

## Munich, the Modern Art Capital of Germany.

BY LIZZIE P. LEWIS.



AFTER six delightful months spent in the charming environs of the lovely lake of Geneva, we took the early morning train for Romanshorn on Lake Constance, en route for Munich, where we intended to winter. A short ride on a bright little pleasure steamboat, over the waters of Lake Constance, rippling in the sunshine, and between the green shores whose background were the Alps with their crown of eternal snows, terminated as our tiny craft paddled leisurely in between the lighthouse on one side, and the huge stone lion on the other, guarding the port of Lindau. Here we tarried only long enough to pass the customs, and then rattled away to our destination.

Munich, or Monachium, on the banks of the swift-flowing Isar, is a fine illustration of what may be done for a city by a generous fostering policy. Originally a depot for the salt traffic, carried on by the monks of Schäftslarn, the original cultivators of the Bavarian table-land, it grew to be the capital of an electoral duchy, though of no distinction till the time of Ludwig I.

Addicted to art and letters from his early years, the king's taste grew by what it fed upon, until it became second nature with him to devote money, time, and influence to the erection of great institutions for art and learning. The great and still growing importance of Munich as the art metropolis of Southern Germany, is to be attributed to Ludwig I. At his bidding Peter von Cornelius, Wilhelm von Kaulbach, Hess, Carolsfeld, and others painted their magnificent wall pictures; Ludwig von Schwanthaler chiseled his splendid groups and statues; Klenze and Gärtner designed and built their palaces. By his influence the almost forgotten art of painting on glass was again brought to light; lithography, too, discovered by Sennefelder, was developed to such a degree, that in its various sorts it is known in every part of the world. Porcelain painting, wood-engraving, and casting in bronze were revived and improved.

Artists of all countries flocked to Munich or sent their productions there. The first German Art Union was established in Munich, and soon called similar institutions into existence throughout the whole of Germany.

The most important part of the city, and that usually sought first by strangers, is the Königs-Platz. Three buildings which surround the square remove the spectator in a moment from the ground upon which he stands and place him back into the very prime of Grecian antiquity. These buildings—the Propylæa, the Glyptothec, and the Exhibition buildings—were erected by order of King Ludwig, and represent the three different styles of Grecian architecture, the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian.

The Propylæa, is an exact copy of the one on the Acropolis at Athens. It has fine Doric columns on the outside and Ionic within, and

tions, which formerly adorned the walls of the palace of Sardanapalus III.

In the Egyptian room is a statue of the Sun God Ra, cut from black granite, and belonging to the age of the Ramessides, 1500 to 1200 B.C. There are statues, too, of Isis and Osiris, belonging to the year 1000 B.C., busts in lava of Buddha and Brahma, and a statue of Antinous, the favorite of the Emperor Hadrian, in costly Rosso-antico. But the most interesting piece of Egyptian workmanship which the Glyptothec possesses is the statue of a sitting priest in white limestone. According to the hieroglyphic inscriptions deciphered by Professor Lauth, this priest was called Bachenchons, and was architect of the Thebais, during the reign of Ramses II., about 1400 B.C.

Another room contains statues and fragments of groups from a Doric temple, discovered in the island of Ægina in 1811. The statues are about eighteen in number, and are of white marble, a little under life size, but so perfect in outline and so toned down by time, that one would not be surprised to see them move. They date about 480 B.C., and were purchased for \$30,000, though the British Museum had made an offer of \$40,000 for them, which, however, was not known when King Ludwig secured them.

In a room near by is the Barbarini Faun, representing a creature resembling a man, crowned with a wreath of grapes and vine leaves, in a drunken sleep. It is larger than life, and nothing could be more



ALL-SAINTS' DAY, MUNICH—THE FLOWER MARKET.

on the tympana are bas-reliefs by Schwanthaler, representing scenes in modern Greek history.

The Glyptothec, intended for the reception of antique works of art, was commenced while Ludwig was still crown prince. It is a square, one-storied building, placed upon three colossal steps, and has niches on the exterior instead of windows, in which stand eighteen marble statues of mythical and historical persons who were promoters, either directly or indirectly, of plastic art. There are fourteen rooms in the building, containing ancient sculptures, classified according to epochs.

