

## ALONG THE ELBE.



BASTION ROCKS.

THE Elbe is one of the four notably picturesque rivers of Europe. It has not the grandeur and variety of the Danube, nor the majesty and richness of the Rhine, nor the grace and beauty of the Moselle; but it is more striking and peculiar than any of these. The most remarkable features of the Elbe are in the region known as the Saxon Switzerland, lying between the little Bohemian town of Aussig and Saxony's illustrious capital. The river, forgetful or careless of having performed its pictorial mission, flows beyond Dresden, receives the Havel and the Saale, bestows its shining society on Saxony and Prussia more freely than upon Bohemia, by its increasing consequence separates Mecklenburg and Hanover, arrogantly defines the limits of Denmark, and while at the very height of its swelling importance, aspires to the sea and is lost forever.

The Elbe, practically considered, has its origin in a number of springs in the Reisingebirge, in Bohemia, at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet above sea-level, flows northwest, is nearly six hundred miles long, including windings, forms an estuary at Hamburg, and empties into the German Ocean, with a breadth at its mouth of fifteen miles. It is navigable for light steam-vessels as far up as Melnik (twenty miles north of Prague), where it is joined by the Moldau. Few tourists go below Meissen,

and nearly all the travel is between Aussig and Dresden, as the remainder of its course has little to recommend its passage.

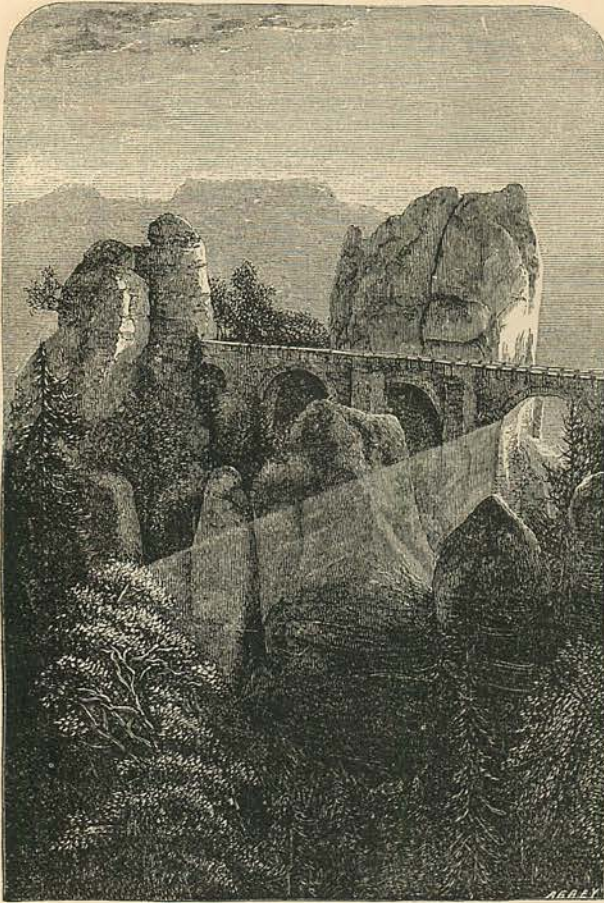
The name Switzerland, applied to the picturesque district of Saxony, may raise expectations that will not be met by persons whose imagination is easily enkindled by words. There is really no fitness in the term. The region is not at all like Switzerland. It contains no lofty mountains, no snowy peaks, no glaciers, no truly sublime scenery. But it has such singular rocky heights, eccentric gorges, vast walls of stone, such extraordinary natural pyramids, cones, and obelisks, crowned with pines, skirted by precipices, interspersed with cascades, as are visible nowhere else in Europe.

The Germans, who view father-land with all the bias of doting children, are unmeasured in their praise of the district through which the Elbe runs. The witchery of geographical patriotism in their eyes, they think the Saxon Switzerland surpasses Switzerland itself. They will hurl superlatives at every modest elevation, as if it were Jura in her eternal hood of snow, or the glistening pinnacle of the sky-piercing Matterhorn. They will urge you, as you must know from your Baedeker, to mount every hillock, and quote Goethe and Schiller over every bit of landscape that may chance to be relieved from positive insignificance.

One may go from Aussig to Dresden, passing in review that portion of the fine scenery abutting on the river, in six or seven hours, and may have a very pleasant sail on comfortable boats, much resembling those on the Rhine. But if one wishes to see the Saxon Switzerland to the best advantage, he will find it remunerative to go through it—partially at least—on foot. Having done the romantic region both by land and by water, I give my unequivocal preference to the former. Three or four days will suffice; and a more delightful ramble in the summer season, and one attended with less fatigue, I have seldom enjoyed, except in that Eden of sight-seeing and wondering—Switzerland itself.

The rock that presents the extraordinary phenomena bordering the river is, I believe, for the most part green sandstone—called by the German geologists *Quadersandstein*. Nature would seem to have been in a roistering mood when she fashioned these peculiar forms, were we not aware that they owe their fantastic quality to the long-continued action of her irresistible forces.

It matters little from what point you set out for a tour through the Saxon Switzerland. It is common to go from Dresden; and having gone that way myself, we may as well repeat the journey from that side.



THE BASTION BRIDGE.

The village of Piltitz, six miles southeast of the capital, and directly on the bank of the river, is first reached. The palace there, usually the residence of the court of Saxony from May to September, is built in the Japanese style—King John is very partial to this—and though not very imposing externally, has a rather graceful and airy appearance, in sympathy with summer. The interior has some good modern frescoes by Vogel, representing the fine arts, which are much better than the sacred subjects in the chapel.

