

## VIENNA.



SCHONBRUNN—THE PALACE GARDENS.

THE year 1873 will witness a tide of travel setting toward Vienna similar to that which made Paris, in 1867, the shore for which all argosies and pleasure barges set sail. And Vienna is just the one city of the world which has any claim to emulate Paris in the getting up of a great exposition. It is cosmopolitan, it is brilliant, it is on the great highway of travel, and it is hospitable. Already a good traveler has given in the pages of this magazine a graphic account of some of the most interesting objects in Vienna; but though to glean after him may seem rather a bold task to set for one's self, I venture it for one or two reasons. In the first place, Vienna is, considering its antiquity, size, and importance, the city that has been least written about of any in the world. The traveler who visits it this year will find one or two hand-books—Fetridge being the best—which will give him a good amount of practical advice and information; but of the wealth of legend and romance abounding in Vienna and its vicinity he will learn nothing, unless he have time to pause for a week in some old library, and have the patience and knowledge to explore old German and French books—the *Taschenbuch*, for example, or the *Voyage en Autriche* of Marcel de Serres. I picture to myself the luckless American tourist in the hands of the commissaire, who professes to understand English, and who sticketh closer than a broth-

er. That commissaire understands so much English as relates to one or two of the most commonplace legends or objects of interest in the city, but one step beyond that customary channel he flounders like a fish out of water, and at the end of the day the said American will have a confused idea of a procession of Francisces, Hapsburgs, saints, and bishops careering through his bored brain, without leaving therein any clear traces of the history and character of the region he is in whatever. Another reason I have for writing is that the Exposition of 1873 appears to furnish an opportunity that an American may improve, in various ways, for studying some subjects of the greatest importance. He will be able to decipher and peruse one of the early chapters of his own history. The genesis of many of the institutions under which he lives, the dawn of many familiar fables and customs, the superstitions which he has inherited, are found here growing clearer as they approach their source. Old skeletons here gain flesh and blood. Imposing hereditary beliefs reveal the trivialities in which they originated. The young man, says Emerson somewhere, goes abroad to become an American. He finds liberation in drawing closer to the phantoms that seem so solid and impressive in the distance. But in order that the lessons shall not be wasted, let him who is intending to visit Vienna set himself beforehand to read up the history, the traditions, the ethnical facts of the region through which he is to pass; let him sow the driest old facts and fables in his mind as seed, and be sure that when he reaches the congenial atmosphere and skies they will spring up and bear rare fruits of thought and knowledge.

The sovereign and authorities of Vienna have certainly spared no pains or expense to make the Exposition successful. They have built in the Prater—the very finest park in the world—buildings of surpassing grandeur and convenience. The Prater is always a sort of bazar, a gay fair in which all nations are represented, and the buildings now built in it are as the centre of many wings already prepared through many years, and such as present attractions which it requires generations and many races to supply. The Austrian commissioners began by corresponding with and securing the co-operation of the most influential, energetic, and scientific men in every country. The list of their co-operators amounts to many thousands; but perhaps it may prove of some interest to give here the names of those who stand at the head of each national commission, and who will, with very few exceptions, be personally present in Vienna: America, Thom-





SCHÖNBRUNN—ANOTHER VIEW.

as B. Van Buren; Belgium, Baron t'Kint de Roodenbeke, senator; Brazil, Prince August of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—probably honorary, the duties to fall on Baron Tres Barras, of the Brazilian cabinet, and other eminent officials of the same country; Germany, Ministerial Director Moser (Prussia) is the general superintendent; Baden, Ministerial-rath Carl Turban; Bavaria, Staatsminister Von Pfeufer; Bremen, Heinrich Claussen; Elsass-Lothringen, Von Sybel; Hamburg, Senator Johns; Hesse, Finance-Minister Schleiermacher; Lubeck, Senator Kulenkamp; Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Dr. Dippe; Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Dr. Kammerherr von Petersdorf; Oldenburg, the Minister of the Interior; Saxony, Baron Weinlig; Saxe-Meiningen, Secretary of Interior; Saxe-Weimar, Dr. Schönburg; Württemberg, Dr. Von Steinbeis; Egypt, Mohammed Tewfik Pasha; France, Jules Simon and the Minister of Agriculture; Greece, Professor Jean A. Soutzo; Great Britain, Prince of Wales (honorary), Sir Andrew Buchanan, etc.; Italy, the Minister of Agriculture, Dr. Wimpfen, etc. (each city of Italy has its own distinct commission); Japan, Okuma, etc.; Netherlands, Van Oordt; Roumania, Gregor Bengescu; Russia, Boutowsky, Minister of Manufactures; Sweden and Norway (Prince Oscar, who had been appointed president, having died, it is believed that his successor will take his place at the Exposition), General Von Dardel, etc.; Switzerland, Dr. Vorsteher;

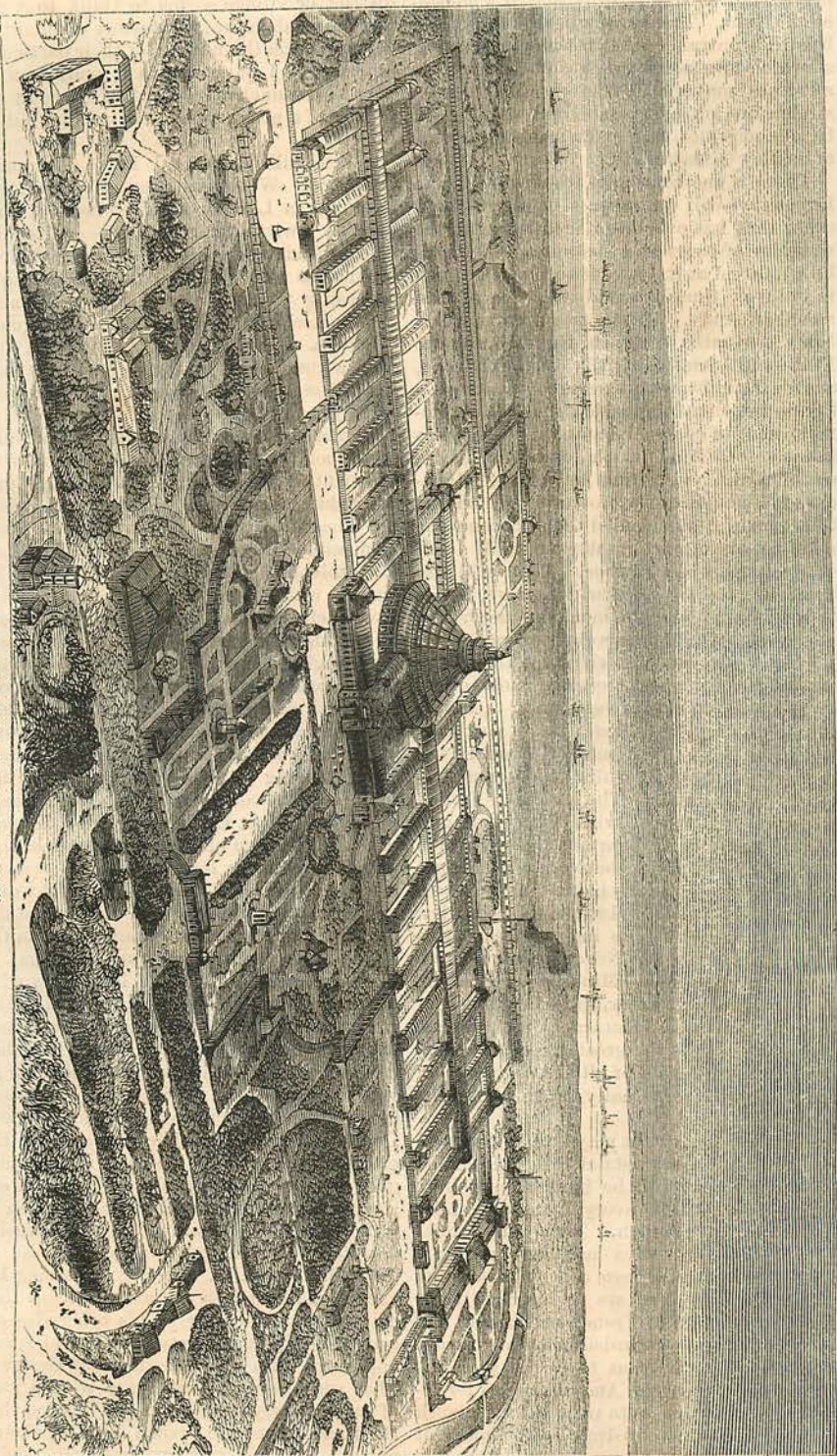
Spain, Manuel de la Concha; Turkey, Edhem Pasha.

I am assured that each of these individuals has been corresponded with, and that each has been active in forming the cabinet of commissioners at the head of which his name appears. These commissioners comprise many of the most distinguished scientific men in every country. In consultation with them the Austrian directors have issued to each country special requests that its specialties of art or production shall be carefully represented; this being carried to the extent of the desire expressed to Mr. Jay that an American free school should be sent over, with the children in it, all at their regular tasks! A question may indeed arise whether Vienna will be able to entertain the enormous number of people flocking thither, and it is probable that hotel prices may run rather high. But Vienna is a larger place than most people think; including its suburbs, it is almost as large as New York, and it is not so crowded. We are told also that the citizens have so much interest in the success of the Exposition that many who do not wish to make money by it are offering moieties of their houses for the use of hotel-keepers, in case their establishments shall overflow.

In order to promote the success of the Exposition the emperor has given up to the chief commissioner, Baron Schwartz, his private gardens, bordering the Prater, so that the area occupied is immense—just five times as large as that occupied by the Paris Exposition of 1867. This domain of the emperor, the Krisan, used to be a deer park, and though the animals have disappeared, there are still about it some of the features of a forest. Though the commissioner has had to cut down some of these to make way for the vast buildings, he has preserved them as much as possible, and he has left a cluster of small green trees in the centre of the rotunda itself. This rotunda is the finest ever put up. It was designed by the English architect Mr. Scott Russell, and executed by an Englishman also, Mr. Harcourt, though in Westphalian works. It is 370 feet in span, 300 feet in height, weighs 40,000 tons, and was raised by 240 workmen to its secure place on thirty-two massive square columns. From this rotunda there run great avenues, with numerous transverse paths, all well lighted from the sides, as well as from the rotunda, it being a bit of experience, gathered from the Paris Exposition, that the lighting from above exclusively is unsatisfactory. The general hues used in the decoration—which is of the Florentine Renaissance style—are blue and gold, which, relieved by dark red pillars, have a very brilliant effect. Since November last the preparations have been sufficiently advanced for visitors to be admitted, and the small pay-



PALACE OF THE VIENNA EXPOSITION OF 1873.





ment required has already netted a considerable sum. The visitor passes through a beautiful entrance in Tyrolean chalet style, at which two noble avenues of horse-chestnut-trees converge. The splendid avenues stretch out on every side, and the kiosks, bazars, mosques, and cafés make up a sort of medley Oriental city.

