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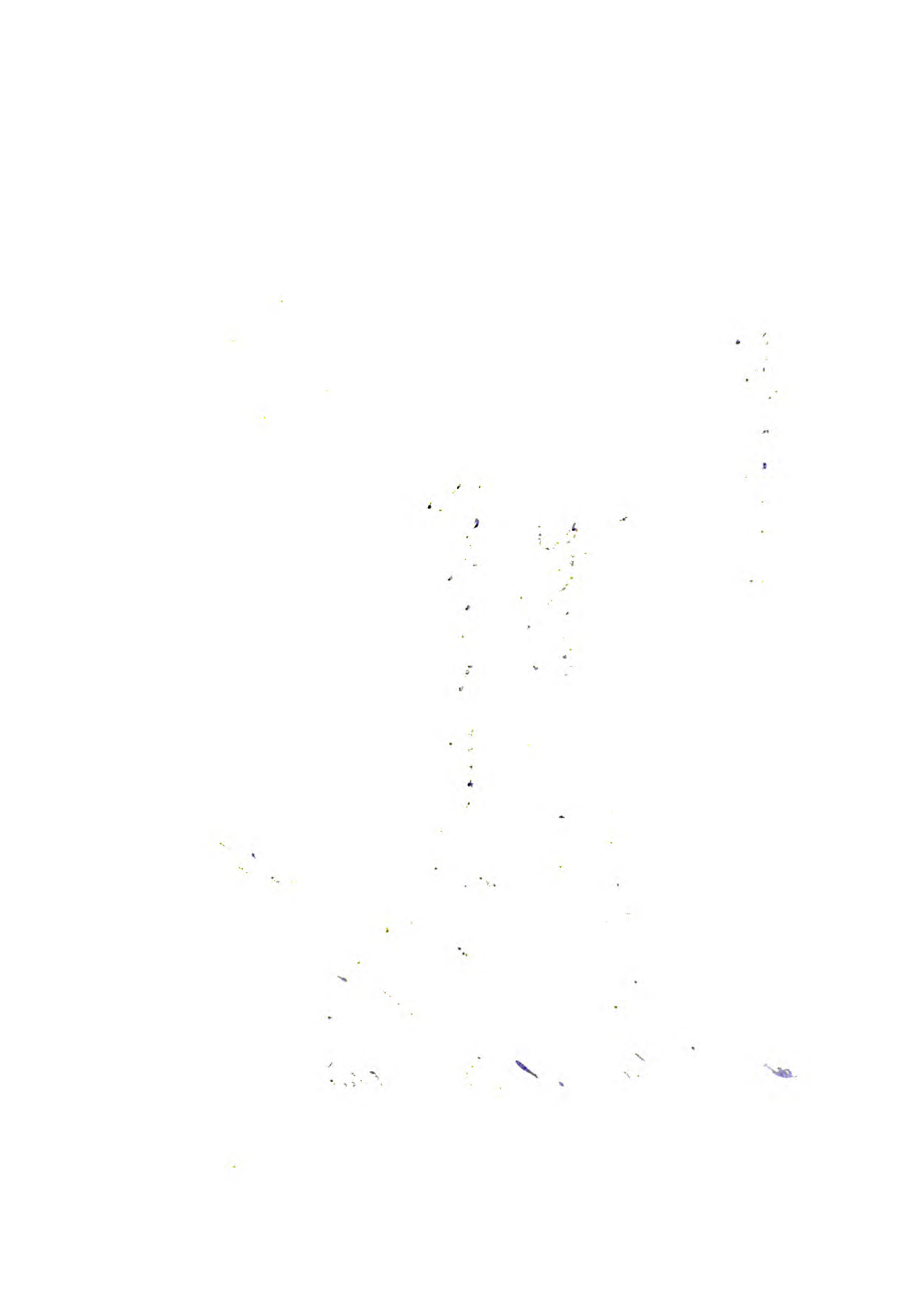
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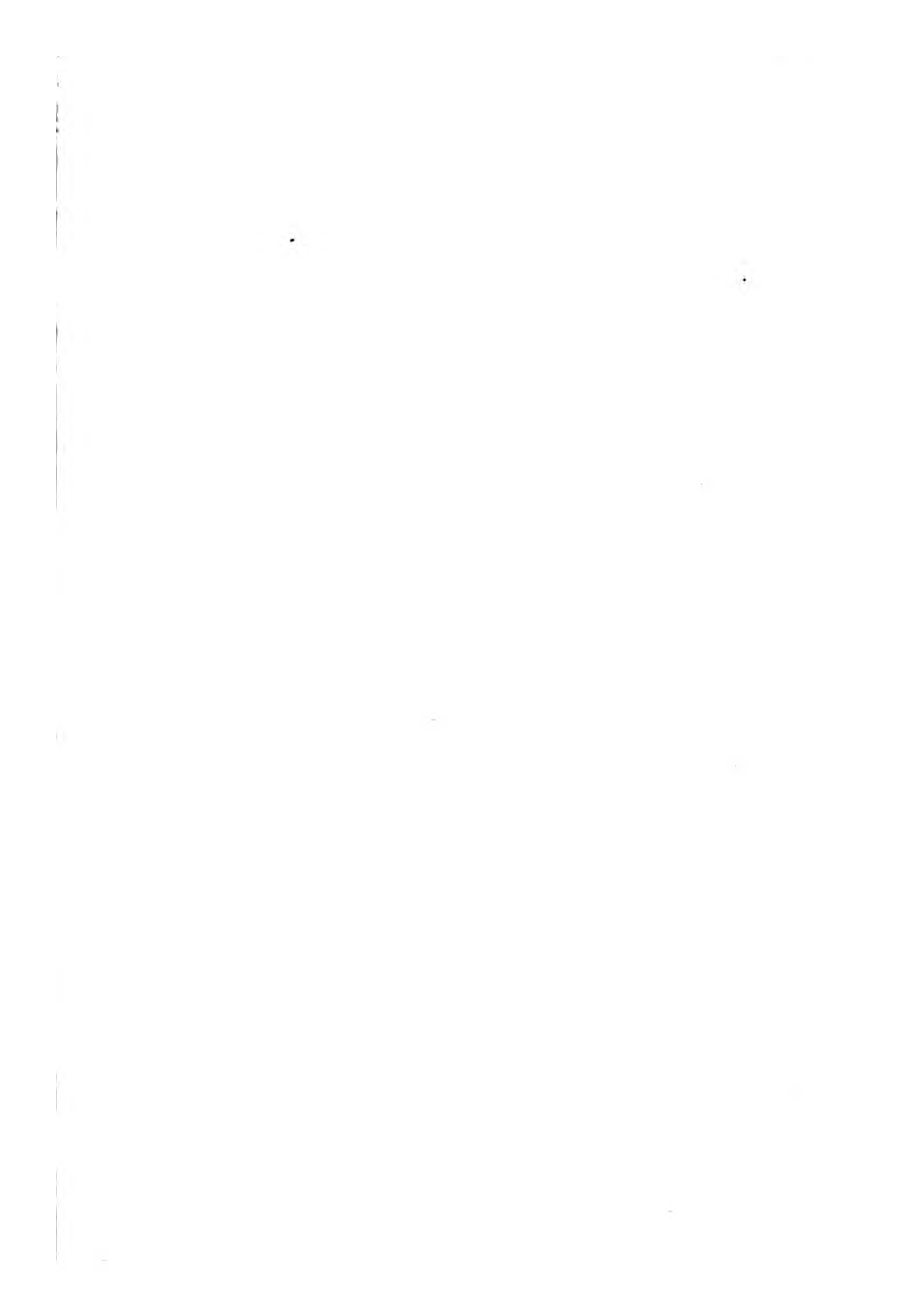


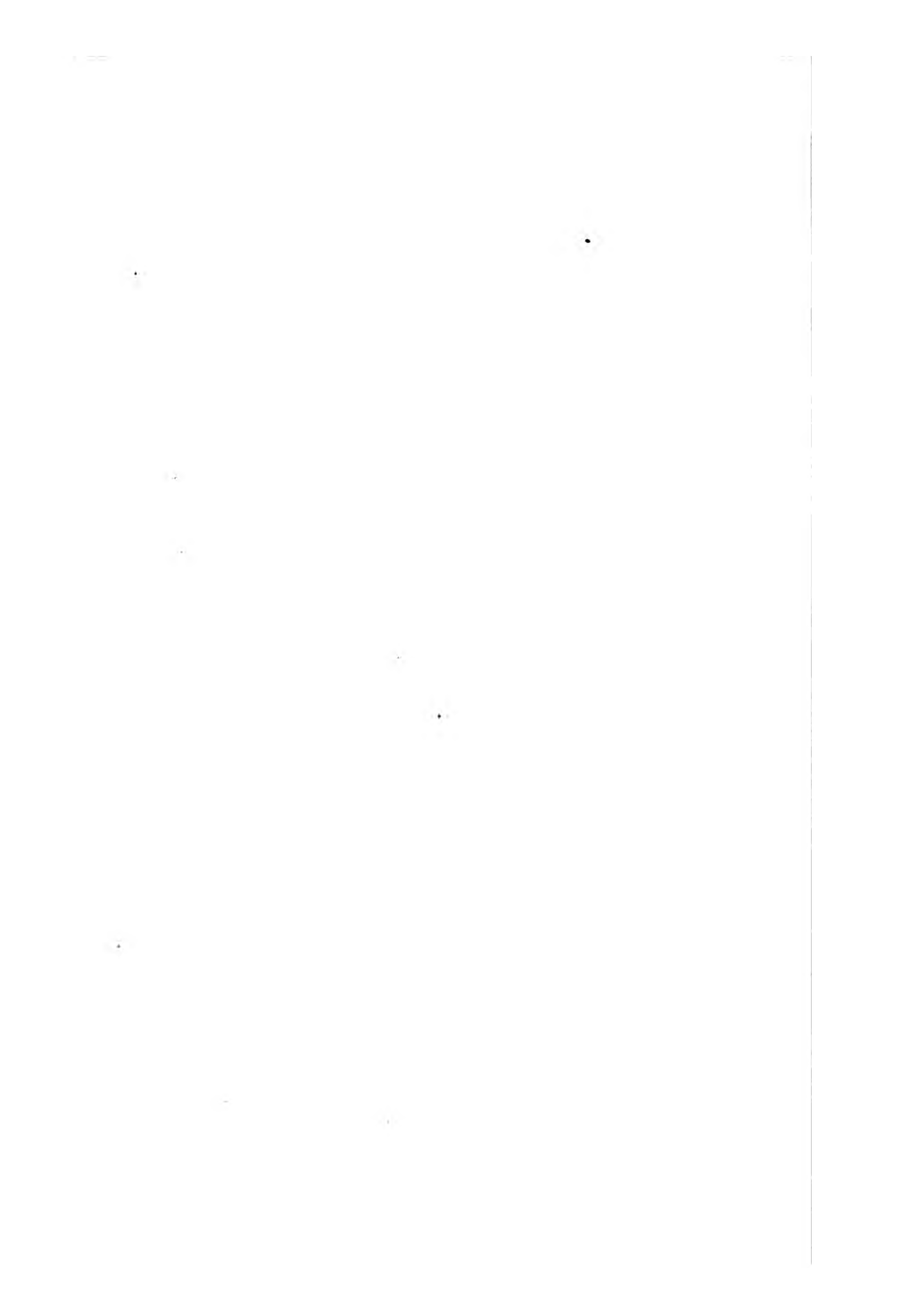
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Parry, 1846

LUDWIGSIAFEN
LAKE CONSTANCE

Joseph Published by Tammann & Co. U. Paternoster Row

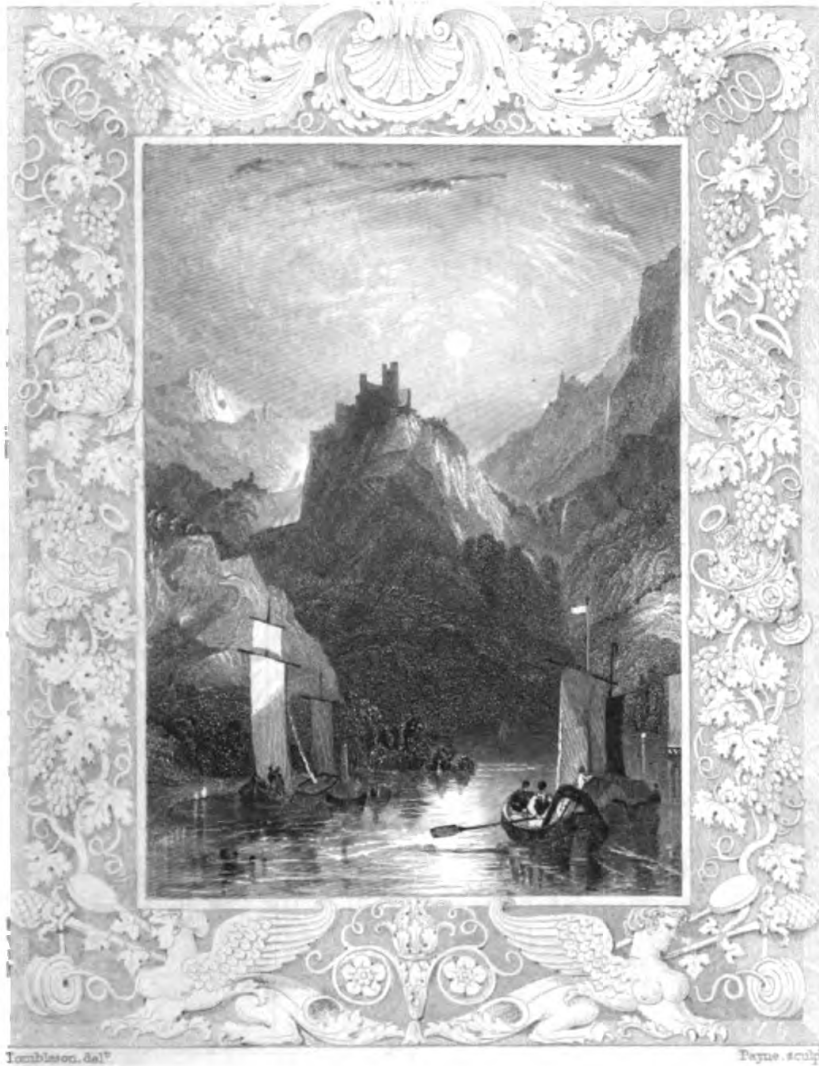




TOMBLESON'S
UPPER RHINE.

OBER RHAIN.

LE RHIN SUPERIEUR.



LONDON.

A. & K. ARMSTRONG



INTRODUCTION.

HAVING completed our First Series of VIEWS, extending from Cologne to Mentz, we proceed to regions where man assumes another character, and Nature appears in a brighter garb. Ere we advance, however, in our upward course, let us take a retrospective glance at the scenes we have passed, and offer a few observations that may not be found unimportant to our readers.

The Rhine is usually mentioned by geographers under three distinct heads: namely, the *Upper* Rhine, extending from the Alps to Mentz; the *Middle* Rhine from Mentz to Cologne, and the *Lower* Rhine from the latter city to the Belgic provinces, where its stream is divided, and at length, losing almost its existence and its name in the alluvial soil of Holland, serves but to fill "the dull lakes, that slumber in the storm."

Those parts of Germany which are washed by the Upper and Middle Rhine have been classed, by a celebrated statistical writer, as the second and third *Regions* of that country. The soil and
No. 1, S. S. Rhine.

climate of the second region (nearest the Alps), he observes, are similar to those of Switzerland. The inhabitants of the Black Forest and Upper Swabia often see their steep granatic and calcareous mountains covered with the snows of Winter, while the opposite side is warmed by the rays of an Italian sun, and even sometimes parched by the breath of the hot *Sirocco*.

The Third Region embraces that part of the River which receives the streams of the Maine, the Neckar, the Vosges and the Hunsdruck, and downwards to a few leagues below Coblentz. The air of this region is not so pure and salubrious as that of the former, but the astonishing fertility of its soil, producing the most excellent wines and fruits of Europe, and suffering less from changes of weather than even some of the finest parts of France, entitles it to be ranked amongst the most favored countries of Europe.

Passing over the lower division of the Rhine as "flat, stale, and unprofitable" to the lovers of the picturesque, we commenced our First Series at Cologne, where the *Wonders* of the River first strike the view. As far as we were able, we have gathered, from respectable authorities, such information as we conceived might be acceptable. As to the tottering walls, the crazy turrets, and melancholy dungeons, remaining of ancient

edifices, warlike and religious, which form so many striking objects on each side of the stream, we, like other tourists, have been constrained to rely on the babbling tongue of Tradition. We have asked of Time, who for centuries has brushed, with "silent wing," the dust from the mouldering ruins of these forlorn structures, some Records of their ancient grandeur, but in vain: the great Destroyer passes on without reply, and leaves to Fiction the task of dressing them up in *Legends*, constructed with all the machinery of spectres, bleeding nuns, and mountain sprites, which the prolific fancy of our German friends is so happy in creating. If we sometimes touch on these "baseless fabrics," which may serve

"to point a moral, or adorn a tale"

it will be to indulge the taste of the desultory reader, who often finds in fiction relief from the sad realities of life.

There are some traits in the legitimate history of the Rhine and the country lying on its banks, that bear a strong resemblance to romance, and might be ranked with the legends if there were not sufficient documents existing to prove their veracity. The extravagant enterprises of chivalry, the dark, mysterious, insane and sanguinary proceedings of the clergy, and the system of terror exercised by barbarous chiefs, in the early ages of

Christianity, gave rise to many of those tales of wonder so common in this part of Germany ; and the subsequent excesses of Charles the Bold, together with the fiendlike arts employed by the *Vehmegericht*, a secret tribunal, whose acts were of a character so sanguinary as to fix on a portion of the shores of the river the appellation of the *Red Land*, exceeded even the former in atrocity. The sittings of this tribunal were held in subterranean vaults, and were accompanied by such strange and appalling circumstances, as to raise a universal belief of demoniacal agency, and left a superstitious character on the inhabitants of the Rhenal districts, which may account, in great measure, for the peopling of every ruined edifice in the land with imaginary beings of another world, and "making night hideous" with senseless traditions.

But these enormities were not confined to the Rhine alone. The Danube, which extends from the centre of Germany to the Black Sea, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, presenting nearly all the natural characteristics of the river we are now exploring,

" blending all beauties—streams and dells,
" Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
" And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells
" From grey but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells,"

has suffered, like the Rhine, in almost every age, from the shock of arms and the great vicissitudes

to which every rich country is exposed from political and religious feuds. In common with that river, it has furnished a great portion of the eventful history of ancient and modern times, and is an object of equal importance to the statesman and the philosopher. Superior to the Rhine in the beauty and magnificence of its long line of celebrated cities, and bathing in its rapid and majestic career the shores of many nations, it affords a vast field for the speculations of the artist and the man of letters. To the tourist it is, like the Rhine, an abundant source of delight.

Mais, revenons à nos moutons. After this little digression from our charming Rhine, we return to it with renewed pleasure; and, in our character of *Conducteurs* to scenes where the pencil of our artist has been so ably employed, we shall be careful to point out the most interesting features of the districts through which we pass. Not contenting ourselves with tame descriptions of mere localities, we shall direct our Views to Men and Manners, to Arts, Sciences, Manufactures and Commerce, and, combining the *utile* with the *dulce*, we shall aim to make this Series of our work a valuable Manual for the inquisitive tourist, and an amusing fireside Companion to those who, shunning the bustle of the "great Babel, peep at its vagaries through the loopholes of retreat, run the whole circuit with us, and are still at home."

The country from Mentz to Mannheim, through which the river sluggishly flows, partaking in great measure of the character of the Lower Rhine, we shall leave for the present the description of Oppenheim and Worms, and make a *détour* by Francfort, Darmstadt, Heidelberg, &c. ; again falling in with the Rhine where it receives the streams of the Neckar.

It is necessary to observe that public vehicles in this country are not, on several accounts, so comfortable as the stage-coaches of England, or even as the diligences of France, although of late years they have been much improved. For this reason the tourist who considers his ease should provide himself at Francfort with a *Coupée*, a kind of barouche) which may be purchased, second hand, of a handsome shape and good quality, for about thirty pounds. With this, taking post-horses, which are much less expensive than in England or France, he may stop wherever he pleases on the road. The editor of this work not long since bought at Francfort a handsome and commodious vehicle of the above description for thirty *Carolines*, used it constantly, without any expense for repairs, two years in Germany, Hungary, and Bohemia, and on his return to Brussels sold it readily for fifty pounds. Those who do not wish to purchase may be accommodated on hire, either for a specific journey or by the month.

Being old tourists ourselves, and professing, as we do, to be useful to our readers, we consider ourselves *en droit* to offer a few hints to those who for the first time travel in foreign countries, but particularly in Germany. To the man of the world, or the experienced tourist,

“ qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes,”

they will be unnecessary, unless he set out on his journey, like the *learned Smellfungus*, alluded to by Sterne, with a disposition to offend and be offended.

Our countrymen in general have an idea of superiority over every nation, and in consequence carry themselves haughtily in their first excursions abroad. That we have enough to boast of cannot be denied, and “ we might be proud of our virtues if our faults whipped them not ;” but it is ridiculous to suffer our conceits of importance to militate against our comforts among strangers, who have of course their own partialities to the country that gave them birth, and to the customs in which they were bred. In France and even in England dandified importance will produce a bow and a cringe from an obsequious waiter ; but in Germany it excites only contempt and often resentment. The Germans are in general blunt and candid, impatient of insult, but kind and hospitable to strangers. The ladies have a peculiarly

sentimental and winning character, and possess a surprising tact, even among the middling classes, of estimating duly the rank and qualities of their visitors.

A liberal exercise of the *suaviter in modo*, and a delicate way of expressing dislike of any particular usage, if we have any, will be found the best recommendations in every country, but especially in Germany, where attachment to all that relates to *Vaterland* is intensely felt. To be able to practise these civilities, however, with advantage, a body free from pain and a mind void of care are great requisites : without them travelling in a foreign land becomes irksome, novelty loses its zest, the beauties of Nature and art are dimmed by *ennui*, and the hoped-for benefits and pleasures of the journey are soon abandoned for the cheering prospect of returning home.

“ Lieto nido, esca dolce, aura cortese,
“ Bramano i cigni : e non si va in *Viaggio*
“ Con le cure mordaci.”

VIEWS ON THE RHINE.

Second Series.

I T I N E R A R Y.

*Excursion from Mentz to Mannheim, by Francfort,
Darmstadt, Weinheim, Heidelberg, &c.*

THOSE who prefer the water to the land may be gratified by embarking in the *coches-d'eau*, or packet-boats, that go daily between Mentz and Francfort; but, as the banks of the Maine, below the latter city, present but few attractions, the tourist would do well to follow here the good old maxim—never to venture on an uncertain element when he can journey with equal convenience on *terra firma*. Passing, therefore, the bridge of boats to the right bank of the Rhine, we arrive at the little village of Cassel, much frequented by the *bourgeois* of Mentz on Sundays and holidays; and, four miles beyond it is Hochheim, celebrated for its wines, possessing those fine aromatic qualities which have given to the Rhine-wines generally the appellation, in England, of *Hock*. There are several other vineyards near this place, but the real hock is the produce of the southern side of the mountain, de-

No. 2, S. S. Rhine.

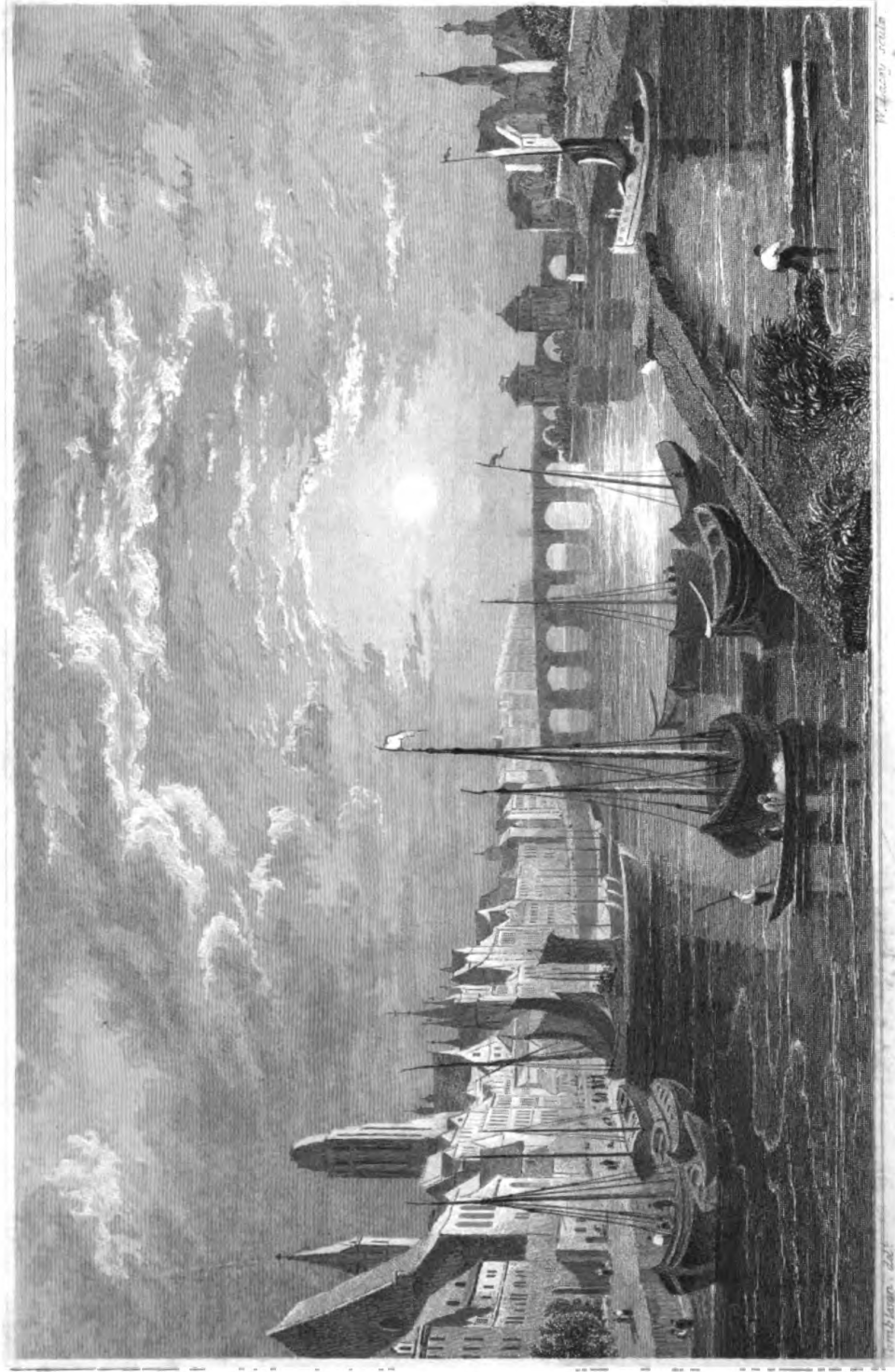
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fended from the north winds by the town, the elevated situation of which is expressed by its name; *hoch* signifying *high*, and corrupted by the English into *hock*. This vineyard occupies not more than eight acres; each acre containing 4,000 plants, yielding in favorable seasons twelve vats of wine, each vat receiving upwards of twelve hogsheads, worth about 1,500 florins per vat in the state it issues from the wine-press. Nearly adjoining this vineyard is another, also celebrated for its wines, belonging to the senate of Francfort, and denominated hell (*die hölle*); for the cause of which we must refer to the learned doctors of the country.

There is scarcely anything more disappointing to an English traveller than the view of the Rhenish vineyards. Instead of finding the luxuriant wide-spreading vine, which in Italy, Spain, and other warm countries, throws its tendrils aloft, and forms delightful cool retreats, inviting to love, friendship, or meditation, he beholds a dwarfish plant, supported by unsightly props, not half so gratifying to the eye as a Kentish hop-garden, and offering no shade to the weary labourer. This barren appearance is, however, necessary for the production of good wines in this country, where not one season in ten affords sufficient warmth to bring the grapes to perfection. The wines of 1811, the year of the great comet, were, on account of the protracted autumnal warmth, in high estimation, and are now very rare.

The next post-station (about five miles distant) is *Weilbach*, celebrated for its mineral waters, which are chiefly sulphureous. They are said to be superior in





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the cure of many disorders, to those of Aix-la-Chapelle. In palsy, bilious complaints, obstructions of the intestines, and consumptions, they are very efficacious. Upwards of 40,000 three-pint bottles of this water are sent annually to foreign parts, and the consumption in the country is very considerable.

We next come to *Hattersheim* (distant five miles), a place of no note; then, about five miles farther on, to *Hæchst*, a small industrious town, on the eastern bank of the Nidda. On the retreat of Napoleon, after the fatal battle of Leipsic, when he had to dispute his passage through the ranks of his former friends, this place suffered greatly. Cannon and musquet shot are still observed sticking in the beams and walls of the houses near the bridge.

Five miles farther on we perceive the antique watch-towers which mark the boundaries of the ancient ban-lieu of Francfort, and catch the first glimpse of the spires of that city. Before the French revolution its massive fortifications frowned on the approach of the traveller, but now that forbidding aspect has given way to umbrageous promenades, blooming plantations and fruitful gardens, with which the city is surrounded. To the policy of the French emperor the inhabitants of Francfort are thus indebted for a more salubrious air, and for the enjoyment of some privileges which their former laws had forbidden them. Under the prince-primate, created by the fiat of Napoleon, these changes were principally accomplished; but the power of the primate vanished with that of his patron.

The population of Francfort is about 45,000, chiefly

protestants. Catholics and Jews are nearly equal in number, making nearly a thirtieth part of the whole. The Jews were formerly shut up at night in one particular street, by a regulation established in the year 1662, and which continued till the march of the French revolution put an end to the oppression. This city may boast of great antiquity, and figured for several ages as the capital of the German empire. The Romans had an establishment here, and were succeeded by the Franks, from whom its name is derived. It is situate on the right bank of the Main, and communicates with Sachshausen, a handsome suburb on the left bank, by a substantial stone bridge, whence the view of the river, its quays and vessels, is animated and delightful, particularly at the time of the fairs. Charlemagne and Louis le Germanique contributed to its aggrandisement, and it became the favorite abode of the latter in the year 850. It has two great fairs; one at Easter, and the other at Michaelmas. That of Easter was established by Louis de Bavière, in 1330, and that of September by Frederic II, in 1240. Unfortunately for the city, the bookselling business, which constitutes one of the greatest commercial speculations of Germany, was removed to Leipsic some years since, on account of the constraint laid on new publications by the imperial commissioners. The great assemblage of booksellers from all parts of Germany is now at the Easter fair at Leipsic.

The most remarkable of the public buildings of Francfort is the *Hôtel-de-Ville*, called the *Rœmer*; not for the style of its architecture, but for its history.

Here the emperors were elected for many centuries; and in the great hall the portraits of all the worthies that have sat on the Imperial throne, from the time of Conrad to the present day, have their separate niches. Here also is preserved the famous *golden bull*, or statute, issued by Charles IV, in 1356, being the *Magna Charta*, or fundamental law of the German empire, by which its transactions are still governed. It is written in Latin, on fine vellum, with a seal of gold, about the size of a half-crown, attached to it by a golden wire. Its name, like the bulls of the Pope, is derived from *bullæ*, the Latin name of a seal. The Pope's bull, conferring the title of Defender of the Faith on our very *pious* king, Henry VIII, was also of gold. During the reign of Napoleon this golden bull emigrated to Paris; but was sent back, by *extra-post*, when the allies entered that city. The Rœmer serves also as the Senate-house, and for the transaction of public business. In the fair-time it is filled with stalls for the sale of *quincaillerie*, cloth, and other merchandize.

The cathedral is curious from its antiquity, and is still devoted to the catholic worship. Its erection was begun in 1415, but was not finished till 1509; being the last specimen of pure German architecture. It contains the tomb of the unfortunate Gunther de Swartzburg. The finest view of the city and its vicinity is from the top of its tower, called the Pharrthurm. The church of *Notre-Dame* was built in the 14th century. The Adoration of the Magi, over the middle door, is a masterpiece of ancient date. The Teutonic church, across

the bridge, is only remarkable for its fine proportions. The church of St Catherine contains the tombs of the learned Ludolph and Uffenbach; the former a missionary in Abyssinia, who translated the Scriptures into the language of that country, and procured types for printing it; the punches of which are still preserved in the library, a new building that does honour to the city, containing a great number of medals, manuscripts, and rare books. Amongst the rest is the first edition of the Bible, printed on parchment, by Faust (the celebrated Dr. Faustus) in 1462. The altar-piece, by Booz, is worthy of notice, as is the organ, which should be heard. The church of the convent of White Nuns, erected in 1142, contains an excellent organ, and has also a good altar-piece, by Wendelstœdt. The church of St. Nicholas, now converted into a warehouse, was built by Rudolf of Hapsbourg; it is remarkable for the beauty of its architecture.

The theatre is well constituted—the actors good—the orchestra brilliant, particularly in wind instruments. The *Casino* is perhaps the first establishment of the kind in Europe. It is partly a literary institution; and has its billiard-tables, its card-parties, and other amusements. Friday evenings are devoted to the reception of ladies. Its members are of two classes; the first (shareholders) consist of only 150, who have the exclusive right of voting in the management of the institution. We smiled on observing the name of Mr. Lamb on the list of members, written *Lord Lamb*. A stranger is admitted gratuitously to all its amusements, for a month, on introduction by a member.

Amongst other remarkable buildings is the *Saalhof*, which was formerly the residence of the Carlovingsians. But little, however, of the ancient edifice remains; having from time to time undergone repairs, till at length it appears a modern structure. The *Braunfels* also demands attention. During the fair it is filled with shops and stalls, and is the favourite resort of the *beau monde*. At the *Woollgraben*, where a fine row of houses has been built in face of the river, and justly entitled *Bellevue*, the new city library is erected.

The Stadel museum merits particular notice. M. de Stadel was a banker at Francfort, and died in 1816. He bequeathed his valuable collection of paintings and prints, his houses, and a capital of more than 1,200,000 florins to this establishment, for the praiseworthy purpose of encouraging and developing the talents of young artists. The fine collection of works of art, belonging to the late Dr. Grambs, was added by purchase to this institution. The principal part of the paintings collected by M. Stadel are of the Flemish school: lately many works of celebrated Italian masters have been added to them.

The *foundation* of Senkenberg, embracing a botanical garden (in which is the tomb of the founder), a library, an anatomical theatre, and an hospital for the poor, should not be neglected.

The principal inns are, the *Roman Emperor*, the *Weidenhoff*, the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, the *Hôtel de Paris*, the *Cigne Blanc*, and the *Weidenbusch*, all excellent.

There are but few manufactures of note in Francfort. Its black, made from the roots and stems of the vine, is

in much esteem for copper-plate printing, &c. It has several respectable printing establishments, to which type-founderies are attached.

The collection made by the late Mr. Bethman, the banker, of plaster casts, from the most celebrated antique busts and statues, is highly deserving of attention. These curiosities are placed in a tasty building, within the new plantations, of which one room is set apart for the exhibition of the statue of Ariadne, the chef-d'œuvre of the sculptor Danneker. The abandoned princess is represented reposing on a rock, after the departure of her faithless lover, Theseus, and seemingly in the act of relating to the Bacchanals of Naxos the story of her wrongs:—

“ l'œil mourant, le sein baigné de pleurs,
“ Sur un rocher leur contait ses douleurs.”

The statue is larger than life, and sculptured from one entire block of Italian marble, in which the blue veins have a fine effect. This precious work of art is made to turn on a pivot, to exhibit its fine proportions in different lights. An ingenious contrivance of varicoloured transparent window-blinds considerably heightens the beauty of the figure.

A stranger may pass a few days in Francfort very pleasantly in examining private collections of paintings, engravings, and other works of art, worthy of observation. It is not difficult to obtain admission to any of these; the urbanity of the better classes of the Francforters smoothing every path for the gratification of the respectable stranger.

During the sittings of the Diet the city revives from the inactivity which is usually experienced in the intervals of the fairs. Balls, concerts, &c. then enliven the scene; and the political importance of this great federative assembly is lost sight of amidst the gaiety that prevails.

At Sachsenburg, on the left bank of the Maine, is the *Teutonic-House*, founded in 1221 by Künon de Munzenburg. The prince-primate had ceded it to the hospital of the Holy Ghost; but the Congress of Vienna annulled the gift, and it was put in sequestration by the emperor of Austria, with other property belonging to the Teutonic Order, of which he is the chief. The ancient palace of *Tour and Taxis* is worthy of observation. It was the residence of the prince-primate, and is now devoted to the sittings of the Diet and the accommodation of its president.

The government of Francfort is a mixed aristocracy and democracy. Its laws are not oppressive; and strangers may reside here in the most perfect liberty and security. Connected in business with most parts of the world, and in constant intercourse with people of all countries, its citizens have little of that reserve which in more retired cities marks the character of the inhabitants. Its markets are well supplied with provisions of every kind. Poultry is excellent and cheap; vegetables and fruits of all kinds are abundant. Rhine-wine, of course, differs in price as well as in quality, from sixpence to five shillings per bottle. An article of provision, loathed generally in England, but highly esteemed in many parts of the continent, and particu-

larly in France, namely, *frogs*, is here exposed for sale, in common with other viands, on market-days. They are nicely trussed, like poultry, being much larger than the English breed, and have really a very inviting appearance.

During the summer months the Francforters delight in rural excursions, particularly on the Sunday; for here even members of religious societies think it no sin to assemble on that day in the pleasure-gardens, which abound in the environs, to witness the hilarity of their fellow-citizens, and even to join in the mazy waltz. Their religion is not of a sombre cast; and their general morality proves that innocent pleasures on any day are not incompatible with Christian duties.

We must not omit to direct attention to the monument erected near the gate leading to Hanau, in memory of the brave Hessians, who fell in the defence of the city against the assault of the French, in 1792.

In the neighbourhood are several quarries of the amygdaloids of basalt, wherein are sometimes found hyalites and agates.

Within view of Francfort, north-westward, is situated one of the most remarkable mountains of the country—the magnificent *Taunus*,—whose immense foundations are seen stretching from the Maine to Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, in one direction, and in another to the Lahn. It is rich in minerals of nearly all kinds, and it is said that its silver mines were worked by the Romans as long since as the Christian era. The most curious remains of the ancient conquerors of the world attest it to have been a place of great import-

ance in their time; and its celebrity is by no means diminished at the present day. From its beneficent bosom flow those salubrious waters which are transported in immense quantities to the remotest regions of the earth; attracting to its fountains the invalids of every clime, and imparting health and strength to its numerous visitors. Our limits will not permit us to dilate on its antiquities and curious productions; but we shall endeavour, in as concise a manner as possible, to describe its most celebrated baths and springs.

The waters first in renown, as potable, are those of Niederselters and Fachingen, which consist of nearly the same chemical ingredients; namely, muriate of soda, pure alkali, iron, and carbonic acid gas. The Selter water, however, is said to be preferable; as possessing the mineral virtues in a somewhat greater degree. In the year 1819 there were filled at the fountain of Selters, for exportation, upwards of 1,445,000 stone bottles, containing each three pints, and 116,560 half bottles, of a pint and a half each. It is calculated that every day, with the exception of Sundays and holidays, more than 7,000 bottles are filled, corked, and sealed; to effect which an ingenious mode of operation has been invented. From eleven o'clock till one, every day, the fountain is left for the use of visitors, who may gratuitously take away any quantity for their own use. The best time for drinking the water is on the days (Sundays and holidays) when the fillers are not allowed to work. It is then clear, and at liberty to throw up its pearly bubbles and all its genuine ethereal qualities; for which reason, one tumblerfull,

drunk at the spring, is more effective than a whole bottlefull put up on the filling days, when the water is troubled by constant dipping.

Both the above-named waters assist digestion, act beneficially as diuretics, and are strongly recommended in disorders of the liver and lungs, in hemorrhoids and in gravel. Taken with Rhine-wine and sugar, they are extremely pleasant to the taste, sparkle like champagne, and enliven the spirits to a considerable degree, making a delicious beverage at table, and preventing the sometimes unpleasant consequences of repletion.

The spring of Niederselters is situated in a beautiful valley, a few hundred yards distant from the village, through which glides cheerfully the modest Ems. Fachingen occupies a romantic situation between two lofty mountains, thickly wooded, and presents a variety of scenery, of a bold and sombre character, in which the spirit of a Salvator Rosa might wander with delight. The river Lahn runs so near to the mineral springs, (of which there are four) that the regency of the state has been under the necessity of expending a considerable sum to prevent its waters from overflowing them.

These places, in common with all others in the circle of Taunus, are distinguished for their courteous reception of strangers, for unaffected manners, and for oblivion of distinctions in rank and fortune. Under the mild and paternal sway of the house of Nassau, with the force of good example, the ambition of man appears subdued, and some faint idea is conveyed to the mind of a golden age, when peace and good-will shall reign on the earth. The unostentatious conduct of the higher

classes of society in this country seems to say, in the words of the great poet of nature,

“ Our simple life wants little; and TRUE TASTE
 “ Hires not the pale drudge, LUXURY, to waste
 “ The scene it would adorn.”

Not far distant from these places is Schwalbach, or *Langenschwalbach* (see the engraving in our first series) possessing fourteen springs of various qualities, of which the *Weinborn* and the *Stahlborn* are the most famous. The first is as clear as crystal, and has a vinous taste, from which its name is derived. The hot baths of *Schlangebad*, two leagues from Schwalbach, are much celebrated for their healing virtues in many disorders, and particularly in cutaneous eruptions. They arrest, says the celebrated Hufeland, the approach of old age and decrepitude, prolong the season of youth and beauty, and, by their emollient effects on the skin, are productive of grace and agility. They are also highly recommended in cases of nervous debility, stiffness of the joints, arising from gout, rheumatism, juvenile excesses, &c. The principal ingredient in this miraculous water appears to be an unctuous mixture of argile and talc, combined with other minerals, which the art of chemistry has not hitherto succeeded in developing. The natural heat of the bath is about 22 degrees of Réaumur. Schlangebad and Ems are favourite resorts of the ladies.

The baths of Ems (the Roman *Ambasis*, or *Amasia*) are the most ancient in Germany, and lie in a deep and narrow valley, through which passes the river Lahn. The neighbourhood is wild and barren, but va-

riegated; and the houses for the reception of visitors are fitted up with every accommodation. There are two springs for drinking, and many for the supply of baths. For the cure of consumption, weakness of the eyes, and disorders of the uterus, this place is much frequented. The heat of the waters varies, at the different springs, from 18 to 44 degrees of Réaumur. Ems is about an hour's journey from Ehrenbreitstein. Among the engravings in our first volume is a view of the baths.

