like the unconscious expression of the happy disposition of the artist. They do not affect us in the same way as those of Albrecht Dürer, for there is no sense of mystery in them. The mind of Cranach is as clear as that of Dürer is dark to human sight. Even his allegories, although original in treatment, are of the most obvious kind. *The Fountain of Youth*, for example, a painting in the Berlin Gallery, is amusing in its realism.

After Dürer, Holbein and Cranach, German Art fell from its high independent position to a mere mannered imitation of Italian.

The name of Balthasar Denner (1685–1749) has become almost proverbial for minute and laborious detail; detail sought for its own sake, and not made subordinate to any great end. The triviality of Denner contrasts strongly with the lofty aims of Raphael Mengs (1728–1774), who in the Eighteenth Century, under the influence of Winckelmann, the first modern expounder of the meaning of Greek Art, attempted to revive the severe spirit of classic art and to return to a purely ideal conception of human nature.

In the beginning of the present century, a new and powerful impulse was given to German Art by a few youthful and aspiring artists who were at that time pursuing their studies at Rome, and who almost simultaneously became animated with the desire of reviving not so much the material form, as the true Christian spirit of early religious art. Foremost in this movement stand the names of Peter von Cornelius (1783–1867), Friedrich Overbeck (1789–

1869), Philipp Veit (1793–1877), Wilhelm Schadow (1789–1862), Julius Schnorr (1794–1872), and Joseph Führich (1800–1876).

Wilhelm von Kaulbach (1805–1874), Cornelius's most distinguished pupil, advanced a step towards the realistic art of to-day (*Battle of the Huns*, 1834); but in his great historical effects (the wall paintings on the staircase of Berlin Museum [1847–1863]), he shows poverty of form and conventionality in composition. Kaulbach was influenced by the melodramatic style of the Belgians, Biefve, Wappers and Gallait, whilst the careful and realistic historic detail and rich colour of their countryman, Hendrik Leys, helped to form Karl Friedrich Lessing (1808–1880).

The Düsseldorf School had felt the influence of David Wilkie. Karl Hübner (1814–1879) painted *genre* pictures and treated political and social questions (*The Game Laws*); but Lessing struck out a new path in historic art by his brilliant and characteristic pictures of the pre-Reformation period. Following him to some extent, Adolf Menzel (born 1815), has, in his truthful delineations of Frederick the Great and his times, touched a chord more strictly national, with great originality and power of execution. Ludwig Knaus (1829–1882), the painter of peasant-life and portrait, is remarkable for clever characterization and facile technique.

Into landscape Josef Anton Koch (1768–1839) introduced the historic element (*Macbeth and the Witches*, Innsbrück). His pupil, Karl Rottmann (1798–1850) executed in fresco a series of twenty-eight Italian landscapes for King Ludwig of Bavaria. His works are distinguished for their delicate observation of nature and breadth of style. Lessing also distinguished himself in romantic landscape. The original and essentially national genius of Moritz von

Schwindt (1804–1871) found expression in his poetic, fantastic water-colour illustrations of fairy and folk-lore (*Melusine*, *The Seven Ravens*, 1858). He also took part in some of the great decorative works in fresco (Vienna Opera House, etc.) and designed the glass windows for Glasgow Cathedral. Ludwig Richter (born in 1803) an original and humorous illustrator upon wood and copper of great inventive powers, has found many followers.

The modern schools of Düsseldorf and Munich are principally distinguished for careful and clever *genre* painting. The realistic style and daring technique of Karl Piloty (1826–1886), "a modern Caravaggio," have helped to form artists such as Hans Makart (1840–1884), Franz Defregger, Gabriel Max and Michael Munkacsy. In landscape the names of Eduard Schleich (1812–1874) and the Achenbachs are pre-eminent.

MUSIC

ESTHER SINGLETON

GERMANY'S supremacy in the Art of Music is disputed by none. No nation has produced so many great composers, or even one that can rank with her greatest musical geniuses. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn and Wagner o'ertop a long list of lesser lights, which in any other country would be worthy of a place in the front rank. In oratorio, opera, song and all forms of instrumental music, Germany stands alone. Supreme in the science of harmony, for which she early showed her special aptitude, and using music as a vehicle for thought as well as emotion, this nation has carried music to its highest development and enriched the world with a stupendous number of great compositions.

How did this great school arise?

Strange to say, the German Polyphonic School, founded by the monk Adam de Fulda (born in the middle of the Fifteenth Century) was derived from the Netherlands. The schools of Munich and Nuremberg, founded by Orlando di Lasso, a Fleming who had lived in Italy, and Hasler, united the Flemish and Italian influences. From this date, the Germans absorbed a great deal of the Italian style.

Before taking a rapid survey of German music after the modern tonality was established, we must pause to note the two important bodies, the *Minnesinger* and the *Meistersinger*, who cultivated music according to ancient traditions.

The *Minnesinger* were the German counterpart of the Provençal Troubadours and *Trouvères.* Their name was derived from *minne*, or love; yet love was not their exclusive theme. Besides songs in praise of women, the *Minnesinger* composed odes for occasions and they loved to sing praises to Nature, and in honour of Spring. They wrote the airs as well as the words and accompanied themselves on viol or harp. The *Minnesinger* included emperors, princes, nobles and knights, as well as men of humbler birth. Henry of Veldig (Twelfth Century), who lived at the court of Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, in Swabia, is regarded as the first of the *Minnesinger* and Walter von der Vogelweide (born about 1170) as the last. The greatest of the *Minnesinger*,—Wolfram von Eschenbach, Henry von Ofterdingen, Hartmann von der Aue, Gottfried von Strasburg and Ulrich von Lichtenstein—wrote in the Swabian dialect. The Swabian princes ranked first as patrons of the *Minnesinger*, and next to them comes Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia, in the early part of the Thirteenth Century, at whose court at the Wartburg, a famous contest took place, when Heinrich von Ofterdingen was outsung by Walter von der Vogelweide and the magician Klingsor of Hungary by Wolfram von Eschenbach. The music of the *Minnesinger*, like that of the *Trouvères* and Troubadours was ecclesiastical in form and monotonous in style.