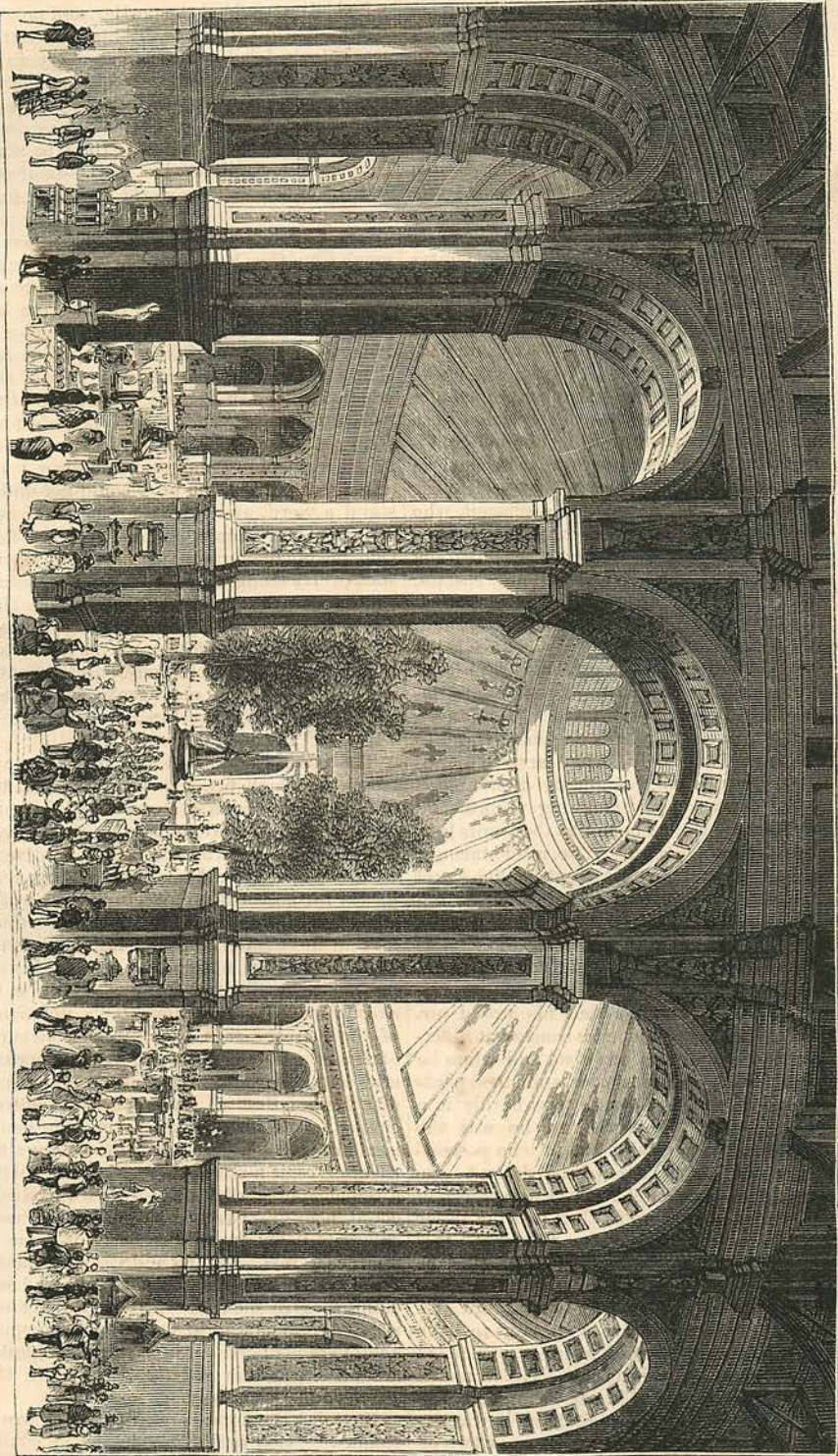
There is one respect in which the Vienna Exposition will far surpass in interest any other that has ever been held—that is, the varieties of races and costumes which will be witnessed at it. A visit to that city even in ordinary times is equal to a year of ethnological study. Of the two great navigable water-paths between Europe and the East—the Adriatic, with Trieste at its head, and the Danube, with Vienna for its portal—this is the one along which the historic development of commerce and civilization has taken place. The Turkish Jews, who, driven out of Spain, had to find among the followers of Mohammed the protection which the followers of Christ denied them, became the chief agents of the great current of trade between Asia and Europe. They still use Spanish as their regular language, while they wear—at least the men do—the Oriental costume, which makes their entrance into Turkey more easy. At the same time there is blended with this costume most oddly certain antique Syrian vestments. (Among those banished from Spain was a patriarch who then took the name of Disraeli, the founder of the family which has become historical in England.) The streets of Vienna are agreeably varied with Armenians and Russians (really Hungarians), all of whom are engaged in plying between Vienna and the East, but are usually habited in the styles which are more adapted to the Asiatic cities, where dress is of more importance to free and easy intercourse. Nevertheless, as those who have visited Asia Minor, or even Little Russia alone, well know, these international costumes have some features of compromise, and it will be at the great Exposition that the real masquerade of all the costumes of the East will perpetually move along the streets of Vienna.

With less delight, it may be assumed, will the American tourist stand before the Babel of tongues that will be built around him. The Viennese talk every language under heaven except English. They much prefer French to their native language, and it is amusing to witness how eager the servants in hotels and cafés are to interlard their speech with bits of French or Italian. Of old the Romans regarded it as a grievous banishment to be sent to do duty on the Danube, and now the Austrian pines for Italy, and never ceases to refer to any sojourn he may have made in Italy, even though it be amidst the scowling glances of the Venetians. But outside of Vienna every little

district or village seems to think that not patriotism alone, but the destiny of mankind, depends upon the nursing of their particular dialect, and I have known a gentleman of Vienna as much nonplused as I was at the brogue of a peasant not twenty miles out of the city.

When will the world have a common language! When the International Prison Congress in London was just closing, I remember a witty American lady—a delegate, whose head was aching with the Babel of tongues to which she had been listening—proposing that the assembly should next resolve itself into an International Language Congress. It really seems curious that, with such a community of interests as that into which the nations of Europe have been woven by the thousand steam-shuttles speeding each moment on land and river, its populations should still put up each with its little fragment of human language. While European philosophers and philologists are debating whether such a combination of tongues be possible, the ancient countries of the East have solved the problem. In India, for instance, while Bengal, Oude, Bootan, etc., have each its own language, generally used by the higher castes and literary men, there is throughout the whole country a common linguistic currency, a language called Oodoor—a word related to our term *hordes*, indicating the fact that the language has sprung up in the camps. It would certainly be a great blessing to Anglo-Saxons if they had some means of communication with Germans especially. Most Englishmen know French, but a knowledge of German is rare among them—a singular fact, when it is remembered that near eighty per cent. of the words in the English dictionary are fundamentally German. There are several anomalies in the linguistic experience of Europe. Next to the Russians, who learn all languages with great facility, and speak them with little alien accent, the Germans are more generally acquainted than other races with other languages than their own, but, strange to say, they speak the Latin tongues, particularly French, better than the cognate tongues, Dutch and English. The French have the greatest difficulty in learning foreign languages, and it is doubtful whether there exists a Frenchman who can speak English so well that his nationality can not be easily detected. When, last summer, I was at Trouville, where M. Thiers was passing his vacation, I found to my astonishment that neither he nor either of his otherwise accomplished private secretaries could speak one word of either English or German! That such should be the case with a man of such literary eminence as M. Thiers, that the President of the French republic should not even have a secretary who can read a letter from England or Germany, seemed





VIENNA EXPOSITION, 1873.—INTERIOR OF EXHIBITION HALL.



to me an almost sufficient key to the ignorance of what goes on in the world outside of France which led that unhappy nation to hurl itself upon the million thinking bayonets of Germany. There is no member of the English government who can not read German and speak French with ease. Mr. Gladstone can make a speech in French as neatly turned as in English, with a little preparation; and I have known Earl Granville rise in response to a toast offered by a Frenchman, and speak extemporaneously with such French as persons of that country present declared to be undistinguishable from the speech of their best orators in Paris.

When I exclaimed, When will the world have a common language! it was not with the deliberate intention of giving a philological lecture; it was in remembrance of a similar ejaculation prayerfully made by a fellow-traveler of mine from London to Vienna, under circumstances that seemed to distress him. Having been sent to the very top of the hotel, he gave the servant who carried his luggage a rather imposing piece of silver, and the latter at once set down the new-comer as one of the "milord" species, who must be treated with great consideration. My friend looked out at the sky, and, in order to be pleasant, remarked, "Ick hopen es viendra besser weather." A philologist would have not only understood this sentence, but been impressed by it as being a key both to the speaker's nationality and to the course by which he had arrived in Vienna. But Boots was simply dumfounded by it. However, every thing milord said must be important; no doubt the words held some momentous request. So, after staring a moment, he exclaims, "Angenblichlich," and vanished. Soon after he reappeared, bringing with him the "portier." The portier, or janitor, of a grand hotel in Germany is every where an imposing individual; in Vienna he almost resembles a London alderman in his trappings and his proud air. This particular portier was somewhat aldermanic in his proportions also, and when he had toiled up the five stories, and stood panting at my friend's door, he was hardly in a placid humor. Nevertheless, he was the only man in the establishment who possessed the least smattering of English, and come he must, even though exceedingly busy in receiving the guests just then pouring in for the approaching *table d'hôte*. But when this magnificent functionary discovered that he had left his urgent duties and toiled up to the top of the hotel only to hear milord's remark that he hoped we were now to have fair weather, he seemed to be overwhelmed with a sense of humiliation. His wounded look was touching. My friend's sympathy could not soothe it, especially as it was expressed amidst the laughter of one or two of his companions, who had arrived just in time

