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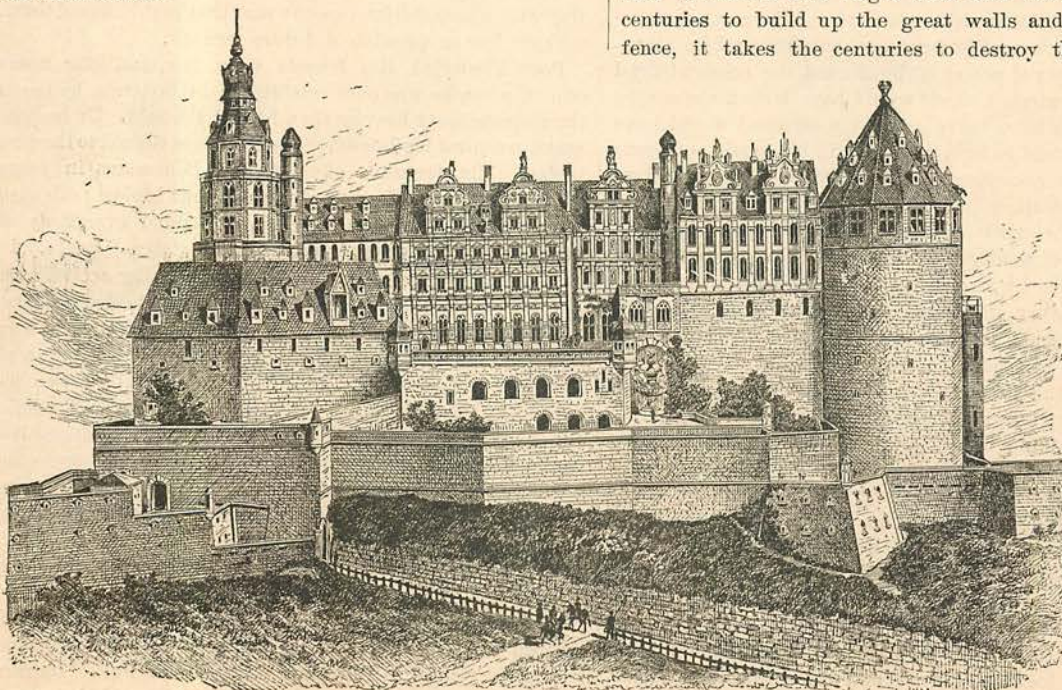
## THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

**H**EIDELBERG is one of the most talked about, if not best known of German cities. Every one has heard of it in connection with its University or its castle, and every tourist stops there, at least for a few hours, takes a ride, or a walk through the long, lovely alleys, arched for miles with magnificent trees, up and about the Schlossberg, round the ruins of the Schloss itself, perhaps looks at the great "Tun," but generally leaves the monumental relics, and the town itself, with a feeling of disappointment and the conviction that Heidelberg and its castle do not amount to much, and "didn't pay" for the cost and trouble. At least that has been the honest expression of opinion on the part of several individuals, while others, and these, it is only fair to say, are of those who have spent more time and become better acquainted with their surroundings, are enthusiastic in praise of the famous old town, its drives, its promenades, its schools, its society, its castle, its river, its advantages of every kind, for agreeable life, amidst rich historic memories and associations.

It says much for even those things that we deary and depreciate in this world, that usually the more we know them the better we like them, and the most interesting thing in regard to most German towns, is the union of historic association with modern educational advantages and active business enterprise. Perhaps Heidelberg possesses less of the latter quality than some of its sister cities, because its cultivation has been in the direction of its University life, but it still possesses some important manufacturing interests, and is bright, busy and active, without much reference to its past historic grandeur, or the hasty impressions of the here to-day and gone to-morrow class of travelers and tourists. Heidelberg and its castle were at the height of their glory in 1667, the period depicted by G. P. R. James in his novel of *Heidelberg*, and the last of the splendor which preceded decadence, and the disasters which ended in ruin.