To the *Minnesinger* succeeded the *Meistersinger*, who flourished in the Fourteenth Century. Their reputed founder was Heinrich von Meissen, called "*Frauenlob*." The companies, or guilds, that sprang up in many of the towns, such as Frankfort, Mainz, Strasburg, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Regensberg, Ulm and Breslau, were composed of

THE WARTBURG, EISENACH

burghers and peasants. Nuremberg, where dwelt the cobbler poet, Hans Sachs (1494–1576), was the centre for these guilds. Among the notable *Meistersinger* were Till Eulenspiegel, Sebastian Brandt, Heinrich von Mügeln, Michael Behaim and Hans Rosenblüt. The title of Master was only awarded to a member who invented a new form of verse: Hans Sachs prided himself on having composed 4,275 *Meisterlieder*. These songs were subjected to a rigid series of rules known as the *tabulatur*. The music was also formal, and characterized by many absurdities, which have been delightfully satirized by Wagner in his opera of *Die Meistersinger*. These arbitrary laws and elaborate rules in the hands of uneducated men resulted in absurd pedantry. However, the *Meistersinger* took such firm root in Germany, that the last guild was not disbanded until 1839 at Ulm.

Sometimes also the *Meistersinger* made use of the *Volkslied* (or folk-song) that had sprung from the hearts of the people and lived from lip to lip for generations upon generations until it reached its height in the Sixteenth Century. Although the *Volkslieder* included every known sentiment, as a rule, the music was better than the words. The simple and often beautiful tunes were much used by the leaders of the Reformation, who, wishing their congregations to join in the singing, set their hymns to familiar tunes. A notable example of this is the old love song, "*Mein gemüth ist mir verwirret*," which was a favourite in both Roman Catholic and Lutheran churches, and survives in Bach's *Passion Music according to St. Matthew* in the Chorale "*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*."

The germs of the opera may be detected in the early Miracle and Mystery-plays, or *singspiel*, which had music

interspersed with the spoken dialogue. These were performed in Latin at first; but in the Fourteenth Century in one called the *Marienklage*, Mary sings in German, and in the *Spiel von den zehn Jungfrauen*, performed in Eisenach in 1322, all the characters use German. The first *singspiel*, in which there is no spoken dialogue, and which is therefore truly a "Singing-play," was performed in Torgau in 1627 on the occasion of the marriage of George II., Landgrave of Hesse, with the sister of the Elector of Saxony. The libretto chosen was Rinuccini's *Dafne*, translated by Orpitz and set to music by Heinrich Schütz. Soon afterwards operas were performed in Munich, Vienna and Regensburg; but they were sung in Italian. The true cradle of the German Opera was at Hamburg, where Reinhold Keiser (1673–1739), produced so many works of his own and other composers that his theatre soon became famous. Handel produced here his *Almira* and *Nero* in 1705, and other works before he settled in London.

The German composers early showed a talent for construction and harmony, and also an appreciation of instruments apart from their use as a mere support to voices.

Rockstro aptly says: "The strict counterpoint of the Sixteenth Century gave place to the modern system of Part-writing, which, has ever since, formed the true strength, not of every German School, but every German composer from Bach to Brahms; while, by confining its attention chiefly to melody, the pedantry of the Renaissance gave birth in Italy to another style, from which every Italian composer from Monteverde to Rossini has drawn his most graceful inspirations and his most captivating effects."

The "musician's musician," John Sebastian Bach (Eisenach, 1685; Leipzig, 1750) studied the old masters

of his day and frequently went to Dresden to hear the new Italian operas under Hasse. Bach belongs to the transition period; for although he stands at the head of the modern German school, he wrote for instruments that are now obsolete and much of the old style lingers in his works. His extraordinary knowledge of counterpoint is exhibited in his great *Musikalische Opfer*, dedicated to Frederick the Great, his *Kunst der Fuge*, *Das Wohltemperirte Clavier*, his settings of the *Passion*, oratorios and cantatas. Bach wrote no secular music and no operas. He was a magnificent performer on the organ and clavichord. His sons, especially Wilhelm Friedman (1710–1784), and Karl Philipp Emanuel (1714–1788), were highly gifted musicians. The Bach family was remarkable: in seven generations there were forty-nine musicians, twenty of whom were exceptionally talented.

The next towering genius is Handel (Halle, 1685; London, 1759), who played well on all the instruments of his day, especially the organ. At Rome he outstripped Corelli in playing his own compositions on the violin. For a time he conducted the orchestra at the Hamburg theatre, where some of his operas were produced. In 1710, he went to England to live, and there produced his long list of now forgotten operas—*Rinaldo*, *Pastor Fido*, *Theseus*, *Amadis da Gaula*, *Acis and Galatea*, etc., and the colossal oratorios of *Israel in Egypt*, *The Messiah*, *Saul, Samson*, etc. His long list of compositions includes twenty oratorios, fifty operas, besides cantatas, instrumental pieces and songs.

Even more prolific was Haydn, "the Father of the Symphony" (Rohrau, 1732; Vienna, 1809), who perfected the form of the sonata and symphony. Notwithstanding the beauty of his oratorio *The Creation*, he rendered his

greatest service to the Art of Music in instrumental music. Haydn acknowledged his indebtedness for musical forms to the works of Karl Philipp Emanuel Bach; but he enriched them and gave them permanence. Although Haydn composed slowly, his works are numerous. Among them are: nineteen operas, five oratorios, fifteen masses, one hundre l and eighteen symphonies, eighty-three quartets, twenty-four trios, twenty-four concertos for different instruments, thirty-nine canzonets, and forty-four sonatas for the pianoforte, which had now superseded the clavier, or clavichord.

Uniting all the best qualities of the German and Italian schools, a master of all technical forms, unsurpassed for the finish and perfection of style and treatment and endowed with grace, gaiety, beauty and the gift of melody, Mozart (Salzburg, 1756; Vienna, 1791), is one of the greatest musical geniuses in history. It is difficult to realize that the composer of so long and great a list of symphonies, instrumental pieces and operas lived but thirty-five years; and sad to think that the composer of *Le nozze di Figaro* (1786); *Don Giovanni* (1787); *Die Zauberflöte* (1791), and the *Requiem* (1791), should have struggled with poverty and found a pauper's grave.

Rockstro remarks: "He took indeed the greatest possible interest in all that concerned the advancement of German Art, and when commissioned to write a work for the National Opera founded at Vienna by the Emperor Joseph, he threw his best energies into the welcome task and produced in 1782, a masterpiece—*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*—which at once elevated the *Singspiel* to the level he had already won for the Italian Opera, and secured it a recognized status at the embodiment of a conception peculiar

to and truly worthy of the great Teutonic School. We rarely hear this delightful opera now even in Germany; but its beauty is of a kind which can never grow old. It teems with lovely melodies from beginning to end; and the disposition of his voices leads to the introduction of a wealth of concerted music of the highest order. It was received with enthusiasm both in Vienna and at Prague. Mozart followed it up in 1786 with *Der Schauspieldirektor*, a charming little piece filled with delightful music; and in 1791, he crowned his labours by the production of the noblest lyric comedy existing in the German language—*Die Zauberflöte*."