Some four miles beyond Piltitz the valley of the Elbe terminates, and the mountains swell and assume a sterner aspect. From this point to the Bohemian frontier the vast rocks along the river, mainly on the right bank, are cut and hewed as if tremendous giants had carved their way through them. They rise vertically and in detached masses, looking like mighty walls cleft apart at irregular intervals. Many of these are furrowed horizontally, conveying the impression of huge blocks laid one upon another, as if to complete the substructure. The

summits are rarely pointed or angular, but generally rounded after the manner of boulders, evincing the long-continued action of water. The apexes vary in shape, some of them to a degree that suggests conscious capriciousness. Here you observe truncated cones, there inverted pyramids; now the broken capital of a crooked column, then a shattered Doric or Ionic pillar; at this point enormous climbing stalagmites, and at another equally enormous drooping stalactites. Not a few of the perpendicular rocks have the air of the gables of Dutch or Flemish buildings; while some, after rising two or three hundred feet, swell out immensely, and become so top-heavy that you can not help thinking their upper weight will break down their comparatively slender support. The cracked, fractured, and rent formations of sandstone show like prodigious fortifications eaten into and half devoured by the tooth of time.

I have known persons to mistake them for crumbling fortresses and abbeys, although the general absence of sharp outline and of pointed pinnacles disfavours such illusion. It is easy to imagine, amidst this natural wildness, that some of the fabled battles of the gods had been fought hereabout; that they had hurled mountains at each other, and battered them to pieces in the terrible struggle; had thrown up colossal bulwarks, and fought behind and over them to desperate issues, and with invincible resolve.

One of the most striking parts of the Saxon Switzerland is the Bastion Rocks (*Basteifelsen*), a lofty and almost vertical series, piled one upon another as if glued together, tapering toward the top, from which pines and firs grow of considerable size. The elevated bridge of the bastion, with its lofty arches, adds materially to the landscape, Art in this aiding Nature. Some of the rocks are so regular that they seem to have been placed there by the hand of man. Their highest point is nearly nine hundred feet above the Elbe, which sweeps around the base of the precipice, and along which,

on the right bank, start up, suddenly and imposingly, beetling cliffs, rent asunder to the very base. From the summit of the bastion a magnificent stretch of landscape is furnished. The plain on the opposite side of the stream gradually swells into an abnormal amphitheatre, closing with a lofty range of mountains, spherical in contour. From the lovely plain, and from the peculiar amphitheatre, a singularly curious effect is produced by the shooting up, without the least geological excuse or provocation, of columnar heights at long distances from each other, and overlooking the landscape like solitary and solemn monarchs, proud of their isolation.

The most conspicuous of these are the Lilienstein and Königstein, twelve or thirteen hundred feet high, and rising perpendicularly from a sloping base covered with wood and a thick undergrowth. One needs to be an agile and vigorous climber to reach the summit. The Elector of Saxony, also King of Poland, a great while ago, regarded his ascent of the Lilienstein as so much of an achievement that he commemorated it by an inscription.

The Königstein has been for generations a fortress, and consequently its access is artificial. This citadel is one of the few that have never been taken: it is regarded as impregnable, less from its vertical escarpments than from its detached position, and from the inability to command it from any other height. The plateau of the fortress is about two miles in circumference, has cultivated fields and gardens, yielding support for a garrison six or seven hundred strong.

Napoleon Bonaparte once tried to gain possession of Königstein by a cannonade from Lilienstein; but after dragging up three pieces of artillery with the greatest labor, he discovered that all his shot fell short, and he was compelled to abandon his attempt.

Königstein is supplied with water by a well cut in the solid rock to the depth of eighteen hundred feet, and this, with the vast amount of provisions which may be stored in the spacious excavated casemates, must necessarily render it extremely formidable for defense. As it is only ten miles from the Austrian frontier, it is considered the key of the passage into Bohemia. In time of strife the Saxon monarchs have fre-



THE KÖNIGSTEIN.

quently removed their treasures to this citadel for safety, and Augustus III. himself took refuge there during the Seven Years' War.

Of the twelve isolated table mountains scattered through this extraordinary district, the Lilienstein is the highest, being nearly thirteen hundred feet above the sea, and surpassing by a hundred and seventy feet its opposite neighbor, Königstein.

I did not find it so troublesome to mount as I had anticipated, as there are narrow paths cut in the rock, and scaling-ladders fixed where the wall is perpendicular. The view from the top includes Dresden, and extends to the north as far as Meissen, and on the south takes in the Bohemian mountains. In 1813 the French had a fortified camp at the base of Lilienstein, and during the Seven Years' War eighteen thousand Saxons surrendered to Frederick the Great, under the very eyes of their king, Augustus, who was at the time shut up in the fortress.

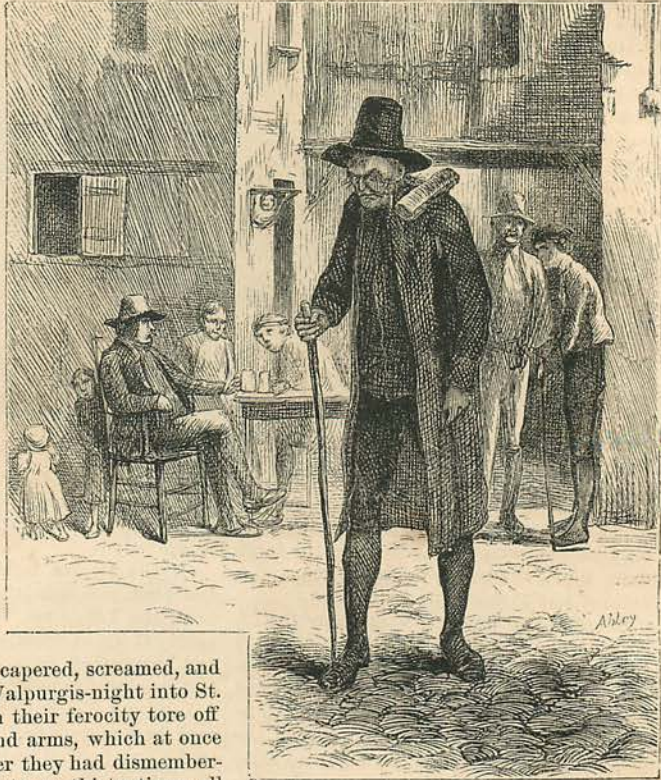
In a dismal cave on the south side of the Lilienstein a troop of gnomes are wont to meet on the night of the 30th of April—the famous Walpurgis-night—for the purpose of reckoning up the treasures in their keeping, and holding a mystic revel. The peasants in that region give the most implicit credence to this myth, believing that the gnomes then bring together all the precious metals they are appointed to watch over, and dance around them in growsome glee. Some of the rustics claim to have seen ghostly fires on the rugged steep, and to have heard weird laughter and hilarity therefrom at the hour of midnight, and would make oath to this on all the evangels.