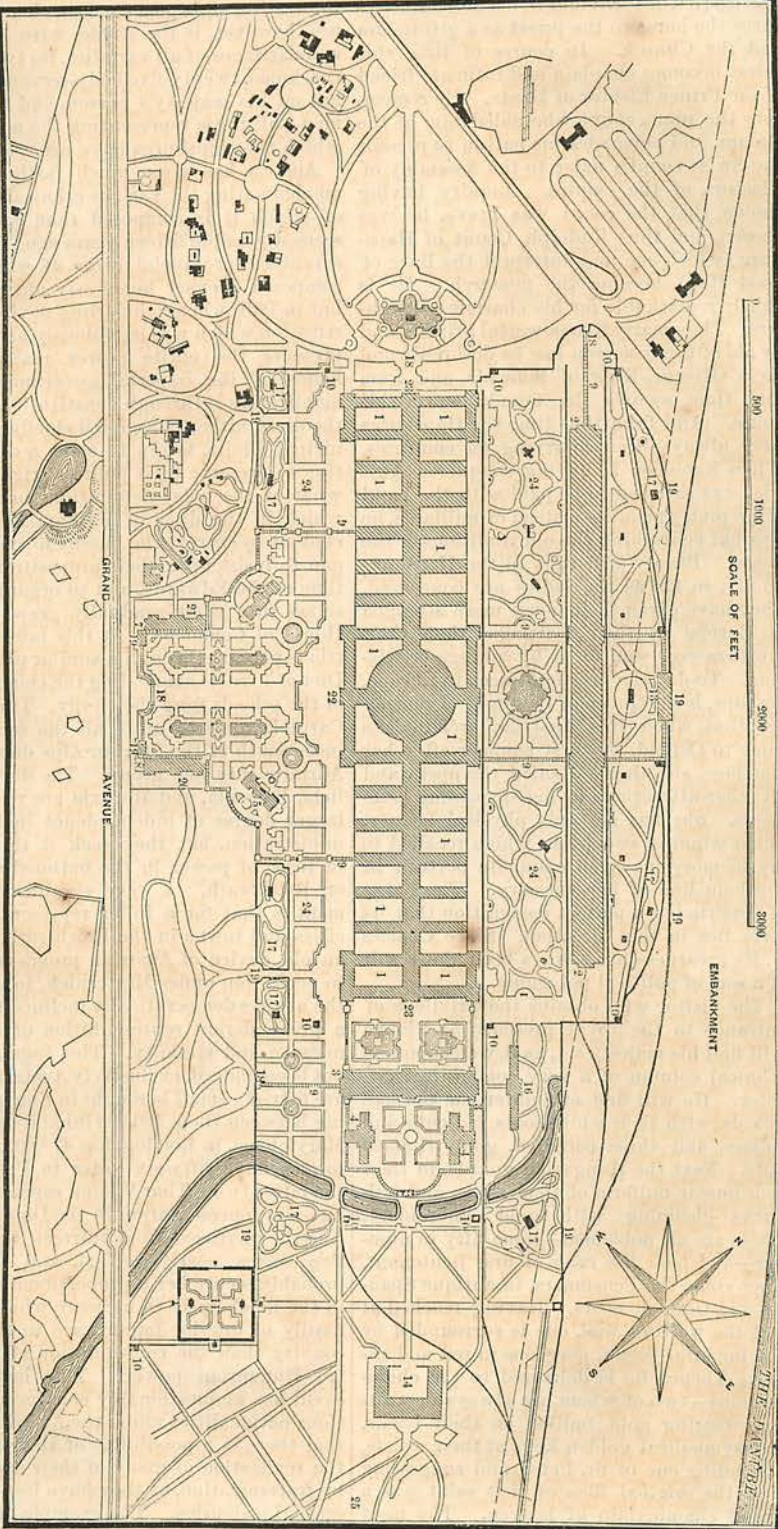
to take in the situation. The Englishman who had so troubled the portier, and possibly got Boots into disgrace, by his innocent remark, looked sad, and made an entry in his diary, which, being subsequently purloined, was found to contain the following sage observations: "June 16.—Resolved never to speak to a German waiter. Item, to study German more diligently. N.B.—Confound Babel. When will the world have a common language!"

The German spoken in Vienna differs so much from the German of the North that the people of the two regions can often not understand each other, while the written language is much the same. The language of Cologne and that of Berlin are much harder than the Viennese tongue. It is related that when the King of Prussia was at one of the Austrian baths, a young man approached him with a petition, explaining the purport of it in the most polite manner as he drew it out of his breast; but the king could not understand a word, and thinking the youth was drawing out a dagger, had him arrested. One hears among the peasants in Austria such pretty mongrels as "delizios," and sometimes poetic expressions of a rare kind. Thus the boatmen on the Danube call a calm "the wind's holiday" (Windfeier). One meets, too, with the politeness characteristic of Southern nations, and if one speaks to children along the road they return a gentle "God be with you" in touching accents.

The great varieties of race, costume, and language which press themselves upon the foreigner in Vienna at every step, the mingling of Greek, German, and Asiatic names on the signs, the various chants of diverse religions which he hears issuing from temples of incongruous architecture as he walks along the streets, will gradually produce upon him an impression of the mongrel character of the Austrian nationality which thenceforth will be illustrated by every thing he encounters. Lord Palmerston's definition of the country as "a fortuitous concourse of atoms" is not more expressive of the varieties and anomalies which one observes than of a feeling that all has been the result of chance. The history of the reigning house is a history of happy accidents—happy for themselves, if not for others. It begins with a romance of good luck. A youthful Swiss count, poor and obscure, riding in the chase, comes to a stream, where he finds a monk unable to cross. Having addressed the monk kindly, he learns that the pious man is hastening to give the sacrament to a dying parishioner. The knight instantly dismounts, and offers his horse to the monk, who gladly accepts it, and is swiftly borne over the stream and on his way.

Next day the horse is returned, with warm thanks. "God forbid," exclaims the count, "that I should ever again ride a horse which





1. Industrial Palace.—2. Machinery Hall.—3. Gallery of Fine Arts.—4. Exposition des Arts.—5. Imperial Pavilion.—6. Office of the Chief Manager.—7. Pavilion of the Army.—8. Post, Telegraph, and Custom-house Office.—9. Galleries of Art.—10. Guard-houses.—11. Barracks for the 1. and 2. Engineers.—12. Stables and barracks for the Imperial Cavalry.—13. Barracks for the Imperial Cavalry.—14. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—15. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—16. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—17. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—18. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—19. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—20. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—21. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—22. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—23. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—24. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—25. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—26. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—27. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—28. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—29. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—30. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—31. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—32. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—33. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—34. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—35. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—36. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—37. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—38. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—39. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—40. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—41. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—42. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—43. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—44. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—45. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—46. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—47. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—48. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—49. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—50. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—51. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—52. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—53. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—54. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—55. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—56. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—57. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—58. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—59. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—60. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—61. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—62. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—63. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—64. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—65. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—66. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—67. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—68. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—69. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—70. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—71. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—72. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—73. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—74. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—75. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—76. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—77. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—78. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—79. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—80. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—81. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—82. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—83. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—84. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—85. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—86. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—87. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—88. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—89. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—90. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—91. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—92. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—93. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—94. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—95. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—96. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—97. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—98. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—99. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.—100. Ground for the Pavilion of the Army.

DIAGRAM OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT VIENNA.



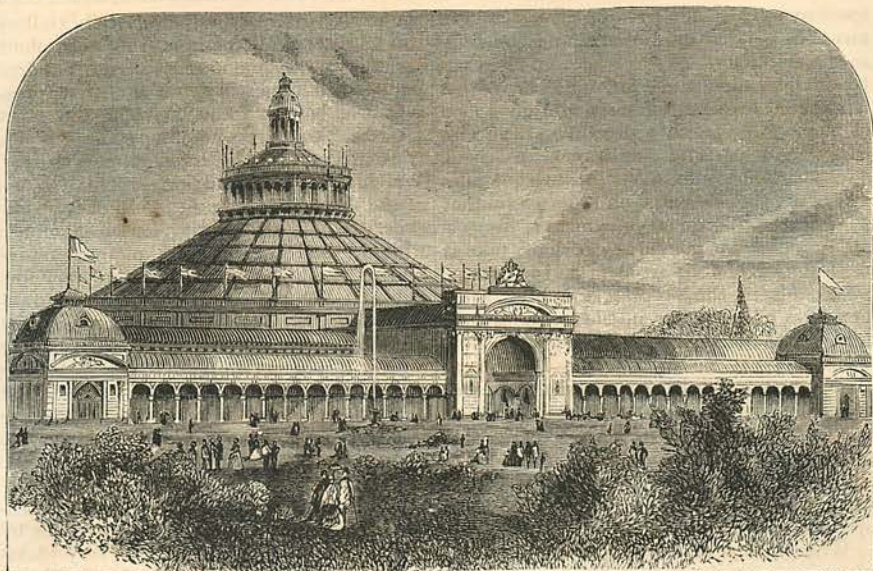
has carried my Saviour!" Whereon he returns the horse to the priest as a gift to him and the Church. In course of time this priest becomes chaplain and intimate friend of the Prince Elector of Mentz. He remembers the pious count who aided him at the stream, and persuades his patron to present the Swiss count's name to the Assembly of Electors of the empire. Inquiry having shown that the count was brave, he was chosen, and thus Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg (which one may interpret the Burg of good Hap), became the monarch. He is chiefly remarkable for his charming daughters. They marry five powerful princes, and by aid of these sons-in-law he dethrones and slays Ottoacar, King of Bohemia, and from that time secures the foundation of his house. And from that time the Hapsburgs have always been marrying on countries. When Napoleon I., having conquered Austria, was satisfied to be paid with the hand of its pretty princess instead of milliards, he was but continuing the old traditions of the house. Beauty still runs in the Hapsburg family, so far as the ladies are concerned. They have given their house more strength in Europe by their marriages than their brothers ever won for it by courage or wisdom. To-day the prettiest queen in Europe, perhaps, is the Queen of Belgium. I remember that when this Austrian archduchess came to Ostend, the first summer after her marriage, she almost spoiled the opera and all other attractions by her surpassing loveliness. She has not only physical beauty, but a winning sweetness, which recalled to my memory many an exquisite portrait in the long line of her ancestry. The house of Austria has a perfect recognition that its forte lies in this direction. Since Charles V. its greatness has always been the result of a sort of political polygamy.

The visitor who obtains the privilege of entrance to the royal presence at Vienna will find his majesty set, as it were, upon an ethnical column of a very composite character. He will first encounter the German guards, with their white coats, red cuffs and collars, and three-cornered, gold-trimmed hats. Next the Hungarian guards, in their rich hussar uniform of tiger-skins, and kalpacks gleaming with gold embroidery. These are all noblemen—some fifty in number—and bear the rank of first lieutenant. Then come the Pensioners, in antique Spanish and German coats. Having reached at last the waiting *Saal*, one is surrounded by the imperial pages, gorgeous in red and silver. Thence he is delivered to the chamberlains—two of whom are always in waiting, wearing gold bullion on their backs, and symbolical golden keys at their waists, reminding one of St. Peter, and suggesting that the original idea of that saint was a grand chamberlain of heaven. The most

interesting sight one can get about the palace, however, is the stable, with its horses and carriages of all varieties, its twenty-five coachmen, twenty-five body-servants attendant on his majesty's person, and fifty footmen—all these representing the many races which the Hapsburgs have married on.

Austria has gone much farther toward amalgamating the various ethnical elements of which it is composed than could have seemed possible fifteen years ago. Then the seventeen provincial diets of which it is composed seemed hopelessly antagonistic; but in 1861, when Schmerling devised a constitution which was ingeniously arranged to preserve the entire power really in the hands of the imperial government while manifesting it through constitutional forms, the diets, hitherto occupied chiefly with municipal affairs, began to show a determination to preserve their political rights, somewhat as the noisy deputations in England, which in the days of William Rufus were content to entreat the barons for favors, began to insist upon their propositions in the time of the Edwards, and to organize themselves into what gradually grew into the House of Commons. At this late day Austria is passing through a similar phase. The Diet of Tyrol is demanding the emancipation of the schools from the clergy. The Diet of Carniola aims to unite all the small provinces south of the Styrian Alps down to the Adriatic into one group. The diets of Galicia, Bohemia, and Moravia are requiring a larger degree of independence in local administration, but they seek it through an increase of power in the national congress, or Reichsrath. A very significant movement is that for a fuller representation of cities and towns in the Reichsrath, it being an old device of Austrian premiers, carried to perfection under Metternich, to outweigh the always democratically inclined towns by a preponderant representation of rural ignorance and stolidity. This ingenuity has not been, indeed, exclusively Austrian: there are fifty-six small boroughs in England, having between them 400,000 inhabitants, while Marylebone, in London, has 478,000; yet the former have fifty-six votes in Parliament, the latter two. That Vienna especially shall have its representation in the Diet of Lower Austria increased from thirteen to twenty-two seems nearly settled, and that will probably secure her a proportionate increase in the Reichsrath—a measure which will be hardly of inferior importance to the whole country than the consolidation of the Austro-Hungarian power. This last-named event has unquestionably convinced the various nationalities under the Austrian crown that there is a possibility of their securing the realization of many of their aspirations by fraternization, as they have lost them by mutual jealousies. The example of Prussia





EXHIBITION BUILDING, VIENNA.

has not been lost either upon the Austrian rulers or the many tribes under them. Solidarity has become the order of the day; and though the evolution of the heterogeneous races referred to in a United States of Austria will involve a severer struggle than that which united Germany has had with Junkerism, there can hardly be a doubt that the tide is every where setting toward such a freedom as shall swallow up petty principalities. Liberty is the root, equality the blossom, but both must reach their fruit in the fraternity of peoples.