Beethoven (Bonn, 1770; Vienna, 1827), first followed in the steps of Haydn and Mozart; but in his later period became self-reliant and even daring. His one opera, *Fidelio*, is thoroughly German in spirit. Notwithstanding his superb chamber-music, sonatas for the piano, etc., his greatest fame was attained in his nine symphonies, which, unequalled in beauty, majesty and sublimity, mark the highest point to which instrumental music has attained. Beethoven was a fine pianist and violinist.

Of entirely different cast of mind yet thoroughly national, the romantic Weber (Holstein, 1786; London, 1826), contributed to the German school his beautiful melodies and bold and novel effects of harmony and modulation. Weber forms a new era in music. Under his skilled and poetic treatment, the orchestra becomes, as it were, a palette full of delicate and richest colours. His use of the wood-wind in the great operas of *Der Freischütz* (1822), *Euryanthe* (1823), and *Oberon* (1826), is enchanting. Dr. Spitta describes Weber's position in music. He writes:

"Of all the German musicians of the Nineteenth Century none has exercised a greater influence over his own generation and that succeeding it than Weber; indeed there is scarcely a branch of artistic life in which his impulse is not still felt. The historian of music in the Nineteenth Century will have to make Weber his starting point. His influence was even greater than that of Beethoven, for deeply imbued though Beethoven was with the modern spirit, he adhered as a rule to the traditions of the Eighteenth Century. These Weber casts aside and starts after fresh ideals. As a natural consequence he was far less perfect in form than Beethoven, nor was he his equal in power, but in originality he has never been surpassed by any musician, ancient or modern. The germs of life he scattered broadcast defy calculation, and the whole of German opera, down to Wagner's latest works, is evolved from Weber's spirit. . . . From his time the musician of genius who was a musician and nothing more, like Franz Schubert, became impossible in Germany. The characteristics which distinguish Mendelssohn, Schumann, Hiller, Wagner, Liszt, and other great musicians who are fully developed men, from the older type of musician, are precisely those first found in Weber."

The genial Mendelssohn (Hamburg, 1809; Leipzig, 1845), was not only a versatile and great composer, a superb pianist and conductor, but did much to elevate the cause of music in his day. It was Mendelssohn who gave the first performance of Bach's *Matthew Passion* since that composer's death, and laboured ardently to increase Bach's popularity. He brought out old and new works of merit at the musicial festivals of Germany and England; and was for many years the most important musical figure

in Germany. His oratorios of *St. Paul* and *Elijah* bear comparison with Handel's works; his music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* shows his graceful fancy and poetic feeling; his part-songs are perfect in form and treatment; and his pianoforte music and concerto for the violin will never die.

Extraordinary indeed was the activity of Schubert (Vienna, 1797; Vienna, 1828), who before he was twenty, composed the great song of the *Erlkönig*—his first opus! Although his varied compositions are numerous, and especially beautiful are his symphonies, his greatest fame rests upon his songs: no less than 455 of these were published, and many of them are gems of the first water. Schubert was supreme in all forms of song. The settings of Goethe's *Gretchen am Spinnrad*, the *Wanderers Nachlied* and lyrics from the *Westoslicher Divan* and his cycles of the *Winterreise*, *Müllerlieder* and *Schwanengesang* made an epoch in the history of the German song. He leaves much to the accompaniment, sometimes depicting a mood as in *Du bist der Ruh*, and at others, the rustling of the leaves as in the *Lindenbaum*, the wild clatter of the horse's hoofs as in the *Erlkönig*, and the howling of the wind and tolling of the convent bell as in *Die junge Nonne*. With regard to these exquisite productions, Sir George Grove says:

"The music changes with the words as a landscape does when sun and cloud pass over it. And in this Schubert has anticipated Wagner, since the words to which he writes are as much the basis of his songs as Wagner's librettos are of his operas. What this has brought him to in such cases as the *Erl-King*, the *Wanderer*, *Schwager Kronos*, the *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus*, the Shakespeare songs of *Sylvia* and *Hark*, *Hark the Lark*, those of Ellen and the Huntsman in

the *Lady of the Lake*, even Englishmen can judge; but what he did in the German literature generally may be gathered from Mayrhofer's confession, doubly remarkable when coming from a man of such strong individuality—who somewhere says that he did not understand the full force even of his own poems until he had heard Schubert's setting of them."

Schubert left but two successors in the German *Lied*,—Schumann and Robert Franz.

Schumann (Zwickau, 1810; Endernich, 1856), was the originator of a new style of pianoforte music. His numerous compositions for his favourite instrument and his orchestral and chamber music compositions take high rank. Some of his choral works, cantatas, part-songs, etc., his incidental music to Goethe's *Faust* and Byron's *Manfred* adequately exhibit his genius. He was also a famous critic and the editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (1833–34), which had much influence in directing popular taste.

His songs very nearly attain the greatness of Schubert's; for like Schubert, Schumann, by means of his beautiful melodies and annotations, as we may call their accompaniments, adds lustre to every poem that he treats.

"If Schubert, at his best, grasps a poem with the intense grip of a dramatist and sings as though he struck up from the centre of some dramatic situation; if Schumann declaims his verse like a perfect reader, or illuminates it as an imaginative draughtsman might grace the margin of some precious book, or dreams over it as a tender and profound musician is prone to dream over some inexpressible sentiment—Franz pursues a path of his own; he *translates* the poem into music, that is to say he depicts in musical outlines the exact emotional state from which it appears

a beautiful composition apart from the voice-part. His moods are as a rule lyrical, but sometimes, as, for example in *Im Herbst*, he rises to an extreme height of dramatic expression."[1]

Among other great composers whose songs take rank among the best, Beethoven has a place. His greatest, *Adelaïde*, is really in the form of a *scena*. Mozart's most famous song *Das Veilchen*, to Goethe's words, is also hardly a *lied*. Mendelssohn's *Auf flügeln des Gesanges* is justly admired, but his chief fame as a song-writer rests upon his very beautiful part-songs.

Another species of German song which is a combination of the *Volkslied* and *Kunstlied* should not be forgotten in a review of German music. This, called the *Volksthümlicheslied*, is perhaps best translated as popular song, although it has none of the vulgarity of the street or the music-hall about it. Sometimes it occurs in an opera or musical comedy; sometimes it is of anonymous or disputed authorship; and sometimes it is composed by musicians who devote themselves to it. Everybody in Germany is familiar with such songs as *Der mai ist gekommen*, *O Tannebaum, O Tannebaum*, *Gaudeamus*, *Morgenroth, Morgenroth*, *Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten*, *Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland*, etc.