A legend, to the truth of which the peasants will be sworn, is that one of their number, in the fourteenth century, was impelled by curiosity, strengthened by unflinching courage, to witness the antics of the gnomes on the Walpurgis-night. He

clambered up the Lillienstein before dusk, and secured a favorable point of view ere the unearthly riot began. The gnomes were punctual—I have always suspected punctuality to be a supernatural vice—assembling in due season, with heaps of silver and gold, and commencing in awful mystery their goblin carnival. The mortal witness, as he afterward narrated, saw them strike the rock, from which ruddy wine flowed in streams; and this they drank in such quantities that they became human in their drunkenness. They capered, screamed, and fought, turning the Walpurgis-night into St. Patrick's Day, and in their ferocity tore off each other's heads and arms, which at once grew on again. After they had dismembered one another twenty or thirty times all round, moved by a spirit of forgiveness and generosity thoroughly Milesian, they embraced, and increased their potatoes.

Then stole the mortal forth—tradition has given him the name of Hans Mercherhmann—with the intent of carrying off some of the pure gold and silver lying in profuse ingots all over the cavern. He seized a huge lump of gold, put it on his shoulder, and hurried off without waking one of the demoniac crew. Ere he had gone fifty ells he heard the goblins shouting after him that he should keep his treasure forever. Frightened at this, he threw it away and hurried down the mountain (the fable gives no particulars of his ascent and descent), and the next day reached his humble home, delighted with his adventure, and made thereby the strong magnet to the iron of all his fellow-villagers.

When Hans woke the following morning the heavy bar of gold was on his shoulder. Bearing it to the Elbe, he sank it in the middle of the stream, but within twenty-four hours it came back to him, and from that time he sought to get rid of it in vain. He soon grew to be considered as one accursed. Men and women avoided and children fled from him. The vision of the gold bar was an ill omen. Hans Mercherhmann became a solitary, and life loathsome to him.



HANS MERCHERMANN AND THE CHILDREN.

He wandered from place to place, but the story of his doom followed him. Neither rest nor hope was longer possible, and one morning he was discovered dead in the principal street of Bautzen, having cut his throat in despair. When seen the night previous, the bar of gold was on his shoulder, but the corpse was without it, and every body believed the bar had returned to the gnomes, who had allowed Hans to take it as a malediction for his curiosity and avarice.

On the way to the Bastei I passed through the quaint village of Ober Boyritz, and through one of the peculiar glens for which that region is remarkable, called by the Germans the Liebethaler Grund. The path runs sometimes along the bottom of the ravine, then beside a winding stream, and again over the tops of the rocks forming the gorge. I observed on the route large quarries, from which workmen were taking vast stones to be used in the mills. One of these, the Lochmühle, is at the lowest point of a deep ravine, with perpendicular cliffs towering up all about it, in which a flight of steps is cut, the only means of getting in or out of the gorge. Near there is the hamlet of Lohmen. I remember it on account of its execrable inn, on which an old castle frowns

so sternly from the brink of the precipice that I imagine it must have taken a meal at the inn and never have recovered its digestion. A poor peasant is reported to have stretched himself on the ledge of the rugged declivity one bright summer day, and while moving in his sleep to have fallen over. The unwritten records of Lohmen aver that he died happy in the thought that he would never be compelled to order breakfast or dinner at the abominable hostelry, where tourists in a double sense are taken in.

Beyond Lohmen, a mile, perhaps, is another gorge, the Ottowalder Grund, which can be traversed only on foot, four hours being required therefor. This ravine is so narrow and its walls so high that the sunshine never reaches many parts of it, which would not trouble me if I were the sunshine, for the place is gloomy enough to have pleased Timon of Athens in the fifth act. At one point I found the rocks not more than four feet apart, and that blocks of stone tumbling from above had been caught in the narrow way, like the well-known boulder at the Flume, in the Franconia Mountains, making a natural and, at the same time, purely accidental roof.

Among the other gorges in the Saxon Switzerland is one known as the Swiss Mill, from which an admirable view is had of the Bastei. The mill is at the base of a vast round hill, under the shade of a cluster of pines, and looking out upon a stone bridge over a stream which, in the early spring, becomes a roaring torrent, and tumbles down in imposing beauty.

There are a number of cascades in the district, the most noted of which is the Amstel; but they do not show to advantage during the summer, owing to the scarcity of water. The Germans can not be persuaded, however, that these cataracts are not nonpareils in their way. Talking on this subject to a citizen of Magdeburg, at Schandau, one morning, and telling him how much I had admired, and always should admire, the Giessbach, the Reichenbach, and the Rhine Falls, he insisted on my visiting with him a cascade that eclipsed any and all of them.

Familiar as I am with the extravagant bias of the German mind for every thing German, I accompanied him from courtesy. He took me to a fall I had seen several times before, which was really insignificant. It could not have been more than forty feet high and seventy broad. The Magdeburger struck an attitude at once, and, pointing to the diminutive tumble opposite, exclaimed, "There, Sir! Tell me if you have ever seen any thing approaching that in Switzerland! Where is your much-boasted Niagara compared to this sublime cataract?"

I strove to restrain myself, but I could not for my life help laughing, at which my companion frowned, and declared that Amer-



NIAGARA OUTDONE.

icans believed no country worth mentioning except their own. I assured him he was mistaken, and that to avoid the appearance of boasting I had not named any falls out of Switzerland.

"But you intimate by your manner," he added, "that Niagara is almost equal to this wonderful cascade."

"I don't do any thing of the sort," was my reply. "I have no objection to this fall—it is stupendous for Germany; but if an American should construct a mill-dam at home no larger than this, he would be sent to prison for violating the law of internal improvements."

The Magdeburger glowered on me, but spoke no more. He was too mad for utterance. He turned away, and walked directly back to Schandau, revealing his suppressed wrath in every stride of his agitated legs.