There can be no doubt that there has been a disposition among liberal thinkers in Europe to estimate Austria more favorably as a political force since it has withdrawn from Italy. The retention of Venetia especially embittered the most eminent friends of liberty against that country, and kept alive the ugliest traditions of the Hapsburg house, whose crimes have been so carefully remembered. But the repeated instances in which the present emperor has made concessions to the popular movements of the times, and the fact that a hard aristocracy stands ready in each of the countries subjected to Austria to oppress the lower classes, if made over to them, more heavily than the emperor has ever done, has induced a suspension of those anathemas which reformers like Mazzini and poets like Swinburne have hurled so terribly against that country. It is further now recognized that Austria is necessarily a peaceful element in the European situation. There is no neighboring country she can wish to invade; and though one may trace in the tone of popular feeling some remnant of antagonism to Prussia, the

German elements of the country are too strong to suffer such sentiments to survive very long. There is every reason to believe that Austria is contented, and has honestly set herself to develop her resources and to harmonize her government with the age.

The people of Vienna rejoice in their cosmopolitan character. In their finest gardens of amusement—Mödling's—the grounds are laid out ethnologically, the buildings and sections being marked Asia, Europe, Africa, America, and so on. A masquerade there—and they are given not only in the season, but whenever any fête is going on—presents a medley of characters such as can not be witnessed elsewhere in Europe. I remember taking my stand there on one such occasion, and the whole world seemed to pass by in costume. One may feel that he is in an utterly foreign world, with continents, oceans, and ages stretching between him and people of kindred blood. But let him not be too certain of that. Here pass two unmistakable cockneys. There walks before them in the procession a small figure, enveloped in close domino covering the head and sweeping the ground. Cockney Number One says to Number Two, "Say, Bill, what sex does that hanimal belong to?" "Middlesex," retorts the small domino, turning sharply around—"Middlesex. I was born in the Strand, in hearing of Bow-bells. Do you know the place?" The cockney, who had counted too much upon the safe obscurity of his mother-tongue, quite wilted under the reply, which was given with a matchless imitation of his accent. Vienna has, indeed, especially since the cloud passed upon Paris, become a favorite play-ground for Londoners, and for Amer-



icans too. The managers of places of amusement, especially of gardens and dancing-rooms, in Vienna, as elsewhere on the Continent, look upon their Anglo-Saxon visitors with some dread. They spend a good deal of money, they admit; but they allege also that Americans and Englishmen are rude, and sometimes offensive. At masquerades especially they do not seem to be aware that they are the traditional enjoyment of respectable people. At home they perhaps take it for granted that the freedom as to costume admissible in the *bal masqué* implies some looseness of character in the wearers; but, however that may be in London or New York, it is by no means true in Vienna. Here, even on ordinary occasions, dresses may be worn by respectable people which would be impossible in more western and northern countries; they are simply historical, and represent that uncrystallized condition of Austrian society of which I have spoken.

When in one of these gardens or public places one sits down to supper—as he will generally wish to do, the dinner hour being usually as early as three o'clock—he will find the table loaded with luxuries, which represent, like every thing else, the vast outlying domains of the country. The oysters and crabs, fresh as they are, have come from the Adriatic, packed in ice. The little lobsters have come also from some far-off sea, packed in barrels, and they appear on the table lying on the laurel leaves used in packing them. The delicious eels are all Bohemian; the chamois is Styrian. (When one hears the stories of how the little chamois is hunted, and how its mother shows genius in trying to preserve it—sometimes making herself into a bridge for them to pass chasms—one feels almost as if he were eating a baby.) The little sturgeon is from Hungary. The salmon is from the Rhine or the Elbe. The pheasants are chiefly from Bohemia, and in eating them one can commend the taste of Napoleon I., who had five hundred of them sent to him every year. Vienna itself has but few luxuries not borrowed; the best, perhaps, are the little boneless fish, *Kopen* (so named from its big head), and the *Huchen* trout, which has no scales, on which account the Jews (who will eat no scaly fish) buy it up at any price.

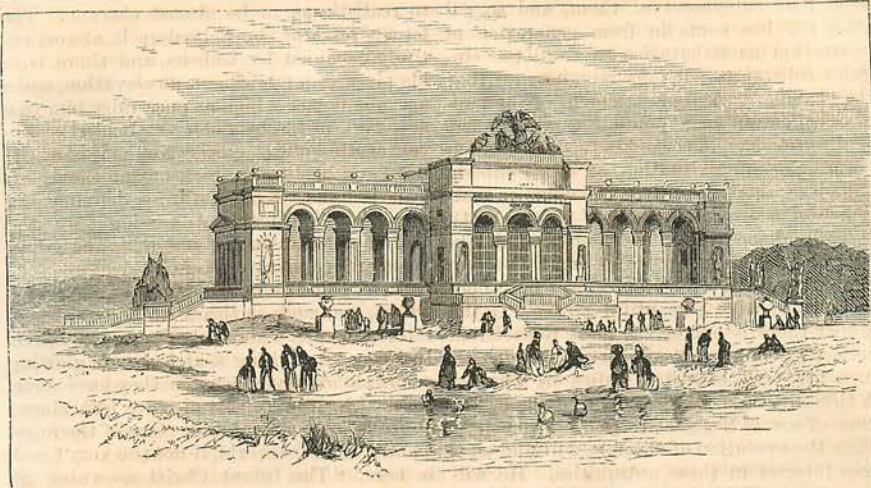
In art Vienna is much richer than any casual traveler is likely to know. The fine arts department in the Exposition is extremely good, for the living artists of Europe have for a long time regarded Austria as a region which has not sufficiently recognized the claims of modern art. They wish to take it by storm, and it is probable that Vienna does need some awakening to the fact that there are other living arts besides music. Of the regular galleries there are two, both of which merit more attention than they

commonly get. The Lichtenstein Gallery can hardly be called a great one, and it must be admitted that among its fifteen hundred paintings one can find but few that represent the best workmanship of the great masters. One must note, however, the portrait of Perugino, by Raphael, and that of Wallenstein, by Vandyck—the latter one of the finest paintings of the kind in existence. Guido's "Charity," Domenichino's "Sibyl," and Rubens's six pictures representing the history of Decius, are very fine indeed. But the rooms devoted to engravings are more important than those assigned to paintings, and there are few spots where a lover of old portraits and representations of ancient costume and life scenes will find so much to interest him as here. There are minor private collections thrown open to visitors during the Exposition which have each gems that should be seen—those of Count Czernin, Count Schönbrunn, and others. The latter has a wonderful picture by Rembrandt—wonderful, if not very pleasing—"The Blinding of Samson by the Philistines." In the Esterhazy collection readers of Mrs. Jameson will be glad to see the remarkable picture of the "Conception" (Tavarone, 1590), in which the Virgin is represented as a dark-haired Spanish girl only nine or ten years of age.

But it is in the Belvedere Gallery that the lover of art will find the fullest reward, if he can be patient enough to grope his way through the heterogeneous accumulation of splendors—a task not easy even with an excellent catalogue for his guide.

The Belvedere is one of the most valuable collections of pictures in the world, and it is the very worst arranged—in fact, it is hardly arranged at all, the various schools and different ages of art having to be picked out here and there from most incongruous quarters. In a chaotic Italian room you come dead upon a masterpiece of Poussin (contiguous with Salvator Rosa!), and after that will be spared any shock at finding room after room made up of such medley company as Fra Bartolomeo and Carlo Dolce, Murillo and Andrea del Sarto, to end with a Velasquez gem set amidst Flemish rubies! An artistic Palmerston, were one conceivable, would be very certain to describe this gallery as a fortuitous concourse of pictorial elements—not "atoms," which would have to be interpreted in a very transcendental sense to express the immense value of these noble works. The Belvedere Gallery was not made to order, like those of Dresden, Munich, or London; it grew, as Austria grew, and its treasures bear trace of the ancient history and political constitution of the country, if it can be said to have a constitution. And this fact represents the peculiar value of it as compared with the majority of other European galleries. It may not have so many great





LA GLORIETTE, AT SCHONBRUNN.

masterpieces, but the historical development of art in nearly every country is represented here, making it an invaluable collection for the art scholar or the critic. We are borne back to the fourteenth century, when a German school of art was just bourgeoning out, the main stem of it being in Bohemia. Then it was under the patronage of Carl IV., who, much wiser than many later patrons of artists, preferred to give them good institutions and special advantages to fostering their love for the luxury of his palaces. So here we have the old Bohemian collection, showing strokes well worthy any artist's study for their blended strength and sweetness. Theodorich of Prague, Nicolaus Wurmser, Thomas of Mutina, and others, had founded a school different from the rest, but it perished amidst the convulsions of the age, leaving the *dissecta membra* here. It is to be feared that if every picture in the Belvedere could tell its history, and should do so honestly, the relations would hardly redound to any reputation the Hapsburgs may have for possessing an intuitive perception of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. We are told, however, by the Teutonic authorities that the gallery is "the result of a profuse liberality, the creation of powerful sovereigns, who enjoyed unlimited access to all those channels which poured forth their rich stream of the most precious treasures of art for the gratification of those who thirsted for them." It is to be hoped, therefore, that the various countries parted with the treasures pleasantly. Be this as it may, the rule among empires in such matters is just that which is said to have originally rendered society possible in California—respect for such maxims as *status quo, uti possidetis*, by-gones be by-gones; above all, a remembrance that all palaces are glass houses, and stone-throwing strictly prohibited.

The two points in which to the art student the Belvedere presents the greatest attractions are in the specimens of Albrecht Dürer and a collection of Flemish and Italian art made by Teniers. Maximilian I. was the personal friend of Albrecht Dürer. It was while that emperor resided at Prague that he learned to love literature and art, and, above all, to esteem Dürer. Most of the Dürer pictures at Vienna were brought there by him. Teniers was the friend of the Archduke Leopold Wilhelm, who was Governor-General of the Netherlands, and whose enthusiasm for the fine arts proved much more beneficial for Vienna than for the Dutch. This archduke employed David Teniers to go about and make a collection, particularly of Flemish pictures, for him. Teniers repaired to Brussels, and it really was the collection there made that forms the basis of the Belvedere Gallery; for it must be remembered that the numerous little collections which Austrian emperors, archdukes, and noblemen have been making for five hundred years or more had no reference whatever to a public gallery. Each was meant to decorate a palace or private mansion. When Teniers brought the collection he had made (1657), there was no room for it in the imperial palace, so the pictures were hung in a neighboring building, called the Stallburg. It seems to have become thus slightly detached from the person of royalty, and though a hundred years ago the pictures were transferred to a palace again, that building has ever since been the palace of the people. The princes for whom the Belvedere was built live, as art enables them, on its walls, there frescoed by Van der Hoeck, Solimene, Auerbach. The emperors and archdukes have discovered long ago that an individual can not monopolize great treasures in this world without losing the



most real enjoyment of them, and so rill after rill has come in from generation to generation as tributaries to swell the singular collection. It only remains now that the physiognomical embodiment of the popular collection in a popular establishment shall be made, and the old Belvedere—which is in a charming situation, on a hill outside the city—though built as the summer residence of a prince (Eugene of Savoy, 1724), have its domestic features more completely sacrificed to the purposes of art. The two buildings called Upper and Lower Belvedere are separated by a beautiful garden. In the Upper there is one of the most remarkable collections of ancient armor, implements, ornaments, and historical relics in Europe. A thinking man, who knows that the evolution of art is a good deal more interesting than the evolution of animals, will find endless interest in these antiquities. He will sometimes, if he be also skillful, see the touches of three or four different races in the fabrication and ornamentation of a single sword, as their symbols will be blended and quartered on a single banner. The chief use, really, of Europe to an American is that he may decipher the earlier chapters of his own biography before Time's angels—Moth and Rust—shall have turned them to dust.