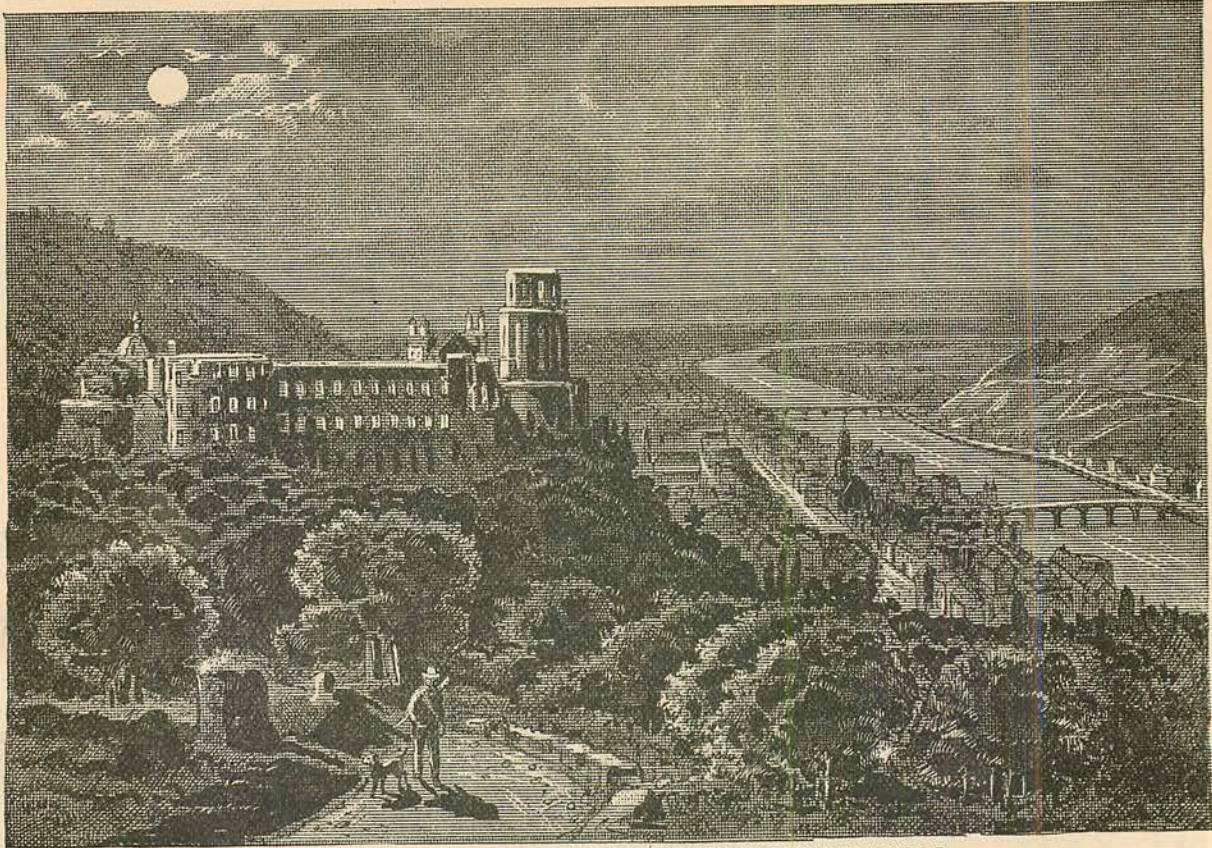
But what a ruin! still noble, still majestic, after years that devastated and sieges that laid low. It took the centuries to build up the great walls and towers of defence, it takes the centuries to destroy them, and even

in their desolation they are beautiful—more suggestively so than in their grandeur and perfection. The Castle of Heidelberg has the advantage of a commanding position. Begun in the twelfth century it was continued in the thirteenth and fourteenth, and strengthened by additional fortifications in the fifteenth



CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG AS IT WAS IN 1667.





CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG BY MOONLIGHT FROM THE VALLEY OF THE NECKAR.