There are many other bathing-places and springs in the range of Taunus (making in the whole twenty), which our limits will not allow us to particularise; but to *Wiesbaden*, which, though last in our notice, is not least in our esteem, we cannot refrain from devoting a short review. This handsome little city, known to the ancients by the name of *Visibadum*, is agreeably situated between well-wooded hills, of a soft and undulating character, which extend to the vast and fertile plain wherein Francfort is situated. It possesses fifteen hot and cold springs, of various qualities; the hottest of which (25° of Réaumur) is called the *kochbrunnen*, or *cooking-spring*. Scarcely any malady incident to the human frame can be mentioned, in which these waters have not given essential relief. The public baths are constructed upon an excellent plan; but private bathing is generally preferred by strangers; to accommodate whom there are ample conveniences in inns and private houses. Two baths are set apart for Jews.

Wiesbaden affords no water for common use but that conducted to it from Schwalbach in pipes, which were

not laid until the year 1822. The new building, called the *Kursaal*, or Conservatory, (of which a view is given in our first series) is erected at the end of the great walk, behind the *Wiesenbrunn*, which contains the most efficacious drinking water; being strongly impregnated with muriate of calcareous earth and carbonic acid. The *Kursaal* is excellently adapted for the amusement of visitors; containing extensive promenade-rooms, dining-rooms, &c. The grand saloon is the largest in Germany, surpassing even that of Apollo at Vienna, and is adorned with some fine statuary. The roof is supported by marble columns, from the quarries of Limburg. On Sundays and holidays the concourse of people from Mentz, Francfort, and even more distant places, to enjoy the excellent ordinaries, balls, and other pleasures of this establishment, is excessive. We have seen from three to four hundred persons of both sexes dining here in a princely style, for about two shillings sterling each. A very superior orchestra enlivens the repast; the waiters are in livery, and the service is performed without any of that bustle and confusion which usually attends public dinners.

There are still to be perceived, in the street called the *Saalgasse*, some remains of an old palace, which was entire in the 13th century, but was destroyed by fire, with nearly the whole of the town, in the year 1280. Count Jean-Louis built the new palace about the close of the sixteenth century. It is still in good repair. The sittings of the court of appeal and the criminal tribunal are held here; it also contains the public library, from which strangers, as well as the inhabitants, are allowed

to take books, on leaving their names and places of abode. In the same building a museum has been established by a society, whose zeal and activity have procured a great collection of Roman antiquities and other curiosities. Every year adds many objects to this praise-worthy institution, which, from its situation amidst the precious remains of ancient magnificence, must become in time extremely valuable, and afford a source of great delight to visitors at this interesting and salubrious watering-place.

The principal inns, or hotels, having baths, excellent ordinaries, and every accommodation, are the *Arquebuse*, the *Eagle* (which alone furnishes post-horses), the *Rose*, and the *Four Seasons*, a superb establishment.

The tourist should not neglect to visit *Nerosburg*, or Nero's Mountain, and the valley beneath it. They lie north-west of the city, about a mile distant. On the summit of this mountain are seen the ruins of a Roman building, said to have been erected by Nero or Tiberius, for a hunting-seat.

About a mile from Wiesbaden are the ruins of the castle of *Sonnenberg*, situated in the midst of a village, on a calcareous rocky mountain; a view of which will be found amongst the engravings in the first volume of this work. The castle is said to have been built by a prince Sunno, against the incursions of the Romans. In latter times it was fortified by Adolphus of Nassau, during his war with the lords of Eppstein.

In a journey from Coblenz to Wiesbaden, a few years since, we witnessed a curious phenomenon. On one of the most elevated situations of the road, the moon

shining in all its brightness, a thin mist imperceptibly arose, and the glories of a lunar rainbow were exhibited to our view. All the *nuances* of the compound colours of the prism were perceptible, but in a faint degree, as though covered with a veil of gauze. Aristotle once witnessed a similar phenomenon on some mountain in Greece, and he remarks that it was at the time of the full of the moon, or it would have been impossible for that planet to throw out sufficient light to produce the two reflections and one refraction necessary for the formation of the colours of the iris. At the sight of this beautiful stranger, even the *untutored*, unbelieving heathen, who only

“ Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,”

must be forcibly impressed with the “might and majesty” of the great Creator.

We would willingly linger long in this delightful and peaceful neighbourhood, where the lover of the picturesque, the antiquarian, the botanist, the mineralogist, and the philosopher find ample sources of gratification, and where the mildness of the government, the courteous behaviour of the inhabitants, and moderate expenses, offer a pleasant retreat from the toils of life, with the means of renovating declining health.

A circumstance occurred at Francfort, some time since, which had nearly thrown an Englishman of our acquaintance, visiting there, into a nervous fever. One of his friends, a well-known merchant, had invited him to spend an evening at one of those clubs, denominated *colleges*, to which the lovers of a game at whist, a glass of good wine, and a pipe of canaster, are wont to resort

after the fatigues of the counting-house. Our friend was cut in for a rubber; and a person who spoke French fluently, and had all the appearance of a person of respectability, became his partner: all went on well; our friend was delighted with his *vis-à-vis*, and expressed a hope at parting that he should have the pleasure of meeting him again. What was his surprise, however, on his way to supper at his friend's house, to hear that the gentleman he had been so much taken with was the *public executioner*! The very idea of having played at cards with such a character had so strange an effect on his nerves, that he immediately retired to his inn, and was some days before he recovered from the shock; but, on being informed that the office of executioner in that part of the world is rather an honourable than a degrading one; that it is hereditary in a family, and conferring on it a kind of rank, with a handsome income; his qualms, in some measure, ceased; but he could never be persuaded to admit that a man of blood could be a *comfortable* partner at whist. Executions never take place in Germany but for assassination or some very heinous offence; and criminals condemned to suffer are usually beheaded. The sword employed for the purpose is a curious loaded weapon, kept in the keenest and most polished order by the gentleman executioner, who must not act by deputy; and his skill is such (acquired, it is said, by constant practice in the decapitation of calves, sheep, &c., in order to keep his hand in) that, at one blow, he never fails to cut off the head of the criminal, seated or standing before him, with as much ease as we might cut off the head of a thistle with a walking stick.

Before we take leave of Francfort, we must observe, that it is the *dépôt* of all merchandize sent up or down the Rhine, to be forwarded to or from the eastern part the country. It is also the emporium of the banking business of the western parts of Germany. Its distance from Mentz or from Wiesbaden, is twenty miles ; from Cassel, 21 ; Darmstadt, 15 ; Strasbourg, 144 ; Hanau and Wilhemsbad, 10 ; Cologne, 120 ; Brussels, 245 ; Paris, by Mentz, 385 ; by Strasbourg, 445 ; Heidelberg, 50 ; Mannheim, 60 ; Stuttgard, 72 ; Leipsic, by Fulda, Eisenach, Gotha, and Weimar, 220.*

We now proceed from Francfort to Darmstadt, the capital of the grand duchy ; a city which not many years since was in a most impoverished state, with a miserable population of not more than 8,000, now raised, under the auspices of the late grand-duke, to upwards of 16,000, with spacious and well-built streets, spreading themselves in all directions, where formerly tottered the crazy abodes of its first inhabitants. The landgrave Ernest Augustus, who died in 1739, had formed a plan for erecting a new palace here ; and at the beginning of the 18th century had begun the building in a high style of Italian architecture, which, if we may judge from the ground-plan, still preserved, would have been capacious enough to accommodate half the courts of Germany. All that was finished of this building is the great *façade* on the market-place, and a part of a wing towards the Rhine. Four handsome cupolas give it an

* A German mile is about equal to five English. When we speak of miles, without specifying them to be German, we mean English miles.

imposing appearance. It contains a *museum*, which the late prince generously threw open to the public; also a cabinet of natural history, in which is seen a curious assortment of bones, found in this part of the country, of antediluvian animals, now not known; also, a picture-gallery, containing above 6,000 works of celebrated artists, and a good collection of plaster-casts, with many other curiosities, open to the inspection of the inhabitants every Friday, from 9 o'clock until noon. Strangers are admitted at any time, on making a small present to the attendant. The court library contains nearly 150,000 volumes. On the subject of medicine alone there are 25,000. It is open on Mondays and Fridays, from two till five. The literati of the country are allowed to take any book home, on giving notice thereof. It is a remarkable literary phenomenon, that more than three-fourths of the books of this library were acquired in the late reign by the indefatigable activity of one man, whose great tact enabled him to purchase, at a trifling expense, this immense collection, so important to the country. All the collections were declared, in 1820, to be the property of the state, by their principal founder, the late grand-duke. The director, Mr. Muller, has formed here a school of painting, which is in a flourishing state.

The next remarkable building in this city is the theatre. It stands alone, opposite the palace, and is built in a fine style of architecture, by Moller, a pupil of Weinbrenner. It will contain 1,800 persons, conveniently seated. The chief delight of the late sovereign was music; and he spared no expense in getting an

opera company superior to any in Germany. He was himself a great proficient in music, and at rehearsals often presided in the orchestra. The scenery and wardrobe are magnificent. So devoted was the prince to music, that he established a council to preside over its interests, of which an old and very amiable friend of ours, Mr. André of Uffenbach, was a distinguished member. Mr. André was the first who adopted lithography in music-printing, and many years since introduced it to England.

Darmstadt is also possessed of a *gymnase*, or college, founded by the landgrave George, in 1627, which was brought into great notice under the learned historian Wenk. At the present day it has six classes and above 400 scholars. The *Salle d'Exercice*, a curiosity on account of its architecture, was built by Louis IX, in the beginning of his reign, 1771-2. It is 272 feet long by 134 in breadth; the walls are from six to seven feet thick, and it is heated by sixteen stoves. Catherine of Russia obtained a model of it, and caused a similar one to be erected at St. Petersburg. This building is now appropriated as an arsenal for the artillery, and for exercising the troops. It is worthy of remark that no architect of the time could be found to undertake the erection of this immense building, according to the plan of the landgrave, and it was at length undertaken by a common carpenter, named John Martin Schuhknecht, who executed it with great satisfaction to the prince, and to the astonishment of his fellow-citizens. A military school is also established here, and a Bible-society. The stables of the grand-duke are worthy of observation for their extent and for the valuable horses

they contain. The *Herrengarten*, a charming retreat at the back of the palace, and belonging to it, to which the public are freely admitted, affords a charming lounge to the contemplative tourist. In it are deposited the mortal remains of the mother of the late duke, a princess possessed of extraordinary talents and great beauty. On her tomb is placed an exquisitely carved urn, of Carrara marble, overhung by cypress trees, with this inscription, by Frederick II:—" *Sexu Fœmina, ingenio Vir.*" In the garden of the landgrave Christian, brother of the late grand-duke, which lies on the westward side of the town, there is a magnificent view of the Rhine, Mount Tonnerre, the Bergstrasse, and Taunus. The principal inns are, the *Hessian Hotel*, the *Bunch of Grapes*, and the *Court of Darmstadt*.

The tourist will be gratified with a walk from Darmstadt to Oberramstadt—about five miles. It is the birth-place of the celebrated Lichtenberg. There were formerly smelting furnaces there, but, from the scarcity of fuel, they have been discontinued: to compensate for which loss, the rivulet of *Modau*, or *Ramsterbach*, is made to put in motion above thirty-two mills in its course from this place to the Rhine; the produce of which affords a brisk trade between Darmstadt, Frankfurt, and Mentz. We may return to the city by the Kirchberg, or *Cherry-hill*, a delightful *promenade*. Then traversing the romantic valley of Eberstadt, we arrive at that village, where there is an extensive paper-mill and other establishments, which appear to be in a very prosperous state.

Almost adjoining Darmstadt is Bessungen, a village of upwards of 2,000 inhabitants. Here are

barracks for cavalry, and two gardens belonging to the court; one in the French style, with alleys of linden and chesnut trees, and an *orangerie*, the trees of which are said to be the most ancient of any in Europe; the other is *à l'anglaise*, and laid out with great taste by the celebrated president, baron de Moser, about forty years ago. They are both open to the public. Proceeding onward, we reach Eberstadt, a considerable and prosperous village, situate on the southern bank of the Moldaubach. Its inhabitants, consisting of above 2,000, are remarkable for their industry and suavity. Not far from this agreeable village, on the left side of the road, is the burg of Frankenstein, the birth-place of the barons of that name. It is situated on a hill; and the tourist will be gratified by a visit to it, as one of the most interesting remains of the chivalry of the middle ages. The lovers of beautiful scenery will do well now to quit the new road, made within a few years, and take the old one, which, however, is no longer passable for carriages. He will there be delighted with a view of the romantic valley of Moldau, and the picturesque hamlet of Niederbeerbach; in the simple church of which now obscure place are contained the tombs of the Frankenstein family. The whole course of the road is skirted by chesnut-trees. We next pass Zwingenberg, remarkable only as an ancient fortress; and half a league farther on we arrive at Auerbach, an extensive and flourishing village, possessing a mineral fountain of rare qualities, but, not being *fashionable*, it is little frequented. A few hours passed here, in order to visit some remarkable sites in the neighbourhood,

will amply compensate for the delay. At the *Crown* inn there are good accommodations. To the mineralogist we should recommend an inspection of the quarries in the vicinity, which contain a fine primitive lime, a kind of granulated marble, little inferior to that of Carrara. The lapidification contains a mixture of idocras, granate, and hepatic silex.

By an easy and agreeable road we may reach the foot of the *Felsberg*, a mountain of much celebrity. It is many feet higher than the Malchen; and from its top a fine view is obtained of the whole of the Odenwald. The journey to its summit is very difficult, and somewhat dangerous to persons having weak nerves, from the constant uproar of a subterraneous torrent, the waters of which no human eye ever beheld. There is every reason to believe, from the remains of sawn and chiselled blocks of syenite, at different heights, and other *indices*, that Charlemagne derived from this mountain the principal materials for the construction of his palace at Ingelheim.

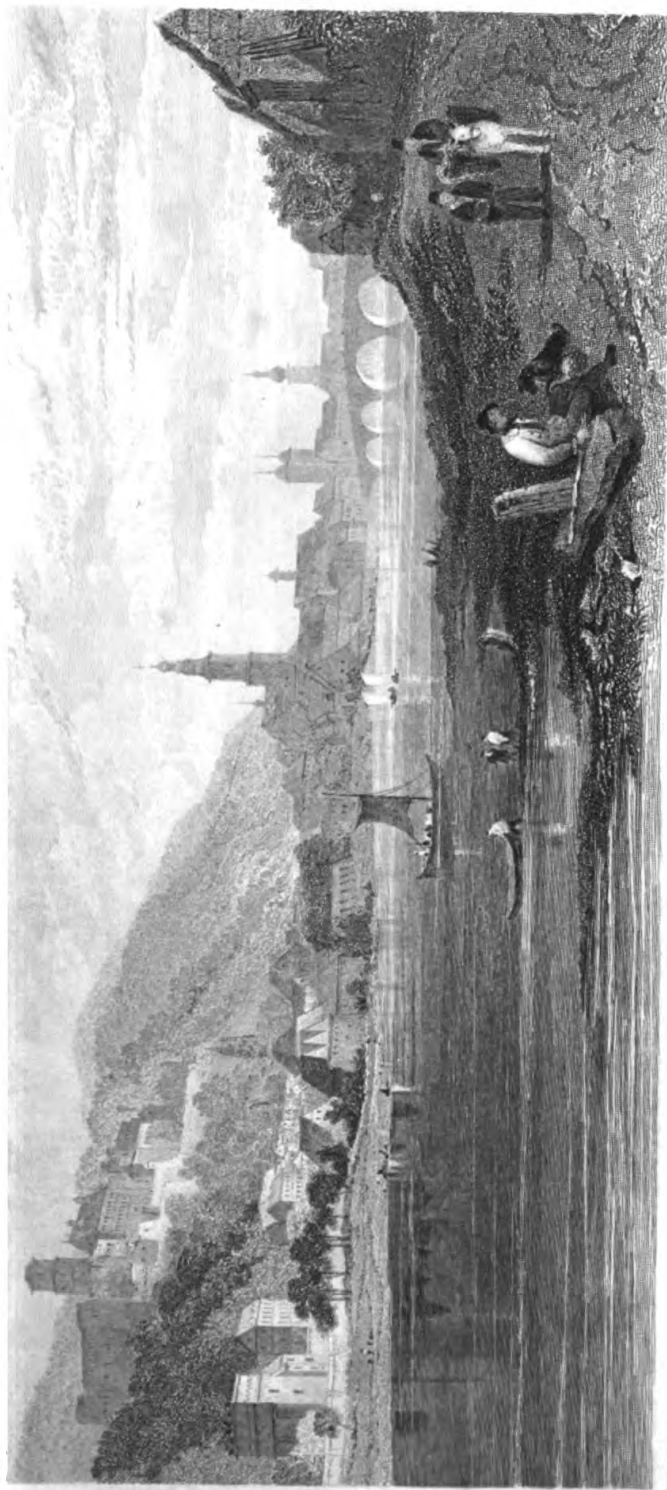
The next excursion might be to the highest point of the Bergstrasse, the well-known *Melibocus*, or *Malchen*, whence may be observed, as on a map, the whole course of the Rhine, from Spires to Bingen, and also the mountains of the Vosges, Tonnerre in France, and, beyond the Maine, the Vogelberg and the ever-interesting Taunus. On this spot was erected, in 1772, a handsome look-out tower, eighty feet high, provided with telescopes for the gratification of visitors. Many resort to it at day-break, to enjoy the beauty of the sun-rise, which, observed from high mountains, is

one of the most interesting sights that nature affords. Leaving Auerbach, we soon arrive at Bentheim, a little town, containing upwards of 4,000 inhabitants, remarkable for its beautiful situation on an acclivity, for its vineyards, for the antique character of its buildings, for its dismantled fortifications, and for its high turreted walls. In the year 1504 it sustained a long siege, and drove off the assailants, under the command of one *Guillot*, a Hessian, with great slaughter. The burying-place of the Hessians, slain in the combat, is seen outside the gate of Auerbach. On leaving Bensheim, we perceive, on the right, the town of Lorsch and the ruins of its once rich and celebrated abbey; and a little more in advance is seen the more ancient abbey of Altmunster, on an island formed by the Weschnitz. On the left side of the road is Starckenburg, a castle built in 1064, by Ulrich, abbot of Lorsch. It is a fine specimen of ancient architecture. Its fortifications were considerably augmented in later times; but during the last century they were entirely abandoned, and in great part destroyed. We now come to Heppenheim, containing nearly 4,000 inhabitants, and to Lautenbach, Hemsbach, and Sulzbach, all celebrated for their excellent wines. The next place of note is *Weinheim*, a little town of upwards of 4,000 inhabitants. This is one of the most interesting places of the Bergstrasse, from its amphitheatral situation on the slope of a mountain, and from the high antiquity of which it bears evident marks. Its environs are extremely beautiful; but the town itself is rendered unpleasant by narrow streets and the ruins of its ancient fortifications. It has six

churches, and an old monastery of Carmelites; the latter situated on a lofty mountain. The Weschnitz, a beautiful little stream, ripples cheerfully along the north side of the town, as if happy to be relieved from a troubled course, over rocks and precipices, in the wild and romantic valley of Birkenau. A walk to the latter place, through this valley, although the path is incommodious, will not fail to be gratifying to the mineralogist and to the admirers of Nature in her wildest attire. A short distance from Birkenau is Rodenstein, a burg famous in the traditions of the country, and where, even at the present day, the spectre, known by the name of the *Lindenschmidt*, or wild hunter, announces the approach of war, by directing the march of an invisible clamorous army towards Schnellerts, an ancient burg on the opposite side of the hill. "It is a fact," says a German writer of much celebrity, "that this strange and warlike noise has been heard and verified by persons of the greatest respectability, commissioned for the purpose. In vain has it been endeavoured, with all the aid of physical knowledge, to discover the cause of this phenomenon. May not this Lindenschmidt have some connexion with the Lindendrachen, in the ancient traditions of these countries, and also in the poem of Niebelungen?" In the church of the pretty hamlet of Fränkisch-Crumbach, which lies between Rodenstein and Schnellerts, are preserved the statues of the ancient chevaliers of Rodenstein and their ladies. Amongst the rest, the figure of the spectre knight is pointed out, whose restless spirit seems to delight in being the harbinger of war. In his excursions he never fails to pass, with tremen-

dous clamour, near a certain barn in the village, whereby its owner is enabled to give the first notice that *Rodenstein has opened his campaign.*

About half-way between Weinheim and Heidelberg, we arrive at the brow of a hill, whence we have a fine view of Mannheim and Ladenbourg; the latter, situated on the Neckar, five miles below Heidelberg, is the most ancient town of the palatinate on the right bank of the Rhine. Its antiquated towers and massive walls, together with the old church of St. Gall, have a very imposing effect. The next place on our route is the village of Schriesheim (five miles distant from Heidelberg), near which are perceived the ruins of Schauenbourg. Above Schriesheim, on an elevated site, is the beautiful Strahlenbourg. In a narrow valley near that place are two extensive paper-mills; and beyond them was formerly a mine of vitriol, now abandoned, except for the working of a vein of spath of barytes, imbedded in porphyry. Continuing our journey over a very pleasant road, planted on each side with fruit-trees, we soon arrive at Handschuhsheim, situated at the foot of the Heiligenberg, from the summit of which the view of the country would amply compensate for a visit to it, which may be easily effected by the *Mulenthal*—the valley of the mills. Near this place a severe conflict took place, in October, 1795, between the French, under General Dufour, and the Austrians, commanded by Kastanowich. The former lost 2,000 men and several pieces of cannon. As we approach Neuenheim, a village in the immediate vicinity of Heidelberg, we obtain the first view of that city, which, for mag-



W. H. Mason del.

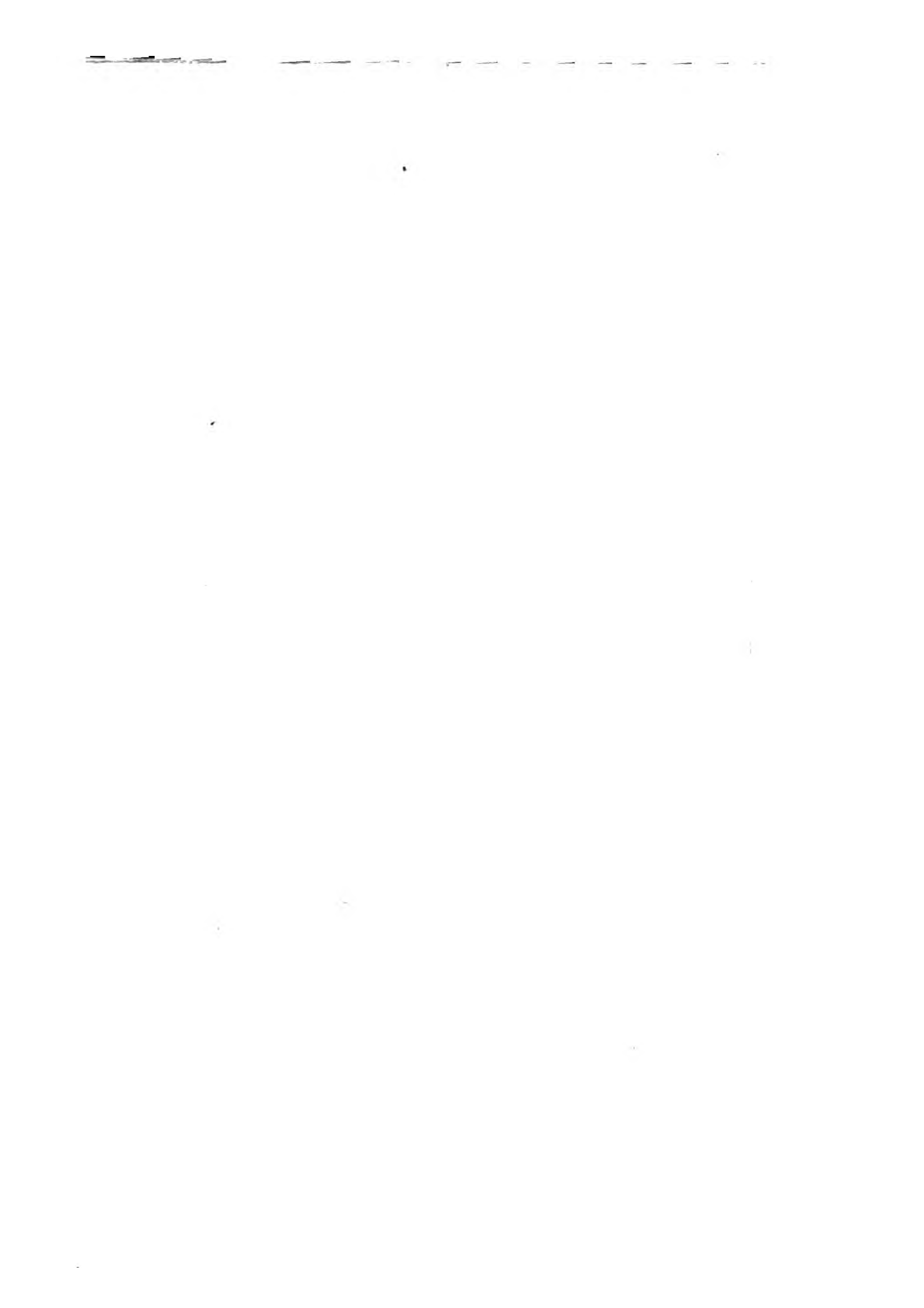
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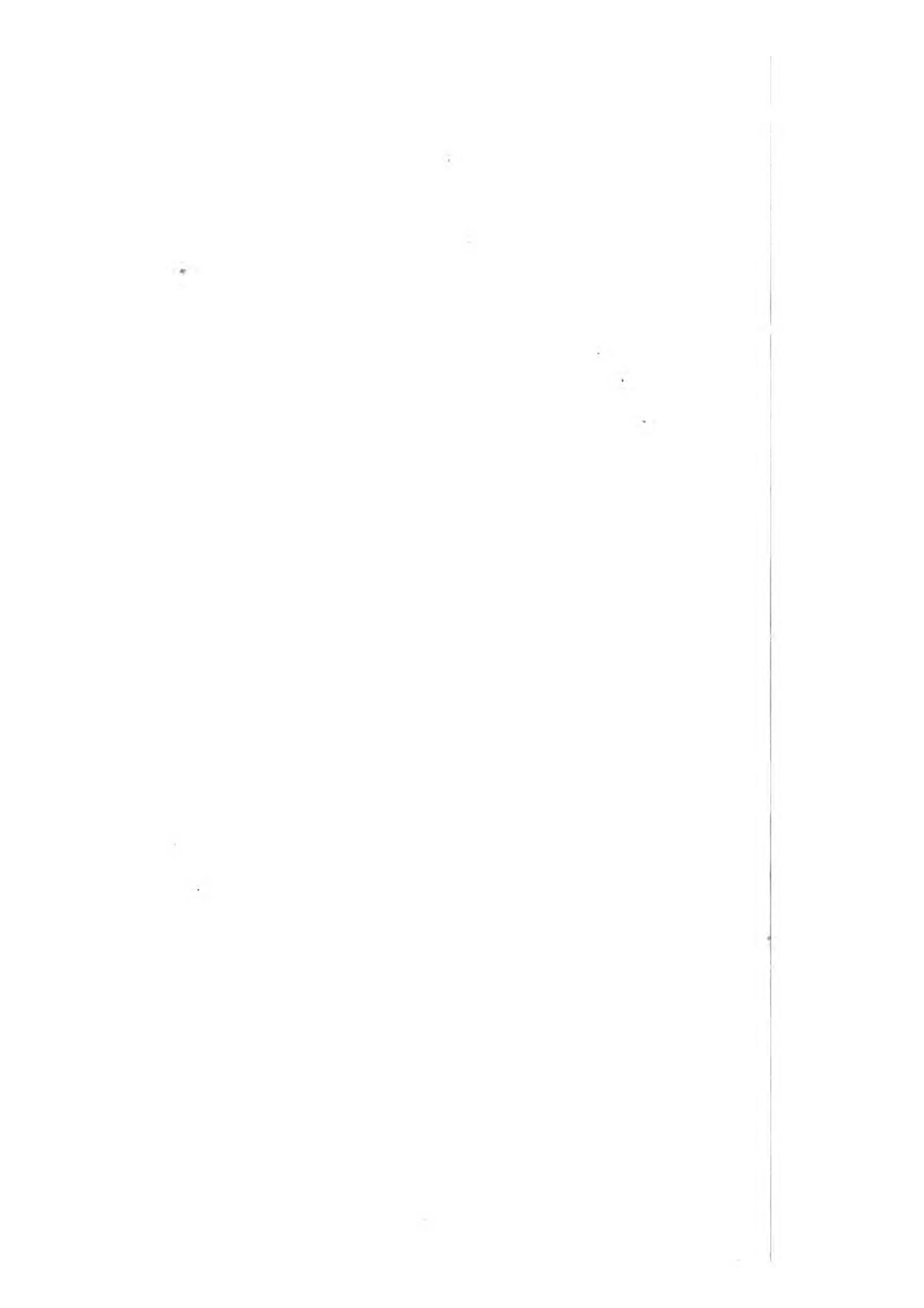
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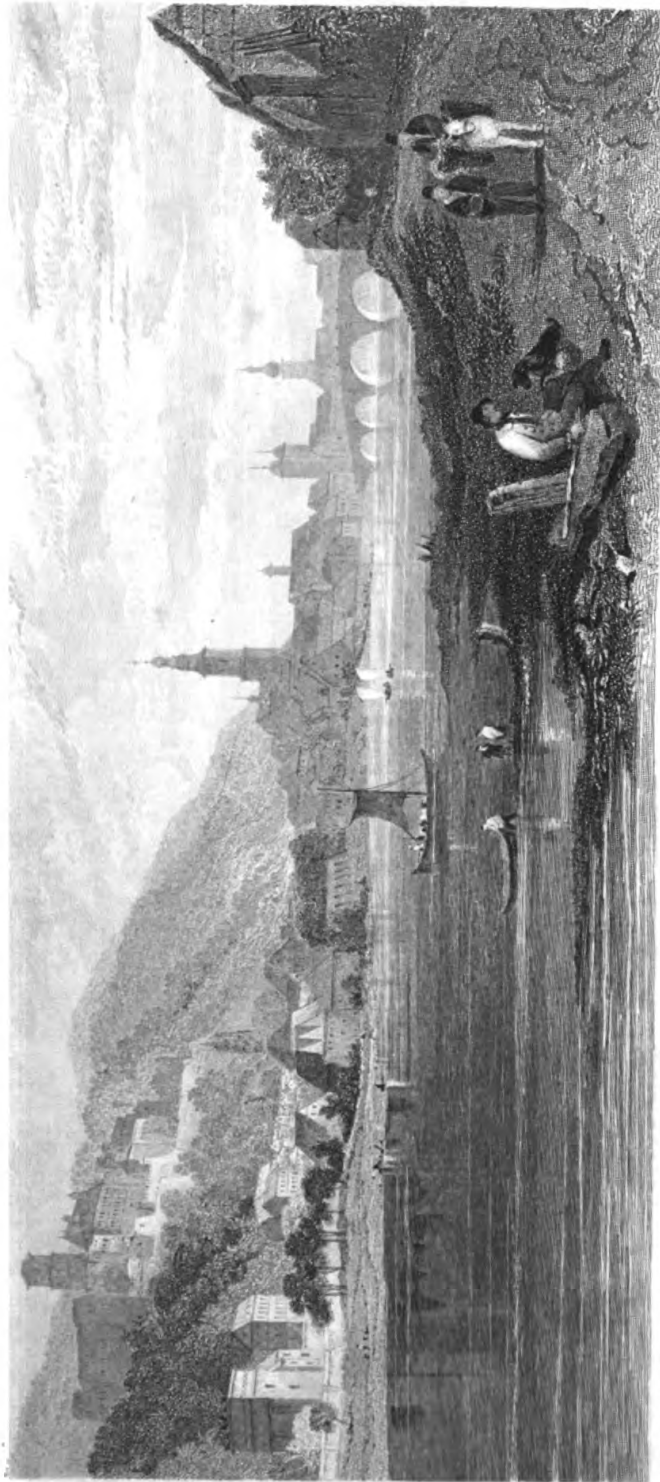
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nificence of scenery has scarcely its equal in the world. Its castle, rising above the city, majestic even in its ruins; the Neckar, winding its course towards the Rhine; the graceful bridge over it; hills rising on hills on one side, and a vast plain, extending as far as the eye can reach, on the other; present a landscape whereon the eye of the most phlegmatic traveller must repose with delight. At the entrance of Neuenheim is shown the house where Luther slept, on his way to appear before the diet of Worms. The bridge over the Neckar, by which we enter the city, is composed of nine arches, and is 750 feet in length and 34 in breadth. It is adorned with statues and balconies.

Heidelberg, one of the most ancient universities of Germany, and celebrated not only as a seat of learning, but also for the part it has taken in the wars of the empire, affords abundant materials for the observation of the tourist. The most striking object is the castle, once the princely abode of the sovereigns of the country, but now, "fallen from its high estate," presenting a melancholy picture of the instability of human grandeur. Assailed and shattered at different times, previous to the year 1689, by invading armies, it was at that period put in a state of repair by the French; its gardens were restored to their former elegance; and, until the year 1764, it remained the pride of the country; but then it was doomed to final destruction. The lightning, during a tremendous storm, struck it in several places, shivered its massive walls, and burnt it to the ground. There are still, however, enough of the walls remaining to convey an idea of its former







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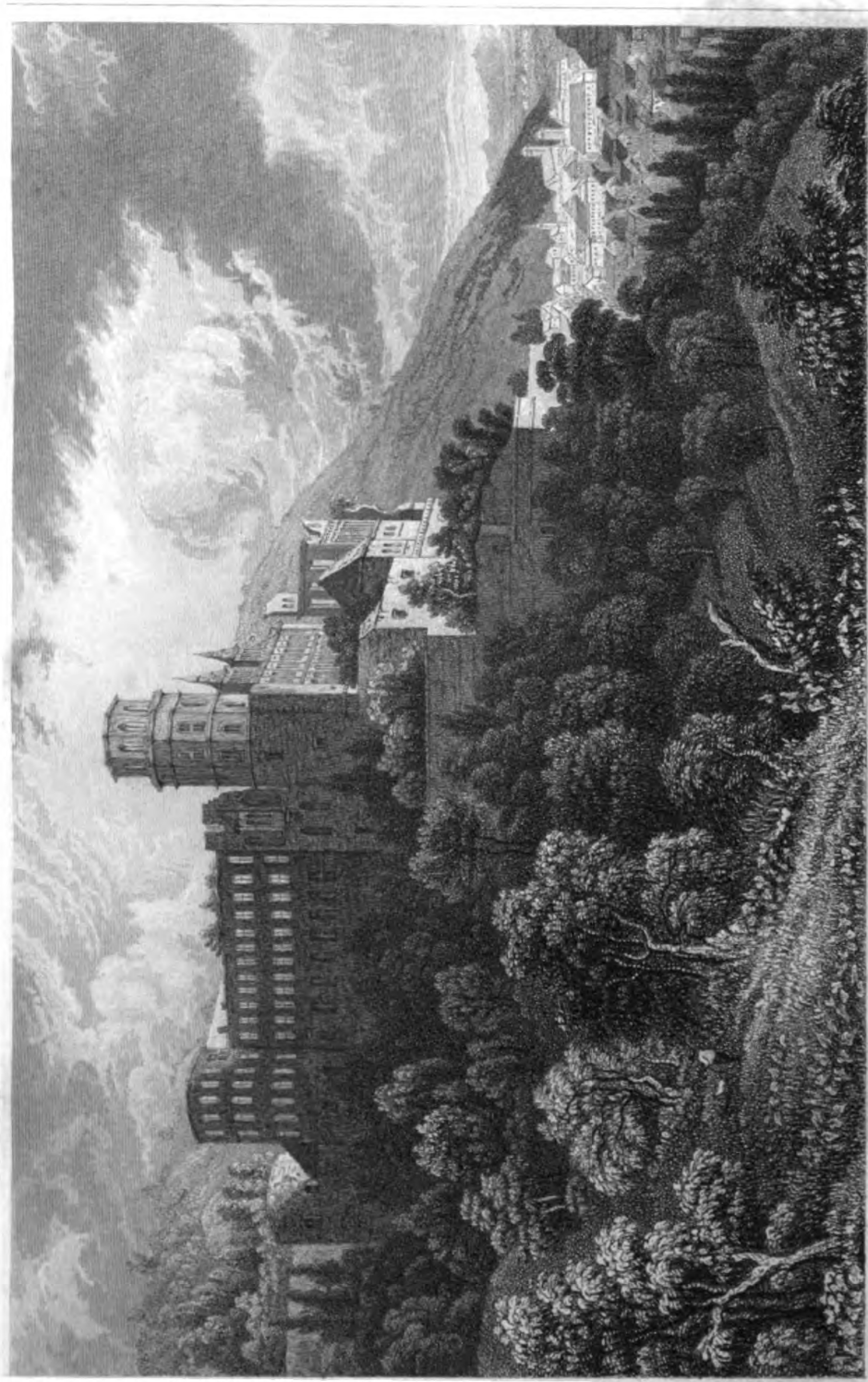
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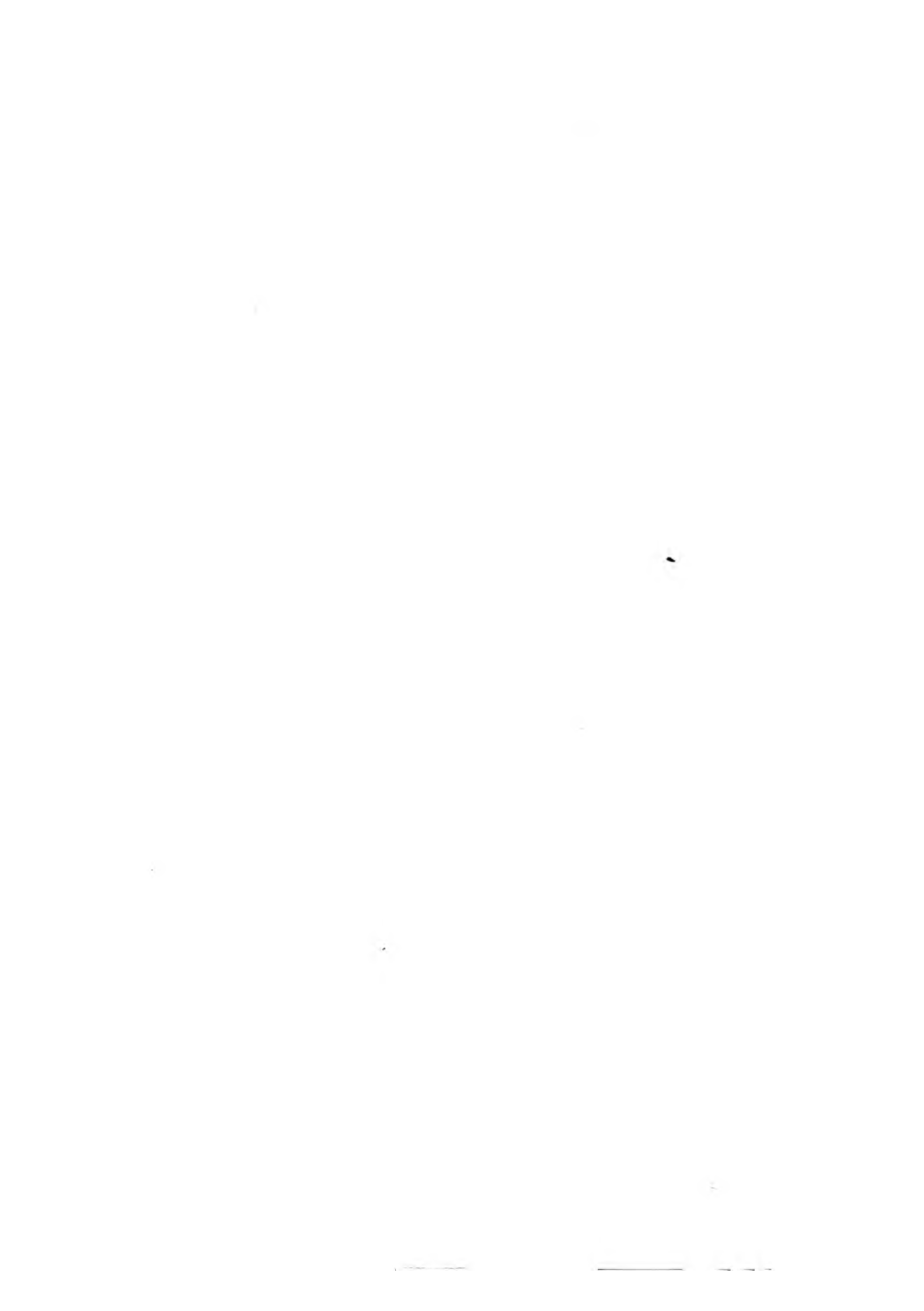
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THE GREAT BRITISH

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strength and of the consummate skill of its architect. The silence that now prevails in its once joyous courts ; the mutilated statues of the ancient electors ; the scorched remains of the splendid hall of the chevaliers, which even the fury of the elements could not totally destroy ; the columns of granite, that formerly adorned the imperial palace of Charlemagne at Ingelheim, now converted to the support of a crazy roof over the castle well ; all these unite to impress the mind with the folly of human ambition, and illustrate impressively the lines of a sweet poet of Italy :

“ La vita è un soffio—e mentre poca terra

“ Sta per coprir la nostra fragil salma,

“ Tanto dell'uomo ambiziosa è l'alma,

“ Che obelischi e colonne inalza e atterra.”

Around this scene of desolation Nature, unchanged, still lavishes her charms. The gardens are flourishing, as formerly ; the vine spreads its tendrils in every direction, even amid the ruins ; whilst the celebrated Heidelberg tun, now mouldering in a cellar of the castle, seems to lament the fallen fortunes of the palace, and the loss of its own utility and renown.

A stranger, at his first entrance into Heidelberg, or any other German university, cannot fail to remark the singular costume of many of the students. As no regular academic dress is adopted here, as in the English universities, every student is at liberty to indulge his fancy in point of habiliments, according to the taste or opulence of the party. Some affect the old and elegant velvet teutonic dress, which distinguished their ancestors in long-gone-by ages ; a few endeavour to imitate

the *muscadins* of Paris and the *dandies* of London ; but the greatest number adopt a grotesque and slovenly attire, more becoming disciples of Diogenes than the *alumni* of a modern university. These are often seen parading the streets with their tremendous *meershaum* pipes, and seeming, by their stare and bold deportment, to say, " we care for no one." In some of the German universities these deviations from the *convenances* which should characterize all public seats of learning are more common than in Heidelberg. It must not be understood, however, that our censure extends to any thing further than this affectation of originality. Many of the most *original* of the students have attained to a high standing in literature and in various branches of science ; but their talents are so strangely mixed up with acquirements, not emanating from their tutors, that we have often been reminded, in conversation with them, the well-known medley :

" Grammaticus, Pihetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
" Augur, Schœnobates, Medicus, Magus," &c.

The unsettled state of the country, for many years, its political changes, and the enthusiastic love of liberty which animates the German states, have given rise, at various periods, in some of their universities, to tumults so serious as to provoke severe measures on the part of the sovereigns, in whose territories they occurred. It is not our business to comment on these proceedings. We are the friends of rational liberty ; but we know that the ebullitions of youth must be restrained by the admonitions of cool philosophy, and directed to the establishment of a perfect line of demarcation between the

governor and the governed. The professors of Heidelberg are now selected by the enlightened sovereign of the country; and they have given ample proofs that his choice has not been injudicious. Their learning and talents are conspicuous; and their zeal in the performance of their various and arduous duties entitles them to universal respect.