Returning to our composers, the name of Wagner (Leipzig, 1813; Vienna, 1883), overshadows that of every other composer of his time. *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* are among his early works and the two last enjoy popularity. His greatest works are, however, *Tristan und Isolde*, given under Hans von Bülow's direction in Munich in 1865; *Die Meistersinger* (Munich, 1868), and *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. This colossal masterpiece con-

[1] W. S. Rockstro.

sisting of a prelude and three dramas—*Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried* and *Die Götterdämmerung* was first given in its entirety at the Bayreuth Theatre in 1876; but *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* were performed in Munich in 1869 and 1870 respectively. *Parsifal* was brought out at Bayreuth in 1882.

Wagner's works are planned on a grand scale. It is hard to say whether his dramas are framed in music or whether the music is explained by the drama, so thoroughly are they one; but as the action of the characters is often arrested while the symphonic utterance of the orchestra takes the place of the Greek chorus, the instrumental music is of more importance than the acting or singing of the characters. Wagner is a supreme master of instrumentation. His orchestra is richer and fuller than that of the classic masters, which is not only due to the addition of many instruments unknown in Beethoven's time, but to his elaborate treatment of the string-quartet and the frequent subdivision of various groups of instruments. For instance, the mysterious effect in the prelude to *Lohengrin* is produced by the subdivision of the muted violins.

During Wagner's life musical Germany was divided into two factions,—the followers of Wagner and the followers of Brahms (Hamburg, 1833; Vienna, 1897). Schumann predicted a great future for him in 1853, and gave him the support of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Brahms is scholarly and profound, a follower of Beethoven especially in his Symphonies. His fame was established by his first symphony op. 68, which was first performed at Carlsruhe in 1876. His pianoforte music, chamber music, songs, choral works, and various forms of instrumental music have won for him a high place.

The opera that has attained the greatest reputation since the days of Wagner is *Hansel and Gretel* by Humperdinck. Although of small dimensions, this fairy opera is of great musical value and charm. Richard Strauss, the most conspicuous composer at the dawn of the Twentieth Century, has written several fine orchestral compositions, such as, for example, the *Don Juan Fantasie*, and some beautiful songs. Owing to his eccentricities, his position as a great composer is disputed.

Two musicians although not of German birth, Liszt (Raiding, Hungary, 1811; Bayreuth, 1886) and Rubinstein (Wechwotynez, Russia, 1830; 1894), are classed in the German school. Not only as pianist and composer did Liszt influence music, but settling in Weimar in 1848 as conductor of the Court Theatre he bought out Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* and devoted his energies to making popular what was then called "The Music of the Future." He also became an influential teacher, attracting students of the piano from all parts of the world. Liszt's generosity and charity were phenomenal: his purse enabled many a struggling musician—Wagner among the rest—to develop his talent.

Rubinstein's Symphonies, among which is the noble *Ocean*, are descendants of Beethoven's works; his songs and pianoforte music, although full of Russian melody, are treated after the German style.

As pianist, conductor and editor of the classics, the scholarly Hans von Bülow (Dresden, 1830; , 1894), rendered great service to music, although as a composer he takes rank with such lesser lights as Spohr, Raff, Goldmarck, Goetz, Cornelius, Max Bruch, etc.

The list of notable conductors and performers who

by their choice and interpretation of masterpieces and the works of new composers, have contributed towards the high state of musical cultivation in Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, Munich and other centres, would be long; as would also the names of those who have invented and improved various instruments. At the same time that Cristofori in Italy and Marius in France were inventing the harpsichord (1714), a German organist, Schröter, was busy with the same instrument. The violin-makers of South Germany, the chief of whom were Jakob Stainer and Klotz, form a distinct school. Their instruments command large prices.

A German was the inventor of the clarionet; the flute is indebted to Quantz, Ribock, Trommlitz and particularly Boehm for improvements; Lotz of Presburg improved the basset-horn; and to the Sax family many modern brass instruments owe their existence.

In the fields of antiquarian research, history and criticism, the German holds a distinguished place; the great cities are centres of musical culture, supporting fine orchestras and operas; while the music-publishers issue an enormous number of classic works and novelties.

GERMANY OF TO-DAY

MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE

THE Kaiser has won!

It has been a battle-royal, a battle between an Emperor and his people. Germany is going through a great political crisis, and that crisis is by no means ended by the election of a new Reichstag. It so chanced that I was in Berlin when the "colonial scandals" were being discussed in Parliament. A few days later those scandals caused the dissolution of the Government.

With one election just over—the most stormy the country has ever known—and every prospect of another at no distant date, one wonders what is to be the end of the political war.

Hearing that the sitting on that particularly wintry afternoon would be interesting—the House sits from one o'clock to seven—a friend offered to escort me thither. He sent in his card to one of the Ministers. A few moments later the greatest excitement known for over twenty years startled the *Reichstag*. We entered by the famous "*Portal Zwei*," a door through which, in his days of power, Bismarck had so often passed. Up the red-carpeted stairs we mounted, through handsome rooms with pictures on their walls, beneath which Ministers sit to chat over important political affairs. At the head of the large hall stands a marble statue of the great Prince who led his country through war to peace, and planted the seeds—tiny seeds then—from which in less than forty years has grown such wondrous fruit.

For a moment let us take a peep at the *Reichstag* itself. It is a handsome modern structure; but then nearly everything in Berlin is new, except the old *Schloss* and a handful of public buildings. The greater part of Berlin as it stands to-day was conceived after the close of the Franco-German war; and this vast, wealthy, modern business town is one of the signs of the evolution of Germany. In all three hundred and ninety-seven members sit in the *Reichstag*. Of these, Prussia returns two hundred and thirty-six, Bavaria forty-eight, Saxony twenty-three, Würtemberg seventeen, Alsace-Lorraine fifteen; the Gross-Herzogthümer, Herzogthümer, and Fürstenthum return members varying in number from one to fourteen; Lübeck and Bremen are represented by one only; while Hamburg sends three.