To return to the neighborhood of the Bastei. Many of the slender peaks there show in the distance like minarets, and if one were awakened from a sound sleep in the vicinity, he might fancy himself in the suburbs of Constantinople or some other Mohammedan city. It seemed to me, before ascending to the top of one of these, that the least wind might blow them down; and yet, as they have stood the storms of ages, such a probability is not imminent. They have been made accessible by slight wooden bridges spanning the chasms and arches, and by ladders where the smooth, perpendicular rocks refuse a foot-hold. These heights in the Middle Ages were of great service to robbers—I mean the professionals,



THE ROBBERS OF BURG NEURATHEN.

though I can't see why they should be discriminated by the name, since every body robbed in that time—the barons and so-called gentry most of all. The vulgar professionals, who always incurred the hostility of the nobles by participating in the plunder which rank strove to monopolize, found protection and refuge from their fellow-thieves and scoundrels among these lofty fastnesses.

The remains of an old castle, chronicled in history as the Burg Neurathen, are still visible not far from the Bastei. It was occupied by a band of robber-knights, and must have been admirably adapted to their business. The entrance on one side was through a natural arch in the rock and over a draw-bridge, and on the other through a fissure closed by a large slab of stone that moved in grooves, and served as a portcullis. These mediæval gentlemen, when pursued, would draw after them the planks bridging the chasms, and so render themselves secure. They were thoroughly impregnable in their position, and could, from their elevated citadel, detect the approach of vessels on the Elbe, and descend in time to intercept them. Like the robbers along the Rhine and the Danube, they would pillage the boats, either butcher the men or hold them for ransom, outrage the poor women, and style such infamous conduct chivalry. Well may we rejoice that the days of such chivalry are over! For many years villains of this description dwelt in the Burg, which was demolished in the fifteenth century, because the resident robbers had nearly engrossed the criminality of the neighborhood.

Schandau, a tiny town in a ravine on the right bank of the Elbe, is, from its central position, the starting-point and rendezvous of many excursionists. Its situation is agreeable and attractive, the fantastic rocks skirting the river, and the erratic elevations pe-

culiar to the region, being opposite, while on each side is a pine-covered hill, and at a quarter of a mile's distance up the valley of the Kirnitsch are mineral springs of much repute among invalids.

After crossing the Elbe by the ferry, there is an excellent highway to Dresden, twenty miles distant. Boats (*Gondeln*) may be hired at Schandau to go up or down the river, and these water jaunts are very pleasant in warm weather, though pedestrianism has been my favorite mode of sight-seeing in the Saxon Switzerland. A good walker—modesty prevents me from naming one of the best—can, by early rising, visit the principal points of interest in a single day. The Kuhstall (Cow-stall), seven miles off, in the valley of the Kirnitsch, is a cave in the rock, some eighty feet wide and ninety high, with an opening at each end, rendering it a species of tunnel. It receives its name from the fact that the peasants, during the Thirty Years' War, drove their cattle thither to prevent their seizure by the enemy. Many of the unfortunate Protestants expelled from Bohemia by the influence of the Jesuits and the order of the Emperor Ferdinand also took shelter there. The cave is the centre of an impressive picture. Vast rocks arise about it on every side, and on their summits grow luxuriant firs, as if their roots received nourishment from the flinty soil. The surrounding scenery somewhat resembles that of Tunbridge Wells, except that it is far wilder, grander, and more impressive. I went to the top of the Kuhstall, of course, through a fissure so narrow that, if I had not been fashioned somewhat after Voltaire's pattern, I could not have squeezed myself into it. The outlook from the platform at the summit includes not a little of what one has observed from other altitudes; but seeing the familiar from a new angle furnishes new aspects. This is particularly notable

in the Saxon Switzerland. The Bastei, the Lilienstein, Königstein, and other remarkable features of the district underwent such changes as I changed my position that sometimes I could hardly fix their identity.

From the left of the Kuhstall I passed through a mere crack in a mighty rock—Nature in her grander moods must have resolved not to admit fleshy persons to her privacy—descending to the plain, and traversing field and forest for three miles, until I reached the base of the Little and Great Winterberg. The latter is some eighteen hundred feet high—nearly double the height of the former—with an inn at the top, and an extraordinary survey of river, valley, columnar cliffs, eccentric depressions, elevations, and distant mountain ranges. The prospect is unique—a marked variation from almost any thing usually representative of the vagaries of native form. It seems like something I have often beheld, but whether in dream or wakefulness I can not tell. It recalls in its entirety various curiosities which men go far to witness—Fingal's Cave and the spontaneous architecture of Staffa, the Giant's Causeway and the rugged coast of Northern Ireland, the deserts of Egypt, the gigantic Pyramids, and the winding Nile.

If I had to make some one of the German capitals my permanent residence, I should select Dresden. It is pleasanter than Munich, less mercantile than Bremen, more interesting than Hamburg, less bustling than Berlin. Truly a literary and an art centre, it has been for many years the resort and residence of students, savants, and scholars. By no means commercially or industrially active, and free from the anxiety and fever and push so inseparable from our own country, it appeals to the few Americans not possessed by the demon of doing something as the proper place for recreation and repose. Albeit the citizens of Dresden are not many—one hundred and seventy or eighty thousand would probably include them all—it is a mystery to me how they live, as they always appear to have leisure, and to be more interested in intellectual than practical pursuits. As a community they are remarkably intelligent and polite, and their taste in respect to the fine arts is much above the average of what I have found in most German towns. The Teutonic race is not addicted



THE KUHSTALL.

to dilettanteism, but Dresden is not far removed from it. The common people have an understanding of books and pictures and music that the stranger quickly perceives, and they bear about with them a liberal cheerfulness, which begets amiability and sympathy in return. The German language is spoken there with much purity, though, so far as I have been able to judge, none but Saxons will admit it. In Goethe's time Weimar was generally acknowledged to be the Teutonic Athens; but now every town of any size or consequence claims that honor exclusively for itself.

Sight-seers find active employment in Dresden for a fortnight, and those anxious to look beyond surfaces may spend a season with profit. Though many strangers pass the winter there, the summer is much more agreeable, for during the cold months the keen north wind in that latitude is too much felt. January and February are apt to be extremely trying; and then you must either freeze out-doors or be suffocated within walls, for between warmth and ventilation the Germans recognize no connection.