The college of Heidelberg was founded in 1386, and by degrees it became possessed of the most valuable library in Europe. It continued to flourish until 1622, when the Bavarians, under Tilly, plundered the city, and sent the principal part of the library to the Vatican at Rome, as a present to pope Leo; where it remained, distinguished by the title of *Bibliotheca Palatina*, until the French overran Italy, in 1795. At that epoch its most valuable manuscripts and books were sent to Paris; and, amongst the rest, the *Codex Palatinus*. When the allies entered the French capital, in 1815, they were restored to Heidelberg, and deposited in the choir of the church of the Holy-Ghost, with a great number of other books and MSS, procured at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries and religious houses. In 1802, the city fell to the lot of the grand-duke of Baden, and the dawn of a brighter day arose on the university. The munificence of that prince furnished a liberal annual sum for the maintenance of professors, and the grand-duke himself accepted the office of rector. The old Dominican convent, now attached to the university, is devoted to anatomy and other scientific purposes. The university has also an excellent botanical garden, a zoological museum, a che-

mical laboratory, an observatory, and other accessories to the advancement of science and art. In 1824, the number of students amounted to 642. They have since much increased.

The most curious objects to be seen in the neighbourhood of Heidelberg are, the Wolfsbrunnen ; the convent of Neubourg ; the Heiligenberg and its ruins ; the Reisenstein, whence there is a delightful view of the castle and the city ; and the Kaiserstuhl, on which a monument has been erected, with an inscription, stating that the present emperor of Austria had honoured the spot with a visit.

At about three miles' distance from the city is the celebrated garden of *Schwetzingen*, much frequented for the variety of entertainment it affords. It occupies a space of 168 German acres, or *morgens*, and is adorned with cascades, fountains, obelisks, statues, of a classical and beautiful description, together with temples, Roman antiquities, Chinese bridges, and Indian pagodas. A Turkish mosque and the ruins of the temple of Minerva attract particular attention. The view from the minarets of the mosque is superb. The exotic and indigenous plants raised in this garden are much sought for in all parts of Germany ; and the nurseries seldom contain less than 170,000 plants. Everything that can add to the gratification of visitors is to be found here. In the old palace are convenient saloons for dancing and refectation, with hot and cold baths, &c. This garden was planned by one of the marquises of Baden, around a country house, or château, belonging to the marquise, originally of small dimensions, but which was increased, by the addition of wings, in proportion to



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J. M. W. Turner, del.

F. A. Schlegel, sculp.

THE MOSQUE AT SCHWETZINGEN.

MOSCHEE ZU SCHWETZINGEN.

LA MOSQUÉE A SCHWETZINGEN

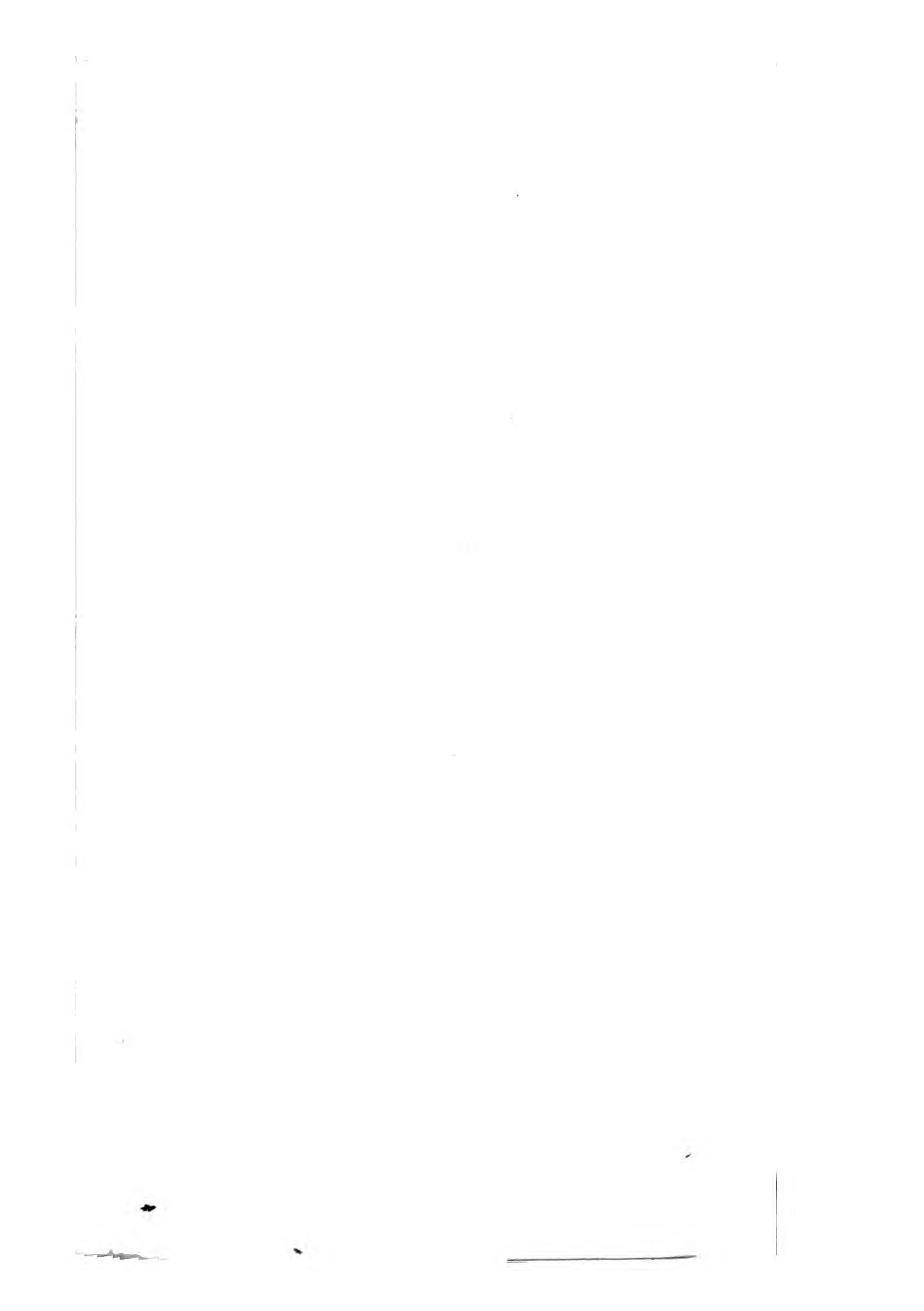
London, Tombleson & Co. 11 Paternoster Row.

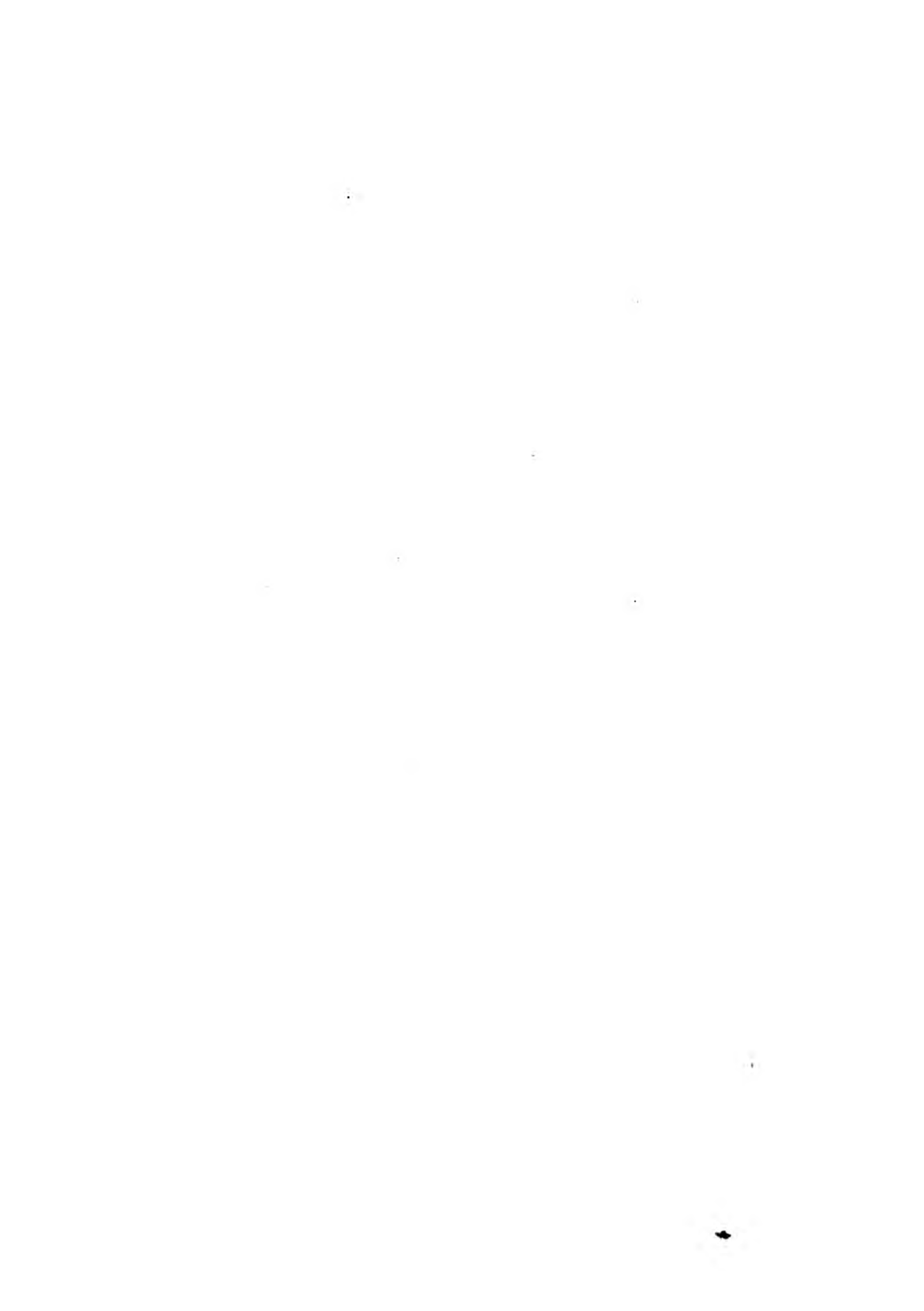


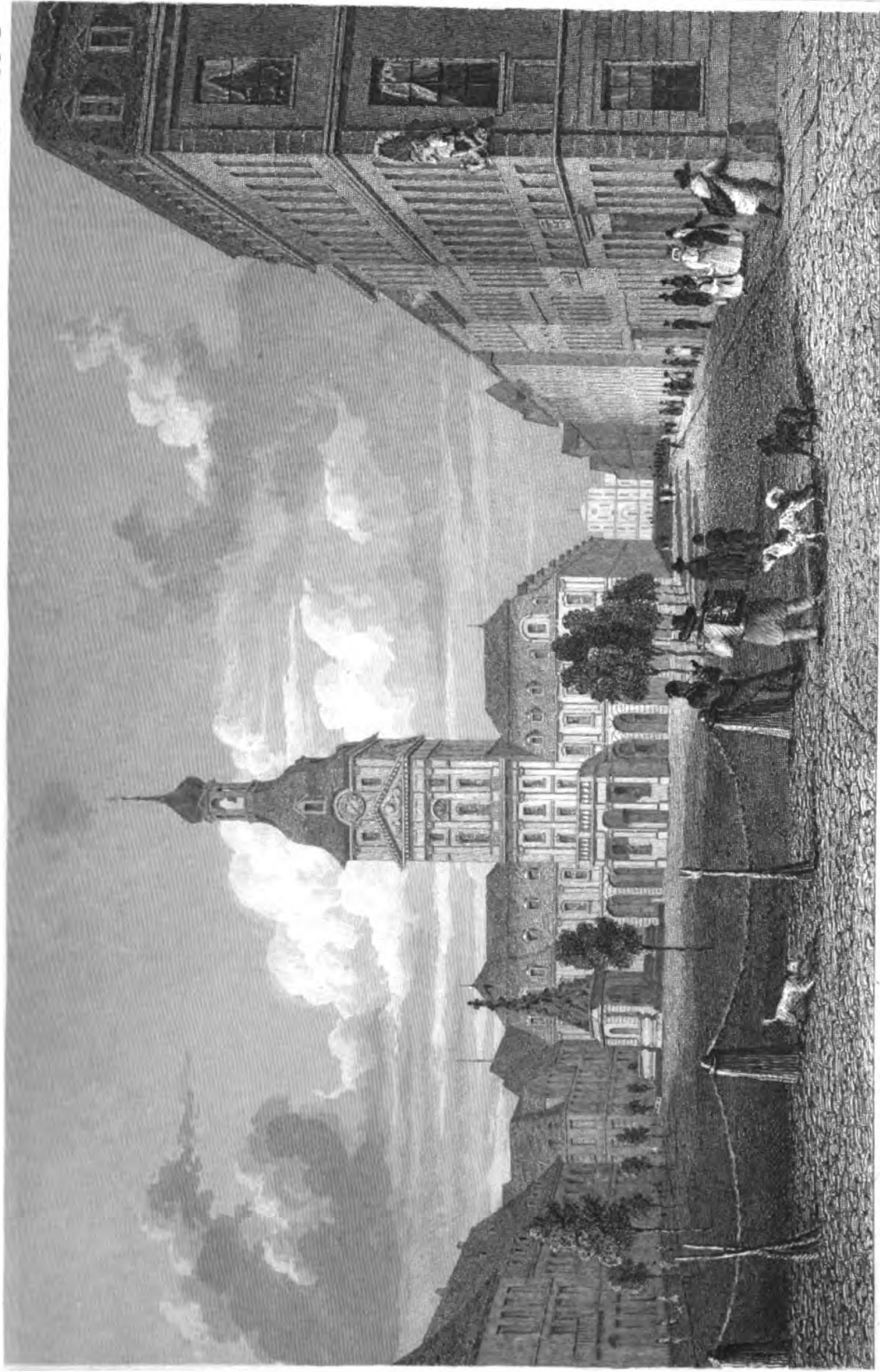
the increase of the family. Immense sums of money were spent in the adornment of this spot, which may be compared, in some respects, with Versailles, on which Louis XIV lavished the resources of the nation, and made an inglorious effort to rival the works of nature by the blandishments of art. In the time of Charles Theodore, to whom Schwetzingen owes the principal part of its beauties, 66,000 florins were appropriated annually to keep it in good order; but, as its present proprietor, the grand-duke of Baden, rarely visits it more than once in the year, during the summer months, the sum granted for its preservation is at present very considerably diminished. "The consequence is," says an English traveller, "the gaping Tritons look thirsty, the Naiads doubly desponding, and the Apollos and Bacchuses almost as dirty and yellow as real antiquities." The admirers of art will, however, be much gratified by a visit to this celebrated place; particularly as ingress and egress are freely offered, and guides are ever in attendance to shew and explain its manifold curiosities; the grand-duke, with a degree of liberality which characterizes him, has given positive instructions to the attendants to pay every attention to those who may please to inspect them.

We now hasten to regain the banks of the Rhine, at the confluence of that river with the Neckar; and having briefly described Mannheim, Spires, and some sites on the left bank of the river, and taken a retrospective view of Oppenheim and Worms, we shall direct our views to sublimer regions, where nature asserts her bold prerogative over the works of man.

Mannheim was known only as a village in the earliest annals of the country ; and was not raised to the rank of a city until the time of the elector Frederick IV, in the year 1606, who built Fredericksbourg. The French, in the thirty years' war, burnt the place to the ground ; from the ashes of which the present city has risen, like a Phoenix, in beautiful proportions. In spite, however, of the regularity of its streets, and other claims to be considered as one of the handsomest places in Germany, its population does not exceed 24,300, occupying about 1630 houses. This may be attributed to its having ceased to be the residence of the sovereign. In 1806 its fortifications were rased, and replaced, like those of Francfort, by delightful plantations, gardens and promenades, which encircle the city. The most remarkable edifice here is the palace ; the left wing of which sustained great injury during the bombardment of the place by the Austrians, in 1795. In this building are contained many choice works of art, in painting and sculpture, a cabinet of natural history, and a well-selected library. The theatre is a fine structure ; the orchestra, as in most of the cities of Germany, is excellent ; but of late years, from the paucity of the population, and other causes, the actors are not of the first class. The observatory, (115 feet high) was built in 1772, by Charles Theodore ; and, although, from false calculations in its construction, it is of little use for scientific purposes, it affords from its top a most extensive view of the surrounding country. The exchange, the town-house, the two catholic churches, and the old protestant church, are fine buildings. There are two public squares:—the





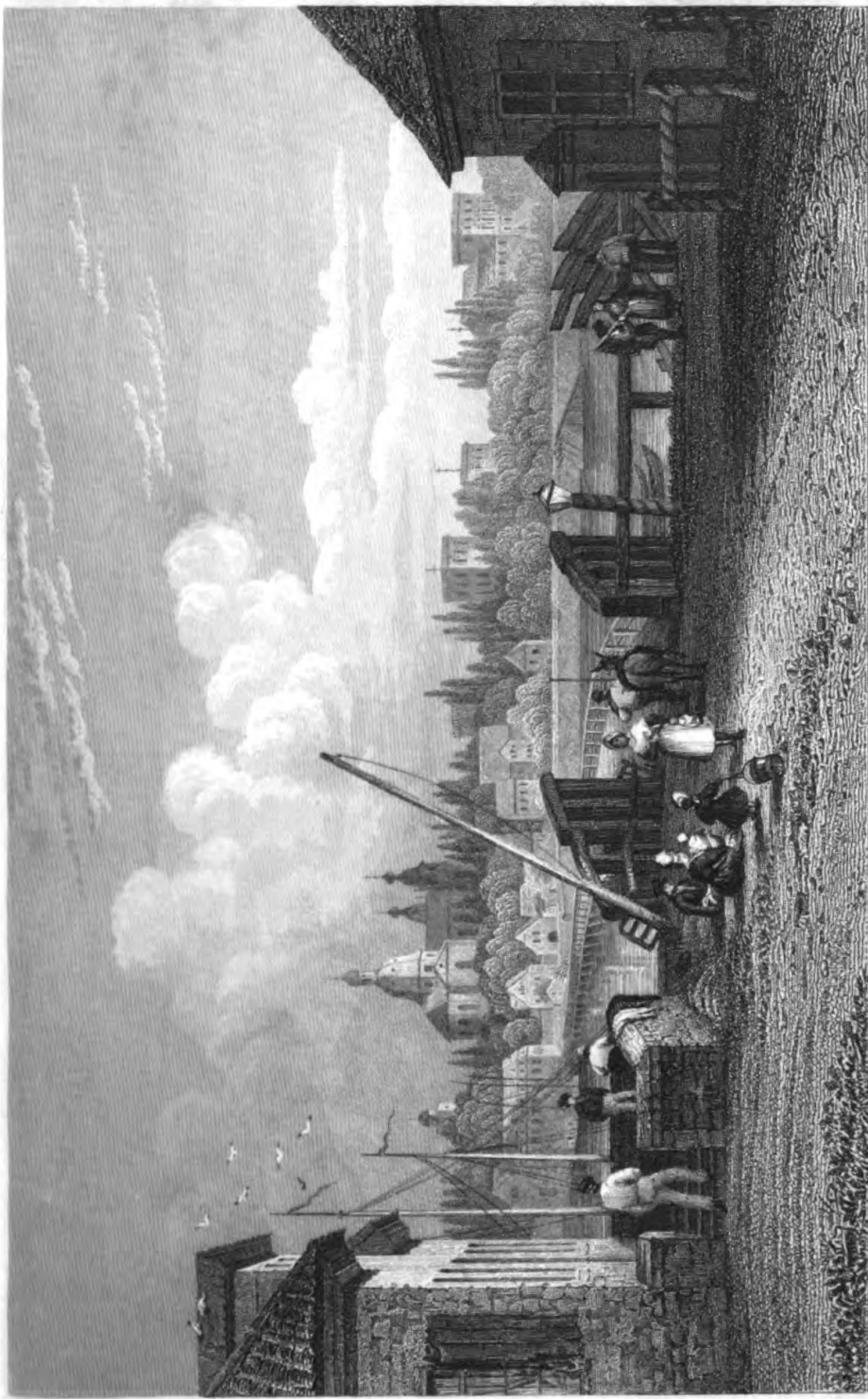


W. Wood sculp.

MIANHILL.

London, Tomlinson & Co. Lithographers New





L'Harbor reale

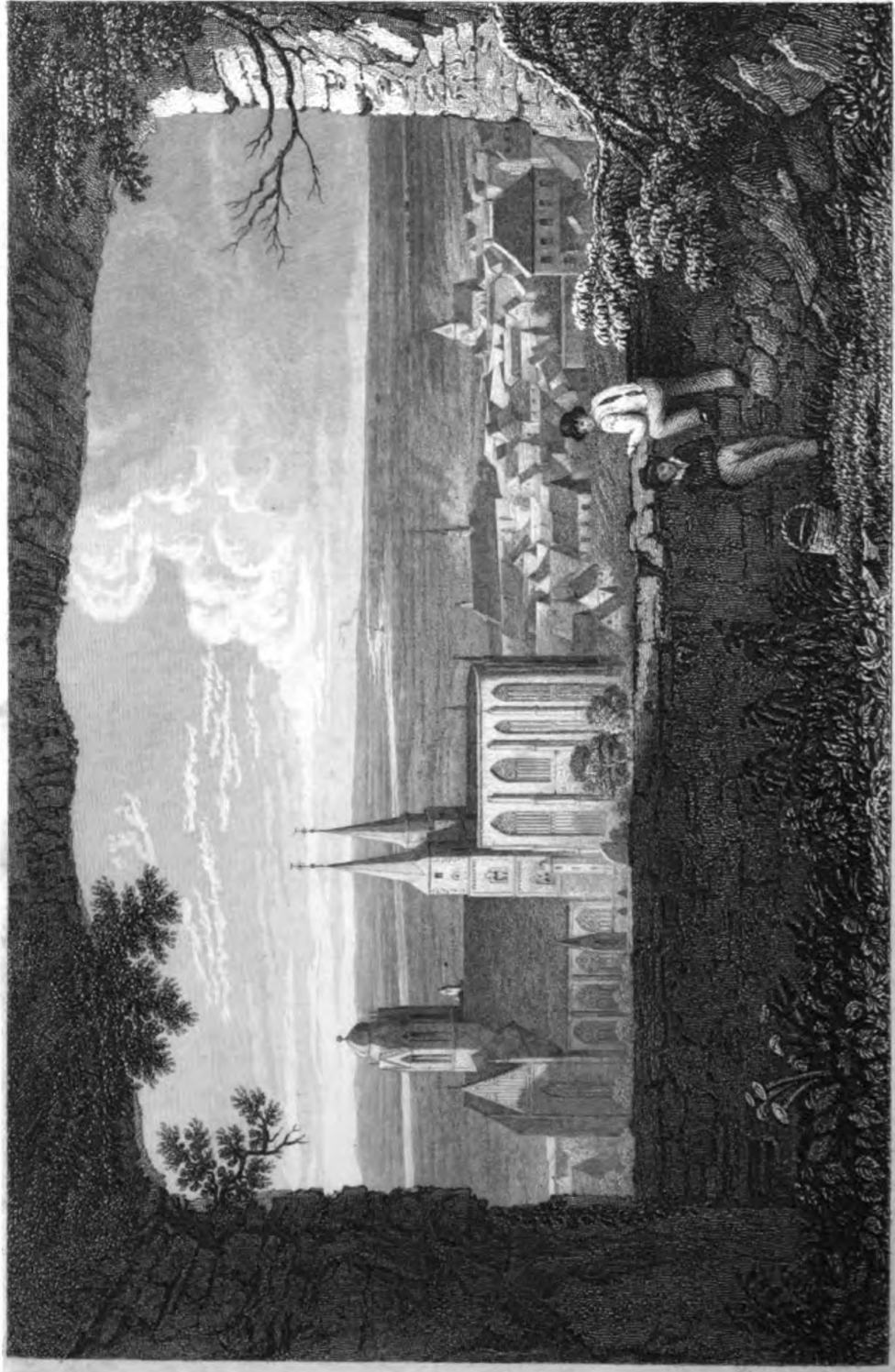
M. S. N. P. S. A. M.

London: Published by W. G. & Co. 15, Pall Mall East.

Imbriaco del F.







F. Berber sculp.

Thomson. del.

U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

WATER RESOURCES DIVISION

PLATE 1



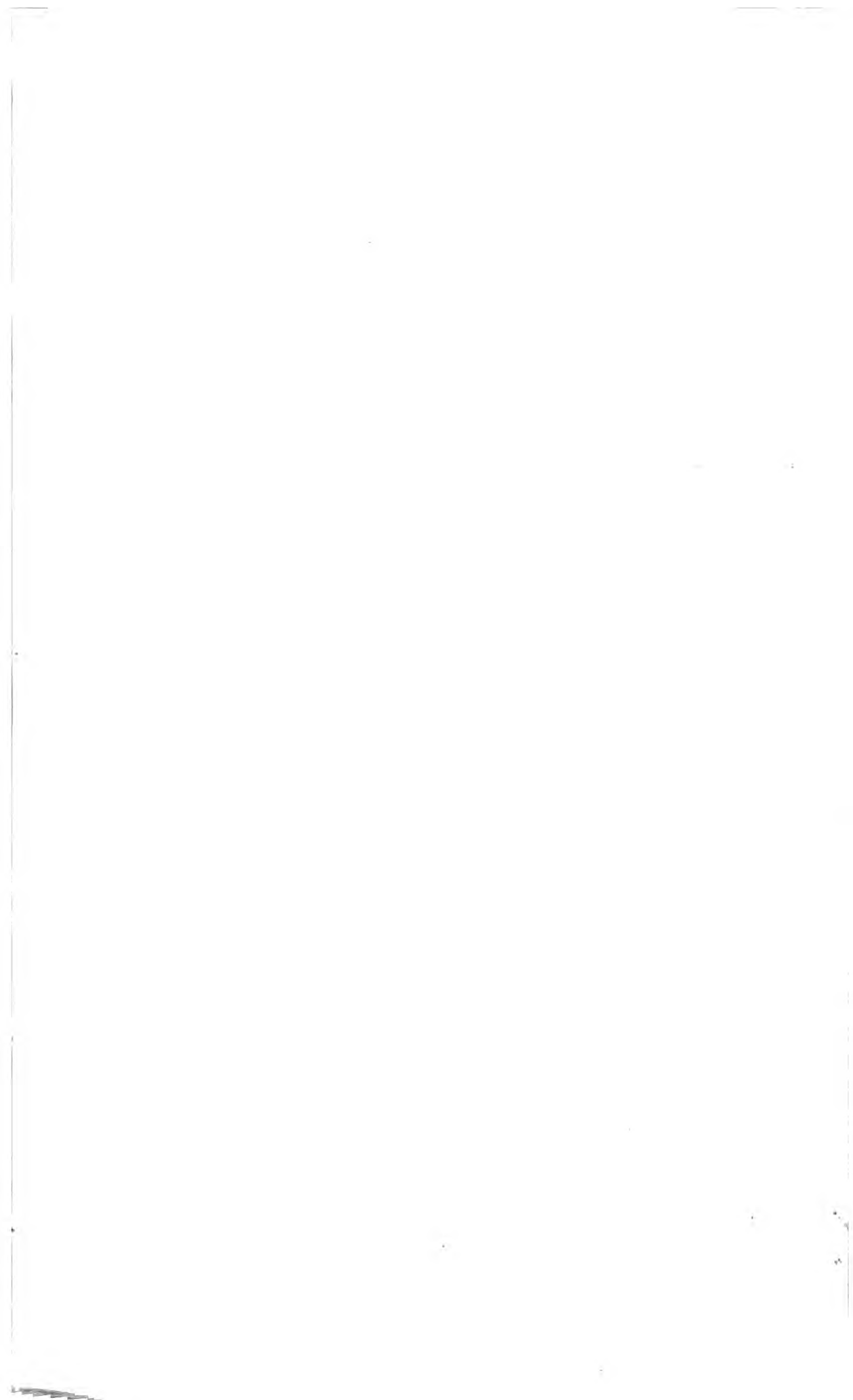
first, for military parade ; in the centre of which is a handsome fountain by Crepillo : the second is the market-place, in which is a group of figures (by Brandt) alluding to the situation of the town between the Rhine and the Neckar. The society called the *Harmony*, at the Achenbach coffee-house, has an excellent library. Strangers presented there by members are admitted, as at the casino of Francfort, for one month, free of expense. In the neighbourhood are several agreeable walks. Over the bridge on the Neckar, there are many houses of entertainment, pleasure grounds, &c. for the recreation of the citizens. The principal inns are, the *Palatine Court*, the *Golden Fleece*, the *Silver Anchor*, and the *Three Kings*. Passage-boats for Heidelberg, Worms, and Mentz set out every morning and afternoon, at very low fares ; and also diligences for Carlsruhue, Francfort, and other places.

The bleached linens of Mannheim are in great esteem ; and its jewelry, manufactured with *similar*, or imitation gold, has an extensive sale. Vignette playing cards are also made here in great beauty and perfection.

Oppenheim, eleven miles from Mentz, and fifteen from Worms, contains, at the present day, scarcely 2,200 inhabitants, although in the 13th century it was an imperial city. Not long after the invention of printing, from 1610 to 1620, it was renowned for its excellence in typography ; and the books printed there being very rare, are consequently highly valued. The principal objects of curiosity in this place are the old church of *Saint Catherine*, and the *ci-devant* parish-church of *Saint Sebastian* ; the latter built in the time of the

Carlovingians, but now consecrated to the Lutheran worship. The ruins of the ancient and celebrated castle of Landscron, and the spot where, it is said, Gustavus Adolphus passed the Rhine on a barn-door, instead of a boat, engage the attention of the traveller. The hospital of Oppenheim formerly belonged to the templars.

A few leagues below Mannheim, on the left bank of the river, is *Worms*, one of the most ancient and celebrated cities of Germany. After the devastations of Attila, this place was the first to recover some degree of prosperity. Charlemagne often made it his residence, and held in it several of his parliaments, or *Champs-de-Mai*. This city was much distinguished in the history of the middle ages; and in later times it became celebrated by the sittings of the diet, particularly those of 1495, when Germany received a regular code of laws. It was at Worms that Charles V convened the diet, in 1521, before which Luther was arraigned. At that time it was in a populous and very flourishing state; but, within the last two hundred years, it has rapidly declined. In 1689 the French completed its destruction, and dispersed the inhabitants. Its population does not exceed, at the present day, 7,000, and few remains are to be found of its ancient grandeur. The cathedral, a venerable monument of the 8th century, is remarkable for its massive style of architecture. In the Lutheran church of the Trinity there is a painting, *in fresco*, by Seekatz, representing Luther before the diet; but as this church was burnt in 1689, and rebuilt in 1725, it must be supposed that the portraits of the different personages represented are the work of imagination.





Tombleson del.

J. Woods sc.

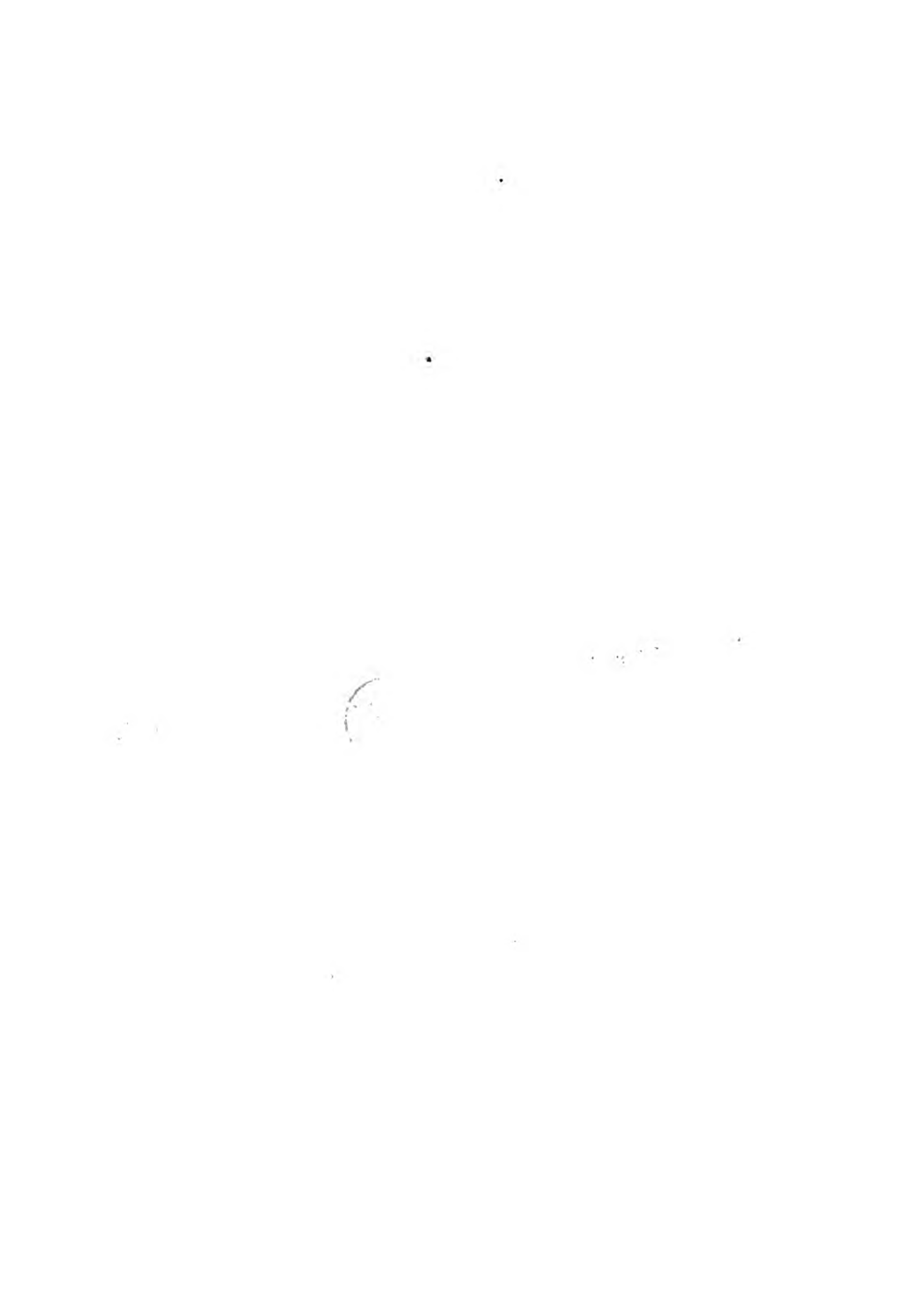
WORMS CATHEDRAL

DOMKIRCHE ZU WORMS

CATHÉDRALE DE WORMS

London: Tombleson &

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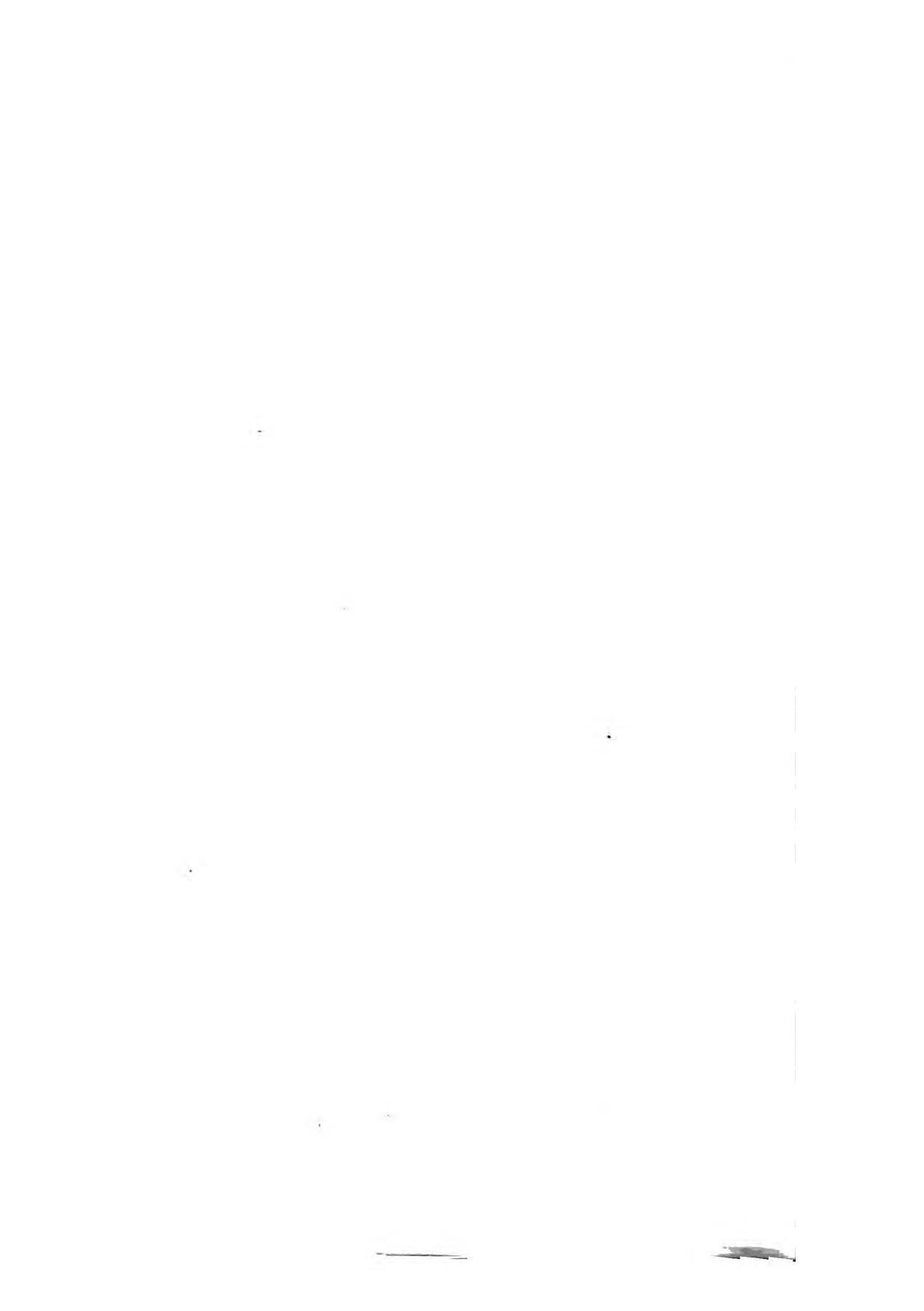
Engraving - 21/2

T. Barber, sculp.

12, 24, 36, 48, 60.

London: Published by W. & A. Groom, 11, St. Martin's Lane.





At Pfeffligheim, near the city, is shown the oak-tree, under which Luther is said to have reposed.

We now proceed to *Spires*, situated on the left bank of the Rhine, about twelve miles above Mannheim. This city, the *Augusta Nemetum*, or *Spira*, of the Romans, and at present the residence of the regency of Rhenish Bavaria, has not more than 7500 inhabitants, although, in times of yore, it flourished as an imperial residence. Tacitus mentions it as one of the best fortified and the most formidable places on the Rhine. It was often destroyed by the Germans, under the Roman empire. Constantine, and afterwards Julian, restored it to prosperity. The Romans possessed it from about the year 57 before Christ, until the fourth century, when it was exposed to the ravages of the Huns and Vandals, who at length were subdued by the Franks. Dagobert founded the monastery of St. Germain, on the site of the temple of Minerva. The kings of that dynasty, and also the Carolingians, and the Saxon and Franconian emperors, had alternatively their residence here. The building of the church of St. John de Waidenberg and the cathedral was commenced by Conrad le Salique, who appointed the latter as the place of sepulture for himself and his successors. Henry III continued the building, and, after his death, in 1056, Henry IV, his son, had the glory of finishing this magnificent monument, in the Grecian style of architecture of the second period. The vault, under the interior of the back choir, contains the mortal remains of nine emperors; namely, Conrad II, Henry III, IV, V, Conrad III, Philip of Swabia, Rodolph of Habsbourg, Adolphus of Nassau, and Albert

and palaces of ancient celebrity ; and many are the tales told of them, which might fill a volume of ample dimensions. The subterraneous passages, leading from castles to monasteries, and from monasteries to towns and villages, discovered of late years in this district, prove almost to demonstration that deeds were done by their aid which would not bear the light, and which offer prolific subjects for the pen of romance.

From Hambach we may perceive the ruins of the ancient castle of Triefels, situated on a singularly-form-ridge of steep rocks, among the highest mountains of the Vosges. Tradition says that *Richard Cœur-de-Lion*, the chivalrous king of England, was confined here until the ransom was paid, which the treacherous duke of Austria exacted : but this account is improbable, as Richard was seized at Vienna, and, according to records which we have seen in that city, was immediately conveyed to the castle of Thürnstein, on the Danube, where he was at length discovered by a faithful servant, who had travelled, under the disguise of a minstrel, through a great part of Europe, in search of him. In consequence of this discovery, a treaty was set on foot with the Austrian by England, and an immense ransom paid for the captive king, which was in part applied to the fortification of Vienna ; the duke justly dreading some kind of retaliation when the *lion-heart* was at liberty ; the mania of the times, however, being directed to the liberation of the Holy Land, absorbed the attention of Europe, and averted the punishment which the brutal and treacherous duke so justly merited.

We may now recross the Rhine by the passage-boat, which goes often and regularly, in the course of the day, from Spires to Rheinhausen, and proceed to Carlsruhe, by the way of Waghausen and Graben. At Waghausen there is a château, pleasantly situated in a park, which belonged formerly to the bishopric of Spires, but is now the property of the state of Baden. Graben is a handsome little town, which was also possessed by the chapter of Spires in former times, but was afterwards transferred to the noble family of Upstatt. About three miles from this place is the village of Shreck, where there is an immense wooden building, used as a dépôt for goods and merchandize arriving from the Rhine, or waiting for shipment to their various destinations. Passage-vessels, to and from the principal towns on the Rhine, are to be found here. Not far from this place is the establishment for collecting, separating and washing the gold-dust, which is thrown up constantly by the current of the Rhine, with pebbles and other substances. The gold is chiefly found between Kneilingen, a village, two miles distant from Carlsruhe, and Linkenheim, a small place, five miles below it. The operation of separating and washing the precious metal is very simple, but laborious, and the profit derived from it is inconsiderable. The works are the property of the government, and they afford employment to a number of hands.

