

ment of a stunted body. God is the creator of matter as truly as he is of mind. Who shall say that he despises, or teaches us by any revelation to despise, matter? It must be a spurious religion that makes beauty an alien in His world. We cannot agree that

our Puritan ancestors were justified in their mistrust of the plastic art, and we look for the day when Christianity, no longer in an infidel attitude as to a portion of God's work, shall bloom with new vigor in the old Greek joyousness in physical life.

INSIDE THE CASTLE.

THOSE who chance to remember my Mosel papers* may recall the disappointment occasioned by a refusal of admission into Schloss Eltz, to which I gave ardent expression. I subsequently received a very frank explanation from Count Eltz and a cordial invitation, should I again visit Germany, to make an especial visit to his castle. Last summer the opportunity offered.

This most interesting relic of the middle ages, and of the dark ages which preceded them, lies remote from all ordinary lines of travel, for the Mosel is not to be considered among these. We were a party of three (two ladies), who had met for the excursion at Andernach on the Rhine. We started toward evening, and drove to the Laacher See, where we renewed our pleasant experience of its summer hotel. The next day we traversed the high, bleak plain of the volcanic Eifel, and lunched at Münster Maifeld. All this has been described before, and also the approach to the deep wooded ravine through which the Eltzbach flows, and the crest of which is overlooked by the ruins of Pymont and Trutz Eltz; so, too, has the exterior of the Schloss, that wonderful revelation of romance which greets one at a certain bend of the path, half-way down its steep incline. To one born to a familiarity with the belongings of the old, old days, this sight may bring less stirring emotions; but to us, never familiar with gray antiquity, and now fresh from the youth and newness of America, it appealed as few other sights could. I must say it again: "I believe there is hardly a spot on earth where one so entirely loses identity as a member of modern society, and drinks in so fully the real flavor of mediæval days as on this hill-side, where all that one can see is heaven and earth and the wonderful Schloss Eltz." The intervening years dropped from our memory, and under the same calm sky, and with the same full hearts,

we saw again, buried in the same solitude and stillness, the mellow gray walls and the grand sturdy pile of turret and tower, which nine centuries of life and death, of love and hate, of peace and war, of care and neglect, have clothed with a mantle of richest reminiscence. Its encircling hill-sides, dark with forest and bathed in summer sunshine, shut out every sight and sound of the active world, and hold this grand and completest relic of Rhenish feudalism, untouched by the faintest breath of modern reality. So deeply did the whole scene impress us that it seemed a questionable boldness to claim admission for our mortal bodies into the time-hallowed halls of the castle.

We were armed now with the passport of a personal invitation. We were expected guests,—but by whom expected? Should we be met by warder and retainers in buckskin and armor, or would the shades of dead knights and gay pages and jesting dwarfs lead us through the resounding halls, filled with uproarious mirth, and the jingling of oft-quaffed beakers? A rusty old bell-pull, at the side of a huge, iron-studded, weather-beaten oaken door, wide enough to admit a loaded wagon, awakened the far-away clamor of an aged bell, and brought fierce hounds growling to the portal. And then, a chiding woman sent them to their kennels, opened the little wicket and took our cards. She soon returned, smiling and pleased, and led us up the rough-paved, black-vaulted, steep road-way to a paved inner court-yard walled in on every side by Schloss Eltz,—no longer by the stern stone front it shows to the outer world, but by quaint Gothic timber and masonry, rich colored and in good repair, which better befits its secure and domestic position. Along the side of the court were ranged the round, hammered stones thrown into the stronghold by that chief of the church militant, Archbishop Baldwin of Trier, from his tower of Spite-Eltz, whose crumbling ruin we had passed.

We were led to a large, deep-windowed

* *The Bride of the Rhine: Two Hundred Miles in a Mosel Row-boat*, published in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY in 1876, and in book-form in 1877.

room, with a huge fire-place and heavy old oaken furniture. Curious old portraits—of the sixth grandfather of the present count, Anton von Eltz, his wife and his five sons—hung on the walls, and there was a pervading air of age and stern simplicity. Here we lay stranded for some time, looking out through the deep casements upon the valley below, and conning over our strange and unusual surroundings. Presently there appeared, not a glaived warrior, but a gloved steward, who welcomed us formally and cordially in his lord's name, and recited his instructions to show us all that the castle has to offer.

One does not accept hospitality with note-book in hand, and no man's memory could recall all the features of that marvellous ramble,—upstairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber; now up the winding staircase of a turret and into a stately guest-chamber; now through a secret door and down stone steps into a chapel; up again by staircases in walls, and out through wide portals into halls; into boudoir and watch-tower, down into dungeon and across the court and into old halls turned into lumber-rooms; now into a vacant chamber with frescoed oratory, through occupied and empty rooms, past kitchens where busy servants were at work, into a great bare Rittersaal, stripped for its restoration, and into the temporary armory, rich with armor and arms of many centuries. There were the chassepot rifle and the perforated breast-plate immortalized in the legend of the beautiful Bertha von Eltz, who, in the absence of the lord of the castle, led his retainers to repel an assault and lost her life in its successful defense. There were steel cross-bows, sprung by machinery, and an endless variety of serviceable and ornamental weapons. Scattered about through the building, in use and in disuse, were many articles of furniture of unknown antiquity.