Above the entrance to the Assyrian cabinet, which is guarded by two lions, may be seen the imitation of the Tree of Life, with the two geniuses, so frequently found among the symbolical representations of Assyrian antiquity. The room itself contains only seven low-reliefs in alabaster, covered with wedge inscrip-

perfect. It was one of the many statues by Praxiteles, crowning the marble frieze of Hadrian's Mausoleum at Rome, now the rude brick structure (because stripped of its casings and pillars of marble), known as Castle St. Angelo. It was found in the moat surrounding the tomb, where it had been hurled in one of the many internecine struggles in that city.

Opposite the Glyptothec is a building of Corinthian architecture, originally intended for art exhibitions, but now occupied by the Royal Antiquarium. There is a fine group of statuary in the pediment, celebrating the rise of art in Bavaria. In the center, before a throne, stands a Bavaria distributing garlands. On the right approaches a sculptor, followed by an assistant bearing the bust of King Ludwig, after whom comes a die-engraver. On the left, the architect, the historical, the genre, and the glass



painter approach, the porcelain painter kneeling with a vase in his hand.

From here it is but a few minutes' walk to the Old Pinacothec, a large building having thirty-two halls and cabinets, containing fifteen hundred paintings, nine thousand free-hand drawings by old masters, thirty thousand copper-plate engravings, besides china, mosaics, enamels, and eighteen hundred Etruscan vases.

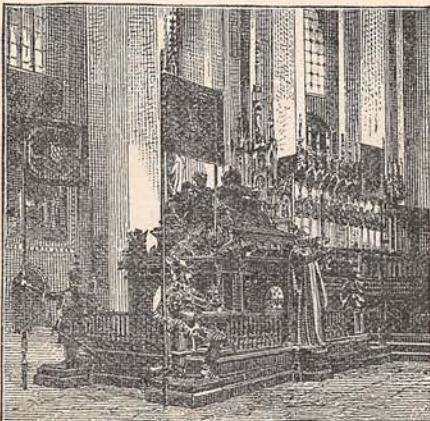
One room contains only pictures by Rubens, most of which are painted on white wood, primed with white chalk. On this polished white surface Rubens painted with carefully prepared and generally thin colors, making a continual use of the underlying ground for effects of light and shade.

Another room is devoted to the early German school, another to French and Spanish pictures, among the latter of which are Murillo's fine, famous, genre-paintings of beggar-boys. Nine rooms are appropriated to Italian masters, and twenty to Dutch and Flemish art.

The new Pinacothec is only a stone's throw from the old, and is a plain, oblong building. The outer walls are covered with frescoes, designed by Kaulbach, representing the revival of German art. This building is appropriated entirely to modern pictures, and serves to show the direction art took in the first half of this century.

In 1851 King Maximilian II., son of Ludwig I., called by his people the "Unvergessliche" (The Ever-to-be-remembered) conceived the idea of having a book published with the title of Memorials of Art of the Bavarian Dynasty. The experts whom he chose to collect facts for him, found such an abundance of materials to illustrate the work, that the king determined to gather together the treasures scattered through the different royal residences and form them into one collection to be called the Bavarian National Museum. For the accommodation of these treasures an extensive building was erected on Maximilian Strasse, having engraven on the façade, *Meinem Volk zu Ehr und Vorbil.* (An honor and example to my people).

There are fifty rooms, almost all of which are frescoed with subjects from history, the figures larger than life. The evident object of the founder was to afford a clear and thorough comprehension of art in all its



TOMB OF THE KAISER MAXIMILIAN.