We next arrive at the princely town of *Carlsruhe*, whose noble and tasteful buildings and streets now occupy a space which, little more than a century ago, was overgrown with forest-trees. A simple circumstance led

to its foundation. The margrave, Charles William, was one day hunting in the Hartwald, or Hart-forest, when, finding himself much fatigued and exhausted, he perceived the stump of a tree, which afforded him an agreeable seat. The refreshing breeze, the singing of the feathered race, and that repose of nature which is peculiarly impressive amid forest shades, soon restored his flagging spirits, and determined him to build a hunting-box near the spot. In 1715 the first stone of this building was laid, and formed the nucleus of the present palace and of a populous and elegant town, the capital and favourite residence of an enlightened prince, and the distinguished seat of the fine arts. The suavity of the air of this town, and its vicinity to an extensive and noble forest, where in a few minutes we may retire to cool embowering shades, and listen to the song of the feathered free-booters of nature, which, during a great part of the day "discourse sweet music," afford to a philosophic and contemplative mind the most delightful recreation; but to those who love the bustle of the great world, and seek the blandishments of gay society, Carlsruhe presents but few attractions. In its streets are never heard the noisy stir of commerce by day, nor any sounds at night, save the watchman's tread, or the nasal organs of uneasy sleepers. Even the brute creation seems observant of this general repose. Here the silence of the midnight hour is as the silence of the Hartwald.

*"Desierant latrare canes, urbesque silebant,
"Omnia noctis erant placidâ composita quiete."*

We do not mean to say, however, that rational amusements and even brilliant and jovious assemblies

are not in vogue here. The theatre is well attended ; and balls are not unfrequent ; but the regulations and example of the court and the general taste of society in this part of Germany are against late hours and midnight revelry. Theatrical and other exhibitions seldom close later than ten o'clock ; and by eleven, the oft-repeated *schlafen sie wohl* closes the evening scene.

The late and much-lamented architect, Weinbrenner, added much to the beauty of the town. The *Stadthaus*, in the market-place, built under his direction, is a good specimen of correct taste, uniting simplicity with elegance. A pyramid now marks the spot whereon was erst the stump which afforded rest to the margrave, and gave to the town its appellation of Carls'-*ruhe*, or Charles's-*rest*. The old catholic church formerly stood on the place where the pyramid is now raised. A new one was built by Weinbrenner ; under whose direction also the new Lutheran church and most of the other modern buildings were erected. The tourist would do well to devote a few days to the enjoyment of this delightful town and its environs, and in examining the various works of art and improvements with which they abound. The art of engraving, here practised in a degree of perfection only surpassed in England, gives employment to a considerable number of clever men, who have been raised chiefly by the taste and industry of professor Frommel, to whom Carlsruhe is much indebted for this branch of business. Genius, ever loving "the sequestered vales of life," seems to have fixed her abode in this town ; and the fostering care of the present grand-duke has drawn around him distinguished persons in every

class of arts, science and literature. Would that all princes, who hold the destinies of nations in their hands, would profit by his example!

The tourist who is alive to the sympathies which dignify human nature, and who loves to meditate in scenes where the wrecks of mortality present an awful spectacle of the termination of our frail existence in this world, should not fail to visit the great burying-ground of Carlsruhe. It is not so grand and diversified as that of *Père La Chaise* at Paris; but it is more impressive, because less artificial. We see not here the faded chaplets and tawdry tokens which are hung in great profusion about the tombs at Paris; but we may observe the widow's and the orphan's tears watering the turf under which reposes the remains of a lamented husband and father, or a group of children planting on the grave of a mother, brother, sister, or dear friend, the significant *forget-me-not* and other flowers emblematic of their lasting affection. The arrangement of a German *Gottesacker* is in perfect keeping with German feeling. Mawkish and false panegyrics on the virtues of the dead are not found, as in England, on splendid tablets, which, as Biron observes, tell

“Not what they were, but what they should have been,”

but on every grave we may observe the sod kept in repair, the odoriferous plants and flowers regularly watered, and all noxious weeds plucked out by the hand of love or friendship.

An English writer on orticular science, &c., who paid a visit to this interesting burying-ground not long since, obliges the world with the following observations

respecting it. We give them as a specimen of the frigid indifference of some of our travelling *savants* to every thing but their hobby-horses. "There are," says he, "some straight and winding walks through it, a number of groups of trees, and a great many monuments, mostly, however, in bad taste. The monument of the poet Stilling is a large block of rough stone, cracked in several places, but with an inscription across the principal rent. The most common shrub we found here to be the *Hypéricum Kalmiànum*; the principal trees, the weeping birch and weeping willow: there is a considerable variety of herbaceous plants, both annuals and perennials." This, verily, reminds us of a travelling tailor, who, after gazing for some time at the stupendous falls of Niagara, which seldom fail to excite the astonishment and admiration of those who visit them, and fill the mind with an awful sense of the sublimity of creation, observed, on finding his garments damped by the misty spray arising constantly from the great concussion of the waters, that it was a *fine place for spunging a coat!*" In these two instances we may admire the triumph of *science* over *sensiment*.

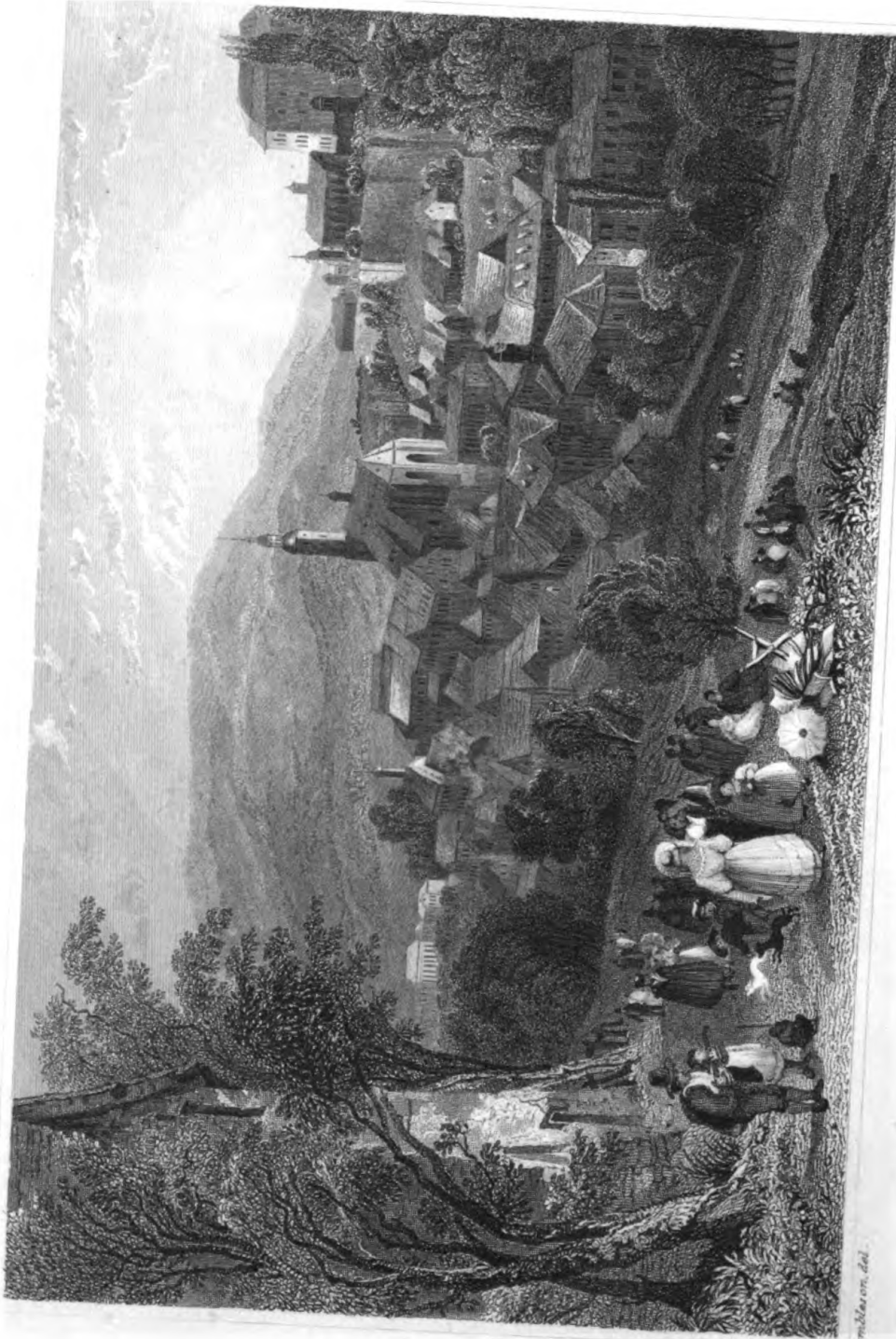
We now proceed, by Ettlingen and Rastatt, to Baden, whither our reader, we venture to hope, will accompany us with pleasure. Ettlingen, distant about four miles from Carlsruhe, is agreeable situated at the entrance of a romantic valley, through which the *Alb* (a rivulet, having its source in the forest) pursues its peaceful course. Its population is about 3000. Several Roman antiquities have been found in the en-

vrons; and it is distinguished as the birth-place of Francis Irenicus and Gaspard Hedio. Five miles from this place is Rastatt, the ancient residence of the margraves of Baden. This town is situated on the river Mourg, and is celebrated for the treaty of peace signed there, in 1714, between prince Eugene and marshal Villars, and more particularly so for the congress of 1797-99. It is moreover unhappily notorious as the place near which the assassination of the French republican ambassadors was perpetrated, as they were returning to France, after a fruitless negociation for peace. This transaction has left a stain on the country, which will never be obliterated.

The chief object which engages attention at Rastatt is the palace, built by the margravine Sybille Augusta of Saxe-Lunenbourg, wife of the celebrated general, the margrave Lewis William. In the apartments are seen the trophies which he obtained in the war against the Turks, together with some fine paintings. The *façade* is terminated by a *belvidere*, whence the view is very extensive. On the river Mourg are constructed many of those immense rafts which are frequently seen descending the Rhine, and they afford an agreeable and safe conveyance for passengers to Mannheim and other places lying in the course of the river. The Mourg empties itself into the Rhine at the village of Steinmauern.

A long and sombre chain of mountains runs parallel with the Rhine, from the northern frontier of Switzerland to the river Enz, near Pforzheim. The ancient Germans denominated it *Markwald*; the Romans dis-





Zambra del.

BATH - ENGLAND.

London, Foubler & Co. 11 Paternoster Row.

H. Zucco, sc.

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tinguished it by the appellation of *Sylva Marciana*. In later times it was called *Swartzwald*, or the Black Forest, from the dark colour of its pine-trees. Many rivers and brooks derive their sources from this district, the principal of which are, the Danube, the Neckar, the Wutach, the Schwarsach, the Cander, the Visée, the Treisam, the Schoutter, the Kinsig, the Mourg, the Enz, the Nagold, the Alb, &c. Most of these flow westward, through delightful valleys, and empty themselves into the Rhine. In one of the pleasantest of these valleys, seven miles distant from Rastatt and eighteen from Carlsruhe, is situated *Baden*, or *Bad-Baden*, on a rivulet called the As, which formerly was the line of demarcation between Rhenal France and Germany. In later times this rivulet separated the bishopric of Spires from that of Strasbourg. Baden was known to the Romans by the name of *Civitas Aurelia Aquensis*. It is distant from the Rhine about six miles. The valley in which the town is situated is of great extent, and presents innumerable beauties. One part of the town is built on the acclivity of a hill, in terraces, and part of it, with the castle, covers the whole of its summit. The streets are consequently irregular, and the houses are far from being commodious; the only access to their gardens being often through the garret windows. The castle was built by the margraves of the thirteenth century; but was much altered and improved in later times by its possessors. The subterraneous vaults of this castle are highly worthy of inspection. The uses to which they were appropriated may be easily imagined by those who are conversant with the history of this

part of the country in former ages, and to which we have alluded in the Introduction to the present series of our work. The entrance to these mysterious vaults is by the tower at the right angle of the castle, where there is a spiral staircase, which leads first to a swimming-bath, constructed in the Roman style. From this bath is a narrow passage communicating with many others of a similar description, at the extremities whereof are massive iron and stone doors, made to fasten on the outside with iron bars fixed in the walls, and at length terminate in a chamber, which, from the remains of various instruments of torture, still visible, was evidently the scene of monstrous cruelties. From this chamber runs another passage, where formerly was a trap-door, so constructed that any person who attempted to pass over it was plunged into an abyss, from which it was impossible that he could ever escape. The discovery of this infernal contrivance was made not many years since, by the circumstance of a dog having fallen into the pit, and in the endeavour to extricate him, a person was let down into it by ropes, who found cords, daggers, and many instruments of torture, which the secret tribunals that formerly existed in this part of the country had undoubtedly employed for the destruction of their miserable victims. This pit is now filled up. The description of the rest of this horrible place would encroach too much on the limits we have assigned to our work; but we have said enough to confirm the tales of princely and priestly enormities exercised on a benighted world, ere the rays of civilization had penetrated the gloomy recesses of despotism and superstition.

For many years past, every effort has been made to give to this place the ascendancy over every other watering-place of Germany; and it must be confessed that, whether we visit it for the restoration of health or for the recreation of the mind, a month or two passed here during the summer or autumnal season, cannot fail of being agreeable as well as salutary. The amusements of all places of this kind are nearly the same; but in Baden the charms of nature, combined with the resources of art, scarcely leave a moment for the encroachments of *ennui*. The museums, the conversation-rooms, the promenades, baths, &c. occupy a great part of the day; and the remainder is delightfully passed in visits to the interesting places of the vicinity, which are not only remarkable for the ancient traditions respecting them, but also for their various and unique features.

It would be superfluous to enumerate the different baths which this place possesses, varying, as they do, in heat, from 36° of Réaumur to upwards of 52°. *Das höllenbad*, or the *hell-bath* is the hottest, as its name may imply. The principal component parts of these waters are, muriate of soda (in the proportion of 17 grains to a pound of the water), sulphate of lime, muriate of lime, magnesia, carbonate of iron (in a small quantity), and carbonic acid. They are highly efficacious in gout and chronic rheumatism, in all cutaneous eruptions, in scrofula, and in the *suites* of youthful indiscretion. The heat of the bath must, of course, be adapted to the complaint; directions for which may be obtained from resident physicians, who are in Baden distinguished for urbanity and professional skill.

The tourist will here find himself in the country of romance. The valley of the Mourg, the Black-Forest, and other tracts, in which nature exhibits her captivating features, have for many ages rendered the vicinity of Baden an object of interest to all Germany. The wonderful tales of gnomes, water-nymphs and fairies, which are said to inhabit its mountains, lakes and meadows, are not only current in every nursery, but they occupy the minds of the vulgar and credulous in every stage of life, and afford a fund of speculation even to grave philosophers. The traditions of this country have excited so much attention, that we cannot refrain from noticing them, ridiculous as they may appear to many, and improbable as they are, when tested by the touch of reason. At a short distance from Baden is a lake, surrounded by high mountains, called the *Mummelsee*, or lake of the fairies, which is perfectly unfathomable. There is also another lake of a similar description, nearer to the town, called the *Nonnensee*, or lake of the nuns. Both these lakes are said to be inhabited by water-spirits, which frequently pay visits to the peasantry of the neighbourhood, and do them many acts of kindness. So general is this belief, that any shadows or reflections by night are instantly supposed to be gnomes or fairies; and, as they do no injury to any one they are said to be much respected! It is positively asserted, by those who have their dwellings near the *Mummelsee*, that if any articles, such as pebbles, apples, &c., are put into a bag, in even numbers, they become odd, if suspended a few seconds over the water, or *vice versa*. If any of these articles are afterwards thrown in

to the lake, the sky is immediately overcast, and a violent storm succeeds. A duke of Wirtemberg, determining to ascertain the truth of the report, that no bottom could be found in these fairy waters, caused a raft to be built, in which he embarked with all the implements necessary for the operation; but he had scarcely cast the lead, when the raft, contrary to the nature of wood, began to sink, and it was with some difficulty that he and his attendants were saved from drowning. Some parts of the raft were afterwards thrown on shore, and are still visible.

But the following traditional story of the chevalier Peter of Stauffenberg and a fair nymph of the waters, connected, perhaps, with the celebrated 'Virgin of Lurley,' may serve to convey some idea of the supposed nature and qualities of these *interesting* aquatic beings. Peter, whose family name was Dirminger, lived in the castle of Stauffen, not far from the Rhine, in the *Ortenau*, and, as most lords do, diverted himself with hunting, shooting, and other sports. One day, as he was returning from a hunting party, about the time of the going down of the sun, he felt himself thirsty and much fatigued, near the village of Nussbach, and, alighting from his horse, he was delighted to find a spring of limpid water by the road side, shaded by a clump of lofty oak-trees, and a beautiful maiden sitting on its brink, with whom he entered into conversation. Being young, and disengaged, he fell desperately in love with her, and, at parting, solicited another interview; but no answer was returned. The three following days, Peter was assiduous in his visits to the fountain, without

success ; but, on the fourth, as he was sitting pensively by its side, he heard an angelic voice, which seemed to proceed from the water. Rising from his seat, and examining behind the trees, he was returning to the fountain, and discovered the lady sitting on the very spot which he had just before quitted. It is needless to relate the conversation that ensued ; but, we are told, it was such as is common in love affairs. Suffice it to say that a meeting was appointed for the next morning, at the same place. The impatient chevalier was at the spot ere the stars had disappeared, and scarcely had the sun shed its earliest rays on the mountain tops, when the nymph was seen proceeding from an adjacent copse, radiant with beauty. Advancing to meet the astonished chevalier with modest ineffable grace, he was transported to such a degree, that he ventured to seize her snow-white hand and speak of the excess of his affection. The nymph fixed her eyes on him with tenderness, and, requesting him to take a seat by her side, addressed him with seriousness, as follows : “ I am not of the race of mankind. I am a child of the waves, a nymph, a fairy, or whatever else you choose to call me. I belong to beings who never give their hearts without their hands, nor their hands but with their love. If you wed me, your fidelity must be as pure as the water of this fountain, and strong as the steel of your sword. A single breach of constancy will inevitably cause your death and my eternal sorrow ; for our loves and our sorrows are everlasting. Peter hesitated not a moment to swear all that was required of him : upon which the nymph presented him with a ring of inestimable value.

He spoke of the fine situation of his castle, of his estates and vassals, and entreated his beloved to name the happy day, which was fixed for the morrow. Next morning, Stauffen was in amazement at finding in his saloon three large and superb vases; one filled with gold, another with silver, and the third with diamonds and all manner of precious stones. This was the dowry of the bride, who soon after appeared in magnificent attire, beauteous as an angel, and accompanied by a numerous and splendid train of nymphs. Taking her lover by the hand, she begged to speak with him for a few minutes in his private apartment, where she renewed the cautions she had formerly given him. "Reflect well," said she, "on what you are about to do. If your affections for me should decrease, and you bestow them on another, no power on earth can save you from a speedy death. From the moment you feel any attachment to another female, my person will become invisible to you, all but the right foot, the only indication of my presence." At the conclusion of this strange announcement, the knight embraced her with affection and renewed his vows of constancy with all the ardor of a first and strong passion. They were married; and days and months rolled on without any diminution of happiness; every moment seemed to increase the beauty and fascinations of the lady, who had cemented the conjugal union by giving the happy Peter an heir to his honors and estates. At the end of the year, however, the news arrived of a war having broken out on the frontiers of France. The love of arms resumed its place in the breast of the chevalier, who determined on

joining the army. His lady would not oppose his wishes, so consonant with the spirit of the times ; but, with tears in her eyes, conjured him not to forget his wife and the innocent pledge of their affection.

Peter passed the Rhine at the head of a select band of warriors, under the banners of a duke of the Franks, and soon distinguished himself by his bravery and talents. On one occasion he was fortunate enough to save the life of the duke, who, in the fullness of his gratitude, offered him his daughter in marriage. The chevalier, struck with her charms, and much flattered by the honor of an alliance with an illustrious family, was obliged to relate the history of his connexion with the water-nymph, now his wife. The duke treated the whole as an invention of the evil spirit, and insisted that he ought not, as a Christian, to hold further converse with fairies and demons. The chaplain of the duke also assured him that, the moment he had received the holy sacrament and the benediction of the church, the magical delusion, under which he laboured, would be dispersed. The count was easily persuaded, and he consented to give his hand to the noble lady at the expiration of a fortnight, the time appointed by the duke for the performance of the ceremony. On the eve of the last day of that term, news was brought of the disappearance of the chevalier's wife and child from Stauffenberg ; and, on inquiry into particulars, it was ascertained that it had taken place at the very moment he had consented to become the husband of the duke's daughter. This report convinced him that he must have been the dupe of magical inventions, and, giving himself up to the

thoughts of his approaching happiness, he repaired to dinner at a country-house of the duke, where the marriage was to be celebrated, and seated himself joyously at table ; but suddenly his eyes seemed to start from their sockets, intently gazing on the appearance of a beautiful foot, which obtruded itself through the wall of the saloon. Seized with horror, and recollecting the impressive cautions of the water-nymph, he endeavoured to drown reflection by ample potations of wine ; but all would not do,—the foot remained visible to himself alone. To avoid the troublesome visitor, he rose from table, ordered his horse, and instead of riding over a bridge which lay on his way to the castle, he immediately determined on fording the river, as he had before done ; but he had scarcely got half across, when a violent storm suddenly arose ; the stream swelled like a raging sea, the horse plunged with affright, and threw his rider, who was never after seen or heard of ! On the left of the road from Baden to Kehl, at a short distance from Appenweier, are seen the ruins of Stauffenberg, where, it is said, the *beautiful foot* of the water-nymph never fails to appear on the anniversary of her marriage.

The rides and promenades in the environs of Baden are so numerous and so interesting, that, if our limits would permit, we should delight in describing them all. Passing over those of minor interest, we shall confine ourselves to a concise notice of the most remarkable. The first are the ruins of the old castle, about three miles distant from the town, on the northern side. They are considered to be the most interesting and

picturesque of all Germany. Leaving the town by the *Schloss-Thor*, or Castle-gate, we pursue our course by the *Turkenweg*, a road made by the Turkish prisoners. Seven hundred years ago this castle was the cradle of the princely house of Zähringen; and, if we may judge from the massive style of its architecture, it might have existed to this day, had not the imperious Louvois reduced it to ruins in the unfortunate year 1689. Before we arrive at the castle, near where the road takes a direction to the right, is seen the opening of a subterraneous passage, which is said to have communicated with an old convent of capuchins, and thence to the castle of Eberstein. This passage was discovered only a few years since. On the great gate of the castle are still seen the ancient arms of Baden, and just within it is a chapel almost covered with shrubs. Turning to the right, we discover on an elevation an enormously massive building of porphyry, on the top of which a tower, called the rotunda, raises its stately head to the clouds. The bold and curious tourist, who has strength of nerve sufficient to attain the summit of this tower, will be highly gratified by the extensive view it commands over a variegated landscape, uniting the sombre and the gay with all the gradations of colour and shade. Even from the windows of the building, on every side, to which the ascent is easy, the scene surpasses all that the most fertile imagination can conceive, whilst the stupendous height of the walls fills the mind with astonishment at the bold conceptions of the architect, although evidently, at the present day, not so elevated as when they were first built.

The exterior of the castle is still in tolerable preservation, and presents a striking outline of its former splendor. Nature has spread her verdant mantle over the mournful pile; the ivy clings in great profusion about the walls, majestic pines have taken root in the moss-covered courts, and the vigorous maple extends its foliage over the fretted cornices of the windows.

The next place which we shall notice in this charming district may contrast agreeably with the *Old Castle*. This is the palace called *La Favorite*, an elegant structure, situated in the midst of delightful gardens and pleasure-grounds, about half-way between Baden and Rastatt, and nearly at the opening of the valley of the Mourg. This fairy residence was built in 1725, by the margravine Sybilla Augusta, before mentioned, whose eccentric manners and fantastic taste, at certain periods of her life, drew upon her the severest animadversions, and led to a reaction, exhibited in later years by an absurd religious austerity, of which we scarcely meet with another example in modern times. In the park is seen the hermitage, where the margravine passed the days of Lent, sleeping on straw, and enduring patiently all that ignorant monkery could suggest for the salvation of her soul. This is the more astonishing, as the penitent was endowed with extraordinary literary talent, of which the letters addressed to her son, published since her death, give ample testimony. Her charity was unbounded; and the *Favorite* would never have been built, nor its parks and gardens laid out with so much expense and care, had it not been to employ a great

number of persons, who, in a time of general distress must otherwise have died of starvation. Peace to her manes!

The interior of this palace exhibits a curious *bizarrierie* of an enthusiastic mind. Some of the chambers are painted with scenes from the "Arabian Nights;" others are filled with cabinets of natural history; one is hung with miniature pictures of the most celebrated painters of all countries; but the most interesting is the saloon, which is adorned with full-length portraits of the margravine and her husband, at several periods of their lives, in different costumes. Even the kitchens are filled with costly articles of *virtù*. In the *château* of Rastatt are shown the various instruments employed by this extraordinary lady in the course of her macerations. Much has been said of the *stravaganza* of the margravine's piety in the rigid observance of the fasts of the church to which she belonged, and wherein she indulged even to the commission of the most puerile absurdities; but there can be little doubt that it emanated from a virtuous, although a mistaken, sense of duty and an amiable weakness which often attaches to a superstitious education.

The best season of the year for visits to the interesting environs of Baden, and for profiting by the waters uninterruptedly, is from the middle of the month of May till the latter end of June. After that time the excess of company becomes disagreeable to those who prefer tranquillity to gaiety and dissipation. The same may be said of all watering places, which are often frequented

more from fashion than from any other consideration. At all seasons, however, Baden is a delightful place. New buildings and conveniences for bathing are every day increasing, and strangers may live here at a small expense and enjoy as great an extent of liberty as under any government in the world.

The three ancient churches of this place merit attention. The parish-church was formerly collegiate, and possessed a chapter, which was reformed a few years since. It is situated on a commanding point of the hill on which the castle stands, near the hot bath, and is universally considered to be one of the most interesting and ancient edifices of the country. It was built in the eighth century, by the monks of Wissenbourg, to whom the bath then belonged. The tombs of many of the catholic margraves are seen here, and amongst the rest that of Bernhard, who died in 1241. The mausoleum of the margrave Leopold engages particular attention. Several of the altar-pieces are much admired. The hospital-church, situated outside the gate of Germsbach, also contains many curious monuments. The convent-church of the nuns of St. Sepulchre is worthy of inspection.

We now advance, by Bühl, Nieder-Achern, Renchen, and Zimmern, to Appenweiher, where the road turns off towards Strasburgh. This route abounds in scenery of a description calculated to excite the most agreeable and romantic sensations. Independently of its varied beauties, it is a land flowing not only with milk and honey, but with the finest wines in Europe.

Buhl, distant from Baden about fifteen miles, is a small industrious market-town, well supplied with all kinds of grain and the chief necessaries and comforts of life. The fertility of the country around has given it the appellation of the *golden land*. The village of *Affenthal*, in the immediate vicinity, is renowned for its red wines. About two miles from *Buhl* are the hot springs of *Hub*, most romantically situated, and where excellent arrangements are made for bathing, with accommodations for strangers, at a very reasonable rate. This place commands a fine view of the old castle of *Windek*, the interior of which may be seen on application to a forester who resides near it. The baths of *Hub* were constructed by *Weinbrenner*, and do credit to his admirable taste. Between *Buhl* and *Achern* (the next place on our route) is the village of *Sassbach*, near which, on the south-eastern side, is the spot where the great *Turenne* received his death wound, on the 27th of July, 1675. He fell at the foot of a chestnut-tree, still in existence, and producing fruit, which is offered to those who visit the place, by an invalid constantly on duty, and who shews the identical bullet which deprived the marshal of life. Near this place is a chapel, under the great altar of which was interred the heart of the hero. Cardinal *Rohan* caused a stone to be placed on the spot where he fell; and the French general *Moreau*, who afterwards met his death by a cannon shot near *Dresden*, replaced it with a monument, and caused a fine avenue of trees to be planted around it. The trees still flourish; but the monument has given place to a superb obelisque, raised at a great

expense by the French government, a few years ago. It consists of a stupendous block of granite; on one side whereof is sculptured a colossal likeness of the marshal, by Friedrich of Strasbourg. The intestines of the marshal were deposited in the church of Achern.

Having passed Achern, or Nieder-Achern, a place which has but lately been admitted into the rank of towns, and, not far distant, the prettily situated and once flourishing little town of Renchen and the hamlet of Zimmern, we shortly arrive at *Appenweiher*, (twenty miles from Achern) whence are perceived the ruins of the castle of *Stauffen*, the scene of some of the extraordinary events which we have recorded in a former number. This castle is said to have been built by Otto of Hohenstauffen, bishop of Strasbourg, in the eleventh century. The view from it is superb. Near Stauffenberg is *Durlach*, celebrated for its wines.

Twelve miles from Appenweiher is *Kehl*, a small but now flourishing town, situated on the right bank of the Rhine, immediately opposite the city and fortress of Strasbourg. Previous to the French revolution, it was strongly fortified, and possessed 1300 inhabitants; but, in the course of the wars succeeding that event, it was often reduced to great distress, from the frequent attacks of the French, who, three different times, burnt the neighbouring villages. The fortifications have long since been rased, and by degrees the busy wings of commerce have borne prosperity to its long-suffering population. New and elegant buildings are seen rising in all directions; the country around smiles amidst the ample gifts of Ceres and Bacchus, and, if the blessings of

peace and the hand of a fostering government be extended for a few years longer, Kehl must undoubtedly attain a high rank among the Rhenish towns.

From this place we cross the Rhine, which has here two branches, by bridges of boats, on a new construction, well adapted to the force of the stream, at different seasons. Between the two branches is an island, over which the road passes from one bridge to the other, and on this island is erected the monument of general Dessaix, the lamented hero of Marengo. It consists of a truncated pyramid, with figures, in *bas relief*, on the sides. The monument was executed by the sculptor Ohmacht of Strasburgh, from a design by Weinbrenner. It may be necessary here to remark that if the object in visiting Strasbourg be merely to gratify curiosity, and to remain only a sufficient time to answer that purpose, and then return to the right bank, in pursuance of a journey to Switzerland, by Freyburg, &c., the tourist should fix his head quarters at Kehl, and there leave his baggage, in order to avoid the business of search at the French custom-house, which is often very troublesome. The writer of this Itinerary adopted that course; and, taking with him a carpet-bag, with a few necessaries for a day or two, which were sufficient for the examination of every thing worthy of attention, he avoided not only the visit of the *douan-niers*, but saved the expense of a carriage for the transport of his baggage. At the hotel of the *Esprit* he received every attention, at a very moderate rate.

Strasburgh contains from 50 to 60,00 inhabitants, and is distant from Paris 121 French leagues. The



Le Port sculpé

MONTU'GEN' DESALX

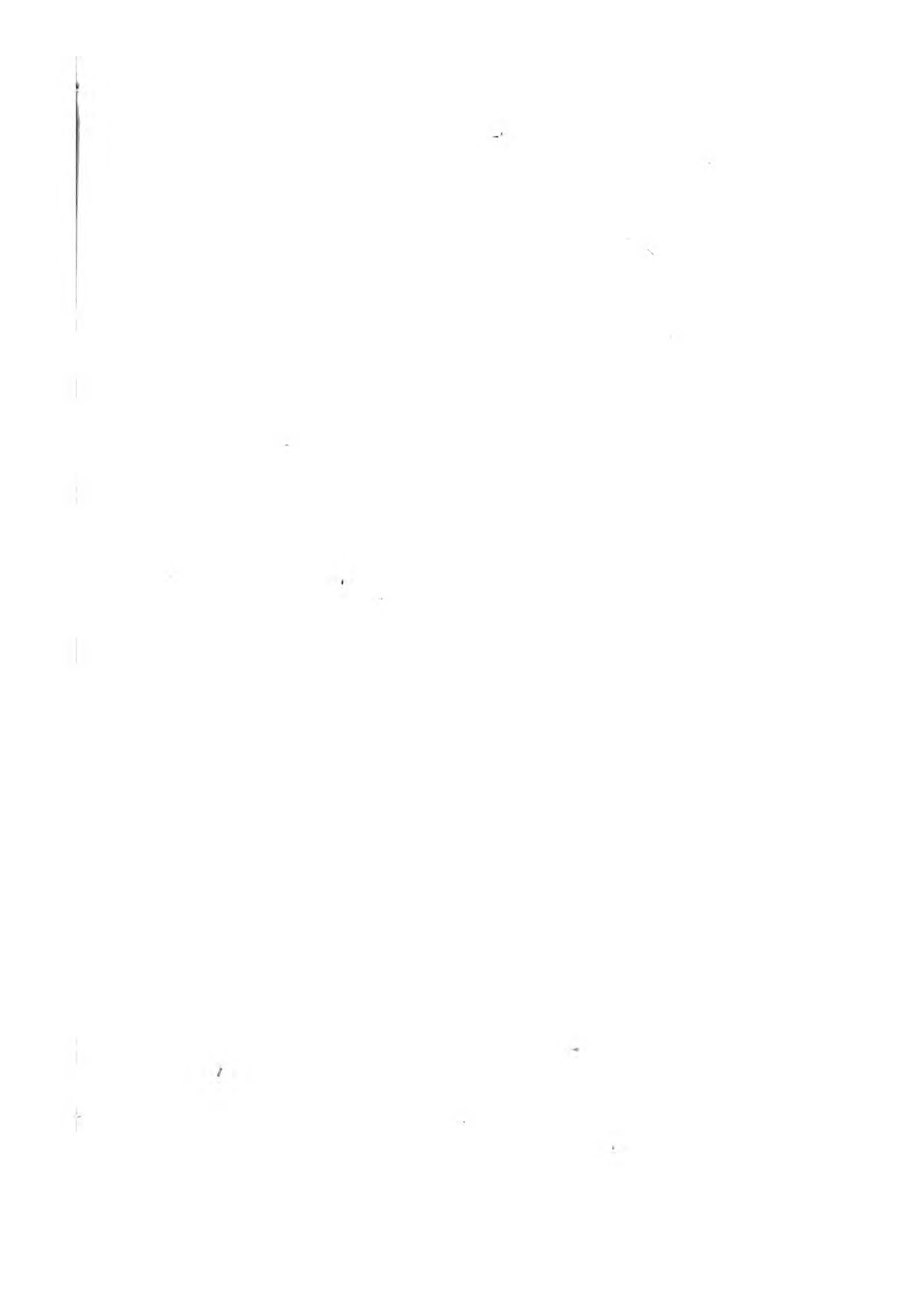
MONT' DE GEN' DE GAUX,
NEAR STRASBURG

GEORGE V.C. DENMAHL

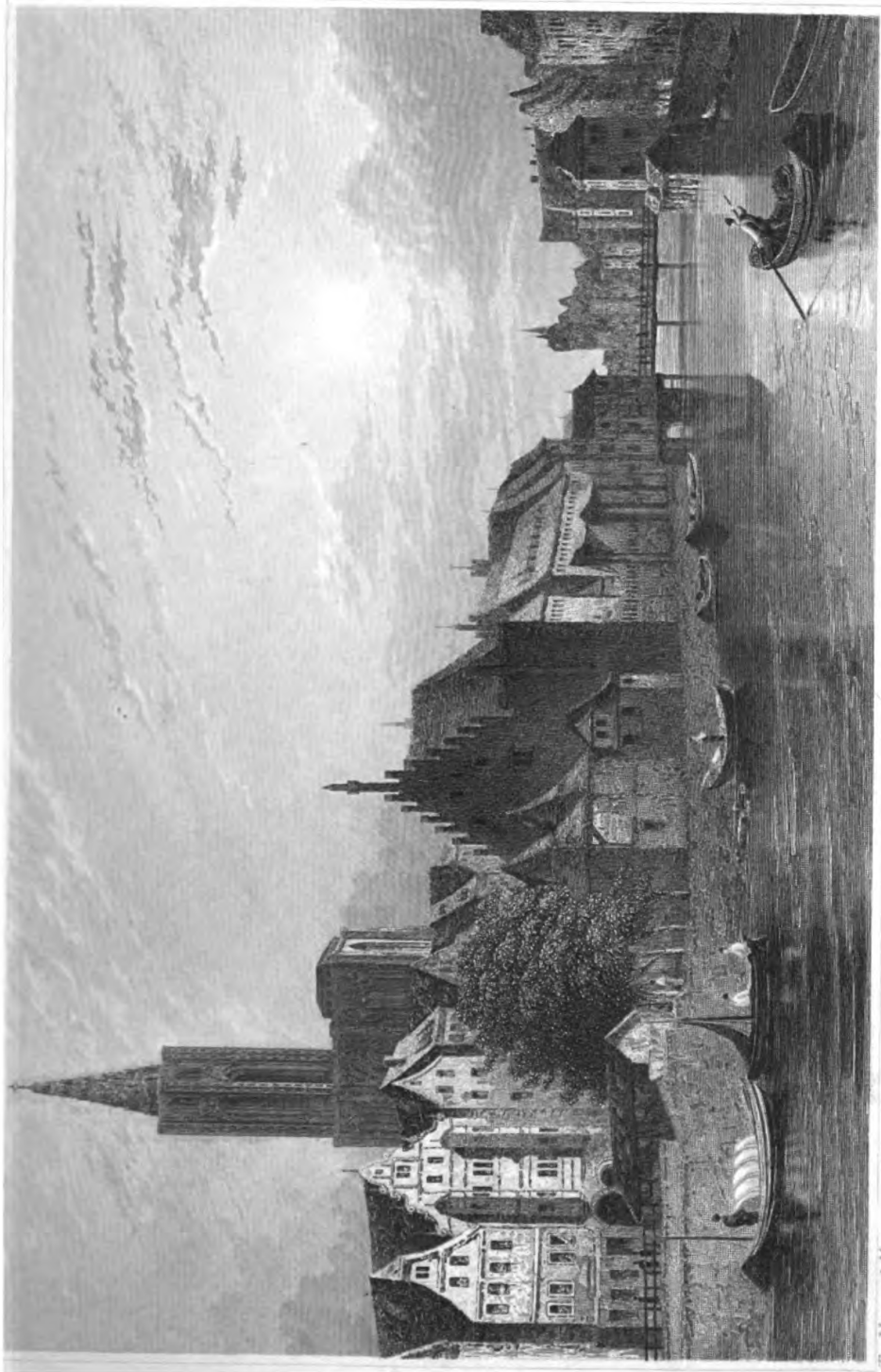
Tombstone del.

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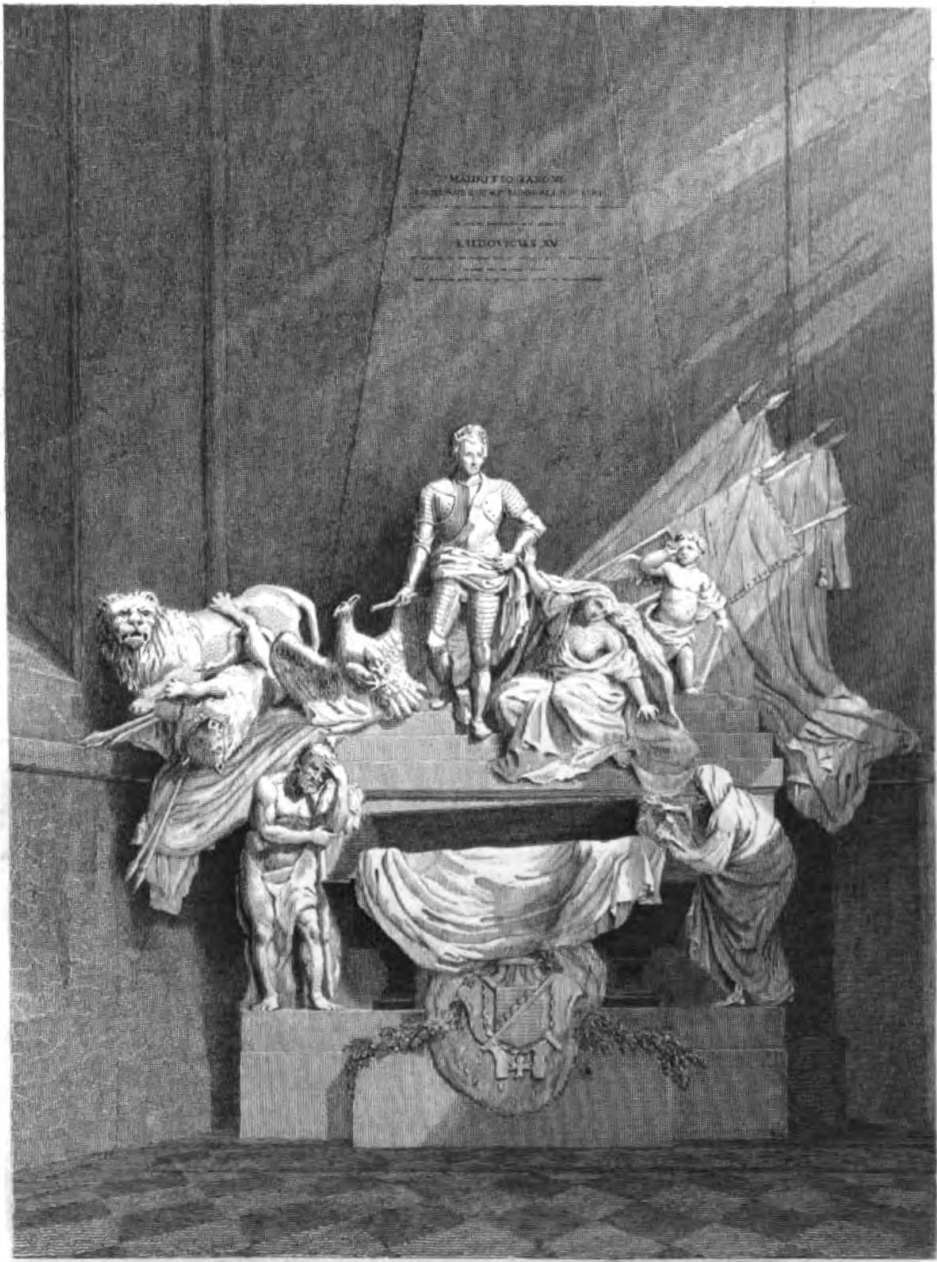
Ill, a navigable river, unites itself with the Breush near the *Porte-blanche*, or *Weissthurmthor*, runs through the city, and then falls gently into the Rhine. The streets of Strasburgh are narrow, the houses lofty, and the *ensemble* denotes the city to have ranked with the first cities of the empire. It contains three hundred streets and lanes, including the public squares, of which, great and small, there are fourteen. Its length, measured from the *porte-blanche* to the gate of the citadel, is reckoned to be 1391 French rods; its width, from the *porte de pierres*, or stone-gate, to the hospital, is 858 rods, and its circumference 3375. There are fourteen bridges over the *Ill*, in the interior of the city. The ditches, which made a part of the ancient fortifications, separate it from the suburbs. The churches are fifteen in number:—seven Lutheran, seven catholic, and one *reformed*. At the time of the union of Alsace with France, the celebrated cathedral, which then belonged to the Lutherans, was restored to the catholics, and the bishopric was re-established upon the ancient footing. A new church was built for the Lutherans in its stead.