Schloss Eltz is nearly, if not quite, unique in that it has never been conquered or demolished, and that it is still occupied by the family which founded it far back in the very night of time. The account of its origin is purely traditional and legendary. There is authentic mention of it in the eleventh century, and its positive records are of very ancient date. The vicissitudes through which it may have passed are largely conjectural, but that it has always remained in the direct line of its original founders seems not to be questioned. Its immunity from destruction during the invasion of Louis XIV's army

was probably due to the fact that one of its family, who had large estates in Lorraine, had taken service under his flag. When every other considerable stronghold in western Germany was sacked and laid waste, Schloss Eltz was spared, and it remains to this day a visible record of the architecture and material surroundings of the historic nobles of the Rhineland. At the same time, although preserved against plunder and devastation, its treasures have suffered greatly from carelessness and neglect.*

The castle was at one time the property of four distinct branches of the Eltz family, and part of it fell into sad disrepair. The interests were gradually merged, until the grandfather of the present count, by a final purchase, brought the whole property into his sole possession. With Count Karl von Eltz, it is no longer a chief residence. It is too inaccessible and far too lonely to be the constant home of a cultivated modern family. But it is cherished as a historic treasure, and as a great glory of the house. The work of restoration now going on is most judicious and truthful, aiming only at the preservation of that which has, at one time or another, existed in actual use. The ponderous new furniture—all simple and bare of luxury—is being made by the rude wood-workers of the villages about. The armor and other curiosities, which are only temporarily removed from the Rittersaal, are largely the actual objects which have been used in the family, and are all historically appropriate.

As in this collection one may go back to

*In a paper in the "Rheinischer Antiquarius," one Conrad von Eltz (1080) is named as an ancestor of the family, but little is known concerning him and the succeeding five generations. Accurate knowledge of the house goes back to the twelfth century, but it is doubtful whether or not it was then noble. The first one called knight is Hermann von Eltz (1245), the second, William von Eltz (1264), and the third, Charles von Eltz (1275),—all these appearing as witnesses of certain documents. Launcelot von Eltz (1300), and his brother, Percival von Eltz (1307), lived in Trier.

The castle was feudal until 1354, when the Emperor Charles IV. gave it its freedom.

All the members of the family were famous, especially Jacob von Eltz, born about 1500. He was made Dean of the Cathedral, October 13, 1547, and elevated to the princely chair of Archbishop Elector of Trier, April 7, 1568. He was especially celebrated for his wise liberality during the time of drouth and famine of 1574-5. He died January 4, 1581.

Philip Charles von Eltz, born October 26, 1665, was, on the 9th of June, 1732, made Archbishop Elector of Mainz, and in 1733, the Emperor Charles VI. elevated his whole family to countship. He died March 21, 1743.

the very early history of the house and follow it down to the present day, so in the structure itself there are to be seen undisturbed evidences of the handiwork of each generation. Nearly a thousand years ago it was probably the fortified home of men living by right of might. It is now the winter hunting-lodge of an educated gentleman. Through all the intervening ages, it

has been the scene of the appropriate life of its time.

Our ramble ended,—from garret to cellar,—we were shown to the chief dining-hall of the castle, where the best that kitchen and cellar afforded was set before us, and we drank a quiet glass of good Rhine wine to the continued well-being and renown of the noble family zu Eltz.

THE COOK OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

ABOUT the time the Emancipation Proclamation was getting to be a recognized fact among its beneficiaries, it is related that the following dialogue occurred between two freedmen :

“What all disher business 'mount to, any way—yo' reckon de's gwine put y' all in de army now?”

“Yo' talkin' fool talk, nigger! Ain' yo' neber been see two dogs fightin' ober bone 'fo' now?” replied the other.

“Co'se I is—but I dunno what dat dar matter got do wid disher,” rejoined the first.

“Well, den, yo' ain' neber been see de bone fight none, is you? Dat's what.”

Nevertheless, in the grand total of events which we sum up comprehensively as “the war,” the negro was no insignificant figure, and the part actually played by him was far less passive than a stranger might have inferred from the above dialogue. The enlistment of negro troops, with all the complications to which it gave rise, was still a wise stroke of policy on the part of the Federal administration, while, on the opposing side, the peculiar institution was made available for the performance of numerous offices which would otherwise have withdrawn many muskets from the ranks. Vast tracts of fertile country, whence the able-bodied white population had been called away to other sowing and harvesting, were still made to yield sustenance for the armies by slave labor under direction of the few exempts left at home; and in constructing fortifications, and as teamsters at dépôt posts, the blacks did yeoman's service.

But, in contradistinction to these compulsory Confederates who went to the wars only in the equivocal sense in which the mountain came to Mohammed, there was a large class who found a service eminently congenial to the erratic habits of their race in attendance upon their masters in the army. Whatever possibilities there might

be for him in the issue of the contest, the army ducky was in the enjoyment of the nearest approach to perfect bliss of which he had any conception, and of a larger liberty than was vouchsafed to his superiors pending its continuance. There was sufficient pomp and circumstance even in the Southern army to tickle his taste for display; the nomadic, happy-go-lucky mode of life suited him to a fraction. His duties were light and irregular, and his perquisites large. His love of novelty and change was continually being gratified, and his social instincts found infinite scope amidst the large following of his own class which the Southern forces brought into the field. In the earlier days of the war, and in the mounted service especially, this often exceeded in number the muster of fighting men. The mode of its organization naturally attracted the wealthier class into the ranks of the cavalry, and there were entire companies in which each trooper was attended by his swarthy Sancho, for the performance of stable duty. Throughout all arms of the service, indeed, and until within a year of the termination of hostilities, these retainers were still to be found in the proportion of one to each mess, in many regiments.

Their ranks represented as many social sorts and conditions as did those of the fairer race, and distinctions of caste were alike observed: from the gentleman's gentleman—whether the bearer of the grand old name in the possessive sported the stars of a general or carried a musket in the ranks—down to the rude field-hand transformed through stress of military necessity into a cook, the *pas* was rigorously exacted by each in his turn throughout the descending scale according to a code whose binding force was quite independent of formulation. But native talent will push its way through all obstructions of rank, and ignore distinctions of “race, color, and previous condi-