THE JGINA MARBLES IN THE GLYPTOTHEC.

phases, and to encourage and foster art-industry and historical research in every direction. One begins sight-seeing with Roman antiquities found in Germany, and goes on with fragments from old convents and royal palaces, with stained antique glass from the church dome of Ratisbon, wood carvings, paintings remarkable for their age rather than their beauty, curious old bedsteads, rock crystal vessels of enormous value, oak staircases, quaint clocks, one of which represents a skeleton riding on the back of a lion, on whose head he strikes the hours with a thigh-bone held in his right hand, which makes the lion roar the requisite number of times; altar shrines and choir stalls, armor and tapestries. One entire room is filled with ivory carvings, some of them of exquisite beauty and wonderfully delicate workmanship. In that room also are four paintings, beautifully executed on spiders' webs. The gossamer material is placed between sheets of glass, which are framed and hung in one of the windows.

On Ludwig Strasse are many of the principal buildings of the city, chief among which are the University and Royal Library. The Library was established in 1550, by Duke Albrecht V. The successors of Albrecht used every means to increase the library, and when an account was taken in 1618, there were 17,046 books, 275 Greek, and 723 Latin autographs. During the eighteenth century the Elector Maximilian Joseph increased the library by the books possessed by the dissolved order of the Jesuits, but its most important addition was during the reign of King Max Joseph, in 1803, by the incorporation of most of the library of Manheim, and of many suppressed colleges and convents, some of which contributed rare and valuable autographs.

The library building, constructed by order of Ludwig I., is an honor to letters, and is, I believe, the largest building in the world. I know nothing of the kind more imposing and grand in its beauty than the entrance to this princely establishment. A number of stately steps lead up to the entrance, adorned by statues of Aristotle, Thucydides, Hippocrates, and Homer, represented sitting. From the vestibule rises a broad and lofty staircase of marble, with colossal statues of the founder,

Albrecht V., and the builder, Ludwig I. The books thus nobly housed, in seventy six rooms, are well worthy of their grand palace. It is, I believe, the second, if not the first, library in the world, containing over eight hundred thousand volumes, besides manuscripts, papyri, old illuminations and ornaments, curious and jeweled bindings, and waxed tablets. But one of the most valuable parts is the collection of autographs, numbering over twenty-five thousand. The Munich collection is only surpassed by the collection in the Vatican at Rome, containing twenty-six thousand; the British Museum, thirty thousand; and the public library in Paris, which contains eighty thousand autographs.

But of what use would the eight hundred thousand volumes be to the general public, were they shut up in glass cases and only to be handled by special permit? The authorities of the library, however, are too far-seeing in their policy, and too thoughtful of the public good to place any but the most necessary restrictions upon that which was intended by its founder to benefit all classes. No visitor to Munich need ever sigh for reading matter, since this wealth of literature is free to all persons of any nationality who apply with proper introduction, and this is not difficult to obtain. Books, to the number of three, and by this I mean *works*, not volumes, can be taken at one time, and carried wherever the reader desires, provided only that they are returned in good order at the appointed time. Moreover, should a student wish any book in any language, and it is not in the collection, he is politely requested to make his need known in writing to the proper authorities, and the book, if to be had at all, is forthcoming with as little delay as possible.



MONUMENT TO MAX JOSEF.

A very attractive sight is the royal palace, which forms an almost regular square, consisting of a number of buildings belonging to different periods and styles of architecture, and is especially divided into the Old and New Palace and the Festsaalbau. Most of the rooms are elaborately frescoed, and in the old palace are many interesting objects. In one of the bed-chambers there is a bedstead whose curtains and cover cost \$160,000, and forty persons devoted seven years to its embroidery. It is done with gold thread on white satin, and the flowers stand almost as free from the cloth as roses from a bush. There is also a small room finished with arches and lined with mirrors, and furnished with vases and elegant ornaments, which, with the architecture and



furniture are reflected in the mirrors and thus repeated almost infinitely, giving the little room the appearance of a fairy palace of vast extent, filled with shapes and hues of beauty.

But the Festsaalbau, built by Ludwig I., and used for special festivities, as its name indicates, is worthy of bearing away the palm from all the palaces the writer has ever had the good fortune to see, in beauty, simplicity, and richness. The Thronesaal is a magnificent room, one hundred and seventy-two feet in length, and seventy-seven in breadth, and is supported by twenty Corinthian pillars of lustrous stucco. Between the pillars are twelve colossal bronze statues gilded in fire, representing celebrated members of the house of Wittelsbach. The room is painted in white and gold, the throne and baldacchino being purple and gold.