The environs of the city, particularly towards the Vosges, abound in antiquities of a date anterior to the time of the Romans. In the city was formerly a temple dedicated to Hercules, not by the Romans, but by the Phœnicians, as appears by the figure of the god discovered in it, being represented with three golden apples in his hand, a symbol of the three seasons. The city was known to the Romans by the name of *Argentoratum*, and it was undoubtedly considered by them

a station of the greatest importance, from the circumstance of their having constructed military roads from it to Milan, Treves and Belgium. Attila completely destroyed the ancient city; but in the sixth century it was rebuilt, and received the name of *Strateburgum*, or burgh on the roads: whence *Strasbourg*. In the ninth century it possessed a royal palace, and was considered as the bulwark of the empire against the inroads of France. In the year 1681, a time of profound peace, Louis XIV seized upon the city, which was not garrisoned, and surrounded it with fortifications. On the gate of the citadel was this expressive inscription: *Servat et observat.*

The cathedral is the most interesting object of curiosity in Strasbourg. It was built, in part, during the reign of Clovis. Charlemagne added to it the choir; but, in 1807, it was burnt to the ground by lightning. In 1015, bishop Werner, who was of the house of Habsbourg, laid the foundations of the new church, which was finished in 1275. The tower and steeple were begun in 1276, under the direction of the celebrated architect Ervin de Steinbach, who, undoubtedly, drew the plan of it, which is still preserved in the archives of the *Frauenhaus*, on which the height of the tower is marked 594 feet. Ervin, however, did not live to finish it. His son continued the work, and Sybille, his daughter, enriched the front gates with some fine pieces of sculpture. The building proceeded slowly until the 15th century, when John Hultz, an architect of Cologne, was employed to finish it, which he did, in the year 1439. The tombs of Ervin and his children





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DES ÉLÉMENTS DE LA SCIENCE

DE THOMAS VON SAXE

MONUMENT DU MARÉCHAL DE SAXE

GRABMAL DES MARSCHALTS VON SACHS

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are seen in the church, with several others of greater note; amongst them is that of John Mœntel, who, having witnessed the first attempts at printing by Gutenberg and Dreitzlein at Strasbourg, was the first who exercised the art in that city with any degree of excellence. The steeple, differing from Ervin's plan, is only 445 French feet in height, which exceeds St. Peter's at Rome by six or eight feet. The great pyramid of Egypt is only three feet higher. The number of steps, from the area of the building to the crown of the spire, is 635. The view from it is one of the finest in the world; but few persons venture to enjoy it, although the ascent is not dangerous for those who can refrain from looking about as they advance: the steeple being open on four sides all the way up, it is apt to cause giddiness, if the eyes are cast downwards. In the church is a clock, now out of repair, which, at one time, attracted universal attention for the ingenuity of its construction, exhibiting a great variety of curious figures, planetary movements, &c. It was the intention of Napoleon to cause this curious piece of machinery to be put in complete repair; and it is thought that the present government will not suffer it to be long neglected. On the roof of the choir of the church is the telegraph which communicates with Paris.

The church of St. Thomas is well deserving attention. It contains the celebrated monument of marshal Saxe, by Pigale, and also the *cippus* of Schœpflin. Under this church is a kind of catacomb, in which are the mummies, in an excellent state of preservation, of several personages of ancient note. Two of these have

been taken out, and deposited in a side-chapel, for public inspection: one of an aged person, supposed, by the habiliments, to have been a nobleman of high rank, and the other of a young female, said to have been his daughter. The faces and hands of these embalmed bodies still retain a kind of freshness; and the rings and ornaments about them, together with the old teutonic costume, plainly denote them to have lived at a very remote period. The coffins in which they are deposited have glass lids. The library and collections of the protestant academy will be seen with pleasure, as also the museum of antiquities, &c., established by Schœpflin, and the cabinets of physics and natural history, for which the city is indebted to professors Ehrmann and Hermann. The city also abounds in literary and scientific institutions of all kinds. The bishopric of Strasburgh is one of the most considerable in France, and its revenues, before the revolution, were immense. The protestants here are very numerous and respectable. They have a general consistory, and enjoy the same privileges as the catholics.

Strasburgh is well supplied with provisions of every description, and at a low rate. Sturgeons, caught in the Rhine, are often seen in the market, weighing upwards of 300 pounds; salmon, eels, chad, and perch of an excellent flavour, are generally cheap. The *liqueurs* made here are much esteemed, and the manufactures of plain and printed cottons, muslins, nankeens, silks, flannels, sacking, sail-cloths, and other articles, are in a flourishing condition. The iron-foundries and cannon-foundry are well conducted; and

for the manufacture of snuff this city has obtained great celebrity.

The citadel was built in 1682, under the orders of marshal Vauban, in the form of a pentagon. At that time there was a permanent bridge over the Rhine, called the *pont-royal*, which, from various and ostensible causes, was taken down and its place supplied by pontons, as best calculated to guard against sudden military operations and the force of the stream at certain periods of the year. A circumstance relating to the *pont-royal* will, no doubt, be recollected by every reader of the works of the eccentric Sterne. Of late years much has been done in the neighbourhood of the city to narrow the bed of the river and, in some places, to alter its course. Many other objects here are worthy of note; and particularly the episcopal palace, formerly an imperial and afterwards a royal residence; the theatre, erected near the Broglio, adorned with fine statues, by Ohmacht; the university library, enriched by the collections of reformed institutions in the department; the library of the protestant gymnasium, to which is added that of Schœpflin, with his valuable museum, composed principally of Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek and Roman monuments, lares, vases, medals, &c., of which there is a printed description, with plates. The chief inns are, *l'Esprit*, *la Ville de Lyon*, *la Fleur*, *la Maison-Rouge*, *le Poêle des Vignerons*, et *la Ville de Vienne*.

Having taken leave of this interesting city, we now recross the Rhine to Kehl, in order to pursue our route to Basle, through a country abounding in natural beau-

ties; the direct course of the river having few attractions for the tourist till we arrive at that city. The first place of note, after Kehl, is *Offenbourg*, formerly an imperial city, situated on the banks of the *Kinsig*, and founded by Offo, from whom its name is derived. It is the key of the valley of *Kinsig*, and is now reduced to a population of little more than 3500. Up to the time of the peace of Presbourg, it was the capital of the bailiwick of the Ortenau: and in the early part of the French revolution it afforded an asylum to the bishop and clergy of Strasburgh. The city is handsome, and pleasantly situated. It has a college, established in the monastery formerly occupied by the capuchins. The parish church is well worthy of attention. In the bed of the river, when the waters of the *Kinsig* are low, many Roman antiquities are found. The building of the city was first projected by Arnold, grandson of king Pepin, but, dying before he could accomplish it, his son, above mentioned, carried his father's intentions into effect, in the year 736. The abbey was formerly in great repute, and its church is still much admired. Good accommodations for strangers are found at the *Fortune*, the *Post-house* and the *Sun*. The best wines of the grand-duchy are those of Ortenberg, near Offenbourg.

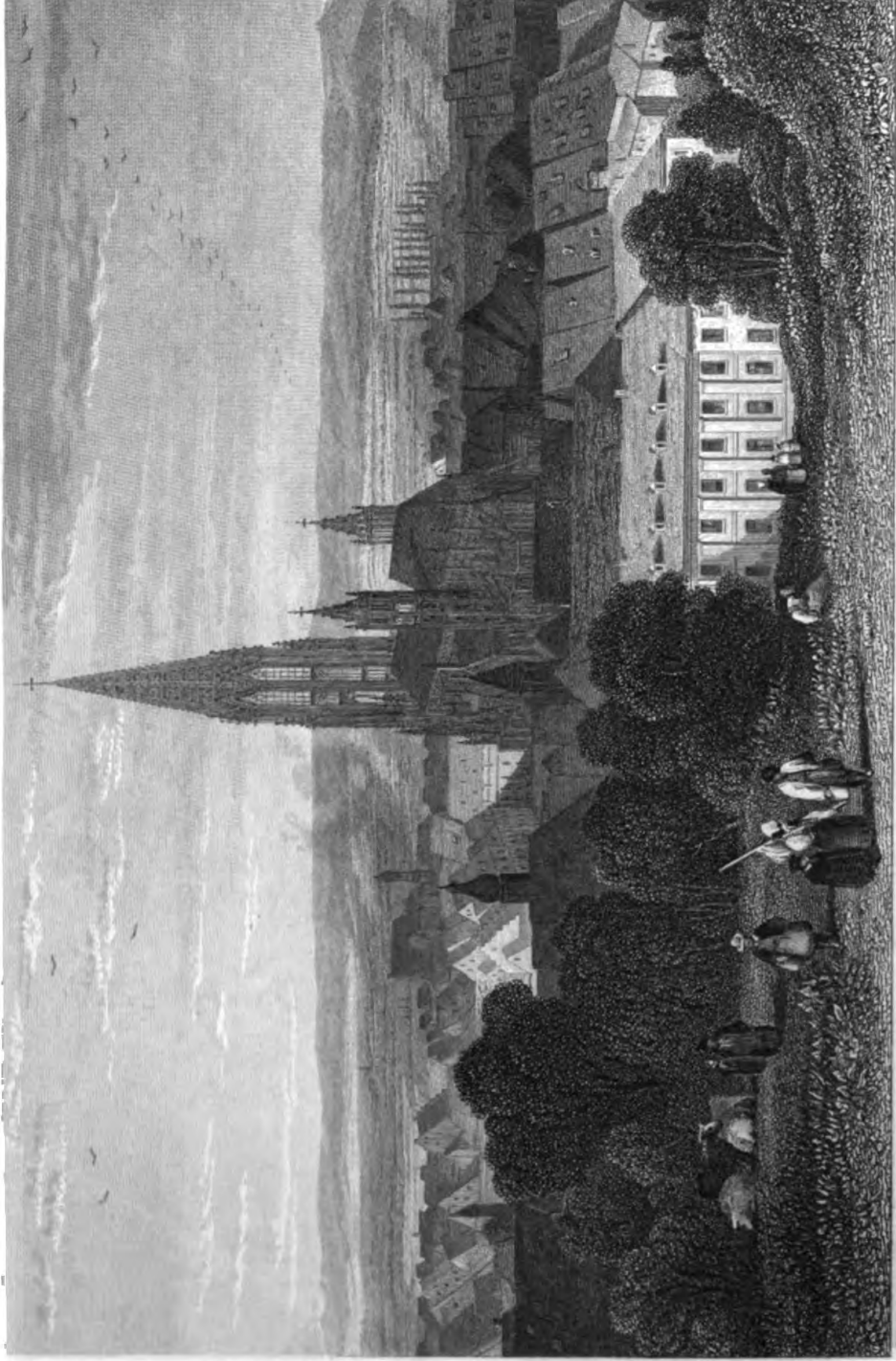
The next post-station, after Offenbourg, is Friesenheim, near which, towards the Rhine, is the ancient Benedictine monastery of Schouttern, the church of which is remarkable for its antiquity, having been founded, as is supposed, by Offo, a young prince of the blood-royal of Britany, about the year 603. We next ar-

rive at Lahr, a little busy and commercial town, situated on the banks of the Schoutter, containing upwards of 6,000 inhabitants. It has manufactures of linen, snuff, morocco leather, playing cards, snuff-boxes, and cutlery. It has also some lithographic and printing establishments, breweries, &c. The town itself is badly built, the streets narrow and dirty, but in the suburbs many handsome houses have been recently erected with agreeable gardens. Its environs are picturesque, and the walks in the valley of the Schoutter abound in variety. Lahr once belonged to the counts of *Hautgeroldsech*, the ruins of whose castle, said to have been built by the Romans, and destroyed by the Allemands, are seen near the town. Gerold the first, brother-in-law of Charlemagne, rebuilt the castle, and left it to his son, Gerold II. Marshal Créqui destroyed it in the year 1697. The ruins indicate that it must have been a place of great strength and extent. Pursuing our route, we arrive at the post-station of *Kippenheim*, whence we perceive, on our right, towards the Rhine, the town of *Mahlberg* with its castle, which probably was a Roman station. The kings of the Franks, in later times, held their courts of justice there (*Mahlgericht*), whence the name of *Mahlberg*.

The next place of note is the little town of *Ettenheim*, where the unfortunate duke of Enghien, one of the most amiable princes of the Bourbon family, was seized during the night, by order of Napoleon, conducted to Paris, and summarily tried and shot, within a few hours, on a charge of attempting to overthrow the imperial government. At this place is the ancient palace of the

bishop of Strasburgh and many spacious houses of noble families. An old abbey of Benedictines is seen at a short distance from the town, which was built in the seventh century. The bath of St. Landolin, a Scotch saint, and the church where he was interred, are also in the neighbourhood. This holy personage, it appears, retired into this valley, then a complete desert, in the year 640, and built his cell near the castle of Giesenburg, the lord of which commanded him to be assassinated; and on the spot where his blood was shed there gushed out five springs, which, without containing any mineral ingredients, are said to possess such healing powers, in certain disorders, that they have acquired the appellation of *the miraculous baths*. At *Ringsheim*, a little beyond the latter place, there are seen the remains of a square building, which was formerly occupied by the templars, but was in later years taken possession of by the order of St. John of Jerusalem. We next come to *Herbolzheim*, where the tobacco-plant was first successfully cultivated in western Germany. On the road-side between Kensingen and this place, is the shrine of *Mary of the Sand*, the resort of numerous pilgrims. The image of the holy virgin was found in the sand of the Bleich rivulet, and was placed in a church rendered ever since famous by her presence. On our way to Kensingen, the next post-station, about three quarters of a mile on the left side of the road, in a valley, is the village of Wagenstadt, where, on the 7th of July, 1796, a battle was fought between the French and the militia of the Brisgau and of Freyburg, in which the latter greatly distinguished themselves.



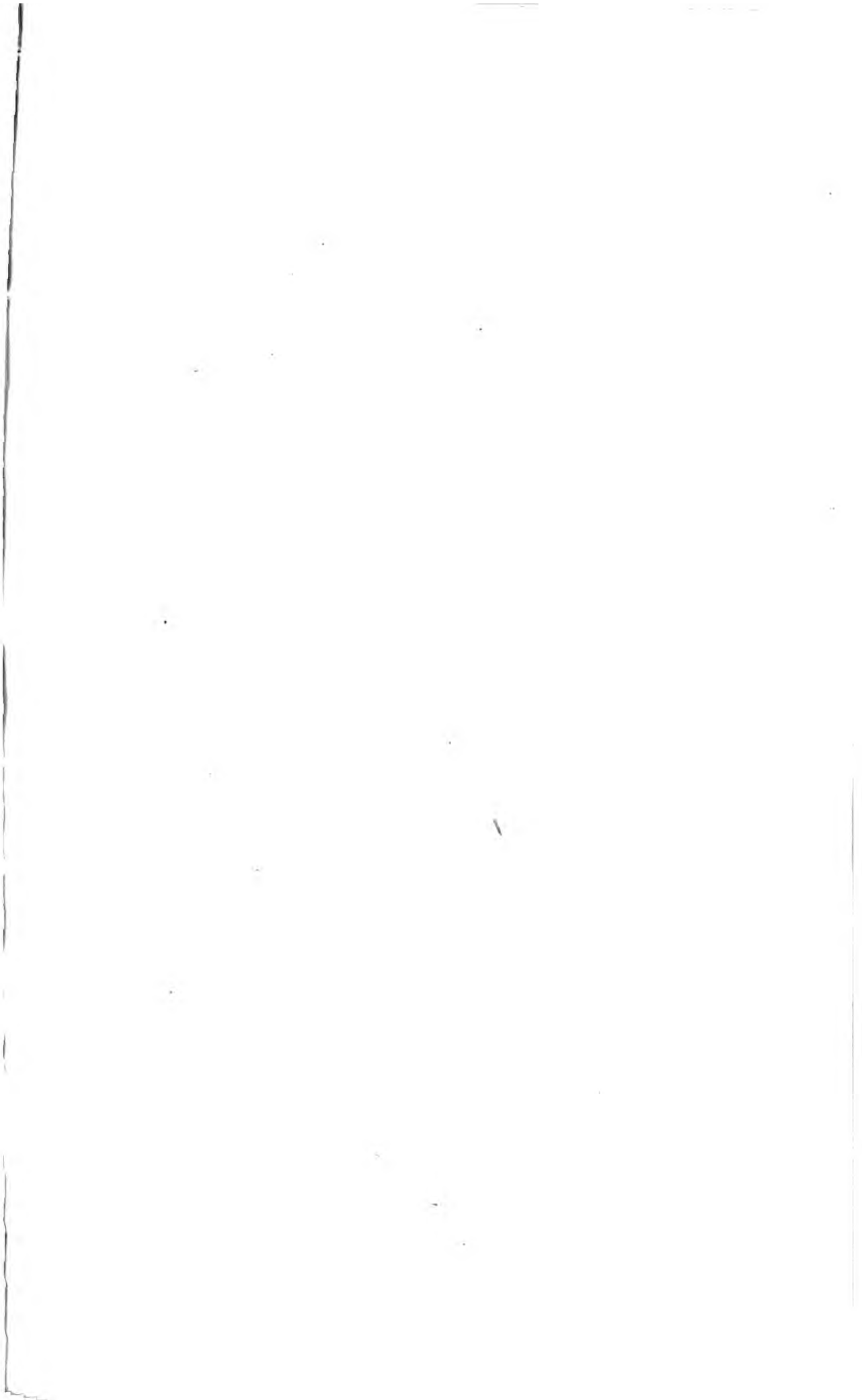


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An annual festival is held at Freyburg, in commemoration of that event. Near Wagenstadt are seen, on an elevation, the ruins of the castle of Kirnberg. Kensingen was, not many years since, destroyed by fire; but is again in a flourishing state. This little town is mentioned in a diploma of Otho the Great, as long since as the year 972. Near Hechlingen, a village lying on our route, are the ruins of the castle of Lichtenach, the lordship of which formerly belonged to prince Schwartzenberg, but was sold by him to the grand-duke of Baden, in 1812. Tradition relates that in the well of this castle there is a silver bell, which always rings on Christmas-eve. Passing by the village of Enemendigen, a post-station, eight miles from Freyburg, we observe, on the left, the valley of Glotten, where there is a mineral spring of much note, and near it is the castle of Schwarzenberg.

We next arrive at *Freyburg*, the ancient capital of the Brisgau, on the borders of the Black-Forest. The Drey-sam river, which has its source in the *höllenthal*, or valley of hell, runs to the east of it. This city was founded in 1118, by Berthaud III of Zæhringen, who granted it very extensive privileges. When the male line of the family of Zæhringen became extinct by the death of Berthaud V, it fell into the possession of count Egon I of Urach, who had espoused the sister of Berthaud, from whom descended the counts of Freyburg and Fürstenberg. John, the last of the counts of Freyburg, died in 1457, but previous to that event the city had ranged itself among the cities of the empire, and had claimed the protection of the dukes of Austria.

The principal object of curiosity in this city is the minster, or cathedral, one of the most beautiful and the most perfect edifices of Germany. Conrad of Zæhringen laid its foundations some time between the years 1122 and 1152; but the building was not finished until the time of Conrad I, count of Freyburg. A century later the old choir was rebuilt and enlarged. This superb edifice is built of red stone, in the form of a cross; the tower is placed on the western side, of the same dimensions as the breadth of the middle aisle, with which it communicates. The principal entrance is under the tower, which, with its spire, is said to rival in height that of Strasburgh. However that may be, it is universally allowed to be superior to any in the world for beauty and chasteness of style, for the boldness and sublimity of its execution, and moreover for the exquisite carved foliage which adorns the tower and steeple, the latter, like that of Strasburgh, being open from top to bottom, presenting an appearance as astonishing to the beholder as it is honorable to the vast conception and skill of its architect. The church contains the tombs of the princes of Zæhringen, and amongst the rest, that of Berthaud V. There is also a fine piece of sculpture in stone, representing the Last Supper. The altar-piece, by John Balding, surnamed *Grien*, is a *chef-d'œuvre* of the old German school. Several other curiosities are seen in the treasury. The whole of the interior of the building has been cleaned and beautified, and the exterior, which has suffered but little from the hand of time, is a fine specimen of pure gothic. The niches and statues about the vestibule, and the whole

arrangement of that part of the edifice, are beautiful beyond description. The interior of the choir, in which there is a double row of columns and side-chapels, together with a gothic fountain, has a very imposing effect. There is also a fine antique fountain in front of the church, and two others in the High-street, near it. In one of the side-chapels of the cathedral, called the chapel of the university, there are several pictures by Holbein.

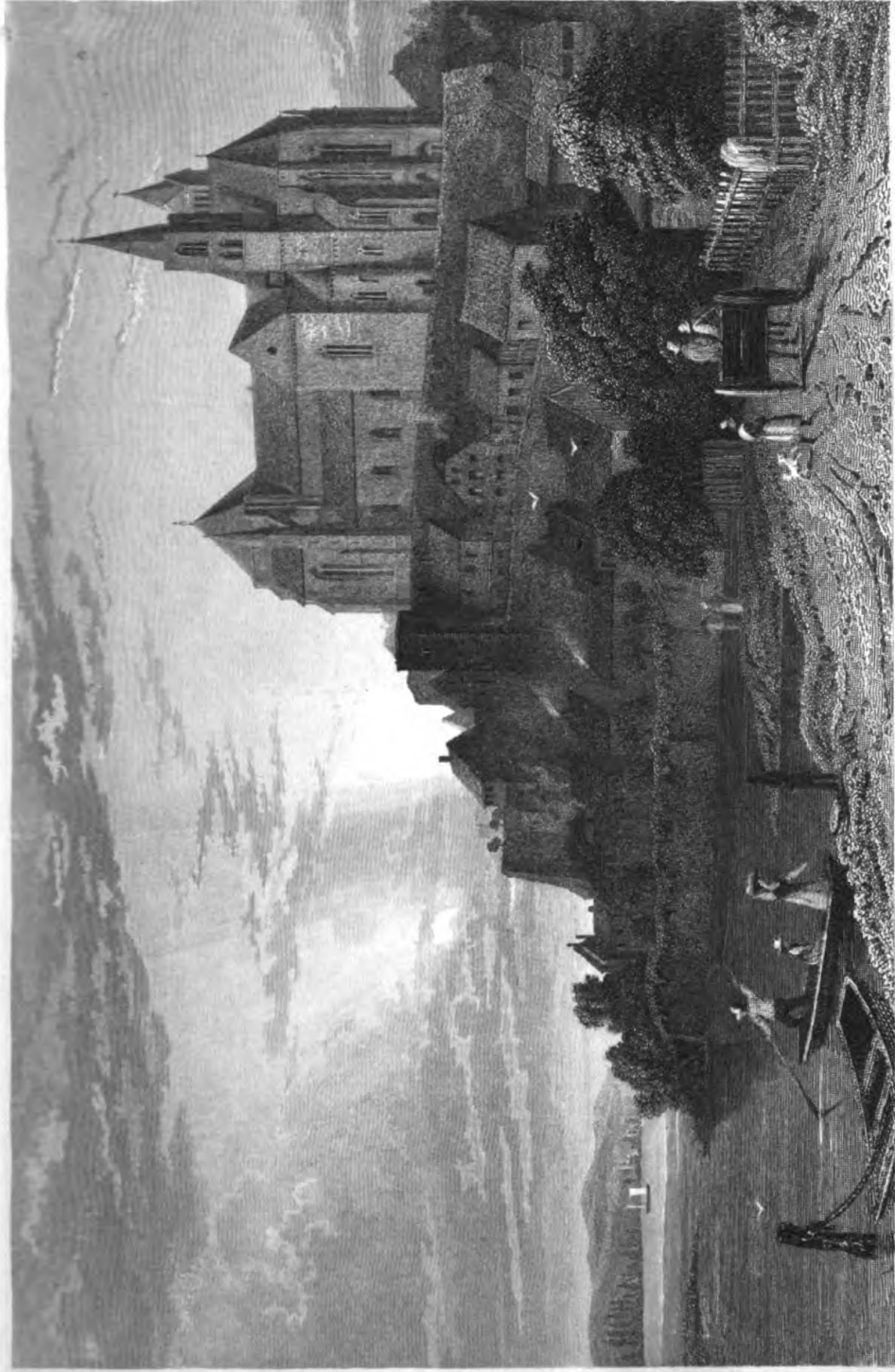
The most remarkable buildings, after the cathedral, are the commercial-hall, a gothic structure; the new theatre; the corn-hall; the fountain in the fish-market, embellished with the monument of the founder of the city; the college, founded and endowed in 1454, with its extensive library, containing upwards of 100,000 volumes; and a museum of natural history, formerly belonging to St. Blaize; a botanical garden; an anatomical theatre, &c. The general hospital, the foundling hospital, and the orphan asylum, are excellent establishments. A garden of industry is also formed. Much pains have been taken, within a few years, to embellish the city. At the present moment the government has ordered the removal of the church of the reformed monastery of Tennenbach to be taken down and rebuilt here, in order that so fine a monument of ancient architecture may not be lost to posterity. When completed, it will be consecrated to the protestant worship. In the year 1827, Freyburg became an archbishopric, for the grand-duchy of Baden and the kingdom of Wirtemberg; and a new seminary for catholic priests was founded, at the joint expense of the two governments. The arch-

bishop's palace and the seminary-house are fine edifices.

The best views of the city are obtained from the castle, where formerly stood the citadel, and from the hill of St. Loretto. Agreeable excursions may be made to places in the vicinity; the most interesting of which are: *Guntherthal*, an ancient nunnery for noble ladies, situated in a delightful valley, little more than two miles from the city, and the ruins of a castle, where Gunther, the founder of the convent, resided;—the *Chartreuse*, two miles from the city, remarkable for its sombre situation;—the church of the hermitage of St. Barbe;—the mount of St. Odille, and the cave where that holy man secreted himself from his persecutors;—the ruins of the ancient castle of *Zæhringen*, three miles from the city, near the village of that name, whence there is a superb view of the finest countries of the Brisgau and Alsace, even to the Vosges mountains, and in the opposite direction are seen the valleys of the Wild, Fehren and Glotter; this castle appears to have been built in the 11th century, and was destroyed during the war with the Freyburghers, in the year 1281:—the frightful *Höllenthal*, or valley of hell, ten miles from the city, celebrated for a road that leads through a dark vaulted cavern, by which the well-remembered general Moreau effected his famous retreat, in 1796.

The principal inns in Freyburg are, the *Court of Zæhringen*, the *Golden Lamb* and the *Smallswords*.

The tourist will be pleased, ere he proceeds upwards, to deviate from the direct road, and visit *Alt-Breysach*,

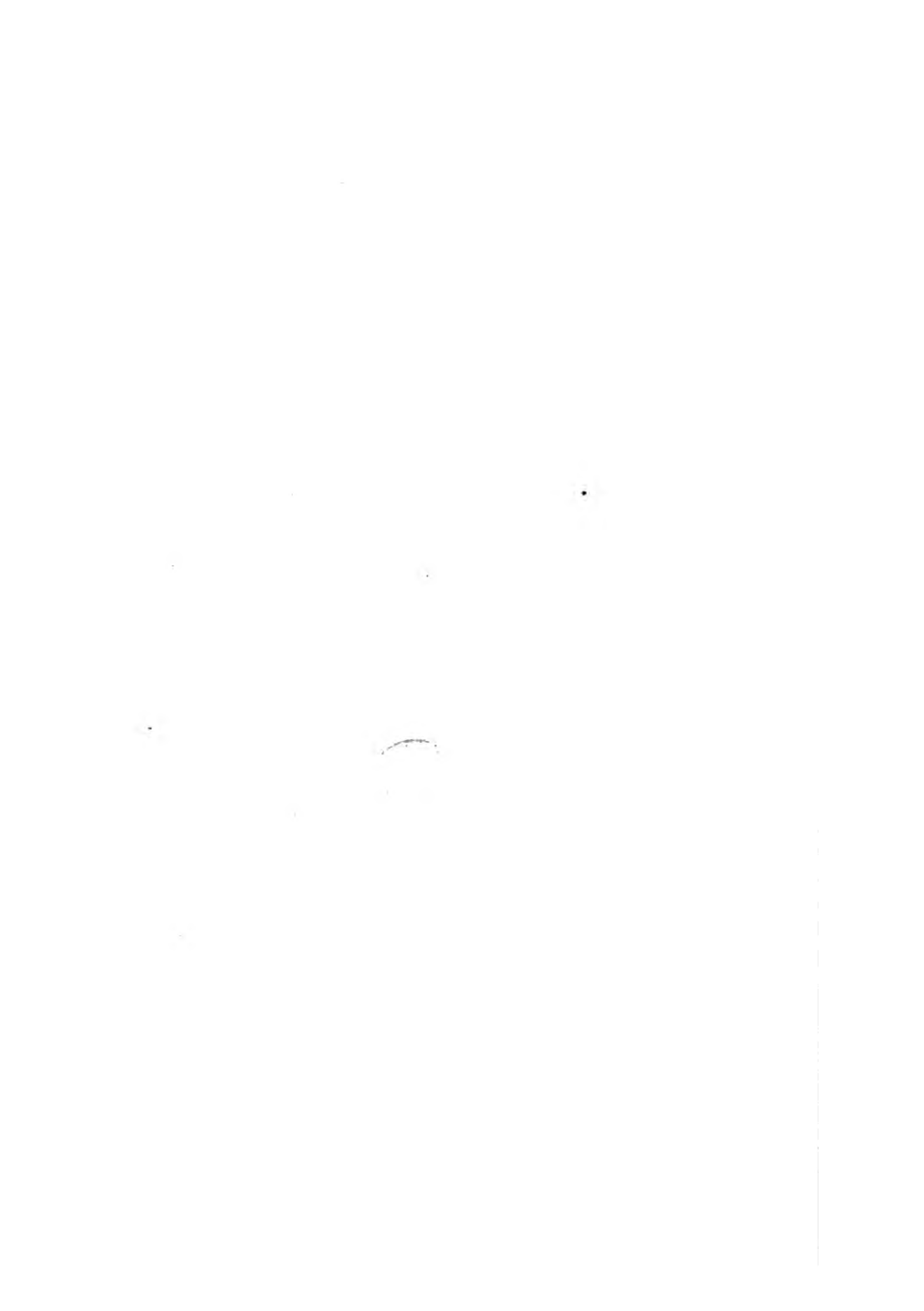


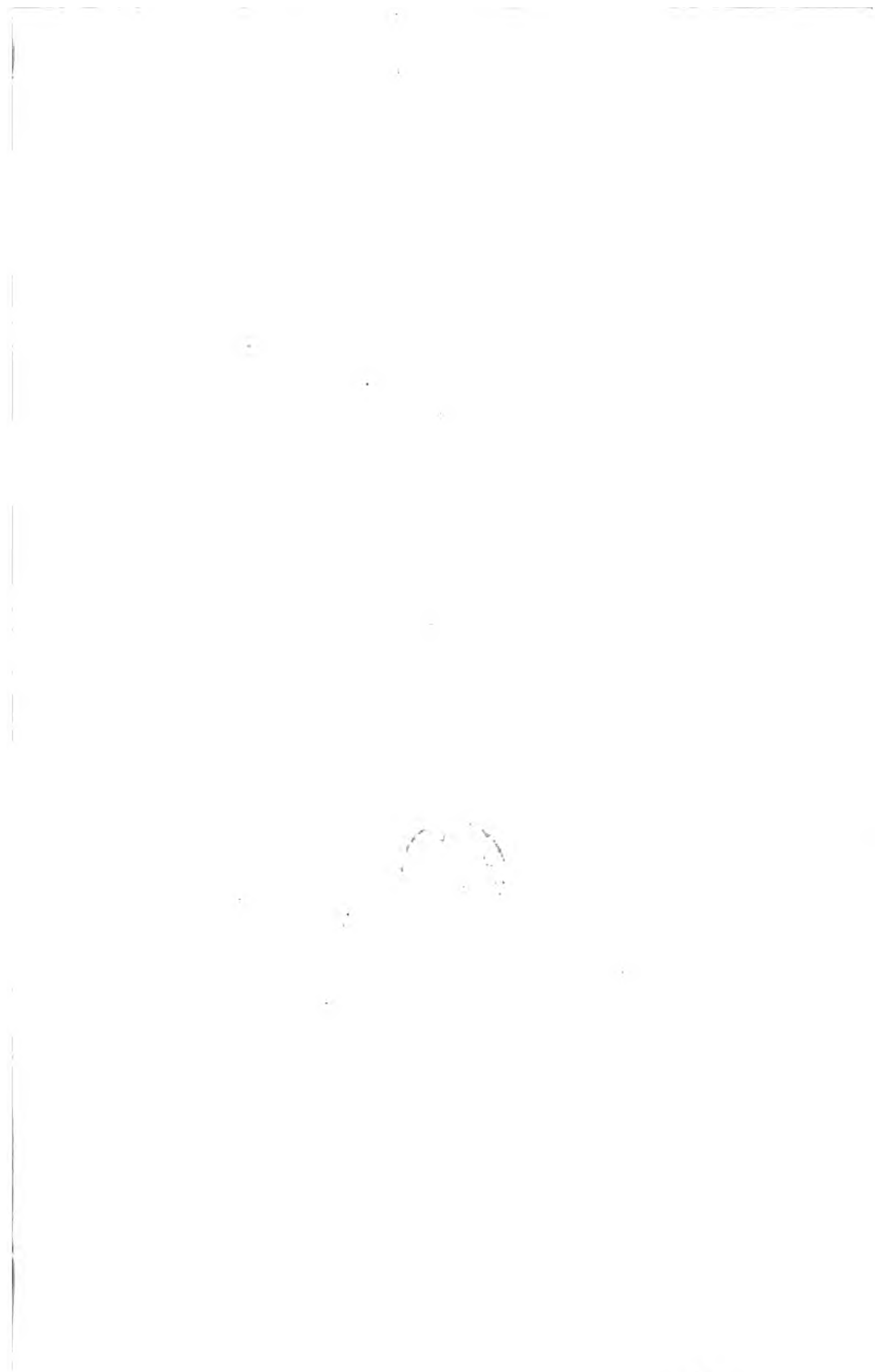
Tombleson, del.

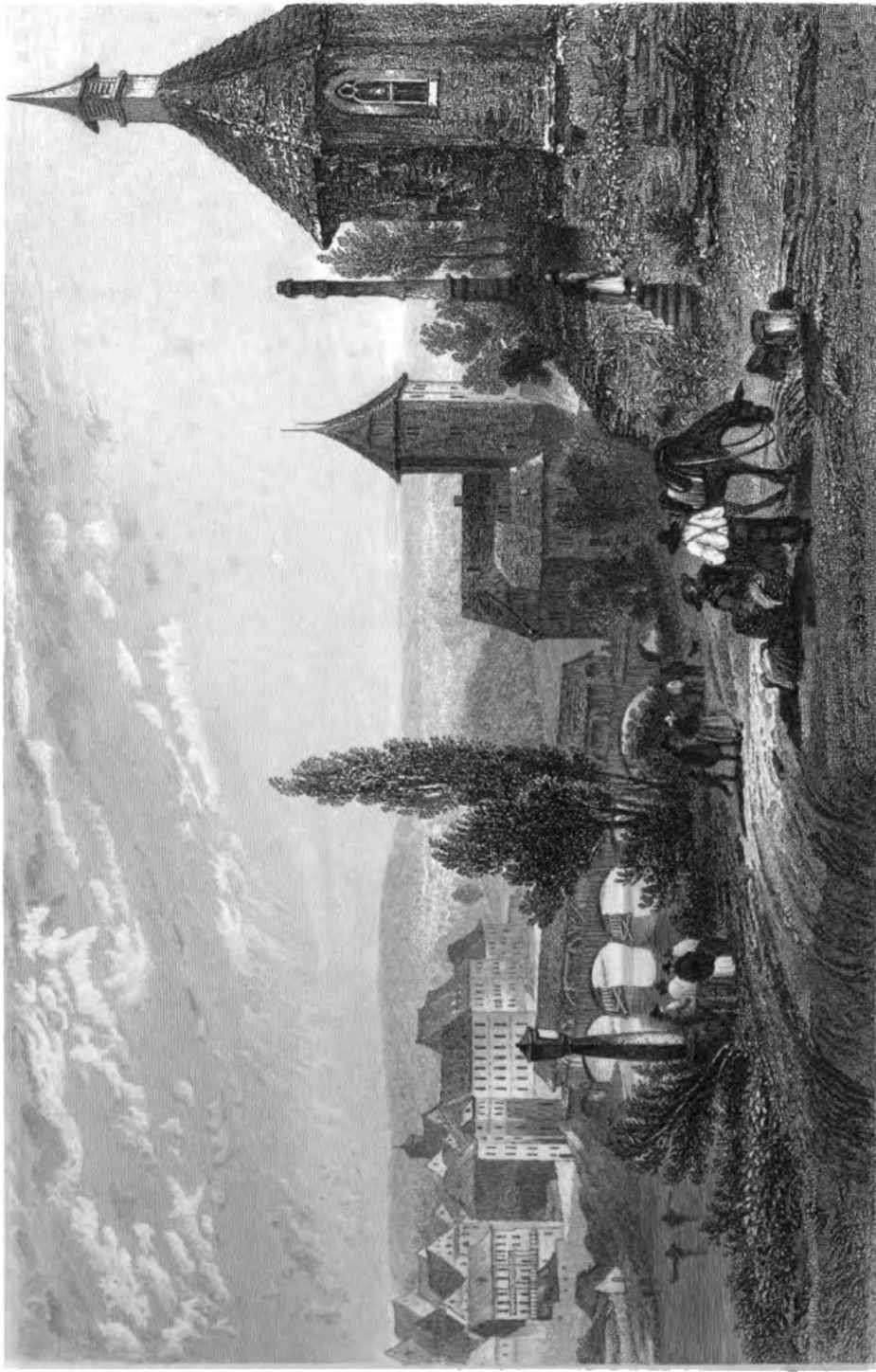
THE TOWN OF ST. JOHN'S

AS APPEARING FROM THE WATER

1840







J. M. W. Turner del.

S. J. May sculp.

K A I S E R S T U H L
& CASTLE OF ROTHELEN
PAIERSFUHL UND SCHLOSS ROTHELEN.
MAJERSTELL ET LE CHATEAU DE ROTHELEN
PUBLISHED BY J. H. COLTON, 140 N. 5TH ST. N. Y.





W A S T E R E T E L L Z .

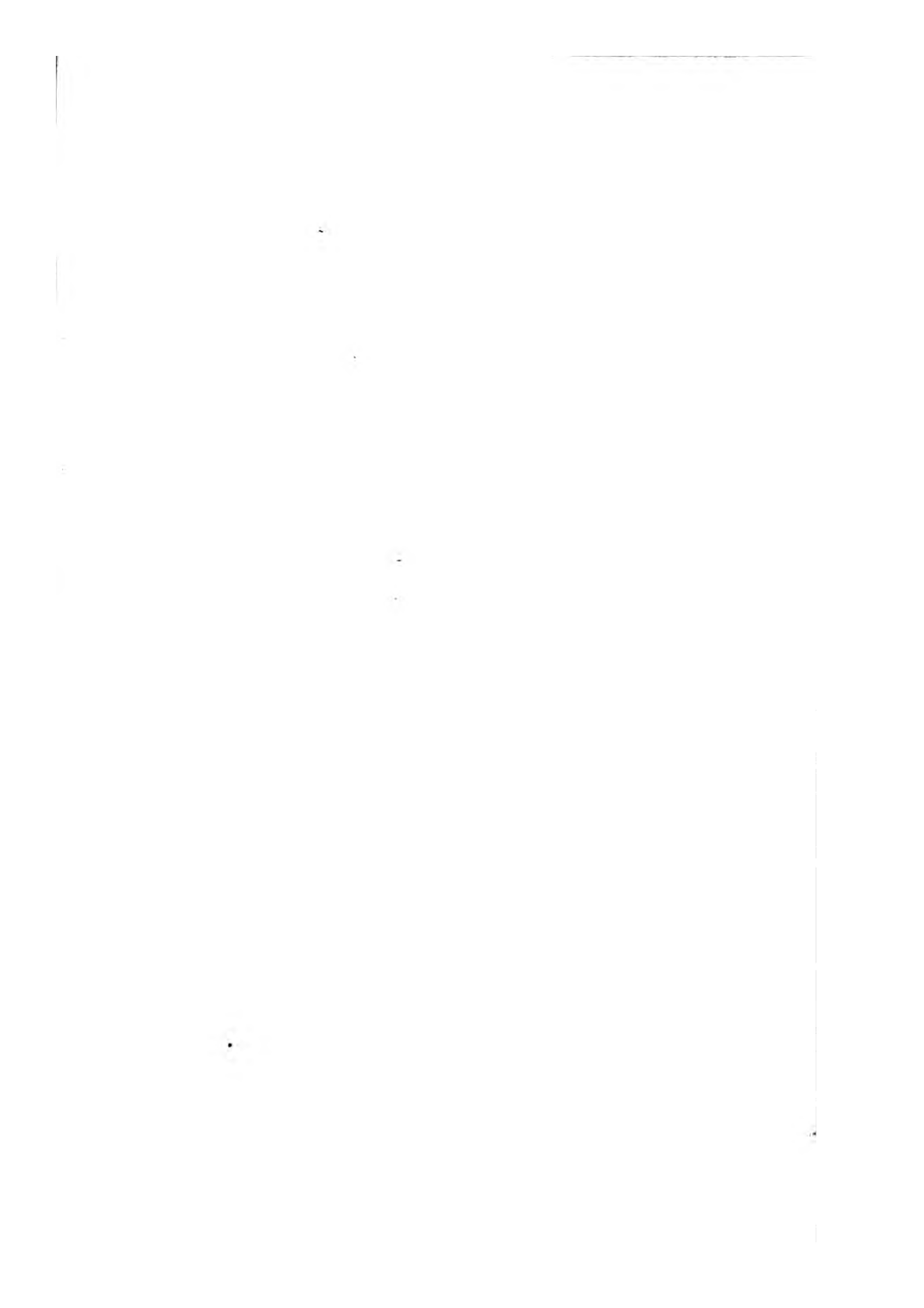
London, Tomblison & Co. U. Havernevi Row

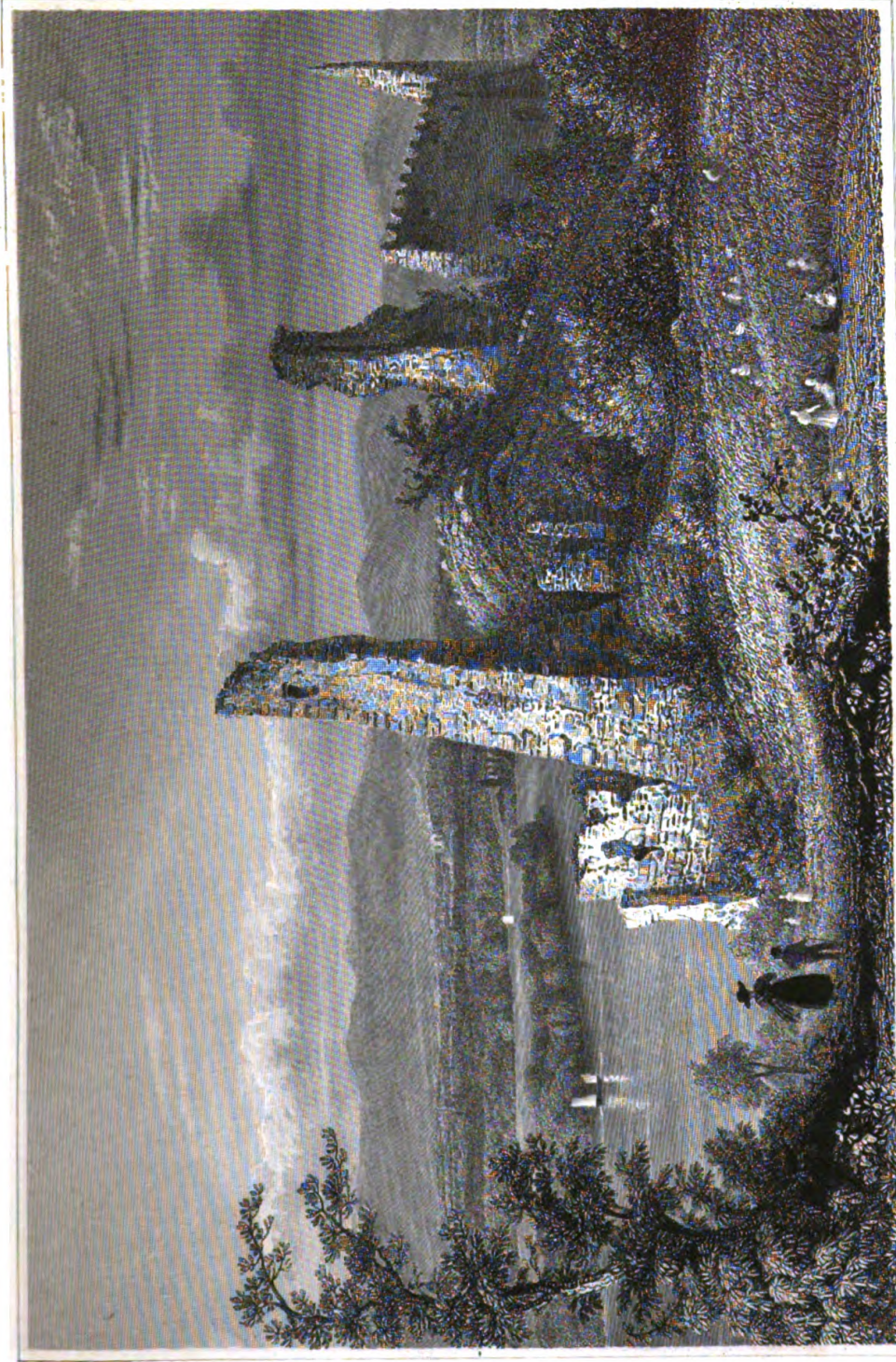
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which, in ancient times, before the Rhine was forced into another channel, was situated on the left bank of the river. This town was formerly one of the principal fortresses of Germany; but its works were demolished in 1743-4. It was probably founded by Drusus, who, we are told, built a fort on the *Mons Brisiacus*. Berthand V of Zæhringen, in later times, strongly fortified it. The hill is composed of basalt, and stands close upon the Rhine. On its summit is the church of St. Stephen, wherein are shown the reliques of St. Gervais and St. Protais, transported hither during the reign of Frederick Barbarossa, in a silver case. The great altar is adorned with beautiful statues, carved in wood. In the church are also seen the tombs of some celebrated generals. The town, at different periods, sustained many reverses, and was ultimately burnt to the ground by the French, in 1793. In 1796 and 1805 its fortifications were rebuilt, but the court of Baden afterwards commanded them to be rased. The site of the old castle commands a very extensive view; and, amongst other objects, is seen the *Kaiserstuhl*. That interesting mountain is situated in the valley of the Rhine, occupying a space of about twenty miles, between the extremity of the Black-Forest and the Vosges, and yet without touching either, so that it is, as it were, entirely insulated. From its summit may be distinctly seen the cities of Strasburgh and Basle. All the varieties of nature are there combined: mountains, valleys, meadows, vineyards, gardens, and forests. Its longest dimension extends from the north-east to the south-west. Its highest point of land (on which are nine linden-trees) is 1,762

feet above the level of the sea. This point, called the *Kaiserstuhl*, or seat of the emperor, gives the name to the mountain. The road to it, coming from Freyburg, is by the village of Ober-Schaffhausen, situated at its base ; and from Alt-Breysach we pass by the villages of Achkarren and Bickensol. The country of the *Kaiserstuhl* is bounded by the Rhine on the west side, and on all its other sides by plains of varied extent, of which the greatest, which lies south-east, is the most fertile in Germany. It contains three towns and thirty three villages, on an area of ten miles, with 32,000 inhabitants.