Dresden is said to have been originally a settlement of Wendish fishermen, and nearly a thousand of their descendants still reside there. It became a city very early in the thirteenth century, was strongly fortified in the sixteenth, and since that time the princes of Poland and Saxony have made great efforts to embellish it by every means in their power. It has had of necessity the usual historic variety of fire, famine, pestilence, and war, which belong as much to the past of the Old World cities as mumps, measles, hooping-cough, and chicken-pox belong to the rear-guard of each generation.

The past wounds of the capital have left few perceptible scars. It bears to-day the marks of an old and complete civilization, and its position in a fertile valley devoted to wine-growing (the wine is as bad as any

one can desire), and surrounded by gardens and promenades, is naturally inviting. Situated on both sides of the Elbe, it is divided thereby into the Old Town (Altstadt), with its suburbs, Pirna, See, Wilsdruf, and Friedrichstadt, on the left hand, and the New Town (Neustadt) on the right. The streets of the Old Town are, as may be supposed, narrow and dingy, and made to seem more so by the height of the buildings; but this is more interesting than the New Town, notwithstanding the streets and houses there are broader and more attractive in appearance. The two quarters are connected by bridges, one of which, entirely of stone, has sixteen arches, and is regarded as the finest in Germany. Jean Paul Richter called it Dresden's triumphal arch; and for a stranger not to admire it is considered an evidence of want of taste. During the civil discords of 1836 and 1849 some of the severest fighting took place on the bridge, which has, in consequence, become endeared by association to the popular heart. The means for building it were obtained, it is said, from the sale of papal dispensations for eating meat during Lent. The structure is very strong, as it needs to be, since at the breaking up of winter the river often rises seventeen or eighteen feet in twenty-four hours, and sweeps down great cakes of ice. The other bridge, named after the Virgin Mary, is crossed by the railway to Prague.

The educational institutions of the city, including military and medical academies, number over a hundred—among them schools for the poor, a ragged-school, and a missionary school for the benefit of little waifs and wanderers. Charitable associations are also numerous, and the capital is entitled to rank as a centre of benevolence and humanity as well as literature and art. Many celebrated Germans have resided in and been identified with Dresden. Tieck, the romancist and translator of Shakspeare, lived there; so did Tiedge, the poet, and his remarkable friend Elisa von der Recke; the artists Retzsch and Vogel; there Adelung and Frederick Schlegel are buried; while bards, painters, authors, and scientists on the Elbe have drawn, and still draw, about them throngs of admirers and friends. In a small summer-house in the suburbs Schiller wrote the greater part of his *Don Carlos*; Körner, the soldier-poet, was born in the town; near the outlying village of Hosterwitz Weber composed *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz*; and indeed one can hardly go any where in or beyond the city without stepping upon classic ground. It is not to be presumed that the citizens are unmindful of the antecedents and importance of Dresden. They deem themselves of the elect, and regard their capital as the brain and soul of Germany.

Many of the churches, especially the Franckenkirche, the Sophienkirche, and the Syna-

gogue, are handsome. The first (Protestant) is of solid stone from the foundation to the dome, and Frederick the Great, during the Seven Years' War, strove in vain to batter it down. The second church (Roman Catholic) is noted for the excellence of its music, the director of the opera usually leading the choir, which is a special attraction to the Dresdeners as well as to strangers.

The Saxons claim to have a more thorough knowledge of music than any of their fellow-Germans; and there was a time in the little kingdom, it is said, when any instrumentalist who played incorrectly in public was subject to fine and imprisonment. Their tuneful temper is such that not a few of them must regret that this penalty is no longer in force. A Leipziger once told me that a man may entertain what opinion he chooses of the Bible—may reject it, indeed, altogether—and yet be a Christian, but that Christianity is impossible to any soul incapable of comprehending Glück and Beethoven.

The royal palace opposite the arched bridge is at once ancient and awkward. Its interior is decorated in the showy and tawdry manner common to princely residences, and the rooms of state, during the absence of the court, are shown to persons curious to see how uncomfortably crowned creatures live. A palace is usually considered to be a magnificent and luxurious house; but the palaces in the other hemisphere, costly as they are, are far from luxurious. Of the scores I have wandered through hardly one is pleasant or desirable as a permanent abode. Sumptuous in seeming, they are cheerless and inconvenient in fact. One of the first disillusion which an American experiences abroad is in regard to these tinsel temples. He finds them inferior in most respects to the homes of the prosperous in his own country.

King John of Saxony bears some resemblance to the late General Robert Anderson, is extremely literary, and has made a translation of the *Divina Comedia*, which some Saxons praise, and none of them read. As a monarch, he does not appear to be held in very high regard by his subjects, though he is accounted a well-disposed and harmless old man. His chief weakness, independent of his want of positive character, is reputed to be authorship. He would rather be a great poet than a great king, and, unfortunately, he can not be either. He has the literary infirmity of Prussia's second Frederick; but there the likeness ends. John spends the greater part of his time over his books and verses, and is thought to have a secret conviction that he will yet be ranked as one of the eminent bards of the nineteenth century.

The sole allurement of the palace is the Green Vaults (Grüne Gewölbe) in the lower





KING JOHN OF SAXONY.

story, long renowned for their pretty kick-shaws. By a felicitous contradiction of title, they are neither green nor vaults. They are merely on the ground-floor, and take their name from the color of the hangings they were once decorated with. The show is worth looking at, and the two thalers charged for admission. There are eight chambers, and they are viewed in the order of their richness. The collection is very valuable. I have heard it estimated at \$10,000,000—much more valuable than one would suppose so little a kingdom could afford to keep. Saxony could never have made the accumulation if it had not seen more prosperous days than it has of late. Its princes were formerly among the wealthiest and most powerful in Europe, obtaining vast revenues from the Freiberg silver mines. They manifested their munificence in gathering jewels, fine carvings, and articles of vertu, reckless of cost, and in this way laid the foundation of the celebrated collection.