century, the more sumptuous parts of the edifice being added by the reigning electors of the Palatinate in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The scenes which the novelist, G. P. R. James, undertook to reproduce, were those which are supposed to have distinguished the time of Frederic V., who precipitated misfortune by yielding to an ambitious desire to be crowned King of Bohemia, and whose ill luck was shared by his devoted wife, Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England. It was very early in the seventeenth century that Frederic accepted the dangerous promotion to the kingdom of Bohemia, which threw off its allegiance to the imperial power of Ferdinand the acknowledged sovereign. Frederic himself would have lacked the energy and ambition to have taken so bold a step and would have been quite content to have remained in his castle and spent his days as his ancestors had done, going down to history only a count-palatine. His lack, however, was more than made up by the spirit of his wife, the English princess. The daughter of a king, she chafed at a subordinate position, and though a woman of firm and heroic principles, yet like many another strong womanly nature, her eyes were ever on the heights, and her thoughts on the way thither. So she added her voice to the persuasions of Frederic's former tutor and adviser, Prince Anhalt—declaring, most likely at the royal breakfast or dinner, from the suggestiveness of the simile, that “she had rather starve at the table of a king than feast at that of an elector.” What could Frederic do under such pressure? To Bohemia he went; was crowned king at Prague, and after that, as is well-known, it was all a story of disaster. One could well imagine the glitter and pomp of the train and *cortège* that filed out of the castle yard through the massive gateway, and started toward royalty, leaving the grand old pile silent and deserted save for its warder and garrison. Doubtless, Elizabeth looked backward and upward from the valley below upon the home to which she had been brought a

bride from England. Doubtless, the children, Charles Louis, who was to return his father's successor; the fiery Rupert, who was to spend his last days sunning himself under the beeches of Windsor; the brilliant Sophia, who as Electress of Hanover was to give the Georges to England and the present succession to that throne; the thoughtful Elizabeth; doubtless they all, young as they probably were, sent back farewell glances to the windows and the gardens and the craggy heights in that simple, trustful, and pathetic way with which children leave a nest that has sheltered them, without fear or question of future security.

Poor Frederic! His friends were few, and like many others, when he was once established in Bohemia he found the responsibility heavier than he had thought. He had not nerve to control his household, nor to adapt the old to the new *régime*. His favorites offended the Bohemians in every way; offended the clergy and the religious leaders; offended the army and the able generals; offended everybody at home and most of the neighboring states. Spain, the Jesuits, and the German League were working actively for Ferdinand, and soon an army entered Bohemia, led by Maximilian of Bavaria, with the famous Count Tilly second in command. This was the real beginning of the stormy conflict known as the Thirty Years' War. Virtually a war between Catholicism and Protestantism. It made Frederic and Elizabeth, with their family, Bohemians indeed—Bohemians in that broad and significant sense and meaning given by the world. They fled from Prague, sought refuge in Silesia, afterward in Holland, but saw never again the gray walls of Heidelberg Castle.

The Rhenish Palatinate was devastated, and Heidelberg came in for no small share of the wrecking. Count Tilly, who took the town, held possession of the castle, and it escaped almost uninjured. The Heidelberg library, then among the richest in Europe, did not fare so well. Its rare collection of MSS. was partly used, it is recorded, instead



of straw to stable the horses of his cavalry ; a part was rescued by Maximilian, who knew their value, and sent them to the Pope at Rome, where for two hundred years they were known among the treasures of the Vatican as the Palatine Library.