From above, a huge glass roof lets in the light of day upon the scene, while electric lights filter through this glass dome in the hours of night. Each member has his own desk and seat, as in the Capitol at Washington. They fill the body of the hall. Behind are galleries for the public, and here men and women alike find seats as listeners. Women are not hidden behind a grille as in the British House of Commons, but are treated like ordinary human beings, allowed fresh air and light, and given the possibility of both hearing and seeing. In front of the members' benches is a long, high daïs, on which the *Bundesrath* sit facing the House. The *Bundesrath* is representative of the different States which form the Empire. The members are nominated by the Sovereign of their respective States, and retain their position at their Sovereign's will. In a House so constituted the now famous "row" took place.

The Kaiser's present position demands that he shall work

THE REICHSTAG, BERLIN

with the great Catholic party—the famous Centrum—or he will be in peril. The Pope saved the situation. Naturally, the Vatican took the side of the Government in Germany. They could not afford to do otherwise, with their great political struggle going on in France.

The Kaiser still holds the reins of government, even if the Catholic steed he is riding proves a little restive. People must, however, remember there are two bits in that animal's mouth, a curb and a snaffle. One is called Conservative and the other Liberal. In the meantime, the steed known as the German Government and its Ally Catholicism are ambling steadily, the Kaiser holding the ribbons. Once the horse begins to pull, to jib, or buck, then comes the moment of trial. If the Conservatives and Liberals don't work together, over goes the whole bag of tricks, the rider will be dismounted, and another appeal to the people will be necessary.

The position of the German Government is by no means secure. It has to rely on a very small majority, which may at any moment be withdrawn by Rome. Britain, being a Protestant country, will watch this position with interest.

The present *Reichstag* contains twenty-two different political parties. Some have only one representative, it is true, but there are twenty-two different forces to deal with. That in itself is no easy task. There are four strong parties: the Catholic Church under orders from the Vatican, the Conservative and Liberal politicians, and the Social Democrats or labour representatives. That horse will take a deal of riding, and it will require all the Emperor's tact to keep him in the saddle at all.

Another lesson this election has vouchsafed—namely, the people of Germany take a much greater interest in politics

than formerly. The Kaiser appealed to every one to vote, and the result was surprising. About seventy-five per cent. of the voters formerly rallied to the poll; but that number was augmented to something like ninety per cent. at this election. Another sign of the awakening of the Fatherland; another token of the interest of the people in public affairs.

Peace and prosperity have reigned in Germany for thirty-six years—not a long time in the making of history; but that period, brief though it is, has done much for the development of the nation. Centuries of war and minor disturbances ended in 1870, when the German Empire was born. The States federated themselves under a constitution in 1871, when the executive power, within certain limits, was given to the Emperor. Universal suffrage was created, and the Federal Council and *Reichstag* came into being. The people laid aside the sword. Gradually they drifted from the agricultural districts to the towns, as one manufactory after another was opened, and to-day modern Germany has become one of the great producers of the world. A country hitherto poor has amassed wealth; occupation has been found for the men, more leisure for the women. Modern Germany is the product of human industry.

For thirty-six years Germany has experienced the working of a Constitution. The actual cause of the late crisis was the sending out of a few thousand troops to the German colonies in South-west Africa; but much else lies behind, and possibly in this country it is not sufficiently realized to how great an extent Ultramontanism is mixed up with the question. It must be understood that Germany is about one-third Catholic and two-thirds Protestant. For instance, the Rhineland is almost wholly Catholic.

The powerful Centrum (Catholic) party originated after

the war of 1870, when it found an able leader in Windhorst. The statesman who ruled at that time was a strong opponent of the doctrine of papal infallibility. As is well known, this doctrine only applies to questions of creed. The Pope only claims to be infallible when he speaks *ex cathedrâ*. But Bismarck maintained that in politics the distinction is practically valueless, as the Pope has the right to decide how far the idea of "creed" shall go. As an instance, the Catholic Church has always claimed the right to control the education of the people, and the doctrine of infallibility enables the Pope to exercise his power over the schools. Bismarck shared the opinion of Napoleon I. that he who has control of the school has the future of the country in his keeping. He thought it imperative to exclude the Church from the school, and therefore passed a law in 1872 by which the inspection of schools was taken from the Church and put entirely in the hands of the civil power. This was the beginning of the struggle between Rome and the Prussian Government. In a famous speech Bismarck dramatically declared that "the Empire will have one enemy forever, and that enemy will be the Jesuits." What would he have said to the alliance of the Government and Catholics to-day?

This internal religious war is not all.

Everywhere one turns in Germany one hears of the Social Democratic party; they are the great and growing factor to be reckoned with. Despite this brave display, the number of revolutionary Socialists in Germany is probably not very great. If it came to the point, it is doubtful whether many of them would vote to abolish private property or wish the production of manufactures regulated by the State. That, at least, is the belief of many who know the German work-

man well, with his underlying patriotism, his thrift, and his love of order. The out-and-out Socialists of Germany are probably about as numerous and influential in relation to Germany as the Jacobins and Communists were in France a hundred years ago. Taine has shown that the number of real Jacobins was small; but they were supported by many who were discontented with the then existing state of things, until Napoleon Bonaparte saved France from a reign of terrorism. The strength of the Socialistic party in Germany to-day lies, as it did in France one hundred years ago, in the discontent of the labouring classes, who do not want Socialism so much as shorter hours of labour, a greater share in the profits of industry, better treatment, and more consideration from their employers.

Modern Germany is very new. It strikes one as a strong, healthy child learning to walk, and not quite steady on its feet. It is throwing off old traditions and acquiring new customs. In many ways the Germans are in advance of Englishmen; in others, behind. In the education of men, in all technical education, they are far in advance of us. The commercial travellers' knowledge of geography and languages beats us to shame; but as a rule that class have not the broad views or enterprising mind of the British. In music and science the Germans are very thorough. In the higher education of women they have still much to learn; but there is at this moment a tremendous movement towards feminine improvement in every way, and in a few years the world may be astounded at the result. It certainly looks as if they were to be a great power in the future. The *Frauenfrage* is the opening of a new era in the Fatherland. Women may help to unravel a very knotted skein.

There is a passage of singular interest in the *Hohenlohe Memoirs*, recently published, inasmuch as, dating back as far as 1848, it shows that Germany was then confronted with the same problem that is before her to-day: "Since the House of Hohenzollern first stepped forward as Electoral Princes and Sovereigns they have been marked out as the defenders of Protestantism in Germany. . . . The real peril lies not in the parties of the Communists, Socialists, and Radicals, who have existed in every State and in all ages; not in the secret machinations of the Jesuit Fathers and their friends, who represent the stunting of the minds of the people as the only salvation, the sole anchor of safety; but in the fact that the discontent, of which each party makes such skilful use, is so universal and so well founded. . . . The nation demands a share in public administration now as never before. . . . It is a mistake to try to dam the tide of revolution by liberal reforms in individual States without reforming Germany as a whole. The Free Press is a necessity; progress is a condition of the existence of States. . . . It is a lamentable illusion with many well-meaning statesmen to regard progress under the existing conditions of Germany as something quite innocuous. Progress leads to revolution. A hard saying, but a true one!"