As to the pictures themselves, there must be near two thousand of them; most of them are genuine (not all), and many of them are unique. Some of the very best works of the Venetian school are here; among others, Giorgione's "Eastern Geometers," and P. Veronese's "Holy Family." Raphael's "Madonna of the Garden" has some traits of the utmost elegance, and will repay long contemplation. Far away in the fields the mother sits with her infant, and the infant St. John playing at her knee; there is something very unconventional in her look, which is not that of a peasant (which Mary certainly was not), but of a woman of good position. Caracci's "Jesus and the Samaritan Woman" is also most beautiful—a very fine piece of the earlier realism. But one of the greatest of the pictures is Vandyck's "Christ Expiring." Lonely in the air, the earth—save for one high bleak point of rock—being hid, no human being visible, nor trace of human work save the inhuman cross, the sufferer seems as it were to soar heavenward, with the supernal light already blending with his expression of pain. It is a face whose pain is not agony, and whose grief has above it the sense of the words, "Now is my soul glorified." The pictures by Rubens in this gallery are the most notable of all the works by that artist. They will quite revolutionize the idea one may have formed of him from his works elsewhere, which have gained him the reputation of having covered the walls of Europe with fat naked women,

so realistic as to be almost obscene. The fourth room of the Belvedere is almost entirely occupied by Rubens, and there is in his pictures a tenderness, an elevation, and a nervous power which at once raise him to a new rank in the beholder's estimate. "Loyola casting out Devils," "Xavier raising the Dead and healing the Sick among the American Indians," "St. Ambrose denying the Emperor Theodosius Admission into the Church at Milan on Account of his Thessalian Massacre" (a picture retouched by Vandyck)—these, and others, are certainly marvelous works, and such as throw around the spectator that spell which only genius can weave. It seems astonishing that Rubens's glowing colors should have lasted as they have done. He died in 1640, yet his pictures look almost as fresh as if just painted. One of the finest Vandycks in the world, if not the very finest, is here, "The Infant Christ crowning St. Rosalia." Another incomparable work is Correggio's "Io and the Cloud," which exhibits a softness of outline, a delicacy of flesh-tint in the exquisitely rounded limbs, simply perfect. The most famous picture in the gallery historically is the "Ecce Homo" of Titian, which belonged to Charles I., and was sold by Oliver Cromwell. The artist has introduced into it his friend Aretino as Pilate; and Charles V. (in armor), the Sultan Soliman, and himself represent other personages of the group.

None need be informed that Vienna is the metropolis of music. The visitor there finds himself floating about, as it were, in an ethereal musical sea. Even the brass-bands perform good music. The only difficulty on this musical score is, indeed, that the varieties of harmony in Vienna are likely to form in the less sophisticated ear a medley something like the ancient "Quodlibet" (which still may be heard there occasionally), in which the persons of a company sing each a different ballad simultaneously to one theme—a solemn hymn jostling a bacchanalian ditty. The opera is the most perfect in the world, the symphonies are the most perfect, and the sacred music also, and none of them can surpass the majesty with which the military band sends abroad through the air *Gott erhalten Kaiser Franz*. Generations of culture have gone to make the musical taste and the fine ear which have made this city the Mecca of musicians. It is common to ascribe the fact in a large measure to the patronage of the emperors, as it is to ascribe the pictorial arts of Vienna to a similar cause. But in both cases the artists have had to educate the emperors, and sometimes they have had hard enough work to do it.

In the time of Charles VI. the celebrated Porpora lived at Vienna in poverty, finding little employment. "Too many trills," pronounced the emperor. Hasse having been asked by his majesty to write an oratorio,





NEW STADT THEATRE, VIENNA.

proposed that Porpora should be asked to compose the music for it. The emperor reluctantly consented, and Hasse gave Porpora a hint about trills, so that not one was introduced into the piece. The emperor, as he listened, said, "'Tis quite a different thing; there are no trills here." But when at the conclusion there came a fugue by which the theme passed to another part, there were four necessary notes which had a light operatic effect, the emperor burst into a laugh, it is said for the only time in his life, and from that hour Porpora's fortune was made.

Mozart found it up-hill work too at Vienna. The people looked upon his thin pale face and his light boyish hair with a kind of incredulity. They could hardly imagine that the little man was more than an ambitious youth. It was just eighty-five years ago that he was trying to accomplish something there, but had almost more reputation for his good game of billiards than for music. At the time the two great librettists of Vienna were Metastasio and Abbé da Ponte—a man who passed twenty weary years as an Italian teacher in New York, where he died in utter destitution. This Abbé da Ponte wrote the drama of *Don Giovanni*, after consultation with Mozart—who believed that the traditions of the wild nobleman formed a good theme for an opera—and wrote it in less time than any opera was ever written in before or since. He worked on it all day and all night, his wife keeping his wits awake by bringing in punch, his favorite

drink, and so got it ready for some grand occasion in Prague. The opera-goers of Prague were delighted. *Don Giovanni*, after being thrice performed, was wafted to Vienna on Bohemian raptures.

At Vienna it fell dead. The Emperor Joseph sent for Mozart after the curtain had fallen, and said, "Mozart, your music would do very well, but there are too many notes in it."

"There are just as many as there ought to be," replied Mozart, deeply offended.

This fine piece of imperial criticism may have got wind, for after this first rendering of *Don Giovanni* every body was in the habit of saying there was certainly great merit in the piece, "but," etc. Every body had something to blame. Haydn, who lived in Vienna at the time, had great difficulty in persuading the critics that they were fools. Being in a company one day when, in the absence of Mozart, the new opera was the subject of dispute, Haydn, in reply to a demand for his opinion, said, "I am not capable of judging in this dispute: all that I know is that Mozart is certainly the greatest composer now in existence." Haydn himself suffered considerably from the cavils of the critics, but his genius met with a reciprocal recognition from Mozart. On one occasion a composer of some merit, but of a jealous disposition, was expatiating on the defects of Haydn, when Mozart broke out with the abrupt reply, "Sir, if you and I were melted down together, we could not



make one Haydn!" Mozart gracefully dedicated his quatuors to Haydn, as one from whom he had learned that species of composition. Notwithstanding the emperor's inability to appreciate *Don Giovanni*, he was personally fond of Mozart, who returned his affection. Frederick the Great offered the composer a situation at Berlin, with a salary of five thousand florins, in place of the miserable sum of eight hundred (\$400) which he was getting at Vienna. While he was hesitating Joseph II. called on him and said,

"Mozart, you are going to leave me."

"No, never will I leave your majesty," said the tender-hearted composer, bursting into tears.

Beethoven had a better experience, for Vienna recognized his genius from the start. When he brought out his fifth symphony there before a vast audience, the crowd rose to their feet shouting their plaudits. Beethoven, who had conducted the piece himself, did not turn around to accept their applause, until at last a member of the orchestra took him gently by the shoulders and turned his face that he might see the upstanding audience waving their hats and handkerchiefs. The audience then for the first time remembered that the artist who had been so charming their ears was himself stone-deaf. Beethoven, when he beheld the scene, sat down on a chair and wept like a child. And many were they that wept with him.

It is curious to remark how all the musical ability of that generation gravitated to Vienna. Each man went there to receive his stamp: success at Vienna made him current in every part of Europe. Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Moscheles, Hummel, Kalkbrenner, Albrechtberger, Salieri, Thalberg—nay, it is impossible to give the catalogue of the great composers whom Vienna has had the chief hand in moulding. It is not fair to look upon musical Vienna to-day from the high stand-point thus furnished. The great musical age of Germany has passed away, leaving for the moment an interregnum upon which Wagner is pedestaled with his eyes fixed upon the music of the future. But it is no small thing, while one is waiting for that vision to become realized, or in the intervals (too frequent) when one can not hear the great strain of its prophet, to have one's time slip pleasantly on to the matchless movements of Strauss. Let no one imagine that he has enjoyed every musical sensation until, fresh from a bright day's voyage on the noblest river in Europe, he has listened to *The beautiful blue Danube*, as rendered by the orchestra of Strauss. But is not Strauss dead? Is this the same Strauss? Do not ask such questions at Vienna. Strauss never dies. Various conductors of that name have passed away, and others will no doubt follow them; but the

Strauss principle in nature lives, and in Europe the Vienna conductor will always be a Strauss, even as the title of an old firm will remain to preserve a marketable good-will, whether there be persons living who bear the names in it or not.

"Are you the great Strauss?" asked some one of the distinguished heretical author of the *Leben Jesu*.

"No," replied the modest author; "he resides at Vienna."

And, indeed, to have seen the conductor who composed the great Strauss waltzes lead an orchestra on a grand occasion is to have witnessed a certain kind of greatness. His baton waves like that of one of Napoleon's field-marshal; each instrument seems suspended at his finger tips; or one might say that a subtle galvanism issued from his movements, which breathed over strings and through the pipes, making them yield æolian strains in response to a single mind.

Scarcely less perfect is the orchestra at the Grand Opera. It gives the same idea of the absolute perfection of instruments and of drill. Has there been going on in Vienna a system of natural selection by violin-breeding and fluticulture? And as for the opera itself, there is certainly no place in Europe where it is so fine in every respect. I had the good fortune to be present there on the evening when the hitherto proscribed *Die Judin* of Halévy was rendered. So long as the law prevented intermarriage between Jews and Christians the authorities did not think it wise to allow the performance of an opera whose very exciting plot turns upon the betrothal of a beautiful Jewess (as is supposed) and a Christian nobleman. A cardinal hunts the young Jewess to death, and as she sinks into the flames to which she has been condemned—a fate she prefers to the renunciation of her religion—the old Israelite who is her reputed father informs the cardinal that it is his (the cardinal's) own daughter, the secret of whose whereabouts the prelate has long been trying to discover. It will be seen that there were double reasons for suppressing a play which involved both a legal and an ecclesiastical scandal. But now, the memorable struggle about the Concordat having resulted favorably to the Jews, the prohibition of an opera which had already gained fame at Paris was withdrawn, and it was immediately announced. The audience was the most remarkable I ever saw. Every seat had been purchased at a heavy price for weeks beforehand, chiefly by Jews, and the stalls, dress circle, and private boxes were filled with beautiful Jewesses dressed in the most radiant costumes. As I think of the scene there comes before me a vision of lustrous diamonds and more lustrous eyes, rich Oriental complexions set off with Byzantine colors and costumes, wavy masses of black hair,



and faces kindled with proud enthusiasm. The late emperor was present, and the pretty Jewesses looked up to the man who had confessed himself unfit to reign with a defiant air, while he looked down on the semi-political scene with a kind of stupefaction which well represented the horror of the old conservative families, the head of one of which is said to have received a paralytic stroke when he heard of this Concordat business. Prince Lichtenstein, who is said to be the miniature monarch with an army of two and a half soldiers, was also present with an aid-de-camp of Maximilian of Mexico. The opera is certainly a magnificent one. The scenic display was surpassingly gorgeous, and, in the ballet introduced, the famous and beautiful danseuse Stadelmeyer seemed to float through the movements like a winged spirit. Halévy is greatest in his Jewish subjects. His music in the *Prodigal Son* is thrilling, and that in the *Wandering Jew* is sometimes really great, but in the *Jewess* he has poured the full flame of his soul. If the unfolding of the horrors of hell in the *Wandering Jew* has called from him some of the most weird descriptive chords ever heard, the earthly hell which priesthoods have kindled for the whole race of wanderers has elicited a depth of tragical passion which almost curdles the blood. The red-masked burners of the Jewess were anticipations of devils. Under some of the sympathetic storms of his violins the audience moved and bent as trees under a strong wind. The character of the old Jew was represented by Southeim, himself a Jew, with a vividness and realistic strength that inspired awe and terror even among the spell-bound auditors.