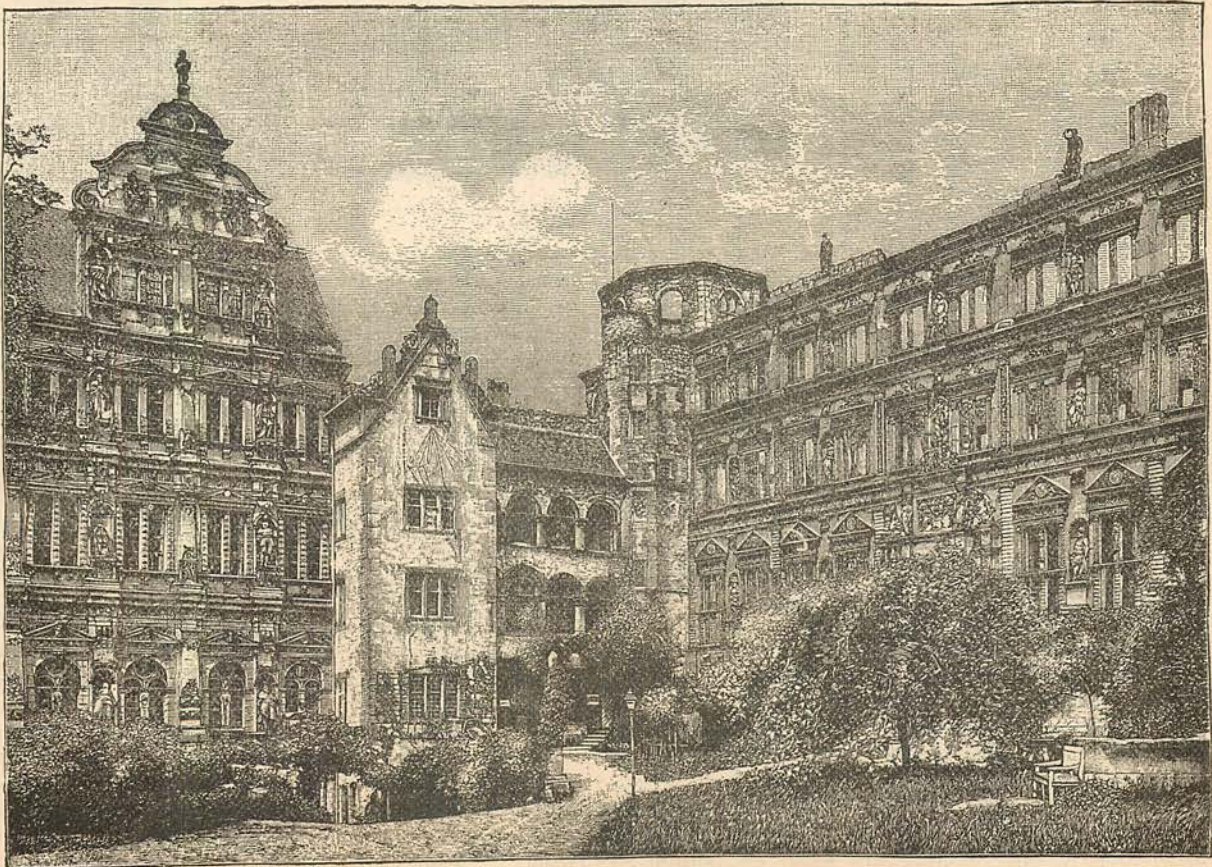
So much for one turn of the historic kaleidoscope in looking at the old ruin. Before leaving this portion of its story to go either backward or forward, let us give to Elizabeth her just record and true position as a woman of heroic courage and unswerving principle as well as of indomitable pride. She had proudly declared that she would "rather forfeit the most glorious crown on earth, than retain it by the surrender of Protestantism." She forfeited a most inglorious crown, but she did not surrender her religious belief to retain it. It was no small surrender of pride and hope when she saw, later, her gay and intellectual daughter, Sophia, become the wife of the insignificant Duke of Brunswick. And yet a turn of the wheel and that dull, heavy husband became Elector of Hanover, Sophia the heiress to a throne, and Elizabeth herself, grandmother to a future Protestant king of the English realm.

With such chapters from life the old castle tells its story. One of the granddaughters of Elizabeth married the brother of Louis XIV. of France, and therefrom came the claim which brought into the Palatinate the devastating armies of the French. The town and castle were occupied for a long season by the French forces, and when they left, on the approach of the German armies they blew up the fortifications, set fire to the palace, or castle, and also to the town. Four years later, by the fortunes of war, the French again swept through Heidelberg, and with a persistency that seemed to have in it a pursuing fate, they again attacked the wreck they had left with the same destroying purpose. The brave little town kept alive, until thirty

or forty years later, the Elector Charles Theodore rebuilt the castle, and lived there occasionally, though the court had been moved to Mannheim. About the middle of the eighteenth century it was struck by lightning, unroofed, and left the picturesque ruin we see it to-day.

One cannot pick up these facts of historic interest in a "swallow's flight," and so, as we have said, most tourists, walking through the old halls, up and down long flights of stone steps, tired and weary, and oppressed perhaps with the dissatisfied feeling of not knowing what they ought to know about German history and not understanding what they see—more than the fact that a ruin is a ruin—they gladly turn their faces toward the modern world, where things explain themselves, and willingly leave out-of-the-way nooks and sequestered valleys, filled though they be with legendary lore. Every one can enjoy beauty, but it does take courage to determine to understand, through study, the beauty of association with these castles of the Rhine. Each has its own story. Each had its wild, fierce life in the medieval days, when a man's castle was his stronghold, and the barons were a lot of robber nobles, who lived by pillage and plunder, responsible to neither God nor man. Heidelberg first became the capital of the Palatinate when Count Otho transferred his seat there from his Castle of Stalleck, near Bacharach on the Rhine. Every traveler who has made the trip either up or down the river remembers Bacharach, between Bingen and the Lurlei, with the old Church of St. Werner and the ruined Castle of Stalleck, on an eminence behind. It, too, fell before the French invasion, though no longer the Palatine residence.