The first apartment contains a large number of rare bronzes, copies of antique statues, and original designs by Giovanni di Bologna, Peter Visscher, and other masters in this species of art.

The second is devoted to ivory carvings, among them beautiful vases—some cut out of a single piece—a chalice on which is

wrought with the greatest delicacy the story of the "Foolish Virgins," and the "Fall of Lucifer," a marvelous group of ninety figures, representing the overthrow of the wicked angels, in one piece of ivory about twenty-four by fifteen inches. A "Crucifixion," and two spirited horses' heads in relief, are ascribed to Michael Angelo. A goblet made from a stag's horn, illustrating a hunt, in bass-relief, is admirably done.

The third cabinet is full of Florentine mosaics, engraved shells, carved ostrich eggs, objects in amber—notably an entire amber cabinet—a chimney-piece of Dresden china, paintings in enamel, and countless cunning trifles.

The fourth cabinet holds the gold and silver plate of the Saxon sovereigns. A portion of this used to be carried by the electors of Saxony to Frankfort on the occasion of the coronation of the German emperors. The service has little to recommend it except its value, for it is massive, ungraceful, and unenticing.

In the sixth apartment is a large variety of vessels of agate, chalcedony, rock-crystal, malachite, lapis lazuli, and other semi-precious stones. Several goblets of moss-agate are singularly beautiful. There are also many carvings in wood: one of them, a combat of knights, is by Colin, of Mechlin, who made the remarkable reliefs on the

tomb of Maximilian I. in the Hofkirche at Innsbrück. Some of the carvings are ascribed to Albrecht Dürer, though they are far inferior to his renowned battle-piece in the ivory cabinet. A "Magdalen," by Dinglinger, the Saxon Cellini, is said to be the largest enamel extant.

Among the skillfully cut figures of wood and ivory in the sixth chamber are numerous droll caricatures indicating the grotesqueness of the German mind. There are diminutive effigies of men and animals made from large pearls reported to have been found in the river Elster.

One might suppose them to be part of the mythical *Nibelungen* treasure, if one did not know from the horror-breathing epic that the poetic gold and gems were buried in the Rhine, and that they could not, without the aid of superfluous enchantment, have gotten into the Elster. It is an insignificant stream at best, and if it holds many more such pearls, it would benefit Saxony by drying up.

In the same apartment is a likeness of a court dwarf of one of the Spanish kings, formed of a pearl of the size of a hen's egg, and jewels and trinkets on which as much money as ingenuity must have been expended.

The regalia used at the coronation of Augustus II., King of Poland, exhibited in the seventh room, are really gorgeous.

The eighth and last cabinet excels all the others in splendor. One of the most elaborate toys I have ever seen is there—the court of the Great Mogul, portraying the Emperor Aurungzebe upon his throne, surrounded by guards and courtiers in costumes that are historically correct. There are about a hundred and forty figures, each having its individual expression, as is perceived by close inspection. This truly wonderful piece of workmanship, which is of pure gold enameled, occupied Dinglinger ten years, and cost over \$100,000. He was the court jeweler in Dresden in the early part of the eighteenth century, and has in this apartment representations of artisans employed at different trades, all of them marked by a superlative delicacy and finish. There seems to be no end to the riches there displayed. I particularly admired some great uncut Peruvian emeralds presented by Charles V. to the Elector of Saxony; an immense sardonyx, four and a half inches broad and six and a half long, of a beautiful oval shape, said to be the largest known; an antique cameo portrait of Augustus in onyx; and the bewildering mass of precious stones—sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. The decorations of the former electors, consisting of buttons, collar, sword, and scabbard, are studded thick with diamonds of the rarest and costliest kind. The most remarkable of the stones is a



MONUMENT OF AUGUSTUS THE STRONG.

splendid green brilliant, weighing one hundred and sixty carats, which could be sold, I have heard, for half a million of dollars.

So numerous are the splendid diamonds that, after gazing on and wondering at them again and again, they appear almost cheap; and yet they are dazzlingly beautiful, and by all odds, I believe, the richest and finest in Europe. I have heard women go into ecstasies over them many a time: nor is it strange; for any one who admires gems must be raised to something like a pitch of fanaticism before such a magnificent display as is presented in the Green Vaults. There are green diamonds, rose-hued diamonds, straw-colored diamonds, and the still more alluring colorless diamonds, which convert every little ray of light falling upon them into a miracle of radiance and beauty. Such large and perfect gems never before met my eye. I do not know, nor does any one else appear to, their pecuniary value; but I should suppose, from the price of far inferior stones, that those peerless ones would be worth much more than the sum I have named, \$10,000,000, as representative of the entire value of the contents of the Green Vaults. I have been told that the diamonds alone would, if turned into money, pay the debt of the kingdom.

The Picture-Gallery in the Neumarkt is considered the crowning glory of Dresden. It is, as a whole, the finest north of the Alps, and was founded by Augustus II., surnamed the Strong, though it received some of its most valuable works from Augustus III., including the collection of the Duke of Modena, and Raphael's renowned "Madonna." The gallery has always been respected by military spoilers. Frederick the Great bombard-

ed the city, rained shot and shell upon its churches and public edifices, but spared the sanctuary of art. Entering the town as a conqueror, and dictating the most humiliating terms to the conquered, he asked permission of the captive electress to visit the noble gallery. Napoleon revered it too, and, for a wonder, restrained himself from sending any of its paintings to Paris.

The "Sistine Madonna" is regarded as the chief jewel of the collection. It was done by Raphael only a few years before his death, and is thought by many to be his masterpiece. Innumerable copies and engravings have made it so familiar to both hemispheres that description or extended criticism would be superfluous.

The most famous of a number of excellent Correggios is "La Notte," representing the child-Christ in the manger, and the supernatural light flashing from its form upon the entranced face of the Virgin, bending undazzled over the infant, while another woman veils her eyes with her hand. The effect and contrast of the light and shade are consummate. The "Reading Magdalen" is another of Correggio's most distinguished works. The coloring and softness of outline of the recumbent figure are matchless, though the figure itself is obnoxious to the charge of heaviness, and it is not without a tincture of grossness.