Though the opera and the dance have, in the absence of any very great composer, become the chief forms in which one hears music in public at Vienna, there is no city in which there are more clubs and circles for the cultivation of the art in its more classic resources. Nay, even among the common people, Beethoven is still the most romantic hero, and on All-Souls Day, when it is the custom of the Viennese to lay wreaths of immortelles on tombs, that of Beethoven is pretty sure to receive the largest number of tributes, and next to his the graves of Mozart (doubtful), Schubert, and the poet Grillparzer. The story of his relation with the Countess Guicciardi, and how she deserted him for an aristocratic alliance, is still the legend of many a drawing-room; while the radicals will still remember over their beer with what grand rage the old man tore up a score of the heroic symphony composed at Bernadotte's request in honor of Napoleon, when he learned that the First Consul had assumed the imperial crown. Dear to the Viennese also is the memory of Schubert, born among



FRAULEIN STADELMEYER, THE PRINCIPAL DANSEUSE AT THE OPERA IN VIENNA.

them in humble life, living among them as boy chorister, as court singer, as composer, until death snatched him away in early life. It is the custom of various personages of high rank to have musical assemblies at their houses, in which the finest classical music may be heard. During the years in which Mr. A. W. Thayer, the well-known diarist of *Dwight's Journal*, remained there, while making his researches concerning Beethoven, he was the lion of these companies, and few Americans are so well known in Vienna as he. On one occasion the graceful and accomplished Baroness de S— was anxiously looking out for him to come to her musical soirée in company with the American minister. Mr. Motley came, but without Mr. Thayer. The disappointed baroness pressed Mr. Motley to know why the biographer of Beethoven had not come, until he whispered that the want of a dress-coat had somewhat to do with the matter. "Why did he not come without any coat?" cried out the baroness, who almost shed tears to think of what social usage had cost her. These assemblies are very charming, and those who are musical have very little difficulty in obtaining introductions to them, as art dissolves to a considerable extent the barriers which otherwise rigidly separate persons who have unequal numbers of quarters or other mysterious marks on their coats of arms. Usually a gentleman may enter an aristocratic company in Austria



without any coat more comfortably than without a coat of arms. And it is proverbial in South Germany that no heraldic device can be depended upon unless it was made out and engraved in Vienna. In every part of Europe, however, the American or the Oriental man enters into aristocratic society with much more facility than the European.

To return for a moment to the great composers: it may interest some to know that, notwithstanding the brilliant career of Mozart at Vienna, the place of his burial is unknown, and every personal trace of him in the city is lost, save only his house in the Rauhenstein Gasse, now a wine shop (with, by odd coincidence, ornamentation of musical instruments on its front), the poor deal table at which he wrote, and the MS. of his *Requiem*. Of Beethoven (whom they call *Tondichter*, or *Tone-poet*, instead of *Tonkünstler*) the house and the tomb are shown on the road to Währinge, and I have seen a funeral card, issued at the time of his death, the style of which indicates that it was felt then to be an important event. The card is in translation as follows:

"Invitation to Louis van Beethoven's funeral, which will take place March 29, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

"The company will assemble in the house of the deceased, in the Schwarz Panier House, No. 200, on the Glacis, before the Scotch Gate. The procession will go from thence to the Trinity Church, at the P. P. Minorites, in the Alser Street.

"The musical world experienced the irreparable loss of this celebrated composer on the 26th of March, 1827, at 6 o'clock in the evening. Beethoven died of dropsy, in the 56th year of his age, after having received the holy sacraments.

"The day of the exequies will be made known hereafter by L. van Beethoven's admirers and friends."

Beethoven's funeral was very imposing. The coffin was borne by the most eminent composers of the city—Hummel, Seyfried, and others. It was attended by the leading authors, poets, and actors—Grillparzer, Czerny, etc.—to the number of thirty-six, all bearing torches, and wearing roses and lilies on their arms. At the grave poems by Grillparzer, Castelli, and Baron von Schlecta were read, and Hummel laid on the coffin as it descended three wreaths of laurel. Then for the first time the *Miserere* was performed. Beethoven had composed it thirteen years before, and the MS. had fallen into the hands of Herr Haslinger, who now brought it forth, and the great composer was accompanied to his rest by one of the sweetest themes that ever came from his own great soul. While the composer was dying his friend Seyfried was sitting through the night arranging the words of the *Miserere* to this *equale*, and at the funeral the vast multitude assembled were indescribably thrilled and moved by what seemed the last farewell of the spirit of Beethoven.

With all the social conservatism in Vienna, and the hardness of the aristocracy—the

noblemen being more like kings than even the Junkers of Prussia, before Bismarck compelled these to commit hari-kari—one can not help being struck by the degree of freedom allowed in that city. It is said, indeed, not to be found in other cities under Austrian rule, poor Prague, especially, being under such surveillance that many of the best plays are prohibited to its theatres. In Vienna Herr Etienne, an old revolutionist of 1848, who edits the *Free Press*, informed me that he was able to write as much radicalism as he pleased in his paper without interference from the police. I remember on one occasion, while visiting the celebrated crypt in which the remains of the emperors are preserved in fine coffins loaded with wreaths, our party paused for some time at that of the late Prince Maximilian, who was shot in Mexico. It was inscribed by the emperor, "To our dear brother, who was shot by Mexican barbarians." Two Germans present commented upon the inscription in their own language, and very audibly to the company present—one declaring that the Mexicans had served "our dear brother" just right, the other expressing the belief that the emperor had helped to send his brother away through jealousy of his greater attainments and popularity, and fear of his tendency to radicalism, and that he (the emperor) was by no means sorry when he heard of the prince's tragical end. Such free talk as this one continually hears in the cafés. The freedom accorded to religious heresy is equally great. One hears continually loud theological discussions going on in public rooms, where Greeks, Arminians, and Catholics assemble. There is very apt to be present, also, a Unitarian, whose arguments sometimes make one fancy himself in the atmosphere of Boston. In Transylvania there are near two hundred Unitarian congregations, with a very systematic organization, and some allege that this form of belief is spreading to Vienna and other parts of Austria. In the public libraries one sees shelves high up inscribed "*Verbotene Bücher*," and on them heretical theology is curiously mingled with works of immoral tendency, such as *Rousseau's Confessions*, *Ovid's Art of Love*, etc.; but these shelves have become so little prohibited, and so popular, that it is doubtful whether the warning does not act rather as a guide to the heretically or pruriently disposed.

The most quiet and aristocratic quarter of Vienna is the "*Tein*," where are the stately palaces of the Lichtensteins, the Stahrenbergs, the Esterhazys, etc. These noble families are looked upon with much awe, as is natural, the Austrian monarchy being limited by the nobility. In Russia the Czar can deprive a nobleman of his hereditary dominions, but it is not so in Austria. The present emperor is the first who ever set



aside the will of the nobility. There are three hundred of these families, ten ducal, the chief of these being the Lichtensteins, Schwarzenbergs, Lobskowitzes, and Esterhazys. They are entitled Regents, and have body-guards. They are by birthright Knights of the Golden Fleece, and the fleece symbol may be seen on the cornices of their houses. Their fortunes are immense. Though the Esterhazy fortune has been diminished by one or two young spendthrifts, it is larger than the revenues of the kings of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony put together. How formidable is the power of these families was shown by an incident that occurred in 1805. During the war with Napoleon Prince Appony was intrusted with the Austrian forces on the Danube. After the capture of the Austrian army at Ulm this prince was ordered to destroy a wooden bridge near Vienna; he disobeyed the order, and Napoleon's pursuit, facilitated by this bridge, resulted in the disaster at Austerlitz. All Europe expected that Prince Appony would be shot; but he was only temporarily banished, not from Austria, but from the imperial headquarters! His descendant is now Austrian ambassador in France, where his memory is blessed. As for the age of these great families, who can estimate it? In the Esterhazy there is a chart of the family tree which represents it coming out of the stomach of Adam!

In these houses there is not only a great deal of refinement and culture, but also of mirth and entertainment. The children are well taught, the tutor being ordinarily a lawyer or a divine. Their little brains are said to be terribly overtaxed, as it is thought they must learn all languages in such a polyglot empire. In many of the palaces there are rooms fitted for private theatricals, and there is no end to the masquerades, *tableaux vivants*, and balls. The favorite dance is still the old "chain dance," upon which more modern Terpsichorean gems have been threaded; in it the company winds like a serpent from room to room, through corridor and hall, until at last the sinuous form breaks up into waltzes, which pass from one species to another, ending in the giddy whirl of the German.