We have perhaps touched too deeply, and dwelt too long upon the historic side of the castle ruin ; a side which interests mainly students, and is only appreciated by after study ; or is imbibed during an extended stay in the



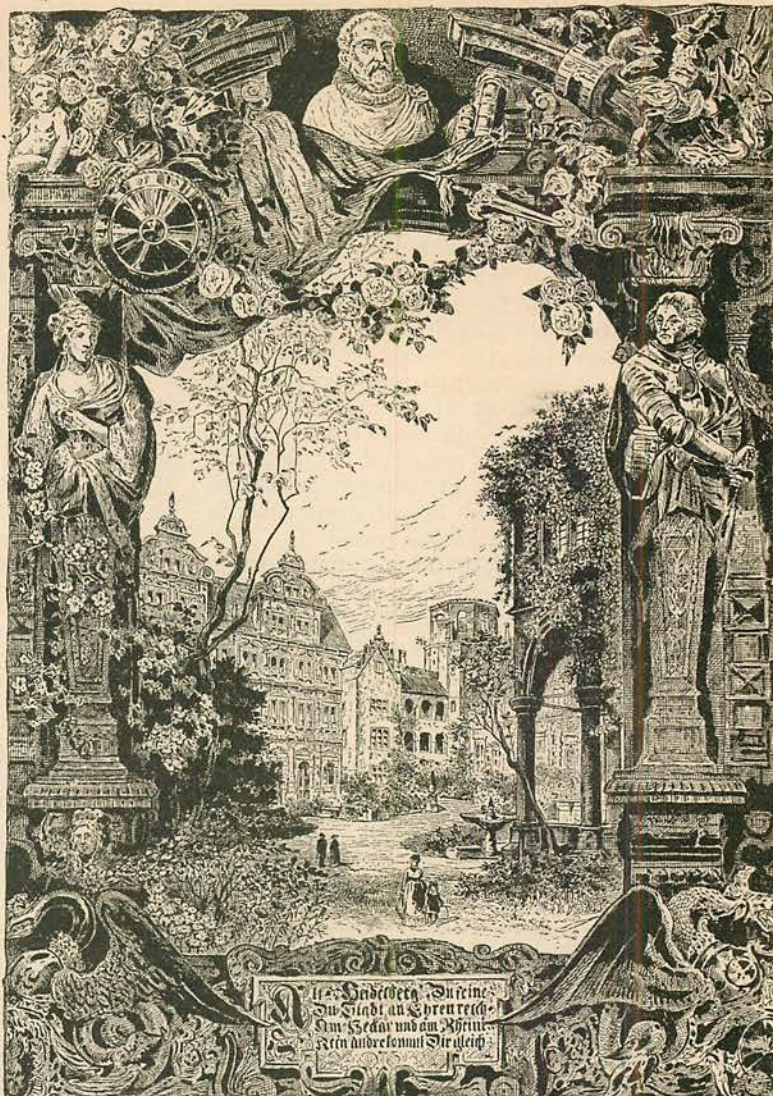
INTERIOR COURT OF THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBURG.



town. As it was, our time was short, and we were only too thankful to be blessed with the bluest of skies, and the most golden sunlight for our drives and walks. The tourist is given sound advice when his faithful *Baedeker* tells him to take a carriage from the station if his time is limited, drive along the *Anlage*, a beautiful promenade flanked with trees and handsome houses, by the Botanic Gardens; turn to the left through a short street and cross the upper bridge over the Neckar which brings him into the little town of Neuenheim. Setting face up the valley and up the river, he is soon in the open country; on the right the smooth flowing Neckar, on the left the vineyard slopes lying soft and still in the sunlight. This is one of the most exquisite bits of scenery in Germany. The view up the deep mountain gorge of which Heidelberg is the gate, as it were; the narrow strip along the river on which the town is built, and towering behind it, the old ivy-covered Schloss. One gets the best view of the town and castle in this drive along the right bank of the river, and, indeed, as one gets accustomed to, and familiar with the extended panorama, the plain of the Rhine with the Cathedral of Speyer in the distance and the picturesque outline of the Hartz Mountains in the background, fills in a wonderful landscape. Heidelberg is but thirteen miles or so back from Mannheim, which stands at the confluence of the Neckar and the Rhine.