In this palace is the Hall of Beauties, a room hung with thirty-six portraits of beautiful women, painted for and by the request of King Ludwig. The king was guided in his selection only by the fact of beauty, so the pictured semblance of the noble duchess and the handsome wife of a baker may be seen side by side. During Ludwig's lifetime a portrait of Lola Montez was to be seen in this assemblage of beauties, but Maximilian caused its removal immediately after his father's death. And here it is but fair to say, although the citizens of Munich have not yet wearied of gossiping about their dearly loved master and his favorite, that intimate as were the old king and the pretty woman of many titles and names, yet they both solemnly averred that mutual and well founded admiration of sterling qualities, and the proper endearments of the highest order of Platonic attachment was all that passed between the royal admirer and the Countess of Landsfeldt.



THE POULTRY MARKET, MUNICH.

Allerheiligen Court Chapel is also a work of Ludwig I., and was paid for out of his own private purse. Eight monolith pillars of polished red marble, and four piers, support the lofts reserved for the royal family and court. The decorations are superb, and a striking effect is given to the paintings by the light coming in through the invisible windows. The upper walls are frescoed upon gold ground, and the lower walls are slabbed with marbles. The music is magnificent, especially

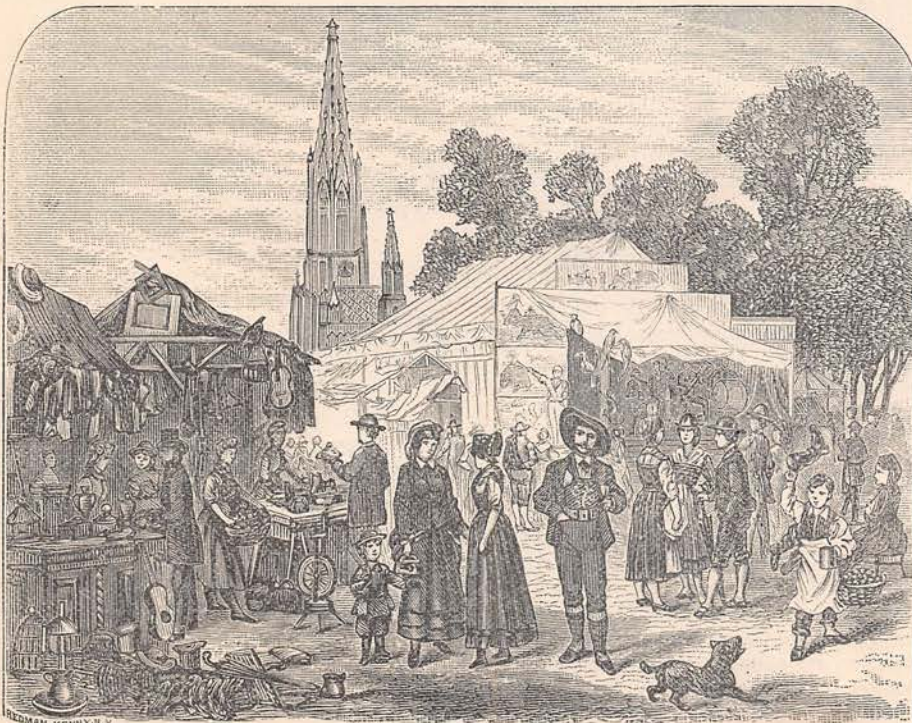
upon high festivals when the members of the royal opera assist.

The garden, in connection with the palace, is surrounded by an open arcade of two thousand feet in length, its corridors arched and frescoed with historical paintings of striking events in Bavarian history, and landscapes of Greece and Italy. The exterior walls of these arcades are the broad, transparent rears of the gayest and richest shops and cafés in Munich.

In the Odeon Platz, opposite, is a fine monument to King Ludwig. It represents him on horseback, in coronation robes, holding in his uplifted right hand the scepter, which as regards the advancement of art became in his hand a magic wand. Two pages walk on either side of the king, carrying tablets upon which are inscribed the king's motto, "Gerecht und beharrlich" (Just and persevering). On the high pedestal the sculptor has placed before the four blunted corners allegorical figures which represent Religion, Poetry, Art, and Industry.