From Alt-Breysach we may perceive the ruins of *Limberg*, situated on a sandy hill, at the foot of which the Rhine flows in a broad stream, and in stormy weather is rough and dangerous for small vessels. At this place, not long since, a trading barge, with two men on board, was upset by a sudden gust of wind, and the poor fellows would have been inevitably drowned, but for the courage and devotion of a young maid of fifteen, named *Susanna Reisacker*, who, having observed the accident from a field, where she was at work, ran to a boat, lying high and dry on the bank, and, with the assistance of an old woman, succeeded in launching it. In spite of the remonstrances of the senior, who refused to accompany her, she pushed off towards the vessel, abandoning herself to the mercy of the winds and waves, and relieved the boatmen at the very moment they must have perished from want of strength to keep their hold on the boat ; neither of them having learned to swim. As a reward for this humane and heroic act, *Susanna* was honoured by the government with a gold medal, with which she





Heavy road

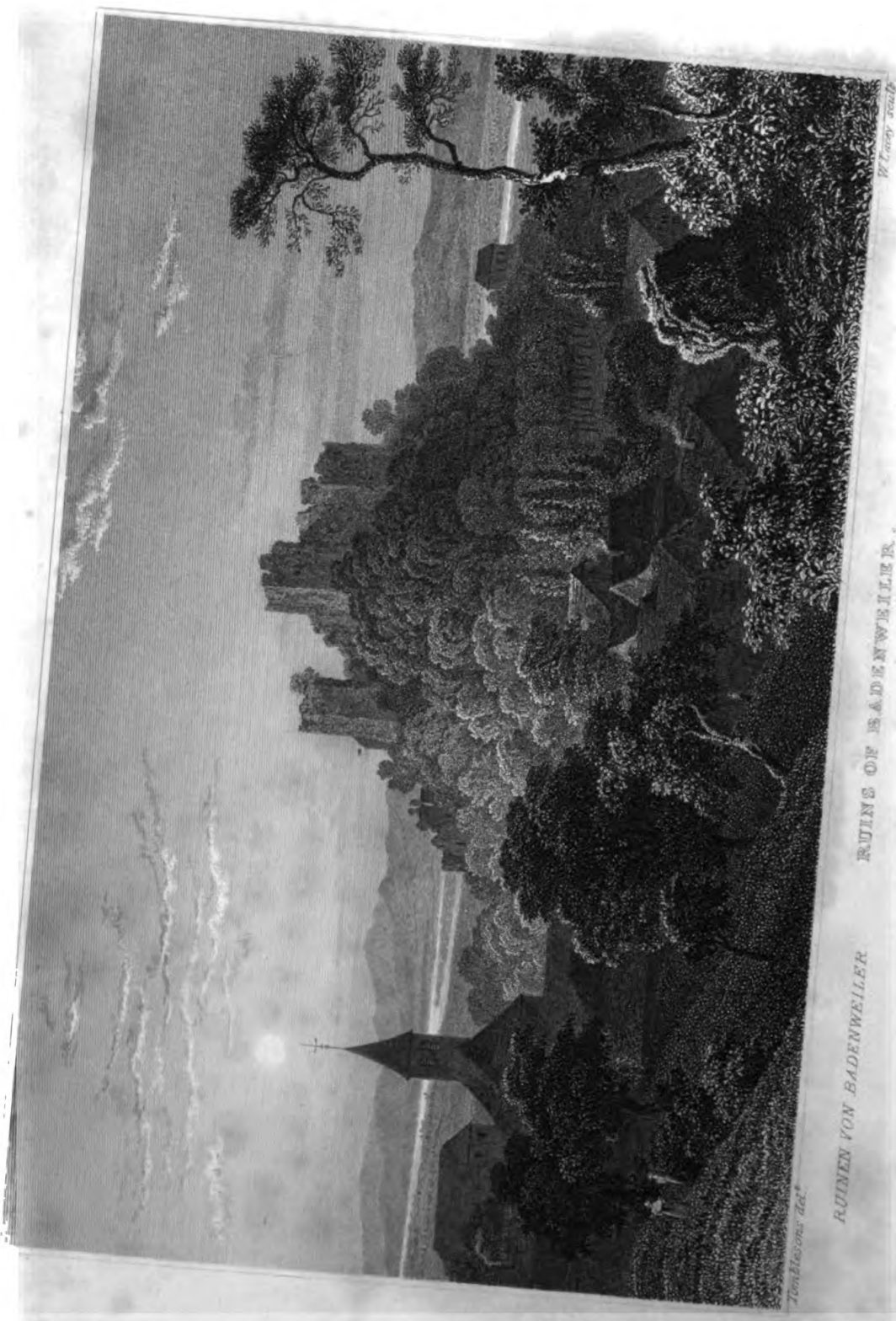
Limberg

RUINS OF LIMBERG. RUINS OF LIMBERG

View by Limberg, & C. H. Paterson Row







Thomson del.

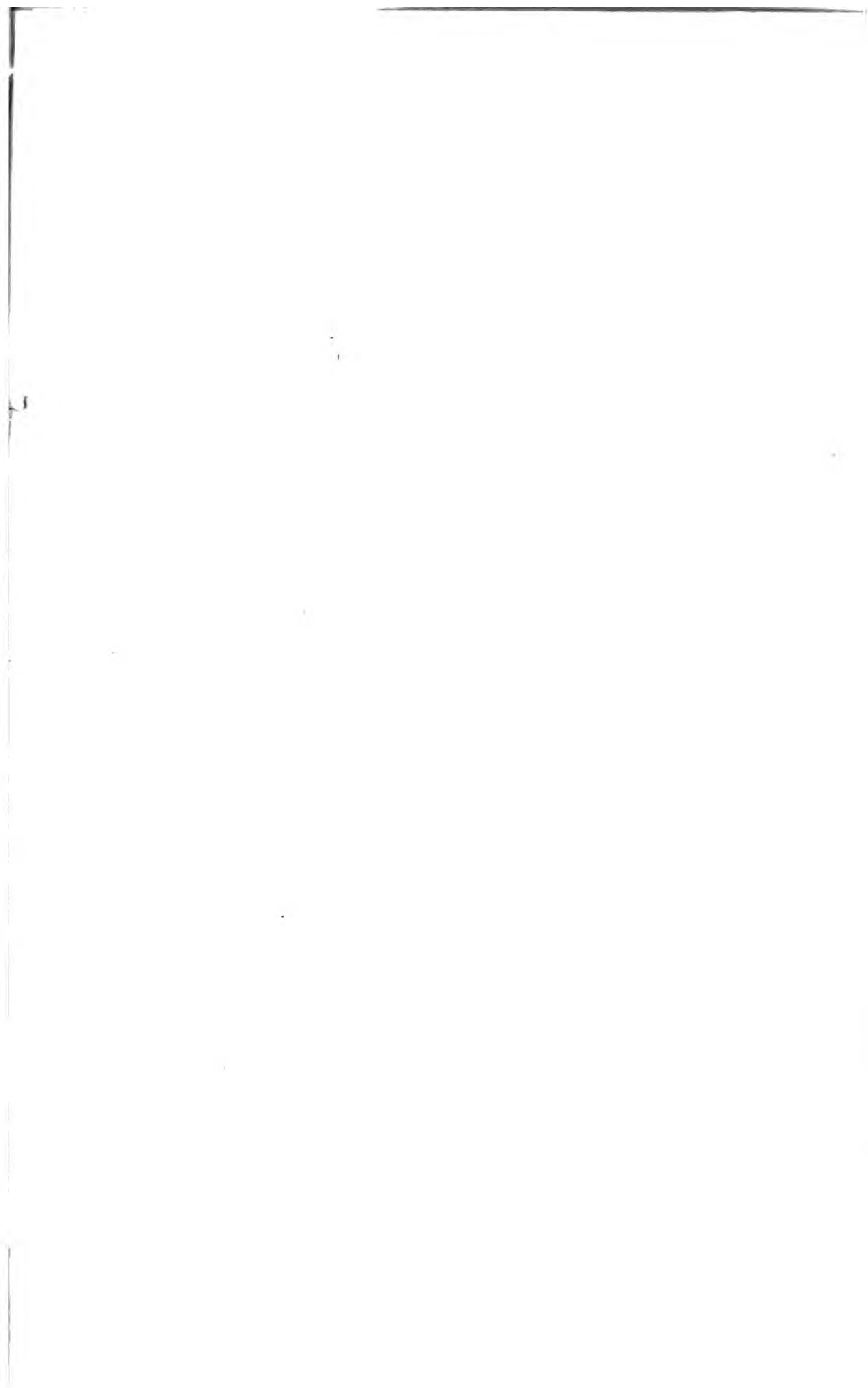
RUINEN VON BADENWEILER

RUINE OF BADENWEILER.

RUINES DE BADENWEILER

W. Lloyd sculpt.

London, Published by G. & C. Hanway, 10, New





was invested, in presence of an immense and brilliant assembly, in the church of *Neu-Breysach*. Besides which, the heroine received a sum of 1000 florins, raised by subscription, to place her at school. We mention this in confirmation of our former assertion, that the females of Germany possess a degree of sensibility and high-minded virtue which are not often witnessed in many other countries of the world.

In order to regain the high road from Freyburg to Mülheim, we arrive at the village of *St. George*, near which is seen, on the left, the *Schönberg*, a mountain of apparently volcanic origin, where there is a considerable establishment for the manufacture of clocks, chronometers and musical watches. Passing by Wolfenweiler we come to *Norsingen*, which produces the best wines of the grand-duchy; and thence to *Krosingen*, a considerable village, the neighbourhood whereof is exceedingly fertile, and was a lordship of some note in the 6th century. The next place worthy of mention is *Mülheim*, a little town, delightfully situated in a fertile valley, bounded on one side by the rivulet Blauen, and on the other by numerous vineyards: one of them, called the *Rebenhag*, produces an excellent wine. Continuing our journey upwards, we perceive, at some distance on the right, the little town of *Neuenburg*, which was once besieged by Bernard of Weimar, who, irritated by its long resistance, swore that he would not leave even a dog or a cat alive in the place. When it surrendered, he repented of his oath; but, in order to keep his word, he ordered only the dogs and cats to be put to the sword.

Badenweiler, three miles distant from Mülheim, on

the left of the high road, merits the attention of the tourist. Its ancient castle, in ruins, is situated on an elevated cone of mount Blauen, and commands a delightful prospect. This castle was formerly denominated Bade-Baden. Duke Conrad of Zæhringen gave it as a dowry to his daughter Clementine, on her marriage with duke Henry the Lion, in 1147, who ceded it to Frederick Barbarossa ; but, some time afterwards, it fell again into the possession of the Zæhringen family. The counts of Freyburg, when they lost possession of the city, took up their residence in it. The castle was destroyed by the French, in 1678. The most remarkable object here is the Roman bath, discovered in 1784. It occupied an area of 125 perches, containing a number of hot and cold baths, dressing-rooms, sudatories, anointing chambers, &c. Its walls are covered with red mortar, bearing an excellent polish. Within the building is seen an altar, consecrated, as appears by an inscription, to the worship of *Diana Abnoba*. On the north side of the bath there had evidently been a Roman pottery ; among the rubbish of which were many medals, broken vases, and other vessels, bearing the name of the manufacturer. Weinbrenner considered the architecture of these baths to be in the Greek style, rather than in that of the Roman. He drew an excellent plan for their complete restoration, which, it is hoped, will be carried fully into execution ; so that Germany may have to boast of one bath entirely antique. The mountain, at the back of Badenweiler, is called the Hoch-Blauen, from its height, which is 3,595 feet above the level of the sea. From it may be plainly discovered the *glacières* in the neighbourhood of Berne, a great part of Alsace, &c.

The next place on the high road from Mülheim, is the small town of Schliengen, famous for the battle fought there, in 1796, between the archduke Charles and general Moreau. On the left of it is the village of Liel where there are productive iron mines. A few miles further on is *Kaltenherberg*, a post station, distant about twenty miles from Basle. In the neighbourhood of this place is the celebrated *Erdmansloch*, or *Haselerhöle*, situated in a wild and desert country. This cavern is formed of fine stalactites and columns of calcareous spath, which have a wonderful effect. The next place of note is *Istein*, with its castle, surrounded by rich and extensive vineyards. Its church of St. Veitis is a celebrated resort of pilgrims. But the most remarkable curiosity of this place is the bridge, erected under the orders of prince Eugene of Savoy, on a perpendicular rock, eighty feet above the stream of the Rhine, to open a communication with the villages lying on the banks of the river. Six thousand men of his army passed over it in one night. The country around it is wild and romantic. Within six miles of Basle is *Lærrach*, situated at the entrance of a valley, through which winds the river *Wiesen*. It has upwards of 1800 inhabitants, and contains several manufactories of printed cottons. About a mile from this place is seen, on a gentle eminence, near a beautiful valley, called the *Wiesenthal*, the ruins of the castle of Rœteln, destroyed by the French in 1678. It is not known at what epoch this castle was built; but the lords of Rœtelheim, a distinguished race, connected with the house of Baden by marriage, were possessed of it as early as the 11th century. The last of the family died in 1315,

and the margrave Henry of Hochberg succeeded to the whole property. We now approach the confines of the grand duchy of Baden, the last place in which is the village of *Weil*, renowned for its exquisite wines, and containing 1000 inhabitants. Here many of the opulent inhabitants of Basle have country houses. The line of demarcation is near the handsome village of *Eimeldingen* on the Cander. The view of the left bank of the Rhine, from the route we are now passing over, will often engage the attention of the traveller. Amongst other striking objects is *Huningen*, once a French fortress, built in the 17th century, under the direction of the celebrated Vauban, in spite of the remonstrances of the cantons. By the decision of the congress of Vienna this formidable place was dismantled, much to the loss of the inhabitants, who now subsist chiefly on their contraband speculations, which, within a few years, has afforded abundantly *de quoi vivre*. Near it, formerly, stood a *mouse-tower*, similar to that of Bingen, and, no doubt, for like purposes; but we have not been able to learn that any bishop was ever devoured there. The fine monument erected at Huningen, to the memory of general Abattuci, who fell in the defence of the fortress against the Austrians, was destroyed by the allies, but has since been re-erected.

Taking leave now of the delightful and fertile country of Baden, we enter the canton of Basle, and begin to feel the inspiration of the mountain air of Switzerland. SWITZERLAND! the country of Tell and of that brave band of patriots, whose courage, wisdom and perseverance raised the flame of liberty in a benighted

world, cast off the iron yoke of despotism, and drove the incubus of foreign oppression from their soil.

We trust that our readers will now repose with us here, for a short time, in the enjoyment of the refreshing breezes of the Jura, whose magnificent chain is now seen extending far and wide, and lifting its hoary pinnacles to the skies, whilst we give a slight *apperçu* of the history of the extraordinary country before us, and notice a few particulars of its unique features and natural productions, which, whilst they may prove useful to the tourist on his way to explore them, may not be unappreciated by those of our readers who, at home, unexposed to the danger of the *avalanche*, or the slippery footing of the *glacier*, may choose to contemplate the wonders of creation in our lucubrations.

The people of Switzerland generally have been (and perhaps justly) highly extolled for courage, probity, extraordinary attachment to *home*, and great *naïveté* and simplicity of manners. In proportion, however, as they have deviated from their agricultural and pastoral state, their distinctive qualities are in a great measure obliterated. "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*" The Swiss exile now hears the *ranz des vaches* and the patriotic airs of his country, we presume, without any greater degree of emotion than a Briton, a Frenchman, a German, or a native of any other soil, would feel in a foreign land, on hearing the well-remembered ditties of the country of his birth. The great convulsions of the moral and political world, which, during the last fifty years, shook the foundations of society, and jumbled the nations of the earth together, have also rounded off, in

the course of its operations, the most prominent points of national character in all countries, and the Swiss, in the *mêlée*, having added to their industry and perseverance the love of mercantile and manufacturing speculations, insensibly put on, in part, the habits and customs of the different nations with whom they were brought in contact, and whose ingenuity it was their pride to emulate. The lines of the elegant Goldsmith, not very just even when they were written, would apply but badly to the present refined generation of these industrious and prosperous people.

“Some sterner virtues o’er the mountain’s breast
 “May sit, like falcons, cowering on the nest,
 “But all the gentler morals, such as play
 “Through life’s uncultur’d walks, and charm the way,
 “These, far dispersed, on tim’rous pinions fly,
 “To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.”

It was in the year 1307, after many centuries of oppression, under various masters, that the three obscure districts of *Uri*, *Schwytz* and *Unterwald*, known by the name of the *Waldstadts* (*Waldstätten*,) or forest-towns, formed the noble resolution of making themselves independent of foreign despots, or perishing in the attempt. Roused by the example of *Tell* and others, who had braved the Austrian governors, and lighted the flame of liberty, which was soon to illumine the whole region of the Alps, the three patriots, *Werner Stauffacher de Steinen* (*Schwytz*), *Arnold an der Halden of Melchthal* (*Unterwald*) and *Walther Fürst of Attinghausen* (*Uri*), held nightly meetings in the celebrated meadow of *Grütli*, at the foot of the *Selisberg*. These meetings took place in a house still existing, (remarkable for the beauty of

the fruit-trees with which it is shaded, and for three fountains by which they are constantly watered) and continued until the seventh of November, of the year above mentioned, when a solemn compact was entered into, and confirmed by oath at a general meeting of the confederates, to assist each other in asserting their rights as freemen. Hence the well-known term *Eidgenossen* (*sacramenti particeps*), which has since been generally adopted. On the first of January following, their plans were carried into effect in the three Waldstadts; the castles and strong holds of their oppressors were stormed, and the officers conducted to the frontiers without harm or insult. This was the *nucleus* of the *Helvetic Confederation* and of the establishment of the Swiss as a nation. The expelled Austrians, seven years afterwards (1715), fell upon the confederates with an immense force, but were driven back with great slaughter. Encouraged by this event, *Lucerne*, in 1352, *Zurich*, in 1351, *Glaris* and *Zug* in 1352, and *Berne*, in 1353, united with the first cantons; and became enrolled in the annals of Switzerland as the *eight first states*.

“The Confederation,” says a German writer of eminence, “attained its highest pitch of glory without any appointed leaders, and without any other laws than those expressed in the treaties of alliance, which were drawn up to meet present circumstances rather than for the regulation of the future. It was the spirit of independence of their fellow-citizens that formed the bulwark of their existence. In case of dispute they submitted to the decision of justice and equity. The city of Zurich was chosen to superintend the common interests of

the whole. In case of attack, every one flew to arms ; and, in proportion as their yoke had been painful, their devotion to freedom was intense. Happily for them it was so ; for otherwise they must soon have succumbed. Leopold, duke of Austria, a prince of an enterprising and valorous character, invaded them at the head of a formidable army, resolved to avenge the wrongs he had sustained, and to punish the insolence of the republican rustics. Although at this very conjuncture the confederates were on the point of separating, they with one accord fell upon the invaders, and gained a complete victory at Sempach, on the 9th of July, 1386. The inhabitants of Glaris, unaided, had the good fortune also to repulse an attack made on them, two years afterwards, at Nefels. From that critical period they felt the necessity of cementing their union, and for many years were successful, until success had created a love of gold and conquest, and led not only to internal discord, but to a mercenary system of lending their strength for hire to governments, whose chains they had with difficulty, in former times, succeeded in throwing off.

Near the middle of the 15th century the fabric raised by the noble efforts of the ancient confederates was fast crumbling to ruin, when the war which broke out between the wily monarch of France, Louis XI, and Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, who was esteemed the greatest warrior of his time, again revived, for a season, the astonishing prowess of the confederates, and they, with one accord, took up arms against the duke, who had endeavoured, in various instances, to trample on their freedom. At *Grandson* and at *Morat*, in March

and June of the year 1476, they routed him completely, took his military-chest, baggage and jewels, to an immense amount, and, tarnishing the brilliancy of his former exploits, contributed mainly to the termination of his barbarous career. The baleful effects of these un contemplated successes were soon felt in the feuds to which the partition of the rich spoils of the campaign gave rise. Civil war, far more destructive than any other, seemed inevitable, when a pious prelate, *Nicholas de Flue*, had influence enough to calm the unruly passions which the pride and licentiousness of warlike pursuits and pillage had engendered, and peace was for a time restored by the admission of the states of *Friburg* and *Soleure* into the confederation, which, it appears, had been previously refused, and formed one of the principal causes of the quarrel. The reformation of the church, at this period beginning to dawn on the Christian hemisphere, was expected to bias, in a great degree, the future conduct of the Swiss; but their simple habits had been exchanged for the love of glory and conquest; the frugal and industrious mountain swains, to the number, it is said, of a hundred thousand, were now engaged in the service of foreign potentates, whilst domestic troubles unfortunately engaged the attention of the people and their governments more than any consideration for the prosperity of future generations. Another crisis for their salvation became necessary, and if, during their war with Swabia, in 1499, the irresolution and tardy proceedings of the enemy's chief had not happily given them time for preparation, the contest must have been fatal to liberty. Two years subsequent to this war,

Basle and *Schaffhausen* joined the Confederation, and, twelve years later, *Appenzell* also acceded to it. The contests of the clergy and the intrigues of the pope and sovereigns under his sway, the venality of chiefs and the still preponderating influence of superstition again roused the demon of discord, and lighted anew the torch of civil war, in the 17th and 18th centuries. The mild doctrines of the reformation had not failed, however, to make some progress; they by degrees corrected the licentiousness which the bad example of the clergy and military expeditions had created, acted powerfully on the intellectual faculties of the Swiss as well as of the German states, and proved that the event which shook to its foundation the power and dominion of a sordid, cruel and relentless hierarchy, was worthy of the admiration and support of civilized nations. Commerce, under its sacred influence, expanded its wings; and Switzerland, having gained experience in the school of adversity, now embraced the benison, and set about, in good earnest, the consolidation of their union. It was not, however, an easy task to form a government adapted to the general welfare of the states; and generations passed away in vain endeavours to reconcile all parties, until the French revolution burst, like a volcano, on the astonished world, and shortly involved Switzerland in its horrors. The flame of democratic fury now spread over the land; the never-dying embers of aristocracy, fanned by the despotical powers of Europe, soon glowed with all its hateful fires, bayonets glittered and cannon roared in the once peaceful valleys of the Alpine regions, and Swiss blood would soon have mixed in tor-

rents with the bright streams of the mountains, had not that benign Providence, which decides the fate of nations, raised up the hero of Marengo, whose power stilled, as by magic, the elements of strife, and his famous *act of mediation*, laid the first stone of a fabric, which, since consolidated by events, will remain the ark of Helvetic safety, whilst moderation, firmness and courage unite to defend it.

On the 7th of August, 1815, the deputies of all the cantons met at Zurich, and sanctioned by their oaths the new federal compact, which restored to Switzerland all the places taken from them by the French armies, with the exception of the valleys of Chiavenna, Bormio, the Valteline, and the town of Mülhausen. Since that period the cantons have had but few interruptions from foreign interference or domestic broils; but the restless spirit of the times leaves them not entirely without fears of future agitation. "UNITED WE STAND—DIVIDED WE FALL," should be their motto; and it should be worn as a philatory nearest their hearts.

Switzerland now comprises twenty-two cantons, forming twenty-four states, of various extent. Each canton is independent of the other, in point of legislation, like the United-States of America, but joined in a federal compact for general support. The cantons, for the most part, have a mixed democratic and aristocratic government. Friburg and Berne are the only states that admit of privileged classes, with the exception of Neuchâtel, which is a kind of limited monarchy.

Many of the cantons profess the reformed religion. Basie, Berne, Vaud, Schaffhausen, Zurich, Geneva, and

Neuchâtel are altogether Calvinistic; Soleure, Friburg, Lucerne, Zug, Schwytz, Unterwald, Uri, Tessin and the Valais are chiefly catholic; Aargau, Glaris, Thurgau, St.-Gall, Appenzell and the Grisons are mixed. German is the prevailing language of the country, and is exclusively used in the diet, or general assembly of the cantons. It is not, however, the German which we hear in Saxony, Brunswick, Hanover, and several other of the northern states, but a corruption almost as great as the Lancashire dialect is of the English tongue. In the Pays-de-Vaud, Neuchâtel and Geneva, French is generally spoken with correctness by the better classes of people. Berne, Soleure, Friburg and the Valais use both French and German. Among the lower classes, the old *velche*, or *romanic*, dialect is common. Italian is used in the Tessin and in parts of the Grisons. In the latter canton a particular kind of *romanic* prevails, derived, it is said, from the Etruscans, a nation which peopled Rhætia twenty centuries ago. The dialects of these tongues are so numerous among the Alps, that we are often reminded, in the course of a day's journey, of the reported confusion of the tower of Babel. The spread of languages has occupied much of the attention of the learned of most countries; and as many of our readers, who visit the banks of the Rhine and Switzerland, cannot fail to have their curiosity excited on this subject, we recommend to their attention the "*Historical Survey of German Poetry*," from the pen of the highly talented William Taylor, esquire, of Norwich, from which we hope to be able to find place for an extract, in our Appendix.

The most interesting parts of Switzerland are the valleys of Hasli and Gründelwald, the banks of the lakes of Geneva, Constance and Lucerne, the fine valley of Chamouny, the cities of Basle, Zurich and Berne, and the cantons of Appenzell, the Grisons, the Valais and Neuchâtel. Tourists entering the country on the northeastern border, and who wish to return that way, will do well to proceed to Zurich, by Constance or Schaffhausen (between which places coaches run daily), and thence to Zug and Lucerne. From the latter place they may conveniently make little excursions on foot in the smaller adjoining cantons. Again taking coach to Sursee, they may proceed, by Zoffingen and Morgenthal, to Berne and Thun. They may then visit on foot the valleys of Lauterbrunn, Gründelwald and Meyringen. Taking the coach again at Thun, to return to Berne, they may pass by Friburg and Vevvey to Lausanne and Geneva. Then, after visiting the famed valley of Chamouny, they may return by way of Yverdun, Neuchâtel, Bienne and Soleure, or by Basle, passing through the valley of Moutiers. If they enter the country by way of Basle, the route we have indicated may be reversed. This tour may be made conveniently in a month, or five weeks; but, proceeding directly up the Rhine, to visit first the lake of Constance, the Rheinthal, the Grisons, and the sources of the river, five or six weeks will be necessary, if an inspection of the whole country be intended. From Lucerne we may make an excursion to Lugano and the delightful Borromean islands. Instead of proceeding directly to Berne, by Zoffingen and Hutwyl, they may pass the Entlibuch and the

Emmenthal to Thun. From Friburg they may visit Gruyères, Morat, Vevay and the Valais; then Soleure and Arau. A charming tour, for those to whom time is an object, is from Basle, through Zurich, Einsiedeln, (where there is an abbey and a miraculous image of the virgin, to whom thousands of pilgrims still resort), Schwytz, Altorf (the native place of William Tell) and mount St. Gothard; thence, through the canton of Unterwald, by Meyringen, Gründelwald, Lauterbrunn, Thun, Kandersteig, mount Gemmi, the baths of Lou-ësche, Sion, Martigny, the valley of Chamouny, Geneva, Lausanne, &c., returning by way of Friburg, Berne and Soleure.

The best time for travelling in Switzerland, and observing in perfection the beauties of the glaciers, cascades and other grand objects, is in the months of July and August, although it frequently happens that even September and the first part of October afford the same advantages; but in the latter months the nights are too long, the air chilly, and the fogs hovering over the plains, are not dispersed till noon. Even in the finest weather it is necessary to be provided with summer and winter clothing, to guard against the extremes of heat and cold, which are often felt alternately in the course of an hour's journey.

In this country is presented to the view all that is magnificent, extraordinary, astonishing and sublime; all that can inspire fear, terror, and dismay; all that is rude, gloomy or solitary; all that can be imagined of romantic, pleasing, soft and pastoral; in fine, all the beauties that sportive and beneficent Nature has spread

on the face of the earth. Embracing in its confined limits the varieties of the frigid, the temperate and the torrid zones, we may here, in different situations and in a few hours' time, experience the degrees of heat and cold of every clime, and gather plants and flowers common to them all.

The pleasure which nature imparts in any country consists not only in the great variety of objects presented, but also in the different appearance which those objects assume, even from the same point of view, on sudden changes of the atmosphere and from the wonderful effect of light and shade thrown upon them at different hours of the day. In the Alpine regions this effect is peculiarly striking, when the bright and dazzling reflection of the solar beams on the pinnacles of snow and ice is contrasted with the shades of deep valleys ; when the effulgence of light plays on the waves of the lake, or bedecks the hills, forests, castles and cottages with golden attire, or when the spirit of the storm waves his sceptre and spreads his dark mantle over all, transforming into deep gloom the enchanting scene. Whoever has not seen Switzerland under all these changes, to which it is constantly subject from its lofty position, can have no conception of the phenomena which infuse into the hearts of those who contemplate them emotions impossible to describe. Throughout the whole course of the country, from the northern extremities of the Alps to their southern limits, Nature is ever varying her form ; now assuming the fearful aspect of rocks, precipices, mountains, gulfs and cataracts, and now radiant with all the charms of Arcadian beauty. What a field for the genius of the painter

and the poet ! What a resource for those, who in the bosom of Nature seek relief from misfortune, sickness, infirmity or *ennui* !

The *glaciers* are the most striking phenomena of Switzerland. They in general raise their silvery heads immediately above what is termed the region of snows, and consequently above the clouds : sometimes their glassy sides spread deep into the valleys, where they continue to water the land, without apparently decreasing their bulk. Thus, it frequently happens that one hand may be placed on the foot of the glacier, or mountain of ice, whilst roses and odoriferous flowers of many kinds may be gathered with the other. This approximation of heat and cold is one of the most curious features of the Alpine regions.

Every one has heard of the *avalanches* of this country; but few persons are aware of the necessity, whilst travelling in the parts where they occur, of knowing how to escape their effects. After a great fall of snow and a succeeding thaw, particularly in the spring of the year, the tourist should avoid altogether the neighbourhood of the glaciers. The snow and ice then fall together in masses which overwhelm villages, block up the course of rivers, tear away entire forests, and often bury alive the miserable inhabitants. Their fall is generally announced by a rumbling noise, like distant thunder, and the traveller, on this warning, without looking upwards, should betake himself to any ready shelter ; such as a cave, a projecting rock, &c. In the year 1749, nearly the whole of the village of *Rueras*, in the valley of *Tavetsch*, canton of the Grisons, was carried away, during

the night by one of these terrible visitors, but in such a way that the inhabitants of some of the cottages still slept, and were surprised, on waking, that daylight did not appear as usual. Out of one hundred persons who had been thus carried off and buried, upwards of sixty were saved. In 1806, an avalanche tore up a forest on one side of the valley of Calanca, and placed it on the other side, planting a fir-tree on the roof of the parsonage house. In the course of a journey among the Alps, the melancholy vestiges of similar accidents may be often observed.

The immense reservoirs of the Alps supply, independently of the *Rhine*, the streams of many rivers.—The wandering *Rhone* has its source in the western side of mount St. Gotthard, and, in its course thence to the lake of Geneva, it receives at last eighty streams or torrents.—The *Reuss* springs out of the lake Luzendro, on mount St. Gotthard, winds its way to the northward, traverses the lake of Lucerne, and empties itself into the Aar, below *Windisch*, forming in its course several magnificent cataracts.—The *Aar* rises in mount de la Fourche, traverses the lake of Brienz and Thun, and empties itself into the Rhine, near *Zurzach*. The *Saane*, or *Sarine*, escapes from the superb glacier of Sanetsch, in the canton of Berne, runs southward, traverses the country of Saanen, in the canton of Fribourg, and falls into the left side of the Aar, below Gumenen.—The *Limmat* is derived from mount *Limmern*, in the canton of Glaris, takes at that place the name of *Limmren Bach*, runs northward and is afterwards called the *Linth*, retaining that appellation until it falls into the lake of

Zurich, on leaving which it is called the Limnat.—The *Tessin* has its source in the southern side of the St. Gotthard, and is formed of several branches, which flow through the Val Bedretto, the Val Piora, and the Val Blegno: it passes by Bellinzone, traverses the Lake Major, and empties itself into the Po at Pavia.

On the banks of these streams are often observed innumerable curious birds, natives of almost every clime, and many remarkable quadrupeds, peculiar to the soil. The mountains are inconceivably rich in metals of all kinds, petrifications and other curiosities, which afford endless employment to those who cultivate the various branches of natural history. In botanical pursuits these regions afford advantages which no other countries possess. From the deep beds of the lakes to the summits of the rocks which “lift their heads above the storm’s career,” the philosopher finds inexhaustible sources of gratification in experiments on electricity, magnetism, light, heat, the properties and variations of the atmosphere, &c., which could not be made in countries less elevated. Mineral springs also abound in the cantons; The baths of Gurnigel, Baden, Schinznach, Pheffers and Leuk in the Valais, are much frequented, and prove highly efficacious. The acidulous waters of St. Maurice, in the canton of the Grisons, are in much esteem; they contain a greater degree of gas than those of Schwalbach, Spa, Selters or Pymont, and are much resorted to by the Italians.

Many writers have remarked the apparent changes which have taken place on the face of the globe, at very remote periods, proved daily by the discovery of

fossils of animals, fish and birds, now unknown to us, and which must have been deposited in their calcareous tombs by some great convulsion of nature, whereby the colossal masses of the Alps were probably thrown up from the bosom of the deep, and received the sun's rays previous to the creation of the human race. We may therefore consider them as the most sublime monuments of antiquity on earth. Descriptions of Palmyra, Thebes, Athens and Rome are read with intense interest: they act upon our senses with irresistible force. We envy the happiness of those who have had an opportunity of viewing those admirable remains of the genius and power of past generations; but what are they, when compared with the majestic ruins of the globe? What are the annals of humanity, in comparison with the history of nature? What even is the existence of nations, when we consider the eternity of the universe? What are centuries but the days of nature? These questions probably engage the meditations of the traveller, as he climbs the immense and perilous colonnades of the Alps, whose antiquity is coeval with that of the earth itself. Here he may read the marvellous destinies of our planet in the great scroll, written by Nature in awful characters, of which but a small number have hitherto been deciphered, although the researches of geologists have been unceasing therein. The highest and most interesting of the Alps are, *Mount Blanc* (14,700 feet above the level of the sea;—*Mount Rose* (14,580);—the *Matterhorn* (13854) and the *Jungfrau* (12,872.)

Switzerland is no less distinguished for its advancement in literature and the arts than for military achieve-

ments. The treasures collected in numerous monasteries, and particularly in that of St. Gall, in the middle ages, and the labours of celebrated men at Zurich, Basle and Geneva, (immensely important at the time of the revival of letters) paved the way to that advancement of every kind of knowledge which distinguished the last century. Then arose Bernouilly, Euler, Haller, Bonnet, Saussure, Lavater, Rousseau, Necker, Staël, Gessner, Muller and others, whose talents hastened the march of intellect throughout Europe. It was then that Dassier of Geneva and Heldinger of Schwytz carried to a high degree of excellence the art of engraving. It was then that Ferdinand Berthoud and James Droz of Neuchâtel acquired a splendid name in the arts; the first by his improvements in chronometers, and the latter by the perfection of automatons. It was then that Aberli, Gessner, Hess, Wolff, Freudenberger, Ducros, Kayserman, Richter, König and de la Rive produced, in a thousand different and fascinating forms, the picturesque beauties and costumes of the Alps. It was then, indeed, that the genius of the Swiss nation penetrated to the most distant quarters of the globe.

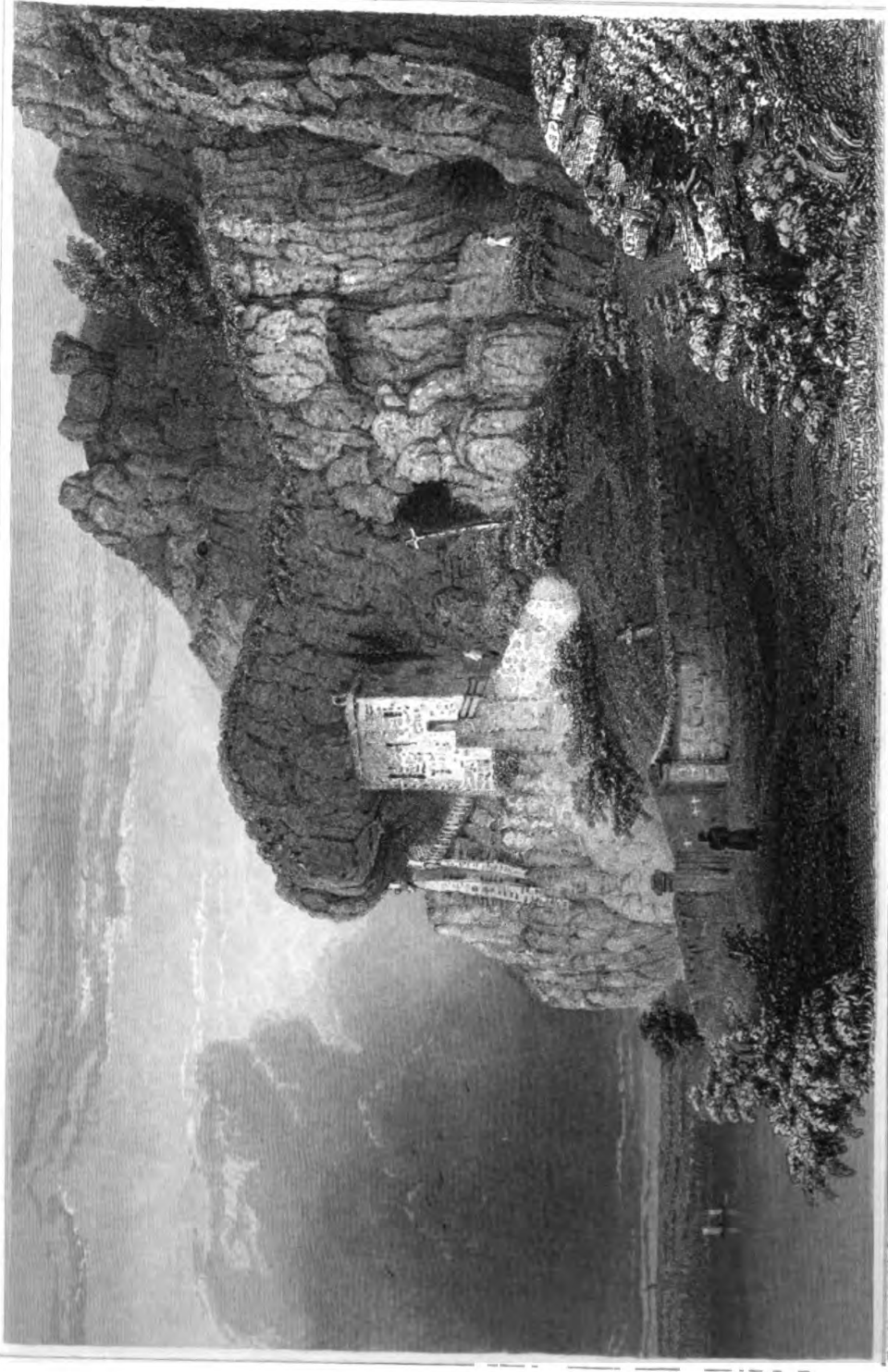
Having, to the utmost extent of our limits, described the chief objects of general interest in the Alpine regions, we now resume our task of reviewing the cities, towns, and other remarkable places, bordering on the Rhine, which we now cross by a bridge, 600 feet long, constructed of wood, at the southern end whereof is a tower, over a gateway, connected with an event which will long be remembered in Basle, and of which notice will be taken in the following pages.