THE PROGRESS OF GERMANY SINCE THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

ARTHUR SHADWELL MARTIN

SINCE the re-establishment of the German Empire in 1871, that country has developed and expanded at home and abroad to a far higher degree than any other Continental nation. This is due primarily to the policy, ambition and far sighted statesmanship of the present Emperor, William II. Although his plans and measures have frequently met with determined opposition in the *Reichstag*, in the end he has always succeeded in having his own way. Though Socialism in Germany has thrived greatly under the somewhat autocratic rule of the Kaiser, yet the Empire is incomparably stronger abroad and prosperous at home, relatively as well as actually, than it was in 1871.

The Kaiser's energies have been chiefly directed towards combating Socialism, acquiring power and prestige with the Sublime Porte and all through the Levant, founding colonies in Asia, Africa and Polynesia, perfecting the organization of a mighty army, and building up a great navy. In these aims he has been uniformly successful.

To form some idea of the progress made by Germany since the war of 1870–1871, we must compare the figures of the various industries and establishments then and now.

On December, 1871, the population of Germany was 41,058,792, of which number 20,154,109 were males: to-

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day it is 60,605,183. The country contained 5,330,000 houses, averaging about eight persons per house. The occupations of the people are shown in the following table compiled in 1871:

Agriculture,	12,179,307
Industrial,	13,407,793
Commercial,	3,256,605
Domestics,	9,569,458
Army and Navy,	508,413
Other occupations,	1,751,976
Persons not returned,	1,985,162
Poor, etc.,	437,968

Thus in 1871, sixty-seven per cent. of the population was engaged in agriculture, but during the next quarter of a century farming interests became subordinate to the industrial. The census of 1895 showed a total population of 51,770,284 with occupations distributed as follows:

Agriculture and Cattle Rearing,	18,068,663
Forestry, Hunting, Fishing,	432,644
Mining Metal and other Industries,	20,253,241
Commerce and Trade,	5,966,846
Domestic and other Service,	886,807
Professions,	2,835,014
No profession or occupation,	3,327,069

In the iron and steel manufactures, Germany is now one of the leading nations of the world, and in the manufacture of beet-root sugar it stands at the head of European countries. The chief industries include in addition the mining of coal, the manufacture of coke, machinery, seed oils, potash salts, the linen and woollen industries, and the production of beer. There are also manufactures of glass, porcelain, and earthenware, clocks, and woodenware. It is

stated in a recent report on German commerce that, in spite of complaints of increased industrial competition abroad, of the stringency of competitive tariffs, and the growing cost of living at home, there is general prosperity and activity in all fields of German industry. An illustration of manufacturing progress is its recent development of industries in Crefeld, Elberfeld, Berlin, Chemnitz, and Leipsic. Again, the consumption of coal, a fair index of the health of manufacturing and trade, has increased for some years at an annual rate of between two and three million tons. German manufacturers have set up plants in Russia and many Russian industries are under German control. German industrial development during the past twenty years has been marked by a great concentration of capital and the formation of many large syndicates. These concerns have been criticised on similar grounds to those on which the objections to trusts in the United States have been based, but they seem to have had a favourable effect upon Germany's foreign trade, since they have been able, by keeping up home prices, to underbid the competitors in foreign markets. This concentration of capital is especially marked in the electrical industries. During the same period there has been an increase of wages, which, during the last ten years, are said to have risen twenty or twenty-five per cent., in response to the enhanced demand for labour.

The total value of the minerals raised in Germany and Luxemburg in 1905 was 1,417,000,000 marks.

Since 1879, Germany has been protectionist in her commercial policy. In 1905, the duties levied amounted to 612,842,000 marks or eighteen per cent. of the value of the imports subject to duty. In 1905, the imports were valued at 7,436,263,000 marks, and the exports at 3,841,817,000.

The principal items of German exports are textiles, metal and metal wares, cartridges, and percussion caps, "articles of consumption," chemicals and drugs, leather goods, machinery, etc. The principal countries receiving German goods in 1898 were, in the order of importance, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, Russia, the United States, the Netherlands, Switzerland, France, and Belgium. Exports to the United States were considerably affected by the Dingley tariffs. Germany has risen to a rank second to England in commercial importance, and is at the present time putting forth the greatest efforts to increase her export trade. German capital plays an important part all over the world. German enterprises are very large in South America and China, while in the United States the Empire's capital in railroads alone is put down at $180,000,000, and large amounts have been invested in manufacturing concerns, such as the Liebig company. The opinion has been expressed in the German press that the trip of Prince Henry of Prussia from Vladivostock through the Usuri country to Khabarovsk had some commercial significance. There is already considerable trade rivalry in eastern Siberia, especially between Germany, Belgium, and France. Germany has at present the advantage in trade. There are eighty-two German ships, aggregating 49,000 tons, heading the list of those plying between Vladivostock and Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Nagasaki. Exports to Denmark, however, suffered a considerable decline in 1899 owing to the expulsion of the Danes from Schleswig-Holstein. Among the causes of the industrial and commercial expansion in Germany may be mentioned the high point to which commercial education has been carried in that country, and the admirable system of technical and industrial education. The

imperial government has also done much to promote foreign trade, and the efficient consular and diplomatic service is another factor. No countries have a better system for keeping the home merchants well informed as to the state of foreign markets. Wherever German trade goes there is sure to be an agency for distributing information as to trade conditions. As to the import trade, goods are brought by Germany from Great Britain, Russia, the United States, Austria-Hungary, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, in the order of importance.