Leading out of this square is Ludwig Strasse, at the end of which is the Siegthor, or Gate of Victory. It is built in imitation of Roman triumphal arches, and is a noble recognition of the valor of the Bavarian army in the wars of 1813-1815. It is surmounted by a magnificent group in bronze, Bavaria in her war chariot, drawn by four lions.

But the monument which is the pride and joy of every Bavarian heart is the colossal statue in bronze of Bavaria, which stands in the Theresian meadow, just in front of the Ruhmeshalle (Hall of Fame). "A perfect woman nobly planned," she stands holding a sheathed sword in her drooping right hand, the hilt and hand resting on the head of the Bavarian lion at her feet. Her left hand, raised above her head, holds a laurel wreath. She wears a helmet, from beneath which



THE AU MARKET, MUNICH.



her hair falls upon her shoulders in wavy ringlets, while graceful draperies envelop her to her sandals. The statue is sixty-four feet high above the pedestal, which is large and lofty. The body is hollow, and ascent can be made to the head by winding steps, where there are two sofas which will seat comfortably ten persons.

There is scarcely another city in Germany which has so many and such richly ornamented churches. The Cathedral or Frauenkirche is very unpretending outside. But all the greater is the impression made by the interior, three hundred and sixteen feet long, and one hundred and twenty-three broad. The most important monument is above the tomb of the Emperor Maximilian of Bavaria (1347) in the nave of the church. It is a large, heavy building in the Renaissance style, sixteen and a half feet long, and thirteen feet high. This was erected in 1662, and the original gravestone of the emperor, representing him seated on his throne, is upon the lower part, and is made of red marble. Above the tomb is an imperial crown and a figurative representation of Wisdom and Valor. On the corners of the projecting socket, lined with wire-work, kneel four armed knights, life-size, holding standards upon which the arms and names of the imperial ancestors of the dead monarch are inscribed. By the sides of the monument are colossal statues in bronze of Dukes Albert V. and William V.

St. Ludwig's church is chiefly noted for the Last Judgment, by Cornelius, who spent four whole years upon it. It is on the altar wall, and is said to be the largest painting in the world.

St. Boniface Basilica was built and paid for by Ludwig I., and is splendidly ornamented within. The walls are covered with pictures in the old Christian style of art, on a background of gold. Within a plain marble sarcophagus, at the entrance of the church, repose the remains of Ludwig and his Protestant wife; for, strange to say, notwithstanding the state religion of Bavaria is Roman Catholic, and the kings members of the state church, yet the queens have always been Protestants.

In St. Michael's church is a striking monument to Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Josephine, Empress of the French. It represents the hero, without the attributes of power, at the gates of a tomb, his left hand pressed to his heart, and holding in his right a laurel garland with the inscription, "Honneur et fidélité." At one side Clio writes his deeds of valor on the pages of history; on the other are representations of the Angel of Death and the Genius of Immortality.

We were fortunate enough to be in Munich at the convening of the Parliament, which is always preceded by a solemn high mass at St. Michael's, which is the court church. The aisles of the church were lined with the royal guardsmen in uniforms of gold and white, heads covered with brass helmets, surmounted by the Bavarian lion, and armed with long-handled blades. When the royal cortège appeared at the portal, the bishops and clergy advanced to the door carrying a richly ornamented canopy. Two pretty pages of twelve

or fourteen, clad in blue satin with white facings, and looking as if they had just stepped from one of Watteau's pictures, entered first. The King advanced under the canopy, followed by his bodyguard and the clergy, to seats near the altar; then mass was sung, and so the ceremony ended.