Considering that Vienna successfully claims the honor of having established the first university in Europe (1333, says Bouterwek), one is surprised to find so few literary characters in high society in Vienna, or indeed in any other. The possession of a fine university did not prevent Hartmann Schopper, the most scholarly editor of the *Reineke Fuchs*, from having to sleep, Diogenes fashion, in a barrel in the streets of Vienna, just three hundred years ago, until Josias Hafnagel gave him shelter; and the flourishing condition of the same institution there now does not avail to render the city the great

literary centre that it ought to be. It is to be feared that few things thrive in Austria in which the court is not interested, and as its earlier despotism has acted as an extinguisher on the fine genius of Bohemia, its indifference has prevented the intellect of Austria from lighting up at all. It is probable that such a poet as Grillparzer would have found a welcome at court in any other capital, but at Vienna he was, and is, hardly known except by the lower classes. He held some petty office, bringing him an amount equal to \$250; and when some of his friends petitioned the emperor (1828) for his promotion to a place that would bring \$600, the monarch exclaimed, "Let me alone with your Grillparzers: he would make verses instead of reports." After his journey to Italy, and when he had grown out of the phase of his genius which produced *Schicksalstück* (an imitation of Werner) to that which could thrill audiences with the subtle passion of *Medea*, he was taken up by the Imperial Burg Theatre as its poet at a salary of \$1000. But that sort of occupation which quickened the genius of Schiller depressed that of Grillparzer, and I suppose there have been few men of equal power who have left so little monument of it. Hartmann, too, had a good deal of genius, which came to little. Somehow but few men of genius are born among the aristocracy, or no doubt they would make much of them, as they did of Von Hammer, the Orientalist. The Germans have their own theory of this matter, and say that when the Austrian government by its despotism and espionage stopped the German immigration that was coming to it along the Danube, it committed intellectual suicide. It was an ancient impolicy, and it enabled the imported Faber, of Suabia, to earn at Vienna the title of "Mallet of Heretics" by stamping the first germs of Protestantism in Luther's time. Since then the only genius in Austria—*i. e.*, the German—has dwelt in poor attics, industriously pursuing useless knowledge. In this house Mæzel devoted royal powers to the fashioning of an automaton trumpeter, and in that other Faber worked twenty-five years to produce his talking machine. However, we will not forget that Michaelis is proving almost as terrible a "Mallet" to bishops as Johann Faber, Bishop of Vienna, was to the Lutherans in the dawn of the Reformation. Were the Old Catholic scholar to make an appeal straight to the reason and conscience of the people, there would be, I am persuaded, far more hope for the new movement in Vienna than at Munich; but the effort to convince the priests is hopeless. The ignorance of the rural Austrian priest is quite unfathomable. Berthold Auerbach relates that he once walked a little with one of these priests during the revolutionary excitements in '48. "We walked some dis-



tance," says Auerbach, "and the conversation turning on religious subjects, the priest said, 'Ay, the liberty-men would lord it over the great God, but the great God is far too great for them. All the mischief comes from philosophical religion.' I asked what he meant, and he replied, 'Philosophical religion comes from Rousseau, in France. His friends once said to him, "We have no drums nowadays." To which he answered, "Skin men, and make drums of their hides." Now that's philosophical religion, and it all comes from Rousseau, who died *anno* 5.' All the objections I made were vain; the priest resolutely maintained that he had himself read in a book in the convent that this was called philosophical religion."

In what I have just written I have not meant to disparage the literary gifts which Austria has given to the world. Nay, I am persuaded that it is much more through the ignorance of the world generally that the fine specimens of Austrian genius are not more widely known than through any lack of such specimens. Thus in the English Beeton's *Biographical Dictionary* one finds mention of Grynaeus, an old and dull editor of Greek books in Vienna, who has attained the honor because he once visited England; but Anastasius Grün, who might well occupy this particular place, is not mentioned, nor in any English authorities will one find any trace of the existence of him, or of Ladislaus Pyrker, Nicolaus Lenau, or even Von Hammer-Purgstall. If Americans are not familiar with what Grün has done, I advise them to forthwith look into the charming translations of various verses of his by the Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport. Grün was not, indeed, born in Vienna, but in the Austrian duchy of Carniola, but he won his fame by his *Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten*. It is significant, however, that this work was published at Hamburg, and his *Gedichte* at Leipsic. \*Lenau, too, is full of mystical depth and purity, and Mr. Brooks has, if I remember rightly, rendered some of his verses also into his sympathetic English. One must not, indeed, forget that one of the leading contributions to the philosophical science of this age has just come from Vienna—namely, Roskoff's *History of the Devil*. But at the same time it is impossible not to see that it stands like a solitary column in an arid theological desert. Baron von Prokesch-Osten (a Styrian) is certainly a man who has shown fine powers as a numismatist and a thinker, and if a mathematical professorship in Austria had been able to compete with the temptation of a position of private secretary to Prince Schwarzenberg, he might have built up a nobler fame than that of a reactionary diplomatist, and adhered to the studies which he abandoned, and to which he returned to bring the homage of his gray hairs. Although, as I have already intimated,

Vienna does not hold a very high position in Europe as a patron of fine art, nor has contributed much in that line, that city is to be credited with having given to the world Eugene von Guérard. This vigorous painter, who has won a good name in America especially, was the son of the court painter in Vienna at the beginning of this century, but his genius was developed in Italy, and his individuality was found only amidst the wild grandeurs of Australia, where he went, never to return, though often solicited, I am told, by the court in which his father (Bernard) flourished.

But if we turn from literature and fine art to see what Vienna has done and is doing, we shall find that she has cultivated a power of beautiful workmanship unequalled in any other city of Europe. Vienna alone among highly civilized and manufacturing cities has the blood to sympathize with the Byzantine love of having *every thing* beautiful, whatever be the coarse utility to which it is devoted. The kitchen skewer must have an ornamental head, like a golden hair-pin. And Vienna is the only European city which is in a position to know completely the wants and tastes of the East. Hence a stranger roams among the shops endlessly, as under woven spells. The clocks kill time by their beauty while they record it; the shawls are of the magic-carpet kind, that transport one to far-off realms of beauty; and there is a touch of transcendentalism in their meerschaum pipes. What stearine works are these! Who can ever burn a candle irreverently after seeing here a huge grotto, with stalactites and a noble white bear, all artistically done in stearine! Beautiful bronzes, heraldic engravings, theatrical decorations, cabinets, glass—all these things in Vienna show where its genius is at work. They have a way, too, of calling their shops by pretty names—"Laurel Wreath," "L'Amour," etc.

One may find much that is curious, if less beautiful, in the markets—the parrot market, the monkey market, and the Hofmarkt, where the old women, called Fratschelweiber, chatter quite as unintelligibly as the animals just named. One need not follow the plan of the Emperor Joseph, who is said to have gone to the market incognito and kicked over a basket of eggs in order to hear the Fratschelweiber's vocabulary of expletives; he will hear enough of it without that. And then, too, he will see the wretched Croats, who seem to be under a doom to forever sell strings of onions like that which binds poor Jews in so many cities to the merchandise of old clothes. The Croats are, indeed, a much more despised race in Vienna than the Jews, the Germans especially having never forgotten the part they bore in the butcheries of 1848.

"They have yet to pay for the blood of



Robert Blum," said an aged German to me, as a party of Croats passed by. "I saw them looking on with laughter—so many hyenas—when the great man was executed. He said ere he fell, 'From every drop of my blood a martyr of freedom will arise.' It doesn't look like it now, but it will come—it will come."

In the year 1583 Elise Plainacherin, seventy years of age, was, after torture, condemned to be bound to a horse's tail at the so-called "Gänseweide," near Vienna, and there dragged, after which she was burned alive. The Bishop of Vienna, Kaspar Neudeck, saying mass over her granddaughter, whom she had bewitched, announced that "this maiden had, on the 14th of August, 1583, been happily freed from all her devils—12,652 in number—and would now enter the cloister of St. Laurentia." The multitude of the demons which were said to have possessed this girl is the reflection of the vast number of ancient pagan deities which from time to time were believed in at this spot, where so many religions were alternately triumphant and overwhelmed. Christianity demonized all these deities, but for ages they were supposed to haunt every tree and fountain, and to waylay every traveler for good or ill, according to the treatment—as the offering of a bit of bread and meat, or the withholding of the same—they received. One old tree survives from the ancient Wienwald, which we may suppose to have been originally regarded as haunted by exceptionally potent deities. It is close to the cathedral, and some antiquarians believe that the cathedral was built where it is in order to inherit or borrow some of the sanctity with which the tree was invested in the popular mind. Those who are interested in such subjects will find mention of this curious object in Mr. Ferguson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*. It is called the "Stock am Eisen," the trunk and few branches that remain (fastened to a wall) being literally changed to iron by the nails which have been driven into it for good luck. We must look to Thibet to find the general use of the nail as a charm. (So carefully does cunning history drop the grains that we may track her in every by-way to her hiding-place!) There is another curious bit of plant lore in Vienna also—namely, an old picture in the library of the goddess of invention presenting a mandrake to Dioscorides. Near to the two figures is a dog in convulsions, showing how universal was the legend that the shriek of the mandrake when torn from the earth being fatal to any being hearing it, a dog had to be tied to it and whistled to, when in rushing to his master he would pull up the root, expire, and leave the magic charm to be detached at will. The goddess of invention was perhaps the last goddess ever invented, which adds interest to this queer picture. It is, however, mainly

as they have been merged into Roman Catholic legends that the old mythology is preserved. Many persons are astounded at the utter childishness of many of the Church legends and marvels in Catholic countries, simply because they do not observe the relation they bear to the original mythology of the place. A North German philosopher has quoted a Vienna legend of which much is made as an instance of the paltriness and childishness to which I have referred. At Klosterneuburg, a quiet village eight miles out, this worthy Protestant was shown the stump of a tree and a veil, from which the famous monastery of the place grew, as it were, and about which the piety and offerings of the district cluster. On listening to hear the romance of the stump and the veil, it proved to be as follows: Leopold was a margrave in the eleventh and twelfth centuries who two centuries after his death was canonized by Pope Innocent VIII.—the pope that issued the great bull against witches under which so many thousands were burned, because the Innocents were too pious to "shed blood." However, Margrave Leopold may have been a canonizable man for aught the world knows. One day, says the legend, he, with his spouse, the Margravine Agnes, was standing on the summit of Leopoldsborg scanning the landscape with a view to fix upon a suitable spot for the location of a monastery, whereupon a gust of wind carried away the lady's veil. Many persons searched for the veil, but in vain. Nine years after, when Leopold was hunting, he found the veil, as good as new, hanging on an elder-tree on the spot where the Klosterneuburg now stands, the margrave regarding the locality for the monastery as having been thus miraculously pointed out. The disgust with which a man of common-sense listens to a sacristan relating this feeble story over the log and rag which are the cloister's most sacred relics is only heightened as he learns that the Emperor Maximilian considered this spot so sacred that he intrusted to the place the archducal coronet of Austria, which remains on the head of Leopold's statue, a huge copy of it in iron being raised over one of the towers. But examined in the light of mythological science, the story is valuable for preserving three elements of pre-Christian and pagan lore—the sanctity of the number nine, the sanctity of the veil (type of ascetic chastity in the East, inherited by all brides, and devoutly associated with Mary), and, above all, the sanctity of the elder-tree, which in nearly every part of Germany and of Scandinavia was anciently believed to be the home of the goddess Huldah (whose name probably came from elder), and the abode of the elves who were her servants.

One other trace of tree-worship survives in various parts of the country, in a custom



known as the "Church-wake." On a certain day of the year the young men of a village are accustomed to cut a tree out of the wood, and having stripped it of bark and planed it neatly, to raise it in the centre of a pavilion, which is consecrated to the "Church-wake." They adorn this pole with garlands and ribbons, and various emblems of rural life and work—an apple, a small sheaf of wheat, etc. Then they raise to the top of it a small fir-tree. Having done this, they repair each to some house in the village wherein resides a maiden, and each of these is escorted to the pavilion, none being neglected. There they dance around the pole and the fir-tree all night. It used to be a general understanding, and it survives in the more remote districts, that a youth might kiss every maid he met on Church-wake Day, whether he had ever seen her before or not. A superstition so agreeably surrounded is apt to live a long time.

The impression I have received in Vienna, however, is that the people in that immediate vicinity are by no means so superstitious as those of Germany. The many fauna and flora of superstition, in a country where many religions must be tolerated, each with its own stock of legends, has, on the whole, had a tendency to liberate the minds of the people; for each Church is able to detect and deride all superstitions save its own, and so each variety suffers exposure. Moreover, there is a tremendous law in Austria which prohibits any one from getting married who can not read and write, the result of which is that every child born in wedlock inherits some degree of education. There are, however, many customs which I think owe their origin to old superstitions, even though these may not be any longer associated with them in the popular mind. The little invocation which any one finds uttered over him by all who happen to hear him sneeze is probably to be referred to the age when all involuntary agitations of the body, from St. Vitus's dance down to sneezing, were supposed to be the work of tricky little demons, which had to be exorcised. And I think it must have been to some such primitive explanation of the whooping-cough that there has grown up in Austria the unique custom of treating that disease by administering the rod. When the child is seized with one of the coughing fits the rod is vigorously applied. The physicians declare that this strange custom has been preserved because it is effectual. The whooping-cough, they allege, is rather a nervous affection than any thing else, and the flogging, besides being a good counter-irritant, rouses the child to an exercise of the will, which often suppresses a cough.