All things must end, and so did our charming drive. Back we came over the Neckar, this time crossing the historic "Old Bridge" as it is called, built by the Elector Charles just a hundred years ago and embellished with a statue of himself and—the goddess Minerva. We drove through the town directly to the castle. From without, it appears a fortress, but passing under the long vaulted gateway into the court-yard, and we recognized at once the transition to a palace-home. Visitors pay their fee of entrance in one corner of the court, and are given a ticket admitting them. To see the great Tun in the cellar is an extra charge. The halls which bear the names and armorial bearings of their different founders are in a good state of preservation. The oldest, bearing date 1556, is one of the finest examples of Renaissance architecture in Germany. It rises through three stories above a lofty stone floor. In the niches of the façade and cornice of the different stories are statues—biblical, classical and allegorical. The second hall bears date of 1601. It is built in rococo style, and though inferior in ornamentation is superior in massiveness and structural grandeur to the former. In the niches of this are statues of the Counts Palatine down to Frederic IV.

In the corner of this second hall, is the entrance to the cellar, where is stored the famous Tun. A long flight of stone steps faced us. We looked down in dismay. *Facilis descensus Averni!* But the coming up. Let us confess: We did not go down those steps, but, leaving it to the young members of the party to bring back a true and faithful report of the romantic subject, we contented ourselves with



A CORNER OF THE INTERIOR COURT OF THE CASTLE AT HEIDLEBERG.

walking out on the promenade constructed on the top of the monster reservoir and took a bird's-eye view. We were certainly most deeply impressed with the wine-bibbing spirit and capacity of the Palatine household of the Middle Ages. No wonder their heads were not always clear on every subject. Eight hundred hogsheads of wine to one household was rather an extravagant allowance. Its influence and power has been commemorated by a little wooden statue of the Court fool, near the Tun, one Porkes—who has for his epitaph, that he never went to bed sober; and no wonder, since he had for his privileged position an allowance of fifteen to eighteen bottles of wine daily! If those old stone walls had voice, what astonishing stories of revel and wassail would ring out to us in these better days of moderation and temperance.

On the ruins of the fortifications without the Schloss Garten, as it is called, has been laid out a nursery of forest trees, containing many different species of pines. As we stood on the terrace, one of the young ladies suddenly exclaimed, with a gleam of unusual brightness on her happy face: "Don't you remember that it was in Heidelberg that Doctor Claudius lived? And it was here that the young lady dropped her parasol on that memorable day in the first chapter!" They had struck a sympathetic note with the heart of youth. Love, even though no less alive than in



the pages of fiction, had flitted about these deserted halls and gardens, and they were cold and desolate no longer.

From the road which passes the back of the castle, one may ascend to the *Molken Cur*, a small restaurant, which commands an admirable view, and is the only point from which the castle may be looked down upon. Beyond this ascent are several others, from each of which the panorama is superb. The most interesting of these upper resting-places, however, is the *Königstuhl*, as it is called, from a visit there by the Emperor Francis in 1815. It is 900 feet higher than the castle. There is a tower rising ninety feet higher still, from which, they tell us, the view is something grand beyond conception. The valley of the Rhine, and the Neckar, the Odenwald, as the wooded mountainous district between Darmstadt and Heidelberg is called, the dark pine-covered heights of the Black Forest, the Yaunus, another mountain region, and lastly, the Hartz outlines. These names seem dead on paper; a description of the grandest scenery is apt to grow tedious, but picture to yourself in our own country, the commanding heights of the Catskill, with the Valley of the Hudson, or the White Mountains, with its New England Circle, and connect with it in imagination, the legends and stories of past centuries—stories in which mythical and fairy lore had equal part, and the interest which invested the scene may be dimly conceived.

There is an old castle that stands out on one of the heights, which we were told was used as a state prison down to the beginning of the present century, and often the Heidelberg students were among the prisoners. The confinement was not very onerous, however, since officers and prisoners, it is said, often shut up the establishment, and went off together in a brotherly fashion on walking tours through the Odenwald.

The University of Heidelberg has no such rank now as it had in former years. Berlin, Vienna and Bonn have quite outstripped it in popularity. It has had a stormy existence, and it struggled nobly through the pillage and strife that threatened its total destruction. It has from six to eight hundred students, and there are some hundred or more professors and lecturers in the departments of theology, law, medicine, philosophy, etc.