We had reached Munich just a few days before All-Saints' Day, and so had opportunity to enjoy the peculiar observances of that festival. For a week the public square had been filled with booths for the sale of wreaths and crosses, and a brisk trade was kept up, the very poorest laborer spending a few hard-earned kreutzers in remembrance of some one loved and lost. The cemeteries in Munich are the finest in Germany, if not in Europe. There are few trees, but the entire inclosure is like a conservatory. In front of every grave is a small vase of water and a brush, which every devout soul uses in passing, uttering, meanwhile, an Ave or Pater. Open arcades surround the graveyards, in which are many costly tombs, and some exquisite sculptures. Between the two cemeteries is a long building with large windows, and seeing many persons coming and going, I too looked in. A strange sight met my gaze. In a long room upon raised biers reposed the dead. Tiny babes in white caps and long dresses lay upon beds of flowers; officers in uniform, with caps on their breasts and swords by their sides; men in citizens' dress; young girls and middle-aged women in usual attire, or occasionally in shrouds. Every one who dies in the city must be taken the same day to the dead-house, and there lie for three days before burial is allowed. A ring, to which a cord is attached, is put upon the right thumb, which upon the slightest motion will ring a bell in a room near by, where a watchman is stationed day and night. Rarely has a case of awakening occurred, though one actually happened during our stay in the city. A café-keeper, after a night spent in drinking "Success to the cholera," which was then causing much dread in Munich, was seized with the disease he was defying. Supposed to be dead, he was conveyed to the dead-house; but during the night the apparently dead man arose, well frightened at the company in which he found himself. A few days after, all beer-drinking Munich was hastening to spend their kreutzers with the dead come to life.

On All-Saints' Day the public are admitted to the royal vaults to view the coffins containing the dust of the deceased monarchs and their families. A tall guardsman stood silent and motionless at the door of each vault while we looked upon the last resting-places of chivalry, and learning, and beauty (the defects it is best not to remember in the dead), by the aid of dim lamps burning American oil!

With the attractions Munich has to offer, and all free as light, is it wonderful strangers throng the city, especially those who have a love for art or literature? The people of Munich are simple, kindly, and honest. The shopkeepers are obliging and courteous, and no matter how trifling your purchase, your payment is always received with "Ich danke schön (I thank you beautifully).

For many years the sanitary condition of

Munich was in bad odor, but latterly matters of this kind have been much improved. The climate is raw in winter, and is subject to chill winds at certain seasons because of its altitude and its nearness to the Alps, yet the air is healthy and invigorating to persons generally, as is shown by the healthy appearance of the population. Living is cheap, and it is easy to make friends among the natives, provided one respects their peculiarities and habits, for the Bavarians are hospitality personified. Therefore I can but advise any one who craves a winter's study in foreign lands to remember Munich, for I say now, and ever, that I am fond of Bavaria and the Bavarians, and pray that peace and plenty, happiness and prosperity may ever remain with them all!

## The Weaver of the Snow.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

**B**ROWN sparrows with surprise  
Look out from the safe-sheltering caves,  
To see the flakes that fall from frowning skies,  
White blossoms on the trees.

**F**ROM looms unseen in air,  
I see soft lines of swift-descending snow.  
The whistling wind is the deft weaver there,  
Whose work drapes all below.

**T**HE white way tempts the feet  
Of Charity divine to walk her round,  
To the sick couches, where the graces meet,  
And pity binds the wound.

**C**URTAINS of airy lace,  
Woven designs of rich embroidery,  
About the windows of the cot we trace,  
And star-gemmed drapery.

**H**IS work of hands unseen,  
Adorns the dwellings of the rich and poor,  
Harps, crowns, and shields, and wreaths of stain-  
less sheen  
Are strewn at every door.

**H**OW help in time of need  
Comes like a benediction after prayer.  
It asks not for a form of words or creed,  
It is an angel there;

**D**ISPENSING loaves of bread,  
And garments that will keep the cold at bay,  
And balm of love, to heal the hearts that bleed,  
And fire, to keep the wolves away.

**A** SEAMLESS mantle falls,  
Hiding unsightly things from human eyes,  
From the dim clouds, that line heaven's azure walls,  
White everywhere it lies.

**I**T wraps the frozen ground,  
Where sleep innumerable fruits and seeds,  
And in the spring the blossoms will be found  
Like blessings sprung from deeds.