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Le fort de St.

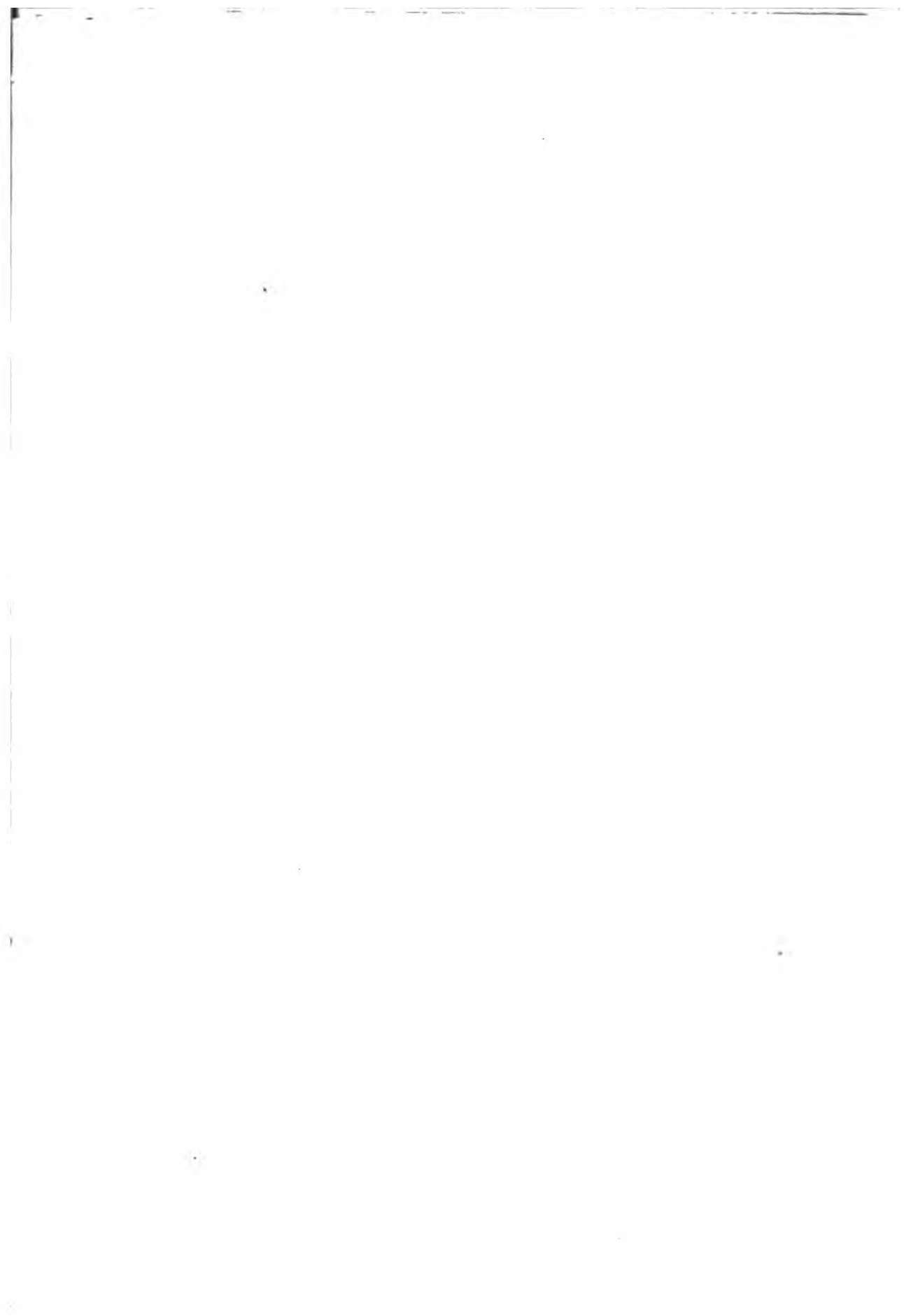
CLIFF TOP VIEW OF THE

CLOISTER NEAR ISTHMI.

N. O. V. R. B. E. I. S. T. I. A. N.

Tombstone etc

London: Published by T. Agnew & Sons, 15, Abchurch Lane.







M. Ward del.

In richmann del.





The city of Basle contains about 17,000 inhabitants, and is divided by the Rhine into two unequal parts; namely, *Great-Basle*, composed of 1750 buildings, and *Little-Basle*, which contains not more than 450. The streets of the former are narrow and irregular; but those of the latter are wide and handsome. The fauxbourgs are very well built. The name of Basle awakens many historical recollections. The Romans built a strong fort here, which, no doubt, was included in the banlieu of the ancient *Augusta Rauracorum*. In the middle ages, it became a place of much consequence, and was strongly fortified. Twice the confederates struggled hard for their liberty within sight of the walls (at St. Jacques and at Dornach), and were victorious. It was in this city, in the fifteenth century, that the great council assembled, which influenced powerfully the future march of the religious and political independence of the country. Soon after that period the college, or university, was founded;—being the only one in Switzerland. The spread of knowledge and the reform of the church were much accelerated by the free presses of Basle. During the French revolutionary struggle, peace was here signed between France and Prussia. In 1796, the archduke Charles of Austria, taking his station on the hill of Oettingen, directed the operations of the siege of Huningen. It was at Basle also that the three victorious monarchs passed the Rhine, in 1814, and repeated their visit in 1815, when the demolition of the fortress of Huningen was decided on; a circumstance which added greatly to the prosperity of the city.

This city contains many spacious and handsome buildings and squares. The streets, although irregular in many parts, are kept in good order, and exhibit a great variety of architecture, of different ages.

The town-house, remarkable for its painted windows and some curious specimens of sculpture in wood, will be seen with pleasure, as also the arsenal, now repaired and placed upon the federal footing. In it is the coat of mail of Charles the Bold. Among other buildings of note is the post-office, where the Swiss diet held its sittings in 1806 and 1812.

The college, rendered famous by the talents of Erasmus, Oecolampade, the Bernouilli, Grinæus, Werenfels, and others, contains an excellent library, wherein are preserved a great number of valuable manuscripts, and among them several volumes of letters, written by celebrated persons in the 16th century. Here is also seen a copy of the *Lob der Narrheit*, or "the Praise of Folly" by Erasmus, with drawings in the margin by Holbein. There is also a collection of Roman idols, found at Augst, and a cabinet of coins used in the city, from the earliest times to the present day. In the college museum are many curiosities, highly worthy of inspection, consisting of paintings, plans, prints, statues, Greek and Roman coins, &c. It is said that the celebrated *Dance of Death*, painted by Klauber, was formerly seen here, but had, unaccountably, disappeared. This must be a mistake; as Klauber, it is well known, executed his famous work on a wall, in the churchyard. If any valuable picture on this subject ever existed in the library, it was probably painted by Hol-

bein, the pupil of Klauber. The masterly wood-cuts of Albert Durer, drawn from the painting, are also preserved here.

The minster, or cathedral, one of the most ancient edifices in Switzerland, was built in the year 1019. It has two towers, of different shapes; one 250 feet high, the other 200. In the interior of the church is the tomb of Erasmus; also that of Anna, wife of the emperor Rodolph of Habsburg, and many others. The organ of this church is remarkably good: the pannels of its case were painted by Holbein; but the dampness of the building having rotted the wood, the painting of course disappeared. Near the church is the hall in which were held the sittings of the great council of 1431. On the floor is painted the architectural construction of the roof of the cathedral. The whole of the building remains in the same state as in the olden time.

The private museums and collections of valuable paintings merit particular attention; and, on the whole, few places in Switzerland present so many objects of interest as Basle. Manufactures and commerce have much increased within a few years; particularly in silk-ribbands, printed cottons and paper; and the great fair of October draws an immense number of people, from all parts. The city, at other times, is not very lively, and its inhabitants possess but few of the light-hearted qualities of their French neighbours. They are, however, courteous to strangers, and have much of the formal politeness of the old school.

The government of Basle is decidedly, in form, *democratic*. The magistrates are composed principally of the

trading classes, and the system of equality established by law is the boast of the citizens: but the *beau-idéal* of perfect equality has never been realized in any nation, since the influence of gold has been established. Wealth will ever create an aristocracy, more overwhelming than that of nobility, and although the poor man, in the *soi-disant* lands of liberty, is not a vassal, yet his dependent state cannot fail to place him at a very humiliating distance from the possessor of fortune's favors. In the petty *republics* of Switzerland, man, "dressed in a little brief authority," is as anxious to exert the power conferred on him as oppressively as if he were in the employment of one of the greatest despots on earth. An instance of this occurred at Basle, only a few years since. An English gentleman, travelling with his passport *tout en règle*, signed and counter-signed by ambassadors of various countries, consuls, &c. &c. arrived at the *Three-Kings* hôtel, and, in the evening, wrote his name in the police report-book, which is presented by the landlord to every stranger. Being neither noble, merchant, tradesman, nor mechanic, he entered his name and described himself "a wanderer—a native of England—coming from Holland—not knowing where he should go next." The commissary of police of this city of liberty, not satisfied with the entry, sent an officer to demand that the gentleman *wanderer* would describe himself properly. The answer returned was, that if the wanderer was not allowed to be what he described himself, he was not able to be more explicit. The *bourgeois* commissary now appeared in person, and insisted on seeing the wanderer's passport, in which he read the



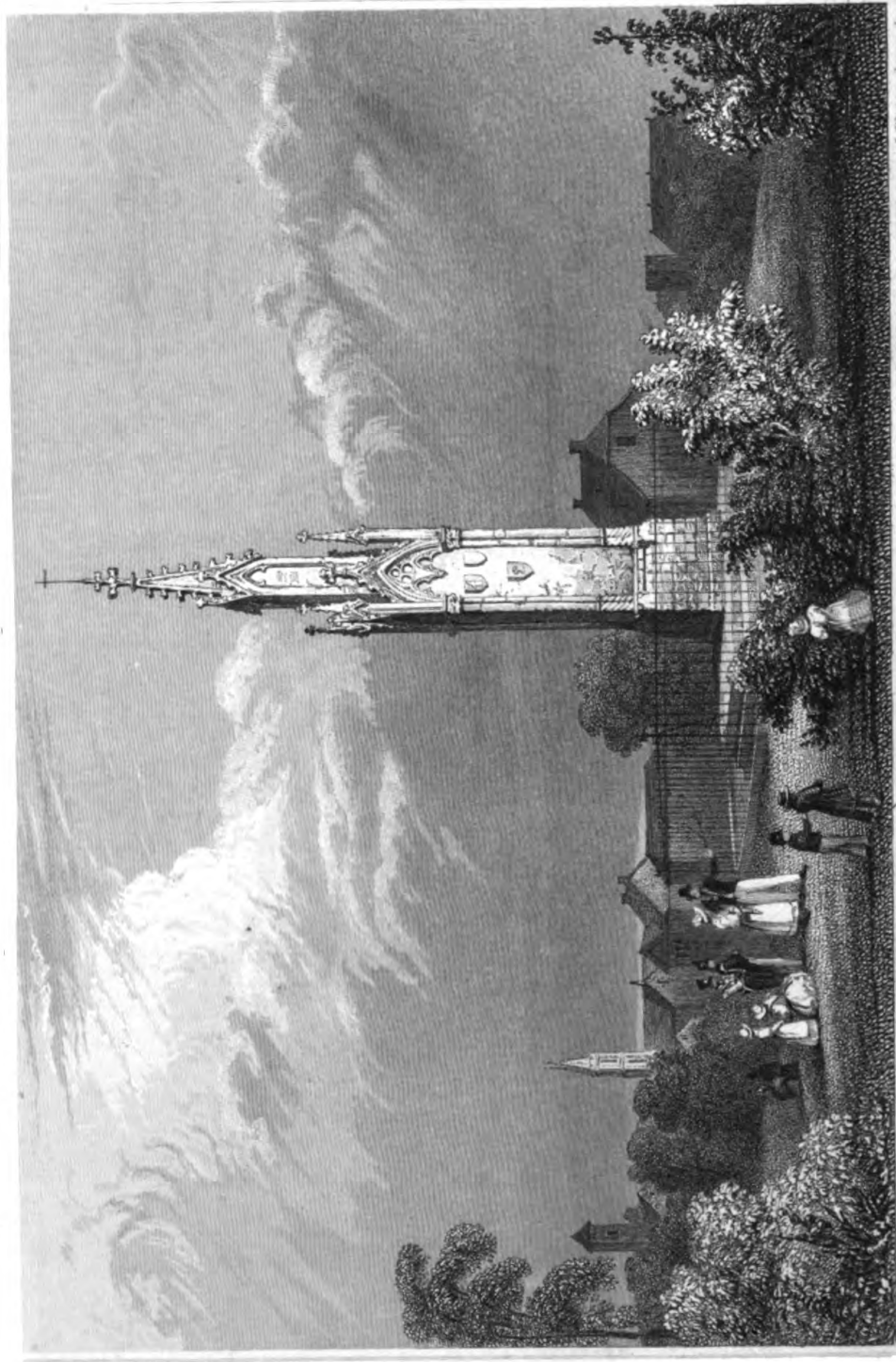
name of T—. P—. *Fellow of ***** College, Oxford.* This was Greek to the official, who walked off in dudgeon with the passport, kept it for several days, and then returned it without apology, accompanied by a demand of twenty kreutzers for his *visée*, or revision. We have observed that, in most countries of the continent, the *authorities* have rescinded many of the wise regulations established by the power of Napoleon, and suffered the worst to remain in force, particularly those relating to *espionnage* and police, which were well enough adapted to times of war and tumult, but in peace answering scarcely any other purpose than to annoy the harmless respectable stranger, and to afford the means of speculation. In the hôtel of the *Three Kings* we frequently dined, at the table-d'hôte, with the ex-king of Sweden, on whose throne now sits the soldier of fortune, Bernadotte. This monarch, although in general reserved and taciturn, would sometimes descant familiarly, with visitors he liked, on political events. The dining-room of the hôtel commands a fine view of the Rhine, and the royal guest would often contemplate the deep and rapid flood, absorbed in thought, and probably reflecting that its course, like his own, was doomed, finally, to sink into insignificance.

One of the most renowned curiosities of Basle, and that which excites the notice of the generality of people who visit the city more than all the treasures of the *virtuosi*, is the *Löllen-König*, or *lolling-tongue king*, who figures in the tower, near the clock, over the antiquated gate, on the left bank of the river, by which we enter the city from the bridge. This exhibition is a

kind of practical witticism of the good people of Basle, originating, it is said, from the following circumstance. When the city was besieged by the Swabians, the inhabitants of the right bank, either from some pique against their fellow-citizens of the opposite side, or for certain more weighty considerations, had entered into the interests of the enemy, and agreed to assist them in taking the city by surprise, during the night. The signal for the attack was to be the striking of the hour of twelve by the clock of the cathedral. The wary burghers, however, having been informed of the plot, contrived that the clock should be advanced an hour, and made to strike *one*, instead of twelve. The plotters, disconcerted by this *ruse de guerre*, supposed they had dozed away an hour, and gave up the enterprise. In commemoration of this event, and to mock, from generation to generation, the *Little Balois*, for their treachery, a Saracenic-looking sort of head was carved, and placed over the gate facing the right bank, from the mouth of which an enormously long tongue is ever and anon protruded, and again drawn back, with a tremulous side-motion, expressive, after the manner of the country, of contempt and ridicule. The tongue is put into action by the oscillations of the pendulum of the tower clock. For some centuries after this event, the clocks of Basle were always an hour in advance of those of other places; and it is only within a few years that they have been made to conform to common usage.

Few places are superior to Basle in the number of religious and philanthropic institutions; and the facilities afforded to the advancement of science and li-



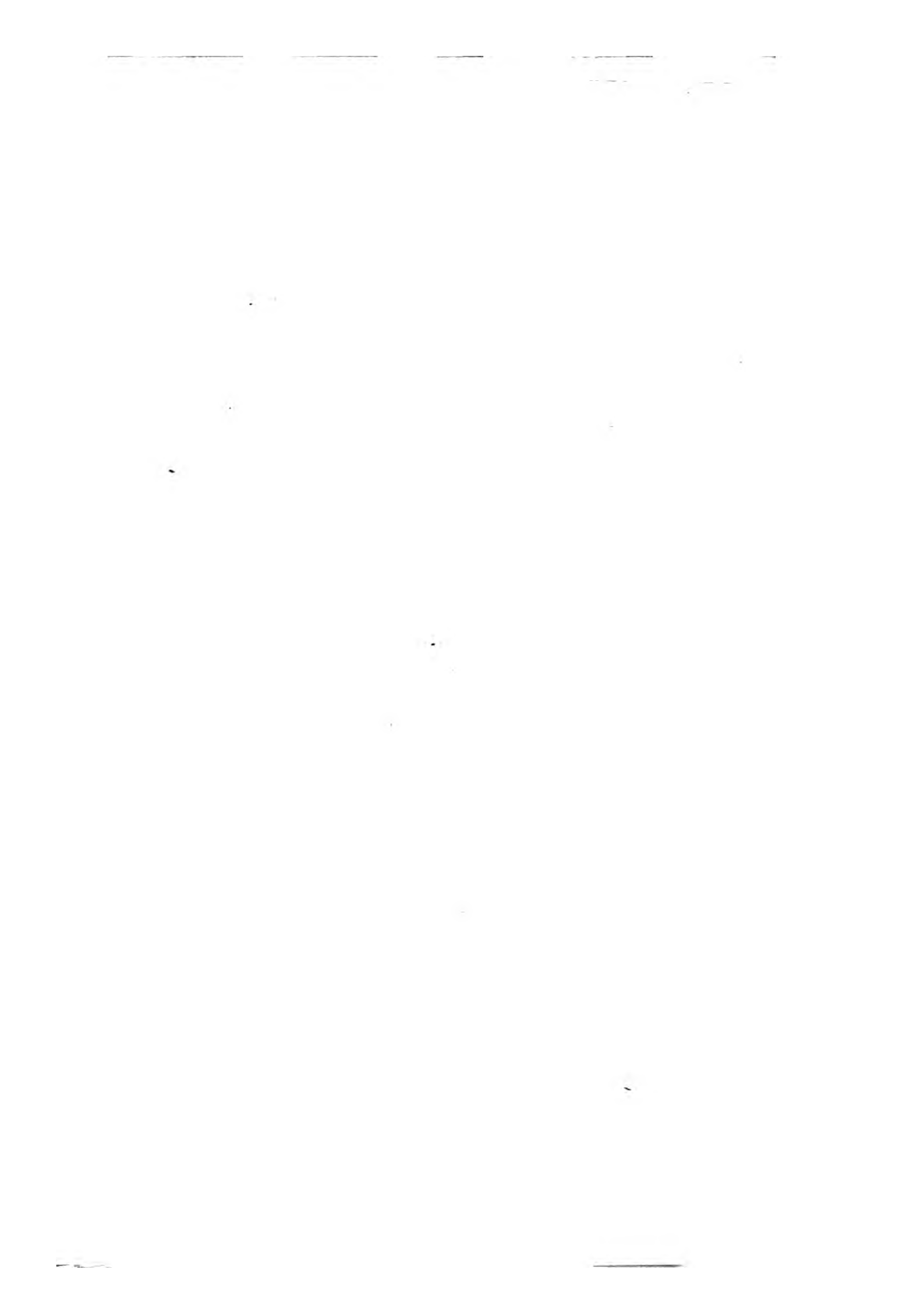


C. Woodward sculp.

BUNDESSCHULE VON ST. JACOB BEI BASEL
 MONT DE LA BATAILLE - EST. UNIVES. PRES DE BASEL

1844. Baseler Verlagsanstalt. 6. 11. 44.

Druckhaus 1844



terature, under the new organization of the university, give hopes of a revival of the classic fame which it once merited.

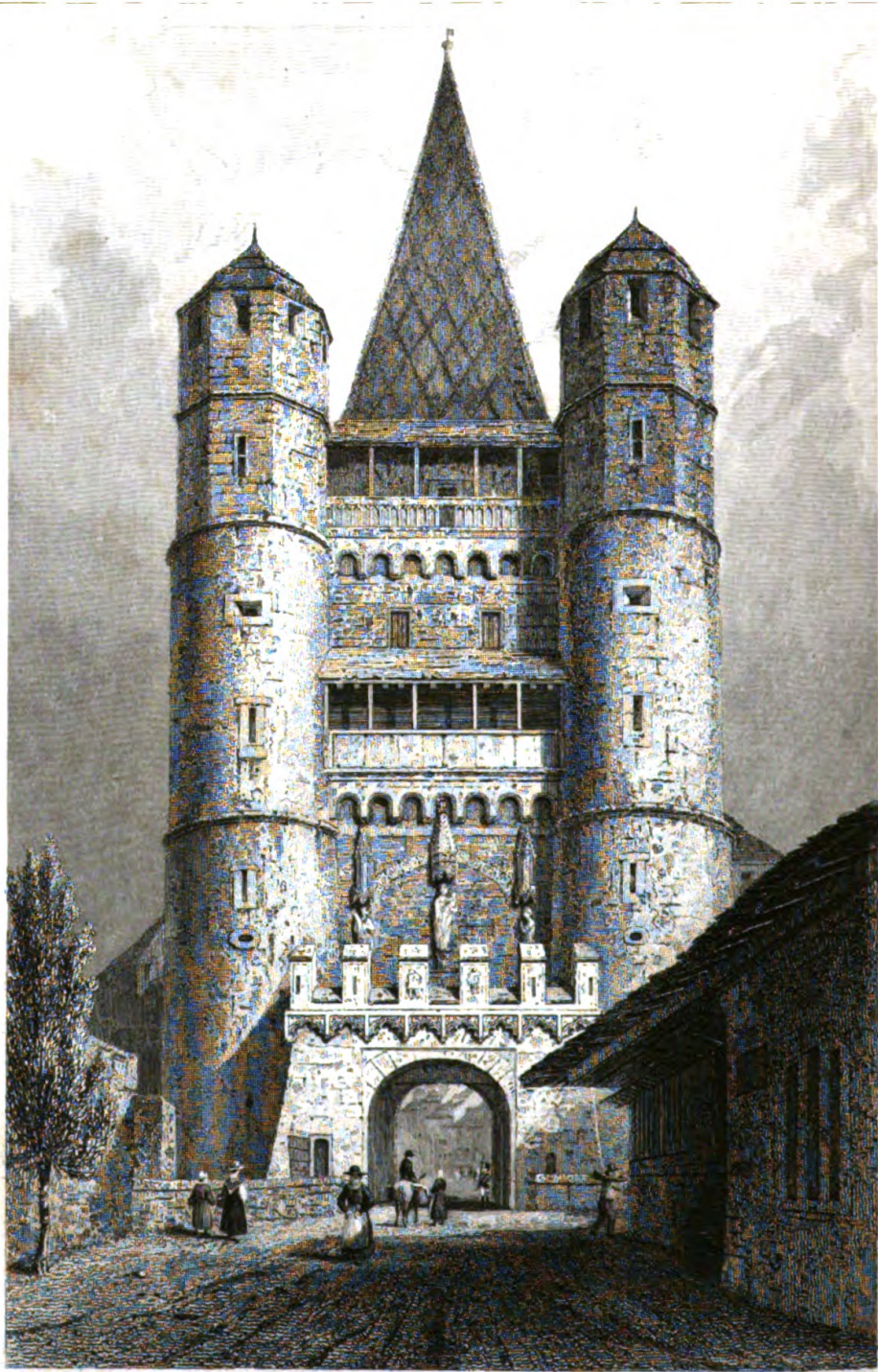
A few days may be passed very agreeably in excursions to remarkable places in the neighbourhood of the city; and we would recommend particularly a stroll to the field of battle of St. Jacob, distant about a mile, celebrated for the memorable resistance made, in the year 1444, by a small body of patriots (not more than 1600 strong), to the whole French army, consisting of 40,000 warriors. The little band, after performing prodigies of valour, were at length cut to pieces, with the exception of sixteen, who succeeded in escaping. This combat, unequalled in ancient or modern times, impressed the French king with so high an opinion of the unconquerable courage of the confederates, that he withdrew his army, concluded a peace, and set the example, of which the court of France has ever since profited, of strengthening the *armée blanche* with Swiss mercenaries. The field where this glorious battle was fought now produces an excellent wine, denominated the *blood of the Swiss*, of which we partook, with a mixture of feelings, difficult to describe, on one of the anniversaries of the memorable day, which are still kept with the greatest enthusiasm. A cast-iron monument has lately been erected, to perpetuate the remembrance of the heroic achievement.

Another agreeable excursion is to *Arlesheim*, distant about three miles from the city, and containing upwards of 615 inhabitants, chiefly catholic, whose church is worthy of remark. The environs of this place are ex-

tremely fertile and agreeable, and the proximity of the Jura, on which are perceived the romantic ruins of several ancient castles, presents the most enchanting landscapes. At the entrance of a narrow valley is perceived on a hill, almost hidden by rocks and woods, the remains of the castle of Birseck. Near this spot is the celebrated English garden, which, destroyed by the French Vandals during the revolution, has been since restored with additional charms. It is the property of the baron of Andlau. The best view of its *ensemble* is from the neighbouring old castle. "This garden," says the author of the *Roses des Alpes*, "is so admirably in keeping with the picturesque scenery by which it is surrounded, that we are still looking for it when we are within its boundaries, and, when no longer in it, we imagine ourselves still in the enjoyment of its beauties." A little in advance of this place is *Dornach*, a village situated on the left bank of the Birsek river, in the canton of Soleure, celebrated for a victory which the confederates obtained there, over the Swabians, on the 22d of July, 1499. An ossuary, belonging to a neighbouring convent of capuchins, contains the sad memorials of the battle. In the village church was buried Maupertuis, without any other monument than his fame. In 1813, one of the arches of the handsome bridge of this place was swept away by a sudden rise of the river, which also deprived thirty-seven persons of life.

One of the most agreeable walks, in the neighbourhood of the city, is to the wood, called *The Brothers*, where Rodolph of Habsburgh was encamped when he





Emberson del.

Granger sculp.

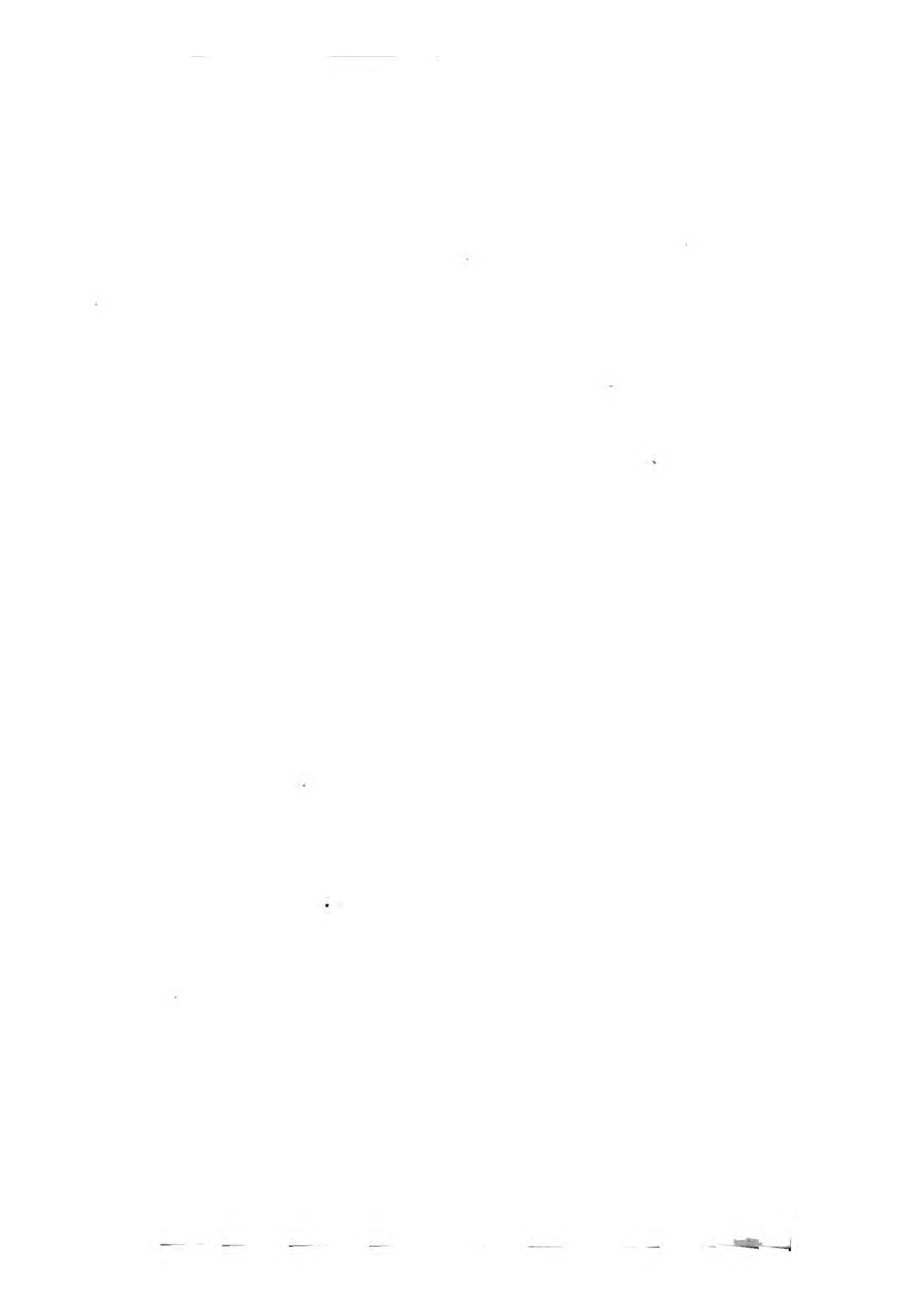
THE NORTH GATE OF ST. PAUL'S.

PALLIS URON VII FACIT

LOSTE DE ST PAUL. A. 1577

London Published by Templeton & Co. 1. Paternoster Row





received the news of his being elected emperor. From an eminence, whereon is situated the church of St. Marguerite, there is a fine and extensive view of the Rhine, the Jura, the Vosges, the Black-Forest, &c., &c. The gate and fauxbourg of St. John are worthy of attention, with the great burying-ground and botanical garden. The much-admired château of Merian, also situated in this quarter, is rendered more interesting from the circumstance of the duchess of Angoulême, daughter of the unfortunate Louis XVI, having been exchanged there, in the time of the French national convention, for the deputies of that body, who had been given up to the Austrians by general Dumourier.

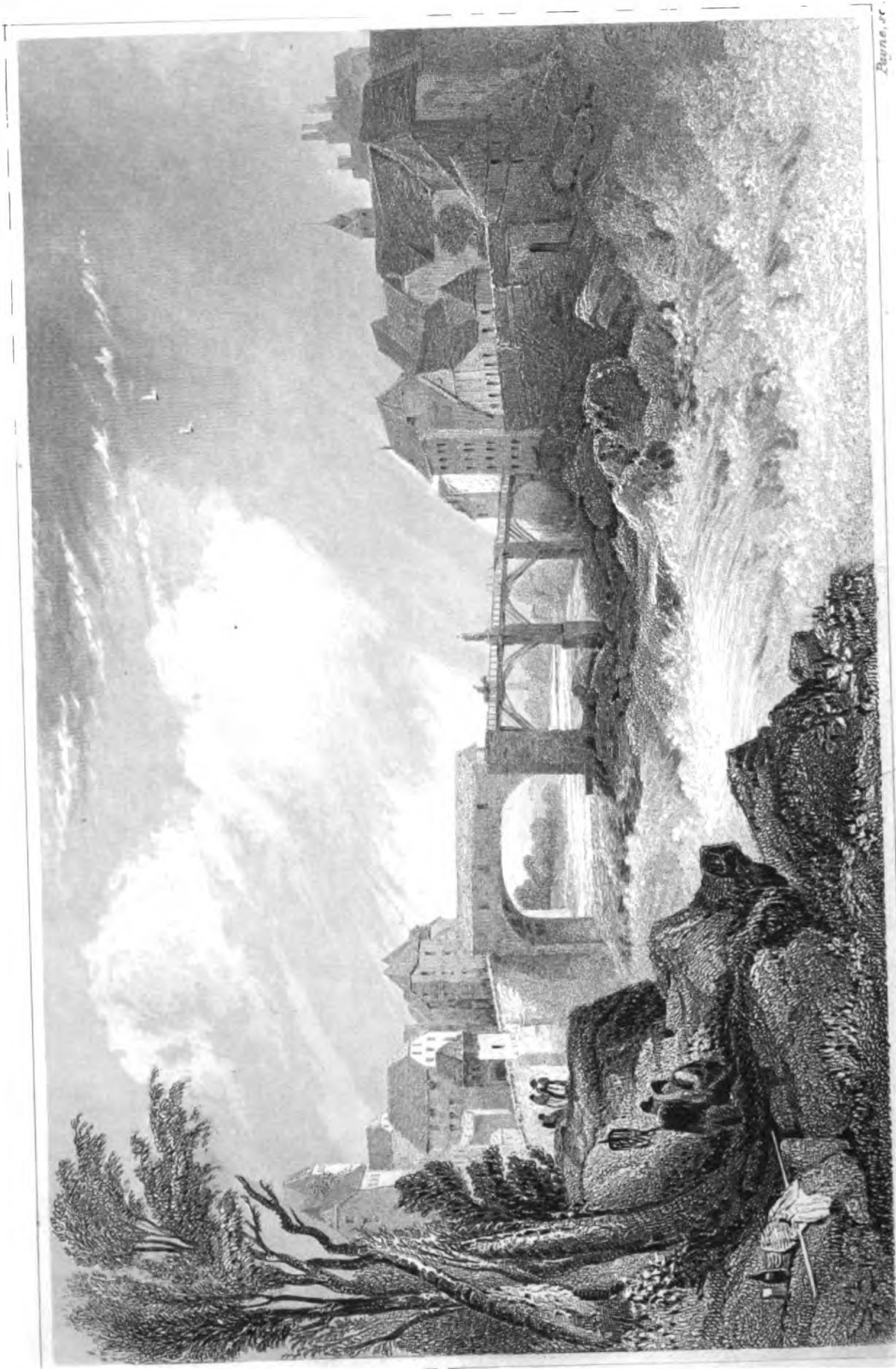
The gate of St. Paul, better known by the name of the Spahlenthor, situated in the quarter leading to Burgfelden, is remarkable for its antiquity and for the beautiful style of its architecture, of which the annexed engraving presents a faithful picture.

The Rhine, having flowed, with various windings, from east to west, since it passed the lake of Constance, forms an elbow just below Basle, and, taking a northerly direction, advances with great rapidity for many miles, until its streams, divided and absorbed by a thousand thirsty islands and lowland plains, relax in force, and placidly spread their fertilizing treasures on the wide-extending shores. It is computed that the body of water which passes Basle annually, upon an average of twelve years, would measure 1,046,763,676 cubic fathoms (being 4,301,769 hourly), in a channel 750 feet wide, and from five to twenty feet deep. In some seasons the water swells to a fearful volume, and, like

every other element, when it obtains the mastery, is sometimes productive of fatal consequences. Even the tributary Birseck, which here falls into the Rhine, often desolates its own romantic banks.

Taking leave now of this interesting city, we turn our faces eastward, in pursuance of our upward views, and soon arrive at the villages of *Basil-Augst* and *Kaiser-Augst*; the former being in the canton of Basle, and the latter in that of Aargau, separated by the rivulet Ergeltz, near the left bank of the Rhine, distant from the city six miles. They occupy the former site of the famed Roman *Augusta Rauracorum*, which was destroyed by Attila and the Suevians, in the 5th century, so completely, that but few vestiges of the Romans were left. There are, however, some traces to be observed of the ancient aqueduct, now termed the *Heidenloch*. About three miles above Augst is *Rheinfelden*, the fourth and last of the forest-towns. At this place is a cataract, called *Hölhacken*, or *Gewild*, produced by the Rhine falling over a mass of rocks, that extends three miles above and terminates just below the bridge of the town, making a *rapid*, of not more than three feet wide, through which it requires great caution to pass with safety. Soon after passing the bridge, the Rhine resumes its placidity, partly reclining, as it were, against a rocky eminence, whereon stood, in times past, *Stein*, the family castle of the ancient counts of Rheinfelden. This castle was destroyed in the 15th century. The town was founded by duke Berthaud II, of Zæhringen, husband of Agnes de Rheinfelden, the last of that family. Three miles above this place the Wehr flows into the Rhine, from the Black-Forest.





W. P. G. del.

L. A. T. N. B. W. D. G.

W. P. G. del.

The next place worthy of remark is *Secklingen*, the third of the forest-towns, distant eight miles from Rheinfeld. It is situated on an island, and is celebrated as the cradle of civilization and Christianity, in the countries of the Upper Rhine. In the 6th century, Fridolin, a noble Irishman, came there to preach the gospel, and was hospitably received by an *allemanic* family. He built the chapel of Hilarius and a cloister for nuns, round which the town gradually rose. Two brothers, named Ursus and Landold, made him a present of the country of Glarus, which remained in the possession of the nuns until the 14th century. A valuable casket, preserved in the church, contains some precious *reliques* of the founder, and outside of the town is shown an altar, with some other monuments of his piety.

Five miles above this place we arrive at *Great and Little Laufenburg*, communicating by a bridge over the Rhine, near which, on an eminence, are the ruins of the ancient castle of the princes of Habsburg-Laufenburg, which was destroyed in the famed war of thirty years. The river is here greatly obstructed by an arm of mount Jura, and its current, being contracted between rocks, of a considerable height, rushes past them with great impetuosity, and forms a cascade, which, although of no great magnitude, has a beautiful effect. Boats, in passing this rapid, must be conducted by means of ropes held by persons on the rocks, or they run the risk of being dashed to pieces. Just below the rocks a great number of salmon are caught in the season. Frowning over the rapid, or, as it is called in German, *Laufen*, stands, on a steep rock, the old castle of Oftring,

Two miles above the Laufen is the little town of *Hauenstein*, containing not more than nineteen houses (most of which touch upon the river) and an old castle, the once splendid abode of a family long since extinct. This district has some remarkable features. It was here that the Swiss desert commenced, whose mountains were termed by the Romans, *Mons Abnoba*, and, in the ancient division of the country into *pagi* or *gau*, *Hauenstein* was a part of the *Alb-gau*. The inhabitants then lived in a perfect state of freedom, and appointed their own judges ; but they nevertheless paid their contributions, followed the *rear-ban* of the empire, and appeared to the summons of the tribunals. The manners and costumes of those early ages seem to have been handed down without much change to the present inhabitants, who are still distinguished by their habiliments and by a bold and independant character. At a short distance above this town, the river *Alb*, which also has its rise in the *Black-Forest*, falls into the *Rhine* at *Albbrug*, a place remarkable for its smelting furnaces, and formerly belonging to the ancient and celebrated abbey of *St. Blaise*. In the valley of the *Alb*, and particularly near the abbey, the scenery is delightfully romantic.

We next arrive at *Waldshut*, about twenty miles below *Schaffhausen*. This is the first of the four forest-towns, and here begins the *Black Forest*, or *Schwartzwald*. About three miles above *Waldshut* is the small village of *Coblentz*, or *Confluentia*, so named by the Romans, from the confluence of the *Aar*, the *Limmat* and the *Reus* with the *Rhine*, about two miles below. The inhabitants of *Coblentz* subsist chiefly by boating.

A few miles higher up is *Zurzach*, on the left bank of the river, in the canton of Aargau, containing 800 inhabitants. This place is pleasantly situated at the foot of a mountain. The two churches (one catholic and the other protestant) and the dwelling of the bishop are the only buildings worthy of notice. In a vault of the catholic church are shown the bones of St. Verene, which in former times attracted a great concourse of pilgrims. The present chapter, composed of ten canons and three chaplains, has taken place of the abbey of St. Benedict. In 1817 a new school was founded by the protestants, who form the most numerous, wealthy and industrious portion of the inhabitants; agriculture and the transport of merchandize affording their chief resources. The two great fairs held here add much to the prosperity of the town; one of which begins on the Saturday before Whitsuntide, and the other in autumn, on the Saturday before the feast of St. Verene. Each of them lasts ten days. In former times they were much resorted to by Russians, Poles and other foreigners, but the untoward changes which have latterly taken place considerably diminish their importance. A visit to the ruins of the castle of Küssenburg, opposite Zurzach, will be found gratifying. A few miles higher up, on the same side of the river, is *Kaiserstuhl*, (the *Forum Tiberii* of the Romans, a little town of the canton of Aargau, containing about 600 inhabitants. Its situation is delightful; being built on the side of a mountain, close upon the Rhine, where there was formerly a bridge, which was swept away, in 1817, by the inundations. The country about this place is very fer-

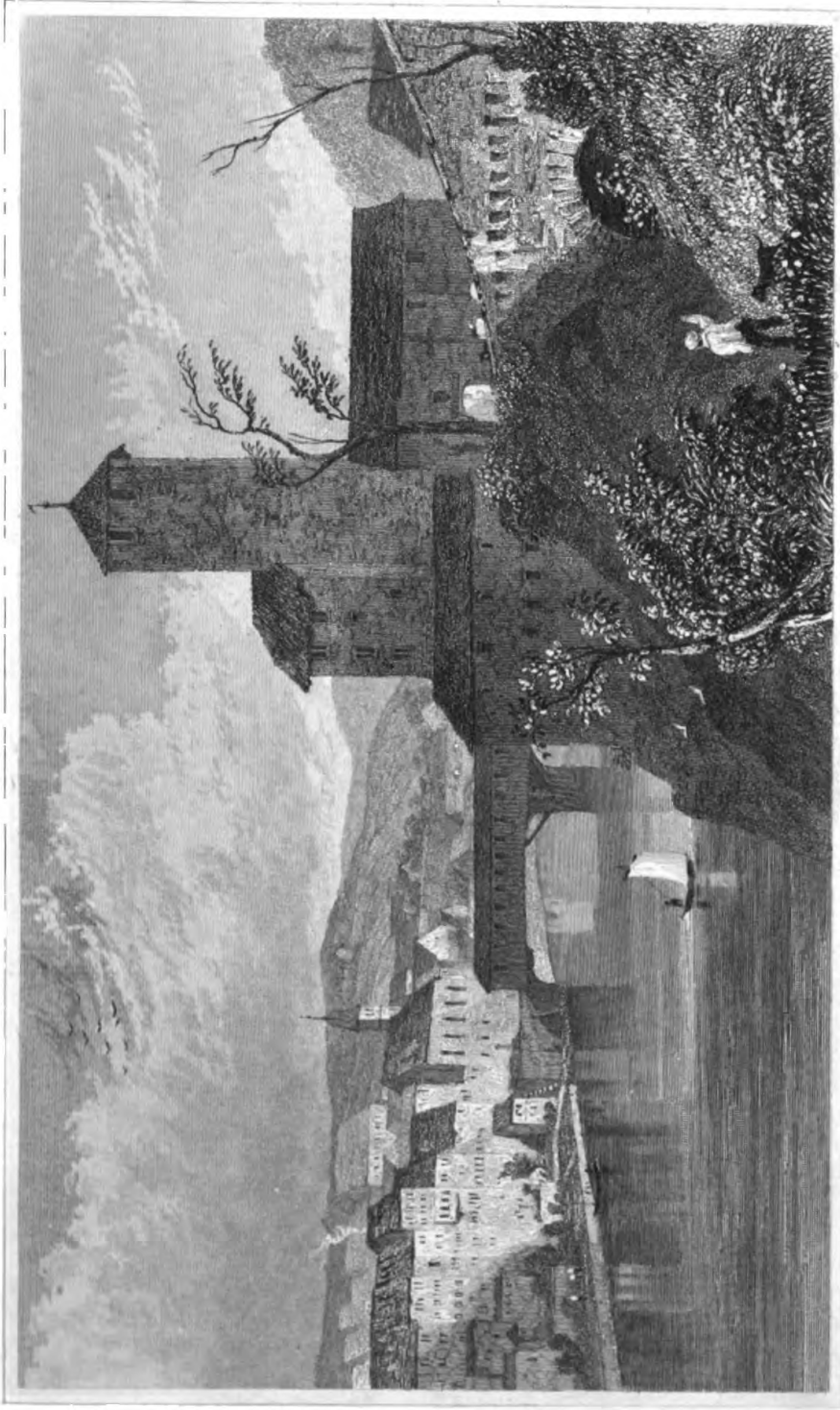
tile and beautiful, but the town, from various causes, is far from prosperous.