Inland waterways have been greatly extended in recent years, by deepening rivers and constructing canals, notwithstanding the opposition of the Agrarian interests, which dread the competition of English shipping. The Baltic canal from Kiel to the Elbe across the Schleswig-Holstein neck, opened in 1895, was a strategic rather than a commercial undertaking. In 1904, Germany had 8,436 miles of canals and inland navigations. On August 11, 1899, the Dortmund-Ems Canal was formally opened by the German Emperor. This canal, about 150 miles in length, starts at Emden, on the North Sea, utilizes the river Ems for a part of its length, passes through Münster, and terminates for the present at the village of Herne, in Westphalia, Dortmund being connected at Henrichenburg by a nine-mile branch. The canal will accommodate vessels of 600 to 700 tons burden. It is the government's purpose to make Emden a first-class naval port, to deepen the river-bed, and build naval dry docks and ship-yards. The Elbe-Trave Canal was completed in 1901. The construction of the Rhine-Elbe Canal was strongly urged by the Emperor, but the bill providing for it was on August 17, 1899, rejected by the lower house of the Prussian diet. Another ship-

canal was recently proposed to connect Leipsic with Reisa, the grain centre of Saxony. The cost was estimated at $12,000,000, including connection with the Pleisse, and improvements of the harbour in Leipsic, the length being forty-two miles. The Main-Danube, the Rhine-Rhone, the Rhine-Marne, and many other canals, ramify through the country, and connect with foreign waterways.

When Germany again became an Empire, she had no colonies, and notwithstanding the energetic measures adopted by the present Emperor, the results have been showy rather than satisfactory. Bismarck was unwilling to engage in an aggressive colonial policy out of consideration for the susceptibilities of France and England, and of wholesome respect for their navies, with which he could not hope to cope. It was not till 1884, that Germany seized territory in Africa. These districts are known as Togoland and Kamerun. From 1884 to 1890, German Southwest Africa and German East Africa were annexed. In 1885 and 1886, the German flag was planted in Polynesia on the Solomon and Marshall Islands, Kaiser William's Land in New Guinea, and the Bismarck Archipelago. In 1899, the ending of tripartite control in Samoa by Germany, Great Britain, and the United States resulted, upon the retirement of England, in the acquisition by Germany of the islands of Savaii and Upolu, while the United States received the important island Tutuila. Besides these islands, Germany added to her colonial possessions by purchase from Spain the Caroline, Pelew, and Ladrone, or Marianne, groups in the Pacific. In the latter archipelago the island of Guam, having been acquired by the United States in the Spanish-American war of 1898, was excepted in the German purchase. The other German dependencies in the Pacific are the Bismarck

archipelago, Kaiser William's Land, on the island of New Guinea, or Papua, the Marshall islands, and the remainder of the Solomon group. The acquisition of the island territories is a step in line with the German Emperor's policy of providing stations for the growing German navy and for the benefit of the Empire's extensive foreign trade. The government has recently given special attention to its large and important African possessions, and is encouraging their development as a source of supply for the mother country.

In 1898, as indemnification for the treatment of her missionaries in China, Germany received a ninety-nine years' lease of Kiao-Chao Bay, and special privileges of trade and influence in that province.

The German mercantile marine has increased enormously since the war with France. In 1872, she owned 4,354 sailing vessels with a tonnage of 892,000, and 175 steamers, 97,000 tons. In that year the merchant fleet was only half as large as that of France; now it is more than double the size. In 1900, the number of sailing vessels had fallen to 2,446, of 632,000 tonnage; and the total of steamers had risen to 1,293, of 1,864,000 tonnage. Germany now ranks second on the list to the maritime countries of the world.

In 1871, the German navy was almost a negligible quantity: now it ranks fourth on the list of Great Powers. In May, 1907, there were built or building 29 battleships; eight iron-clad Coast Defence ships; 15 large cruisers (nine armoured, six protected); 37 small cruisers; 10 gunboats; 68 large torpedo boats; 72 small torpedo boats (47 up to date); a number of special ships and gunboats of no great fighting value; and a number of submarines. The per-

sonnel consists of 1,700 officers; 269 engineer officers; 221 surgeons; 180 paymasters; 1,883 warrant officers; 8,985 petty officers; 29,316 seamen; and 1,100 ship's boys; total 43,654.

STATISTICS

E. S.

THE Empire of Germany occupies the central portion of Europe with an area of 208,830 square miles. The census of 1905 gives a total population of 60,605,183, of which 29,868,096 are males. In 1900 the religious denominations were computed as follows: 35,231,104 Protestants; 20,327,913 Roman Catholics; 203,793 Christians of other categories; 586,833 Jews; and 17,535 of other religions and unknown.

The reigning Emperor is a Hohenzollern. This family traces its descent from Count Thassilo who lived about the beginning of the Ninth Century and founded a castle on the Zollern heights near Hechingen. The mountainous territory of Hohenzollern, a province of Prussia, lies between Würtemberg and Baden, and consists of about 440 square miles. It is watered by the Neckar and Danube. The population, consisting of about 65,752, is almost exclusively Roman Catholic, under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Freiburg.

About 1165 the Hohenzollern family divided in two branches: Frederick IV., founding the Swabian or elder branch; and Konrad I. the Franconian, or younger. In 1576, the elder line was sub-divided into the branches of Hohenzollern-Hechingen and Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. The Kings of Prussia are descended from the younger branch; for Frederick VI., the representative of the

WILLIAM II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY

younger line, received in 1415 from the Emperor Sigismund the investiture of the Electorate of Brandenburg, thus founding the present dynasty of Prussia. The two branches of the elder line, Hohenzollern-Hechingen and Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, continued unbroken until 1849, when, in accordance with a family compact made in 1821, which declared the King of Prussia chief of the joint houses, the reigning princes of Hohenzollern-Heckingen and Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen ceded their rights and principalities to the King of Prussia who agreed to pay an annual pension of 15,000 thalers to the first and of 25,000 to the latter, the princes retaining their estates and the title of highness, but to exercise no act of sovereignty.

The first Emperor of the new German Empire was William I. (Friedrich Ludwig Wilhelm), King of Prussia, the second son of Frederick William II. (born in 1797). He ascended the throne of Prussia in 1861 and crowned himself with his own hands. In 1867, he became the head of the North German Confederation, and during the Franco-Prussian war commanded at the decisive battles of Gravelotte and Sedan. On January 18, 1871, William was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in the palace of the French Kings at Versailles. In 1829, he married Maria Louise of Saxe-Weimar. Their son, Frederick William (born in 1831), succeeded to the throne on his father's death in March, 1888; but, suffering at the time of his accession from cancer of the throat, died in a few weeks. He was educated at the University of Bonn, and in 1866 commanded the left Prussian wing of the army in Silesia. He commanded the troops of Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden in the Franco-Prussian War. Greatly beloved, especially by the army, he received the popular nicknames of "Our

Fritz" and "Frederick the Noble." In 1858, he married Victoria, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England. He left two sons, William II. and Prince Henry, and four daughters.