The younger Holbein's "Mary" is ranked as his ablest production, and by many as the second picture in the gallery. It portrays the family of Jacob Meyer, burgomaster of Basle, kneeling before the Virgin. Meyer is excellently done, and every detail of the picture is finished to the faintest degree; but Mary has a hard, wooden, insipid face, much like the counterpart of a Nuremberg doll.

Titian's "Tribute Money," "Reclining Venus," his "Mistress," and one or two others of his richly colored paintings are there. Paolo Veronese, Giulio Romano, Leonardo da Vinci, Annibal Caracci, Caravaggio, and other eminent Italians are also represented, as well as Douw, Dürer, Teniers, Ostade, Paul Potter, and other of the great Dutch and Flemish artists, the study of whose works binds one long and lovingly to Dresden.

The Zwinger—the name was applied to a structure erected one hundred and fifty years



THE ZWINGER, DRESDEN.

ago, and designed merely as the fore-court to a new palace never carried further—is an inclosure surrounded by buildings used as a historical museum, a museum of natural history, and a cabinet of drawings. The first contains a great store of old armor and martial weapons, almost equal to the Ambras collection in Vienna, and entirely eclipsing that in the Tower of London.

The museum of natural history has numerous minerals, fossils, engravings, and one of the completest collections of copper-plates in Europe—from the middle of the fifteenth century to the present day. There are said to be more than two hundred and fifty thousand engravings, from the earliest masters down to contemporaneous artists, and three hundred extremely interesting life portraits, by Vogel, of the most eminent characters of the time.

The Terrace of Brühl, named after the obsequious minister of Augustus II.—he was sometimes called Augustus I.—is approached by a grand flight of steps, and running along the south bank of the Elbe, commands a charming view, and is the favorite city promenade. The Palace of Brühl, once belonging to the minister, and afterward occupied by Napoleon, has since been the residence of the Dowager-Queen Marie. It contains very little of interest beyond a series of admirable views of Dresden and its vicinity. On the terrace are cafés and restaurants, where capital concerts are given almost every evening. The citizens flock to the entertainments, of course; and while their ear takes in Mozart, Meyerbeer, and Wagner, their mouth takes in liberal quantities of the substantial provender which the rapid digestion of Germany so regularly and repeatedly requires. The open-air concerts in summer are delightful. The elevated position of the terrace furnishes broad prospects of the winding river; and he who can not enjoy the melodious feast in the soft evening,

with pleasant talks and walks interspersed, is not attuned to the key of sensuous and intellectual pleasure.

The Japanese Palace, in the Neustadt, built by Augustus II. for a summer residence, now serves as a museum. Augustus, from all accounts, did almost every thing worth doing, and a great deal very unworthy, in Dresden. He is to that city what Michael Angelo is to Rome and St. Patrick to Dublin. But for him the Saxon capital would have been, to speak algebraically, an unknown quantity. He must have been a fellow of vast performance. He is reported to have held a trumpeter in full armor in his palm, to have twisted an iron stair baluster into a rope, and to have wooed bashful maidens by offering them purses of gold with one hand and breaking horseshoes with the other. I can understand the influence of the precious metal on the feminine heart, but the exact effect of the fracture of horseshoes on shrinking womanhood defies reckoning. The lusty monarch doubtless intended to convince the damsels he was enamored of, that money and might are irresistible, rudely rejecting the sentimental notion of to-day that worth and devotion will beguile any Eve from her Eden.

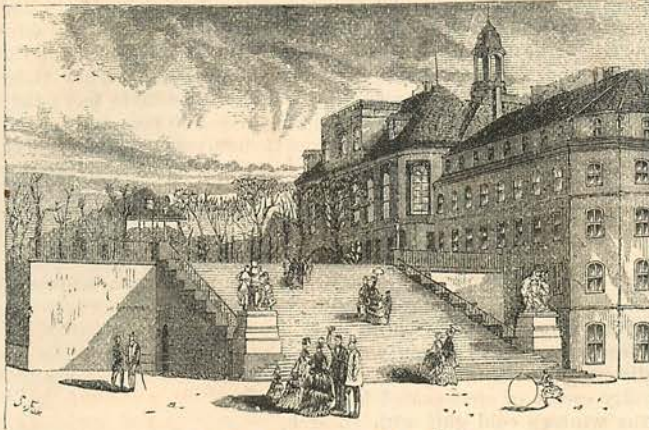
At any rate, Augustus erected the palace. The antiquities and library (some three hundred thousand volumes and three thousand manuscripts) are much the same as may be found elsewhere; but the collection of porcelain (*Porzellan Sammlung*), filling eighteen

apartments and embracing nearly seventy thousand pieces, is rare and interesting. It includes the finest productions of Chinese, Japanese, Italian, and Sevres ware, as well as that of Saxon manufacture from the earliest period. The first porcelain in Europe is reputed to have been made by Böttcher, the alchemist, while in search of the philosopher's stone, and the specimens—they are of a reddish-brown hue, incapable of imitation—are still preserved there. There are animals of various kinds, grotesques, copies of antiques, busts, bouquets of flowers, and countless designs of incomparable fineness and finish. One of the most remarkable is a bust in semi-vitrified porcelain of the Empress of Russia, with a lace veil thrown over her head. So exquisitely is it done that at first glance I was sure it had been carved with a chisel, and that the lace was genuine—such was the superlatively delicate and airy quality of the china. The collection can not be described in any ordinary space, but it is wonderful and memorable to behold.

The celebrated porcelain of Saxony bears the name of, though it is not made in, Dresden, but at the town of Meissen, on the Elbe, fifteen miles below the capital. Not to go there is a palpable neglect of the tourist's obligation. The porcelain manufactory is in the Old Castle, once the residence of the Saxon princes. It is an imposing edifice, and, from its lofty position on the bank of the river, looks remarkably picturesque at a distance, and not much less so on close in-



AN EVENING CONCERT ON THE BRÜHL TERRACE, DRESDEN.



STAIRS OF THE TERRACE OF BRÜHL.

spection. Its appearance is assisted by the Cathedral hard by, a handsome Gothic structure with a graceful open-work spire.