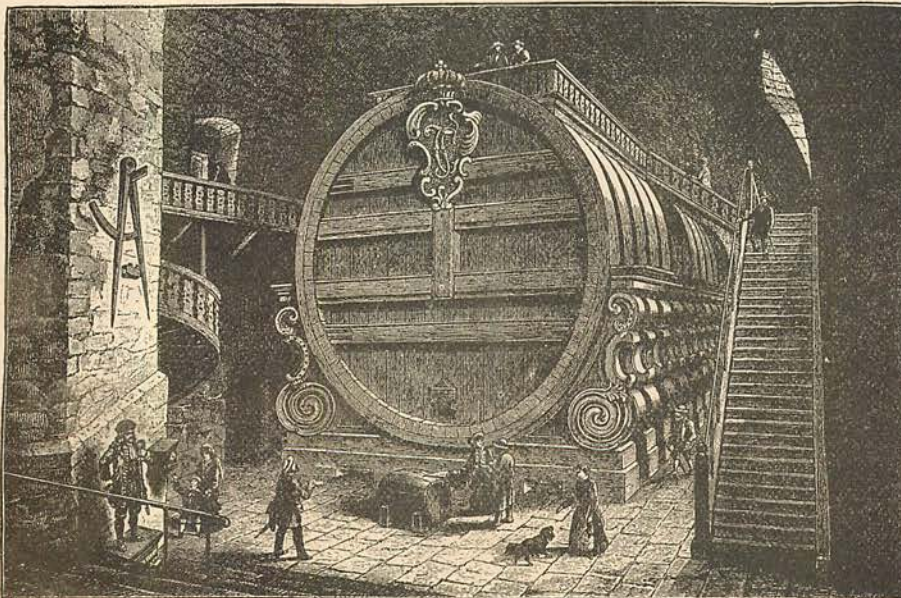
A feature peculiar to student life formerly in German university towns, or at least at Heidelberg, was the "chore, or fighting students," as they were called. As at Oxford

and Cambridge, or in our American Colleges, there are men who "go in," as they say, for boating; and train for distinction in athletic sports rather than for university honors or high degrees, so at Heidelberg there were seven or eight different, "chores" or clubs for sword practice to which about one-quarter of the students belonged. Great jealousy existed between these clubs, and duels as tests of ability were fought at appointed times at the student's tavern, the *Hirschgasse*, on the opposite side of the Neckar from the town.

The swords were sharp, double edged, and used as sabers; and though they were frightful in the slashing, the wounds they made were hardly ever mortal, as they were usually about the face and head. The combats lasted fifteen minutes, at the end of which time the man who had received fewest cuts was pronounced victor. One can hardly believe that such a spirit could exist among young men anywhere in the nineteenth century. And perhaps it does not outside of a country with such decided military spirit and organization. All was done *sub rosa*; the professors and the authorities were ever on the alert to fall upon the students when committing the offense. They did not succeed, however, as the students took care to station spies on the bridge, and the presence of an unsympathetic or detective party, was instantly signaled to the lookout at the tavern. A young American student, a member of one of the colleges years ago, still bears the questionable palm as the best swordsman ever in Heidelberg. This phase, however, is said fortunately to have passed away from student life at Heidelberg. It was probably the relic of the traditions and customs of a ruder age, kept alive by those who had no part nor desire to give to German thought and science that power which it holds to-day.

The lions for sight-seers at Heidelberg are few, though one could spend days and weeks at one or other of the pleasant and inexpensive hotels, making delightful excursions into the fascinating country around. The old Church of St. Peter, on the Anlage, is famous because it was on its door that Jerome of Prague, companion of John Huss, nailed his celebrated thesis, and challenged the world to dispute the doctrines therein, the maintenance and promulgation of which afterward cost him his life. Another church called The Holy Ghost presents a curious spectacle. A partition running directly across divides choir and nave, and two services, Catholic and Protestant, were here performed under the same roof—a compromise to the two religious bodies.

Such is Heidelberg; well worth the time and interest of the thoughtful traveler. As a place of residence offering delightful society from its gathering of distinguished scholars with their families. For ourselves, however, we should give the preference to Bonn, as being in the direct line of travel, or for winter to Berlin or Vienna, offering as they do to a foreigner, not only university advantages, but in addition the broadening influence and study of a large capital with a cosmopolitan population.



THE TUN IN THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.