Whether it be or be not that the great St. Stephen's Cathedral was founded on a place previously hallowed by a sacred pagan

grove, of which only the "Stock am Eisen" remains, that building and its superb steeple have always seemed to me to form one of the best emblems in Europe of how the Christian faith, ascending above all others, was nevertheless compelled to bear on it many of the earlier religions amidst which it grew. On its roof, in its cornices, inside of it, are found a fauna and flora of its own; mosses and lichens and curious grasses grow on it; crows, jackdaws, hawks, and bats find it a comfortable domicile. And similarly the myths and superstitions which haunted the uncultured imagination of man have climbed into the creed, and nestle in the ceremonial inside of it. It is the darkest church in Europe. In its crypt are hundreds of the unburied, uncoffined dead, whose mummied forms, thrown there in the time of some great plague, remain to suggest the thousands who perished ere this proud monument of religious victory could be raised. It is marked all over, too, with the strange, wild history of Austria. The bells were cast from Turkish cannon captured during the famous siege. The crescent still stands which was raised to induce the Turkish bombs to spare the tower. And on the roof is spread out the double-headed eagle, wrought in the tiles of the roof, each eye four gilt tiles, each beak thirty tiles, and a distance of 180 feet lying between tip and tip of the outstretched wings. This one sees from the top of the steeple, reached by 700 steps, the greatest artificial height in the world.

Early in the spring the Viennese betake themselves to the various retreats in the neighborhood, where most of the social enjoyments take place during the warm weather. There are no people who better understand the luxuries of the *dolce far niente*, and one may see it in perfection at Vöslau and at Baden. If one of the explanations of the ancient Roman name of Vienna, Vindobona, which makes it mean good wine, be correct, it was probably given because of the prolific vintages of Vöslau, though I fear there may be two opinions as to the excellence of the wine they produce. One vine-grower, however, gave me an excellent glass of red wine, which he declared was too good to sell. The final cause for the existence of a town amidst these vintages seems to be the admirable swimming-bath around which it has grown. This bath is really beautiful. It is a large marble basin, oval, some thirty yards in greatest length, and about twenty yards in width, filled with fresh-water, clear as crystal. The smooth bottom is plainly seen, even where the water is twenty feet in depth. This basin is fringed with little alcoves, and the handsome youths standing in front of them, preparing for a plunge, look like so many Apollos. A dozen or more of them were English, and they were the most shapely and statuesque fellows there.



Charles Kingsley has lately been preaching to the English people in a dolorous way about their physical degeneracy; but I can well believe what is told of him, that his muscular Christianity is a phase of his later life, and that in his university days he pored over books during play-hours. He read and re-read, no doubt, about the superb statues of ancient Greece, which he now holds up before the English youth to show them how inferior they are to such forms—forms, one may be pretty sure, which were ideals combined from many models. Kingsley did indeed study his books to good advantage, and no one could wish one of them unread; but he might have not learned poetry less, perhaps, while he would have estimated the physical character of his young contemporaries better, had he oftener gone on such long-vacation expeditions as that which Arthur Clough has made into one of the finest poems in our language. Clough could see the Greek god in his Oxonian comrade:

"Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo,  
down-gazing,  
Eying one moment the beauty, the life, ere he flung  
himself into it;  
Eying through eddying green waters the green-  
tinting floor underneath them;  
Eying the head on the surface, the head, like a  
cloud, rising to it;  
Drinking in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue  
and the clearness—  
Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the  
glory of headers."

"Halloo, fellows, jump in! It's awfully jolly!" I recognize the Oxonian glory of headers at once, as, having made his curve in the air, and darted like some huge silvery salmon beneath the clear water, he rises on the other side and shouts out his hearty English amidst a group of Greeks. Their small olive bodies are almost dwarfed by the Anglo-Saxon, whose blonde and rounded form represents half a dozen ethnical bloods mingled by cunning nature, as the Apollo Belvidere represents the sum of selected shapes in the past prophesying the perfect man of the future.

The floor of the bath is graded so as to give a depth suited to every age and every degree attained in the art of swimming. On the sides goes on the work of teaching little boys to swim. They are attached to the end of a rod and line, and the teachers have the droll appearance of having just caught each a curious species of human-like frog. As I passed one of these merry fellows, his plump little body suggested a spank so irresistibly that, simply for the eternal fitness of things, I administered a gentle one. The liveried servant who held the fishing-rod in his case made a little ejaculation of mingled surprise and amusement, and my Viennese friends laughingly informed me that I had spanked the future Emperor of Austria! One of them found in the performance an

illustration of the strength of republican instincts. I had the pleasure of chatting with the object of my unconscious political malice afterward, and found him remarkably clever. He could hardly have been over nine years of age, yet he was already well advanced in his knowledge of English and French, and I have not been surprised at hearing lately that his health has almost broken down from an overtaken brain.

The ladies have preceded us in the bath, and when we emerge we find them gathered about the gardens and porticoes of a pretty, fairy-like chalet on a small hill, where, as we begin to ascend, they look like parterres of flowers. They are dressed in the richest and most becoming costumes, presenting varied and brilliant colors. When the ladies of London dress in rich colors—just such colors as these—at the fêtes of South Kensington or the Botanical Gardens, critics sneer at the costumes, and call them "loud" or "vulgar." And they really do so appear under the English sky. But here they seem appropriate and refined. The ladies themselves are so lovely that I was almost shocked to hear them talking in German, for I think the most enthusiastic friend of the Germans, however much he may appreciate the simplicity and the sparkling intelligence of Gretchen, will generally concede that she is rarely beautiful outside the pages of poets.

When the gentlemen swarmed up the hill these ladies began to beam, and their faces blossomed into smiles, showing them more flower-like than ever; and then ensued an amount of naïve and elaborate flirtation which I had never known equaled elsewhere. The whole company paired off, two and two, on the solid old principle that it is not good for man or woman to be alone; and if any of the fair creatures were left without a gentleman she sat aside in gloomy silence, almost pouting, like a disappointed child. This transparency of feeling in a company consisting mainly of the aristocracy was charming. They all seemed like a bevy of grown-up children. After strolling about the grounds for a time they sat—still by twos—at the little marble tables, and sipped coffee, or enjoyed ices, or sipped the sourish red wine of the vines which covered the hills around them as if they liked it. "This," remarked my handsome Greek friend from Vienna, "is the finest wife bazar in this part of Europe. It would be safe to pronounce these ladies bold hussies in London" (he had once resided there), "but custom makes a great difference. These ladies are strolling here, flirting more or less seriously, and forming engagements for life, exactly as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers did before them. Our society furnishes nothing so innocent. It is an invention of common-sense and social neces-



sities to build up a little civilization within the rigid walls which have lasted from ages that ran from the extreme of barbaric license to that of ascetic hypocrisy, and there hardened. Go a little way east of this, say to Roumania, and you will find the wife bazar completely undisguised: the ladies seated in a line in their carriages, the youths filing by, and pausing before this or that beauty to bargain with papa about her dowry under her very nose."

The most celebrated place of resort near Vienna is Baden, about fifteen English miles from the city, about half-way to Vöslau. Many thousands go out to this place during the summer, especially on Sunday afternoons, the religious associations of that day ending at noon, and making way for a somewhat more noisy and sportive afternoon than is known to any other day of the week. Baden is noted for its bread—Rothschild in Paris will have no other baker in his house but one bred at Baden—and its wonderful and abundant hot fountains.

The Slavonic type preponderates in the superstitions of Vienna and the region round about, though happily the horrors of that type are much mitigated in so much of Austria as is represented by the Vienna neighborhood. Thus the terrible vampire legends, the hungry corpses that reappear in pleasing shape and suck the blood of their surviving friends, so firmly believed in in every part of Russia, are here represented by the faith of the peasantry (and even some of higher position) that on All-Souls Eve, at midnight, any one visiting the cemetery will see a procession of the dead drawing after them those who are to die during the coming year. There is a gloomy drama founded on this which is still acted on every All-Souls Eve in the people's theatre. It is called *The Miller and his Child*. The miller has a lovely daughter, the daughter a lover. The miller obstinately opposes the marriage. After some years of despair the youth goes to the church-yard at midnight and sees the spectral train, and following it the cruel miller. The miller, then, will die during the year. The drama might have passed at this point from the grave-yard to marriage-bells; but it would never be allowed in Austria that young people should be so encouraged to look forward to the demise of parents, however cruel; and consequently the youth sees following close to the miller—himself. During the year the poor girl loses both father and lover. During the performance of this drama the audience is generally bathed with tears, some persons sobbing painfully. It is evidently no fiction to them; and it is impossible not to believe that the heaping of their friends' graves with wreaths next day is not in part due to the surviving belief that the dead have some awful power over the living, which is generally exerted

for evil. *Quisque suos patitur manes*. Have we not spiritualism in England and America? Nevertheless, looked at from the abyss of Slavonian superstition, the bright fairies of Western Europe and the communicative familiars of the mediums have a happy sunshine about them, which reminds us that humanity has in its westward march at least got safely past Giant Despair.

#### THE BEAUTIFUL MISS VAVASOUR.

MR. ROGER M'DEVITT, owing to unfortunate circumstances, had come to regard the world as one huge conspiracy to marry him.

He was young, being still under thirty; he was handsome, or so he had been led to believe; he was agreeable, having most engaging manners; he was thought to be upright; and he was known to be wealthy. With these advantages, was it not natural that maidens should smile on him, and chaperons regard him with favor? In truth, the attentions showered upon him were sometimes merely appalling. The confidences from mothers regarding the heavenliness of dear Matilda and the unselfishness of darling Mildred made a cold chill run down his back; the situations in which he would find himself—lost in a wood alone with Maria, and the night falling, or out on the rocks alone with Maud, and the tide coming in—would puzzle him like a conundrum; and the way in which, when he was beside Mabel, her whole party would disappear, as if the earth had swallowed them, would bewilder him so that he feared for his reason. He had, indeed, sometimes felt a warmer sentiment toward Maud, or Mabel, or Maria, but the sentiment had been very suddenly chilled by these odd coincidences; not that he ceased to regard the young women individually as charming girls, but that he could not avoid a distrust concerning goods which it was necessary by wiles and stratagems to force upon the market. And he was now determined that he should never marry unless, clad in rough backwoods dress, he could, by virtue of his own power and that alone, win some innocent country maiden, fresh from the dew and the daisies, who was to be all that Eve was to Adam, with a few of the modern improvements. Still, Mr. M'Devitt enjoyed civilization, with its comforts and appliances, so much that he was in no hurry to put on his backwoods dress; and if he had sifted the question he would have found that the dream of the dew and the daisies and the innocent country maiden was very pleasant recreation when nothing better offered.

Mr. M'Devitt had come to the city of Washington one winter on a matter of business, intending the briefest stay, for he shared the untried contempt which New York and Boston, and perhaps Jersey City,