William II. (Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albrecht von Hohenzollern), Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, the eldest son of Frederick III. and Victoria, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England, was born January 27, 1859. He was educated at the gymnasium of Cassel and the University of Bonn, after which he received a thorough military training and was promoted major-general in 1888. In this year, he succeeded his father. In 1881, he married the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg (born in 1858). Their silver wedding was celebrated on February 25, 1906. Their son, the Crown Prince, Friedrich Wilhelm (born in 1882), came of age in 1900, and in 1905 married the Duchess Cecilia of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (born in 1886). The Emperor has four other sons: Wilhelm, Adelbert, August and Joachim, and a daughter, Victoria Louise.

The emperor's talents are numerous and varied and his energies are unbounded. Of him George W. Steevens aptly says: "His abilities are unquestioned; his sincerity and honesty of intention, to my mind, beyond suspicion. His worst enemy could not accuse him of not knowing his own mind. His energy well nigh amounts to a wonder of nature. His hand is in every detail of government: he can ride in icy rain all day at the head of his cavalry, transact business in the afternoon, attend a banquet and stagger Europe with a drink-speech, and then go off to sleep in his special train, and do the same thing next day and the next and the next. There are all sorts of stories about mysteri-

ous maladies, but whatever may or may not be affecting him has certainly not curtailed his powers of work."

The ministry is as follows: Imperial Chancellor and Prussian Premier, Prince von Bülow; Interior, Count von Posadowsky-Wehner; Foreign Affairs, Herr von Tschirrschky und Bögendorff; Navy, Admiral von Tirpitz; Justice, Herr Nieberding; Imperial Treasury, Baron von Stengel; Posts and Telegraphs, Herr Kraetke; President Imperial Railways Department, Dr. Schulz; German Ambassador to Austria, Count Karl von Wedel; to Italy, Count von Monts; to France, Prince von Radolin; to Turkey, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein; to Russia, Herr von Schön; to Japan, Baron Mumm von Schwartzenstein; to Great Britain, Count Paul Wolff-Metternich; to the United States of America, Baron Speck von Sternberg.

The two legislative bodies of the Empire are *Bundesrath*, the members of which are appointed; and the *Reichstag*, the members of which are elected by universal suffrage.

The commerce of the Empire is under the administration and guidance of special laws and rules, emanating from the Zollverein, or Customs League, which since 1888, embraces practically the whole of the states of Germany, and also the two free ports of Hamburg and Bremen.

Since 1873, the unit of reckoning is the *mark* (consisting of 100 *pfennig*). The standard is an imperial gold coin of ten marks.

By the constitution of the German Empire (16 April, 1871) the land forces of all the states of Germany form a united army under the command of the Emperor. The German army thus includes the contingents of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg, Baden, and minor states, all raised and organized on the Prussian model.

The reputation of the Prussian army dates from the wars of Frederick the Great; but it owed its origin to his father, Frederick William I., aided by Prince Maurice of Dessau, who especially perfected the infantry. Under Frederick the Great the cavalry soon rivalled it. A Prussian army corps consists of a staff, two infantry divisions, a cavalry brigade, a regiment (seven batteries) a corps artillery, a regiment of engineers, and a number of administrative services.

The infantry is classed as guards, grenadiers, fusiliers and line. The nine regiments of guards are composed of picked men. The uniform of the Prussian army is a dark blue tunic, grey trousers with red stripe, helmet of black leather with brass ornaments and spike (*Pickelhaube*), and boots into which the trousers are generally tucked for marching. The different army corps are distinguished by the colour of the shoulder cords. The large knapsack is brown calfskin, shaped to fit the back. The belts of the grenadier and line regiments are white, those of the fusiliers, black.

The cavalry consists of cuirassiers, dragoons, Uhlans, or lancers, and hussars. The light cavalry (hussars and dragoons) are armed with breech-loading carbines and swords. The cuirassiers wear a heavy black cuirass, weighing sixteen pounds and carry a long heavy sword (*Pallasch*). The Uhlans carry both lance and sword. Great attention is paid to the selection of horses. As a rule, the Prussian soldier is not above the average in size; the guards and some of the regiments are, however, of exceptionally fine appearance. By the present military law of the German Empire, every German capable of bearing arms belongs to the army for seven years, from the age

AUGUSTA VICTORIA, EMPRESS OF GERMANY

of twenty-one; and afterwards to the *Landwehr* for five years.

Those young men who are exempted in their third year are passed into the Ersatz reserve, where they undergo no training and are free of service in time of peace; but in war time they are called out and sent to the *dépôts* to replace casualties in the regular army. The Ersatz reserve is also composed of other exemptions, such as men below the regulation standard, sons of widows, etc.

The Prussian army is composed of field troops who form the standing army in time of peace, and who in war time are increased by reserves; *Dépôt* troops (*Ersatztruppen*), who have no existence in time of peace; and garrison troops (*Besatzungstruppen*) principally composed of the *Landwehr*.

Under the new Army Law passed on April 1, 1905, many additions are being made, the object being to increase the annual strength on a peace footing until it reaches the number of 505,839 men during the financial year 1909, at which figure it is to be maintained up to March 31, 1910. Prussia will contribute 392,979 men; Bavaria, 55,424; Saxony, 37,711; and Würtemberg, 19,725.

The war strength is approximately 4,330,000 men, including the field army and its reserve formations, 1,700,000; the *Landwehr*, 1,800,000; trained men of the *Landsturm*, 800,000; and 30,000 trained men of the Ersatz reserve.

The organization of the German Navy was changed in 1871 and further reorganized in 1889. The administration is under a naval secretary of state, who is under the chancellor of the Empire. The chief command is, however, vested in a naval officer. The fleet is divided between stations in the Baltic and stations in the North Sea, the chief points being Kiel in the former and Wilhelmshaven in the

latter, connected by the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal from Kiel to the Elbe, which was opened in 1895. Germany builds her own ships, at dock yards in Kiel, Wilhelmshaven and Dantzig. The national colours are black, white and red, in three horizontal stripes of equal width. The eagle is the national military standard of Prussia. The Order of the Black Eagle, founded by the Elector of Brandenburg, on January 17, 1701, the day of his coronation as King of Prussia, is the highest order in Prussia. No member of it, with the exception of foreign princes and Knights of St. John, is permitted to wear any other order with it. No one who has been decorated with it, is permitted to travel more than twenty miles from Court without giving notice. Knights of the Black Eagle are also Knights of the Red Eagle (first class). The Order of the Red Eagle was founded in 1734 by the markgraf George Frederick Charles, as a reorganization of the " *Ordre de la Sincérité.* It was reorganized in 1810, when two more classes were added to it.

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