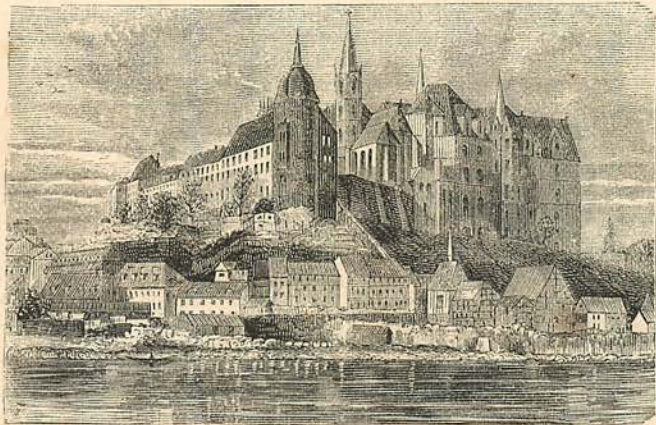
The earth from which the porcelain is made is obtained from Aue, an insignificant village twelve miles from Zwickau. The process of preparing and baking the clay is slow, difficult, and complicated. The mixture, or biscuit, is composed principally of kaolin and ground feldspar. The materials are reduced to very fine powder, and stirred together with water in cisterns, the surplus water being pressed out through linen bags, separated by filtration or other methods. When the biscuit is of the consistency of dough, it is thoroughly worked over by beating, kneading, and treading, and is then put away moist for a year or more to undergo the moulding process, which increases its plasticity. The better kinds of porcelain are formed in moulds of gypsum, and the nicest skill and care are needed to fashion the vessels, as well as in the glazing and baking. A good deal of the ware is unavoidably spoiled, such precise handling does it require; but the artisans employed in its manufacture have had years of training and experience, and have inherited their trade, as is the case with the Brussels lace-makers and Amsterdam diamond-cutters. It is said that the excellence of porcelain depends on locality and atmosphere; that numerous efforts to manufacture the Dresden china

elsewhere, with exactly the same material and the same workmen, have failed again and again. There was always something lacking—something almost indefinable, but still something. Whether it is that the artisans are accustomed to a certain routine and subject to subtle influences of surrounding, which they can not change without detriment to the product of their hands, is an open question; but

that skilled labor not infrequently follows the same mysterious law governing the removal of plants has been shown by repeated experiments. The manufacture of porcelain has been for generations the most profitable industry of the neighborhood of Dresden, and it is likely to continue so for generations to come.

The gardens and promenades, as I have already said, are many and pleasant in and about the capital. Those of the Japanese Palace, extending down to the Elbe, and yielding a fine prospect of the arched bridge and the principal buildings of the town, are open to the public, and deservedly popular. In the outskirts, on the way to Pirna, the large park known as the Grosse Garten is a favorite resort in summer, and concerts, dances, and merry-makings are the order of the season.

Half a mile from the park, in the midst of the fields and slopes, where hard fighting preceded the retreat of the French to Leipzig at the great Battle of the Nations (Völker-



PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY AT MEISSEN.

schlacht), is the monument to Moreau—a large square block of granite, surmounted by a helmet, marking the spot where the intrepid general received his mortal wound. His legs, cut off by a cannon-ball, were buried there, but his body was conveyed to St. Petersburg by order of his bosom-friend, the Czar Alexander I., by whose side he fell.

All the gardens and promenades in and near the capital are thronged on holidays and Sundays, and the Dresdeners make the most of leisure and pleasure. They chase the circling hours with nimble feet; they revel in the sunshine like bees and butterflies; they cast themselves on every ripple of gladness, and imagine it a great wave of joy.

### MARCH.

"March. Its tree, Juniper. Its stone, Blood-stone. Its motto, 'Courage and strength in times of danger.'"—*Old Saying.*

In the gray dawning across the white lake,  
Where the ice-hummocks in frozen waves break,  
'Mid the glittering spears of the far Northern Lights,  
Like a cavalry escort of steel-coated knights,  
Spanning the winter's cold gulf with an arch,  
Over it, rampant, rides in the wild March.  
Galloping, galloping, galloping in,  
Into the world with a stir and a din,  
The north wind, the east wind, and west wind together,  
Inbringing, inbringing the March's wild weather.

Hear his rough chant as he dashes along:  
"Ho, ye March children, come list to my song!  
A bold outlaw am I both to do and to dare,  
And I fear not old Earth nor the Powers of the Air;  
Winter's a dotard, and Summer's a prude,  
But Spring loves me well, although I am rude.  
Faltering, lingering, listening Spring—  
Blushing she waits for the clang and the ring  
Of my swift horse's hoofs; then forward she presses,  
Repelling, returning, my boist'rous caresses.

"The winds are unbound and loose in the sky,  
Rioting, frolicking, madly on high:  
Are ye able to cope with the North Wind's strong arm?  
Welcome boldly his fierce grasp; 'twill do ye no harm.  
He knows the children of March are my own,  
Sealed with my signet of magic blood-stone.  
Blood-stone, red blood-stone, green dark and red light—  
Blood is for ardor and stone is for might;  
And the watch-word borne on by West Wind, the ranger  
Is, 'Courage and strength in the moment of danger.'

"Children of March, are ye strong, are ye strong?  
Shame not the flag the West Wind bears along;  
O ye men of the March! be ye firm as the steel;  
O ye women of March! be ye loyal and leal—  
Strong in your loving and strong in your hate,  
Constant, like juniper, early and late.  
Juniper, juniper, juniper green,  
Berries of blue set in glittering sheen,  
In the winter's cold snow, in summer's hot splendor,  
Unchanging, unchanging, thou heart true and tender!"

Singing of juniper, forward he whirled,  
Galloping, galloping on through the world;  
And when, shivering, waking, the dull Day gazed out  
From her tower in the gray clouds, she heard but the shout  
Of the riotous winds as they followed in glee,  
On, on to the wooing in mad revelry.  
Wooing, the wooing, the wooing of Spring—  
Here's a bold wooing that makes the woods ring,  
And thrills the leaf buds, though with snow overladen,  
As March, the wild outlaw, bears off the Spring maiden.