Nearly four miles above the latter place is *Eglisau*, a little town with an old castle, occupying a romantic situation on the right bank of the river, over which is a handsome roofed bridge. It belongs to the canton of Zurich, and is surrounded with vineyards and fruitful fields. In its neighbourhood were fought many sanguinary battles, in the course of the last war, between the French and the combined Austrian and Russian forces. It is said that frequent shocks of earthquakes are felt in the environs. The stream of the Rhine is now straitened by abrupt ranges of mountains, and, having received the powerful waters of the river Thur at *Egghoff*, and those of the Tæs below, rushes on with great rapidity, and forms a sharp angle at a short distance above Eglisau. From the cataract of Schaffhausen (which may sometimes be distinctly heard at this place) the velocity of the river is constant, until its course is arrested near Laufenburg.

Proceeding now against the stream, in a northerly direction, for about eight miles, and to within five or six miles of Schaffhausen, we come to the little town of *Rheinau*, containing between five and six hundred inhabitants, chiefly catholic, belonging to the canton of Zurich. A Benedictine convent stands on an island, opposite the town, round which the Rhine makes a curiously playful circumvolution, describing nearly the form of the letter S, in a compass of four or five miles, and forming two peninsulas: on the right bank of one of these the town is situated. The abbey is rich, and







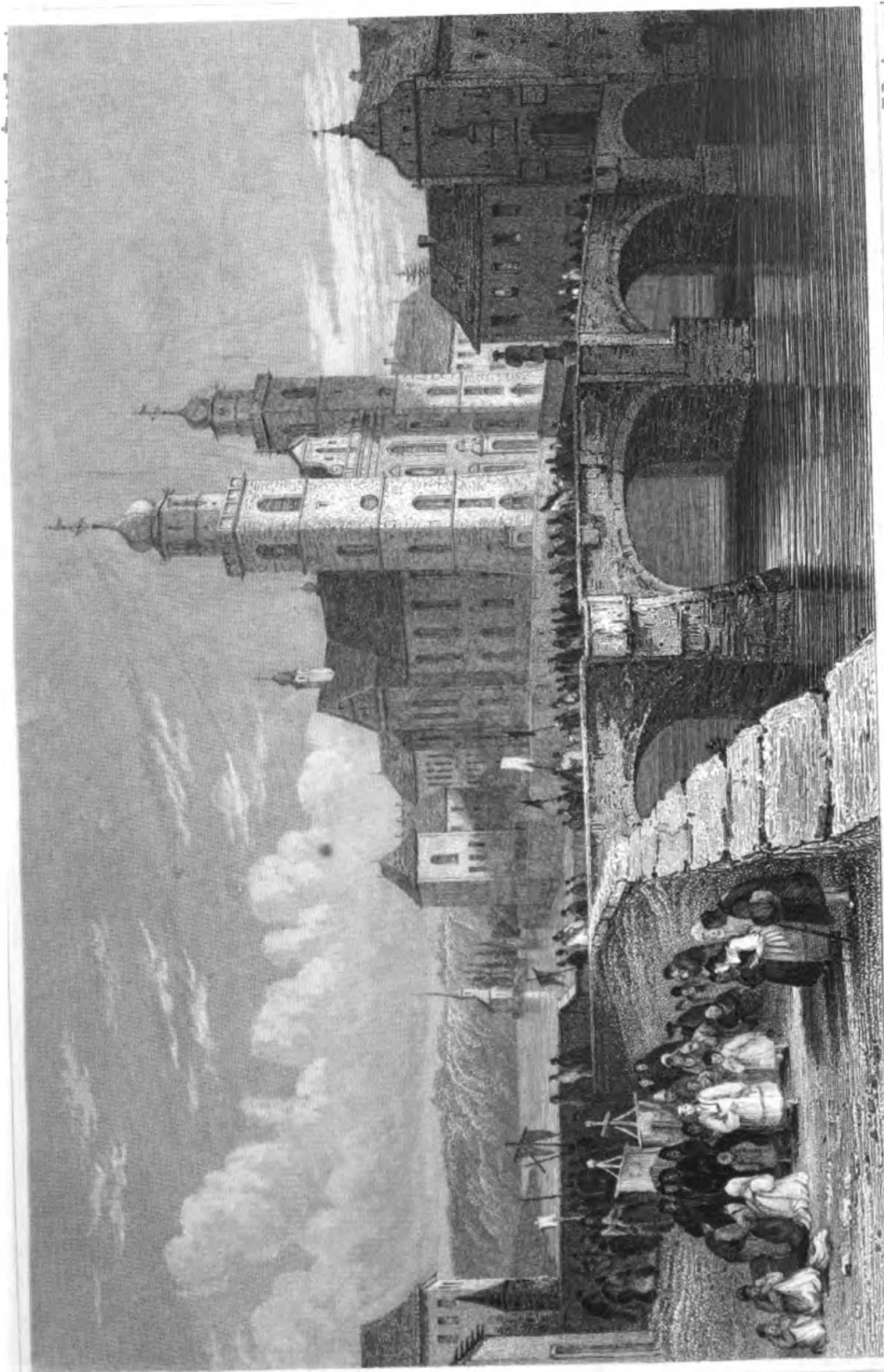
J. Smith sculp.

J. G. Lamborn del.

E G L I S A U.

London: Goppleston & Co. 11, Paternoster Row.





T. Barber, sculp.

J. Neumann, del.

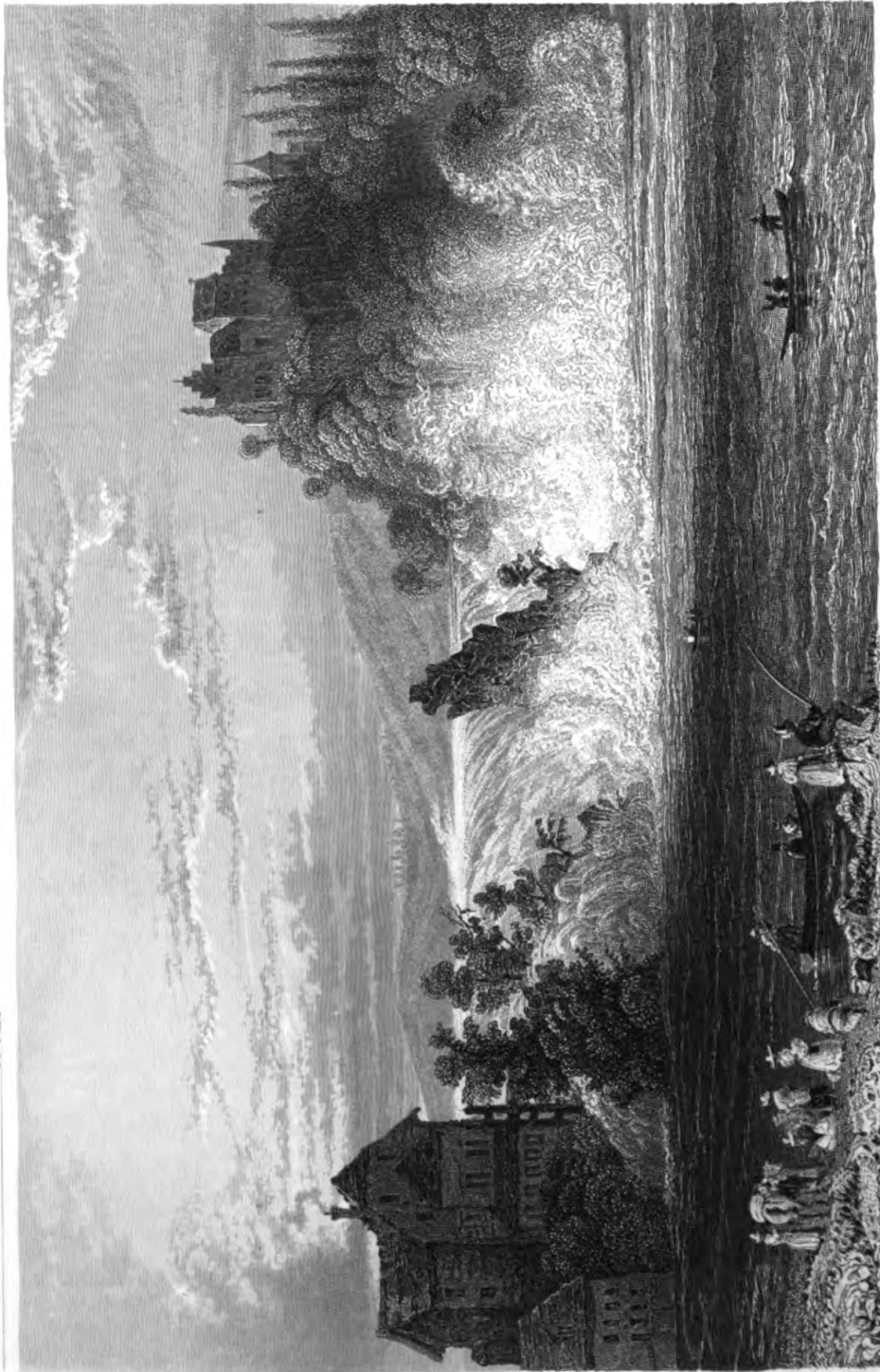
CONVENT OF RHEINAU.

CLOÏTRE DE RHEINAU

KLOSTER RHEINAU







1840

W. H. W. & Co. N. H. N.

W. H. W. & Co. N. H. N.

W. H. W. & Co. N. H. N.

1840





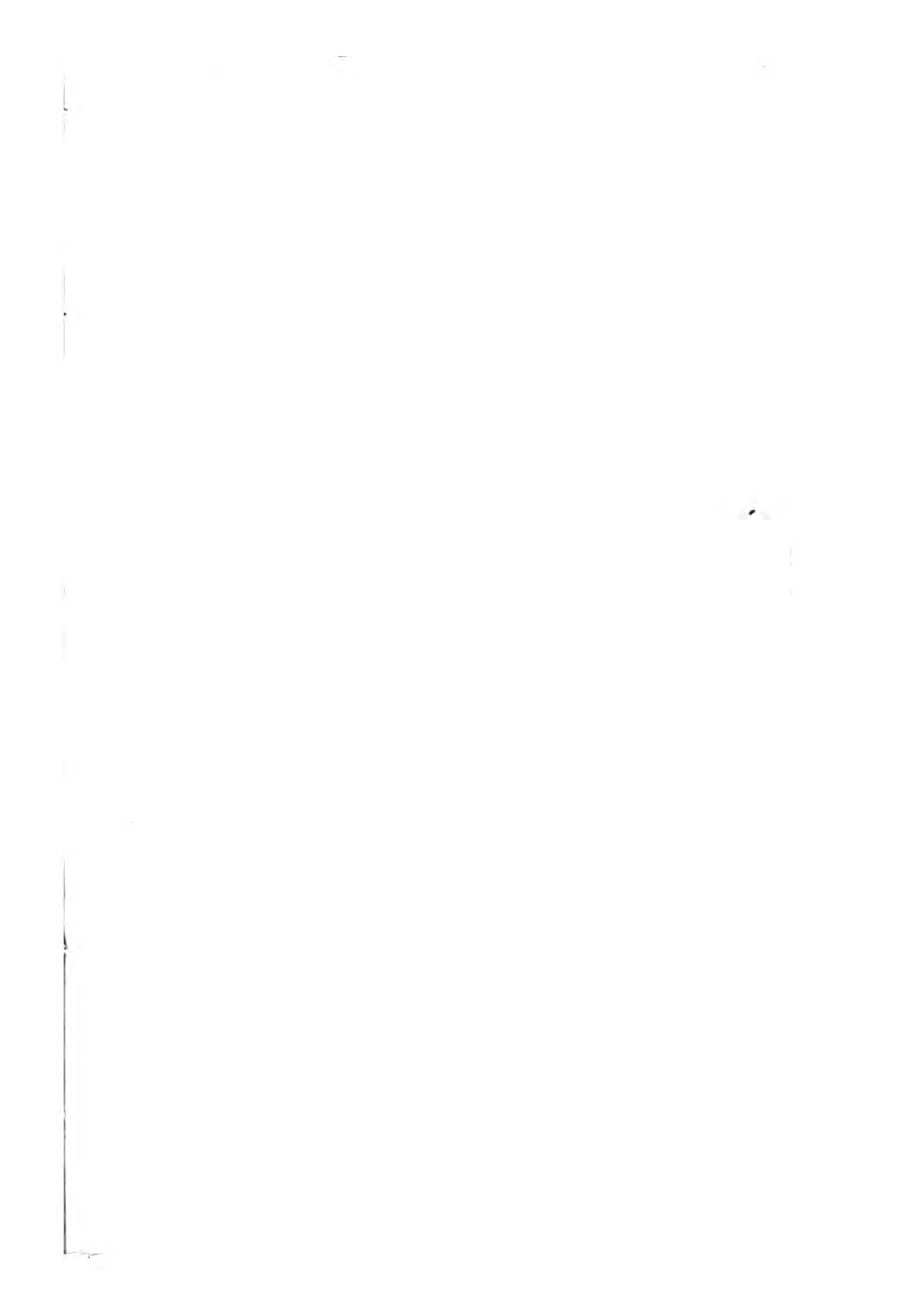
very ancient, having been founded in the 8th century. The building is admirable for its architecture, and its library is well furnished with rare books and valuable manuscripts, amongst which are the notes of the learned Maurice van der Meer. Of late years a collection of paintings, antiquities, &c., made by the liberality of the late and present abbot, has given a greater degree of interest to this venerable establishment, which, although catholic, has apparently renounced most of the fooleries of superstition which in former times pervaded the monastic orders. A short distance above this place, is *Neuhausen*, a small village, situated in the canton of Schaffhausen, immediately opposite the much-celebrated *Rheinfall*—the Niagara (*en petit*) of Europe.

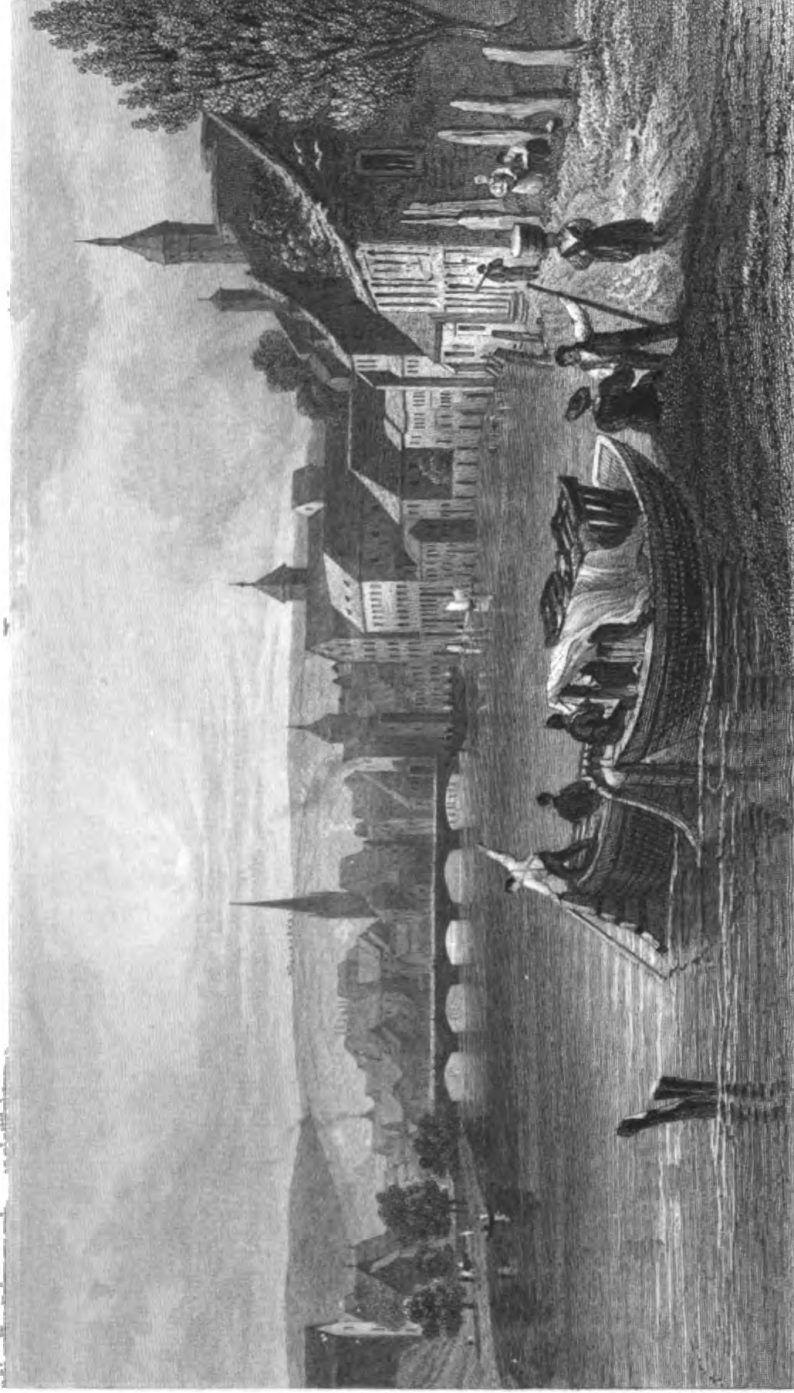
This wonder of Switzerland is produced by a chain of rocks, which occupy the bed of the river, nearly the whole way from Schaffhausen: at the lower extremity of this obstruction the Rhine rushes with greater or lesser force, according to the supply of water from the Alps, and constitutes what is termed, in the language of the country, the *Grosse Laufen*, to distinguish it from the minor *Laufen* below; and hence the name of the castle which is seen on a rocky eminence, flanking the falls, eastward, in the canton of Zurich. Persons coming from Zurich, or any other place of the eastern or southern cantons, to see the cataract, should leave the road of Eglisau and take that of Andelfingen, which leads directly to the castle of Laufen. By this arrangement they will avoid the first view from the little castle of *Im-Wörth*, whence the prospect is not very striking. At the Laufen strangers are invited to a balcony, raised

over the torrent, called the *fischentz*; that being the point of view from which may be contemplated in safety this sublime scene, and we may indulge freely in those mixed sensations of admiration and fear which it is impossible to restrain on first beholding it. The spray arising from the concussion of the waters is sometimes so great as to wet observers to the skin, if they should be placed at the fore part of the balcony; for which reason it will be well to be provided with a good great coat or mantle. The noise of the waters here is such that it is impossible to hear any one speak, or even bawl, particularly in the month of June, when the force of the river is increased by the melting snows of the Alps. The stream is divided into five distinct falls by the rocks, of which only three (the highest) are seen from the balcony. The nearest is about two hundred paces from the *fischentz*. It is formed like a thin neck, with a large round head, covered with verdure; in the part which forms the neck, the force of the water has made an oval opening, whence arises with great fury a torrent of foam. Between this rock and the castle is the great fall, which, when the water is low, is from fifty to sixty feet, and seventy-five when high. The other falls, nearer to the opposite shore, are less considerable, and diminish in height as they recede from the castle to the opposite bank, so that the spectator placed in the gallery cannot perceive the whole of them: he may be gratified therewith by repairing to a pavilion near the castle, which commands a view of the whole. Also, as the cataract is worth seeing in every direction, he may cross the river to the little castle of Im-Wörth, near which,

although, from the distance, the sublimity of the scene is lost, the view will compensate for the change of position. Near this castle the merchandize arriving by land from the vessels above the falls is reshipped for its ultimate destination; and here are caught a great number of fine salmon, which of course can get no farther upwards. From the little castle the visitor generally repairs to the mills of Neuhausen, in order to view the cataract in profile from the right bank. Seen from this point, the falls lose much of their grandeur and sublimity; but the diversity of objects which the scene embraces renders it extremely pleasing. Sometimes, when the water is very low, it is possible to reach the second rock, mentioned above, on the chain of little rocks that lies between it and the bank. From the highest part of the vineyard of Neuhausen the view of the environs is delightful; but to enjoy it, in all its varied beauties, it should be seen not only in broad day-light, but at break of day, or sun-set, or even by moonlight. In the evening particularly the effect is wonderful, when the valleys are in deep shade, and the cascade receives the last rays of departing light. In calm weather the thunder of the fall is heard for several leagues, and at other times the sound is scarcely audible even at a short distance. No boat has ever passed over the falls without destruction, and the inhabitants take very good care to avoid the danger of the *lauf*. The iron works, foundries, wire-drawing and cut-nail machinery at Neuhausen are highly worthy of inspection. This village is distant from the town of Schaffhausen nearly three miles.

Schaffhausen, the capital of the canton of that name, is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, on the acclivity of a hill, surrounded by mountains of no considerable height. This town owes its origin to the boatmen of the river, who built their huts and sheds here, in early times, for the convenience of landing merchandize at the point where the navigation of the river is interrupted. The monastery of All-Saints, which was built soon afterwards, contributed much to its enlargement. When duke Frederic was under proscription of the empire, the town bought off its allegiance to the house of Austria, and the inhabitants having bravely defended the cause of liberty during the war with Swabia, the confederates admitted them into their league, and made their walls more secure. From the year 1798 to 1800, the town was alternately occupied by the French and Austrians. On the 10th of August, 1799, the Russian army effected its retreat from Switzerland by passing the Rhine at this place, at the convent of *Paradies*, and other places near. One of the greatest curiosities here was the bridge, which, previous to the year 1799, (when it was burnt by the French) was the admiration of the country. Its construction was on a new and improved principle, uniting convenience, safety and duration, although composed chiefly of timber. A similar one was erected some years ago at Trenton, New-Jersey, in the United States of America, over the Delaware, which is highly approved, and much excites the curiosity of travellers. Like that of Schaffhausen, it has a shingle roof, to defend the inner works from snow and rain. A model of it is seen in the town library.





H. Bond sculp

F. Ambler del

S C H E F F H A U S E N .

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The principal edifice of this capital is the church, now called the minster, or cathedral, which formerly belonged to the abbey of All-Saints. It is chiefly remarkable for its antiquity. The orphan-house, founded in 1783, by the amiable professor Jettzeler, is now a public school. The college, the lately-established gymnasium, the orphan-asylum, the institution for the instruction of servants in their various duties, and many other charitable and literary establishments, do infinite honour to the town, which is, on many accounts, an agreeable residence. It is the birth-place of the estimable historian, Muller, and of the well-known sculptor, Trippel. Population, about 7,000. The principal inns are, the *Crown*, the *Ship*, and the *Sword*.

Amateurs of natural curiosities will be much gratified by a visit to the museum of Dr. Amman, who has a fine collection of shells and petrifications found in the neighbourhood, with many others from Wurtemberg, France, Belgium, Holland, and various countries. The most remarkable and valuable of them are the produce of Randenberg, a mountain forming part of the chain of the Jura, the summit of which is 1200 feet above the high-water-mark of the Rhine. In this mountain are also found pure iron, with other valuable minerals, and a kind of coral, known by the name of *fungites*.

The views from different elevations in the neighbourhood are superb, and particularly so from the parsonage of Lohn, distant about a mile. The old bastion of *Munoth*, near the town, with its immense subterranean apartments, merits a visit, particularly as it is probably coeval with the fortress of *Hohentwiel*, whose pictu-

resque ruins are seen to the eastward, on a stupendous conical mountain, famous in the legends of Swabia. Could the history of this frowning and once formidable seat of despotism be accurately traced, and the scenes which its walls have witnessed be brought to light, they might furnish abundant matter for the pen of the sombre dramatist and stimulate the genius of a *Monk Lewis*. For many centuries this *festung* was the bastille, or state prison, of various despots, from the time of the Romans (by whom it was first fortified), down to the year 1800, when a division of the French army, under the command of general Vandamme, took possession of it, without firing a shot. Being guarded only by a few invalids, it surrendered on the first summons, although, with a sufficient garrison, it might have held out against the most powerful armies, as it had done before, at several epochs. In the beginning of the 10th century it was in the possession of two noble brothers, who, as lieutenants of the sovereign duke of the province, exercised the most violent acts of rapine and cruelty throughout the country, and even extended them to Constance, whose pious bishop, with other sufferers, of high rank, at length denounced the brigands, and they were tried by the diet at Mentz, and condemned to be decapitated at Oettingen in the Allgau, where they suffered, amid the rejoicings of the spectators, with one of their noble accomplices. The names of the two worthies were Erchingen and Berthold. During the great thirty year's war Hohentweil sustained a long and rigorous siege, and until 1800 was aptly called the maiden fortress. From the now crazy bat-

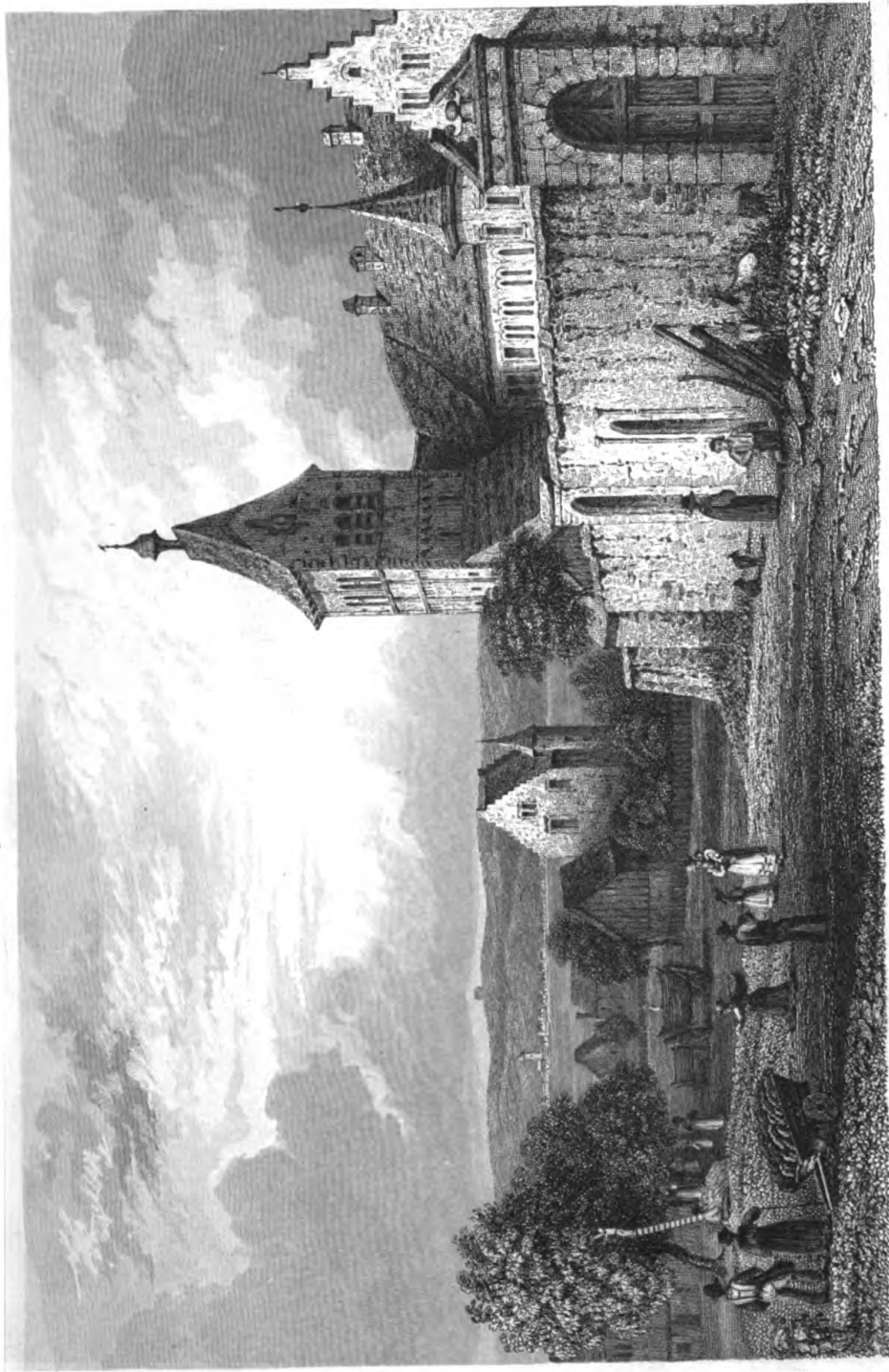
lements the view is truly sublime. The moralist and philosopher may there meditate to advantage,

“ And, placed on high, above the storm's career,
 “ Look downwards, where a hundred realms appear—
 “ Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 “ The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.”

So numerous are the visitors, of late years, to this place, that a spirited individual, who established an excellent inn, in the village below the fortress, on speculation, has, it is said, made a handsome property and conferred a benefit on the amateurs of good living.

The Rhine, above Schaffhausen, is navigable for vessels of considerable burthen to the *lake of Constance*, or, as it is termed in the German tongue, the *Bodensee*. Its course is due east and west for about twelve miles, flowing between mountains of great beauty and fertility. On the right bank, five miles from Schaffhausen, is the little town of *Diessenhofen*, with about 1200 inhabitants, and belonging to the canton of Thurgau. It is the most northern town of Switzerland, standing quite close on the river, and has a permanent roofed bridge. Its streets are wide and handsome, and its environs very agreeable. The inhabitants are partly protestants and partly catholics; the former being much the most numerous. One church suffices for them all; in which they perform their respective ceremonies in turn. The prosperity of Diessenhofen depends chiefly on the transit of merchandize, and boating. At about a quarter of a mile's distance from the town is the fine nunnery of *St. Catharinenthal*, worthy of remark. The *Sun* inn has good accommodations.





J. How sculp.

Imprimerie de M.

COUVENT DE BILCHENAU.

COUVENT DE BILCHENAU

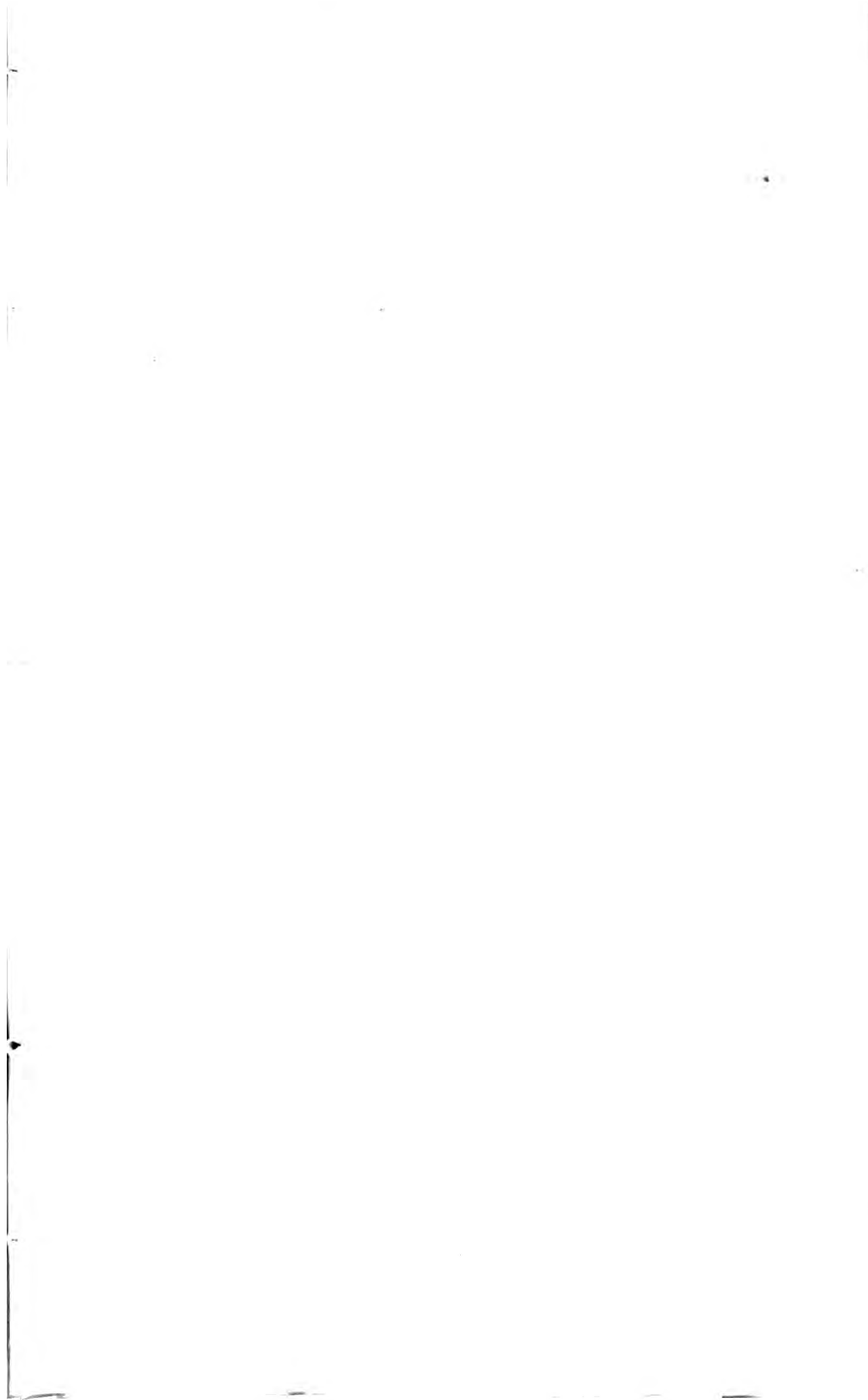
KLOSTER REICHENAU

London Published by Longman, 8, & C. L. Paternoster Row

Six miles above Diessenhofen we arrive at *Stein*, distinguished by the name of *Stein-sur Rhin*. It is situated on the right or northern bank of the river, and belongs to the canton of Schaffhausen, containing about 1200 inhabitants. The bridge here, over the Rhine, is a hundred and thirty feet long, and fifteen broad. On a bold eminence, near the town, is seen the picturesque castle of Klingen, the ancient abode of the family of that name. The view from the castle is superb. In the wood of *Wisholtz*, not far distant from this place, a considerable quantity of amber and petrifications is found, and the adjacent slate-quarries of Oeningen contain numerous typolithes, or impressions of plants, insects, &c., supposed to be antediluvian, imbedded in a kind of fatty yellow stone.

The next place is *Steckborn*, a little town in the canton of Thurgau, situated on the left bank, nearly at the lower extremity of the *Untersee*, or *Inferior Lake*, containing about 1650 protestant and not more than 200 catholic inhabitants. The only building in it, worthy of observation, is the ancient castle, known in modern times by the name of the *Tower*, now converted into a custom-house and warehouse. In the neighbourhood are many elegant country residences and the nunnery of *Feldbach*.

In the lower lake, north-east of Steckborn, is the island of *Reichenau*, about two miles long and one in width. It belongs at present to the grand-duchy of Baden, and is nearly covered with vineyards, which produce excellent wines, particularly those known by the name of *Schleitheimer*. An abbey of Benedictins was







J. How sculp.

COUVENT DE REICHENAU
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founded here in 724, and formerly richly endowed ; but it has now fallen into decay. On this island are three villages and several hamlets, containing together about 2000 inhabitants. In autumn the water of the lake is so low that it is possible to go on foot from Schopflen, one of the hamlets, to Wallmattingen, a village on the main land.

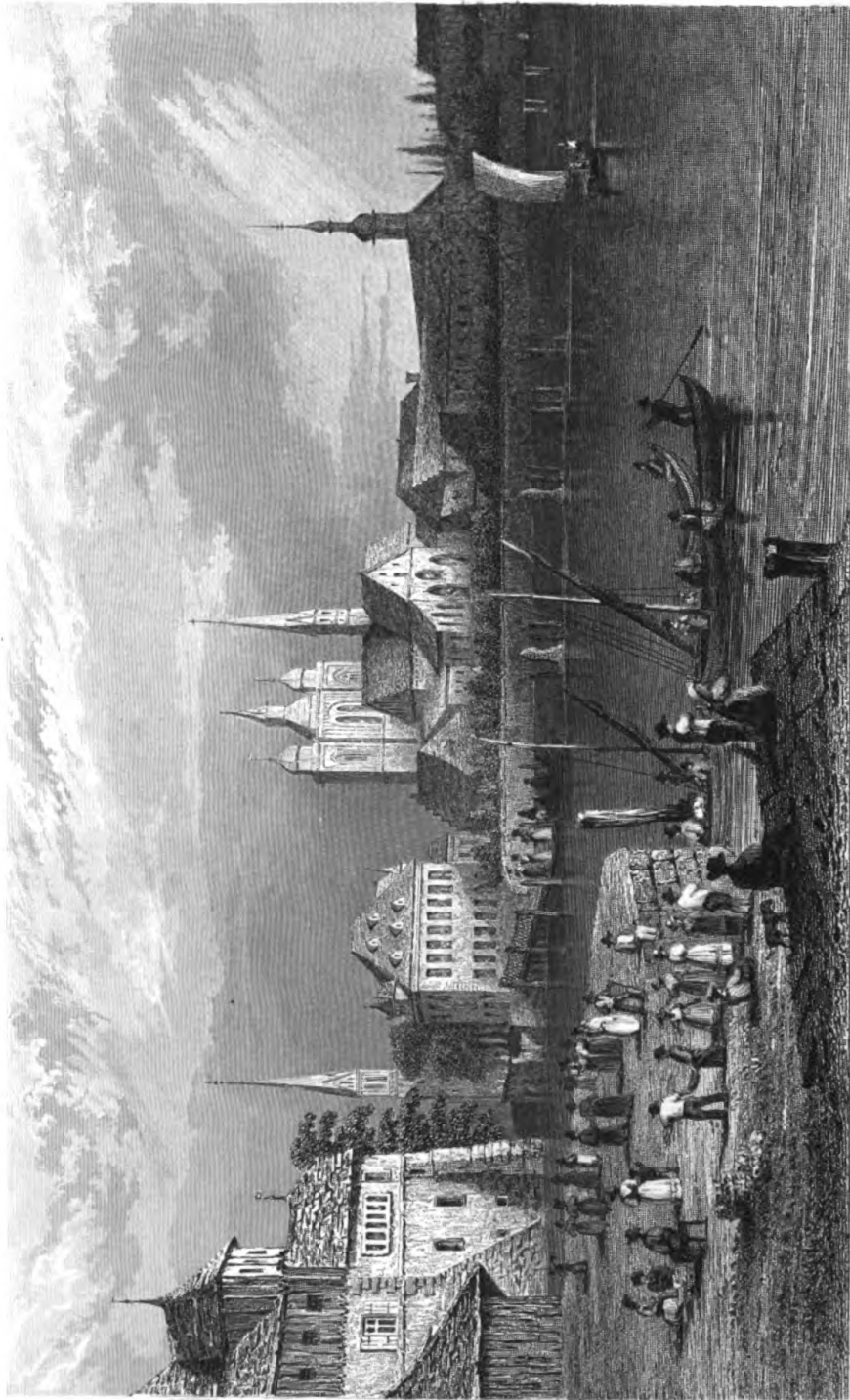
Having passed, on the right, the two pretty and fruitful villages of *Borlingen* and *Ermatingen*, we come to *Gottlieben*, a little burg, having about 229 protestant inhabitants, whose chief occupation is in forwarding merchandize to the interior cantons. During the great council of Constance, pope John XXIII and John Huss were, for some time, confined in the castle here.

We now approach the gorge, formed by a peninsula on the northern side, and by Switzerland on the south, through which the Rhine flows from the upper to the lower lake, and the towers rise to view of a city which figured for many centuries in ecclesiastical history, and drew within its walls, at different periods, the *élite* of all the papal despotism and bigotry of Christendom. We need not add that this is Constance. Ere we enter, however, its now mournful streets, we will land on the northern shore, and take a view of the celebrated *Bodensee*, whose shores have partaken of most of the military and political convulsions of Europe, from the earliest ages.

According to the most accurate calculations, this lake is 1246 feet above the level of the *Zuidersee* of Holland. Its length, extending south-east and north-west, is about forty miles ; the north-western part, for about

ten miles, being very narrow ; but its width in other parts is from ten to fifteen miles. It is inferior to the lake of Geneva in mountain scenery, but far exceeds it in other particulars. On every side appear rich plains, well-wooded hills, vineyards, orchards, towns, smiling villages and frowning castles, whose history, " big with the spoils of time," has afforded materials, in later ages, for the songs of wandering minstrels and the no less entertaining prose effusions of the conservators of legendary lore. The trade in grain and wines on the lake is at all times brisk, and on its bright surface are seen the sails of vessels of considerable burden and of divers shapes, from the sharp and swift felucca to the tedious but safely plodding *koffres* of Dutch design. In certain seasons the navigation of these waters is attended with no little danger, from violent and sudden gusts of wind, and in winter the lake often assumes the rudest features of the ocean. The introduction of steam-packets has given much additional impulse to commercial enterprise. On the 3rd of April, 1817, the first steam-vessel built in Switzerland was launched from the dock-yard of Constance, and since that time several others have been brought into action. The abundance of fish caught in these waters is a great relief to the poorer classes of inhabitants, and constitutes a profitable branch of commerce. The kinds most esteemed are the *lachsforelle* (salmon-trout), the *felchen* (blue trout), and the *gangfische* (common trout). There is another kind, called *weissgangfische* (white trout), of which many thousands of small barrels are pickled every year, for exportation. Pike, eels, perch,

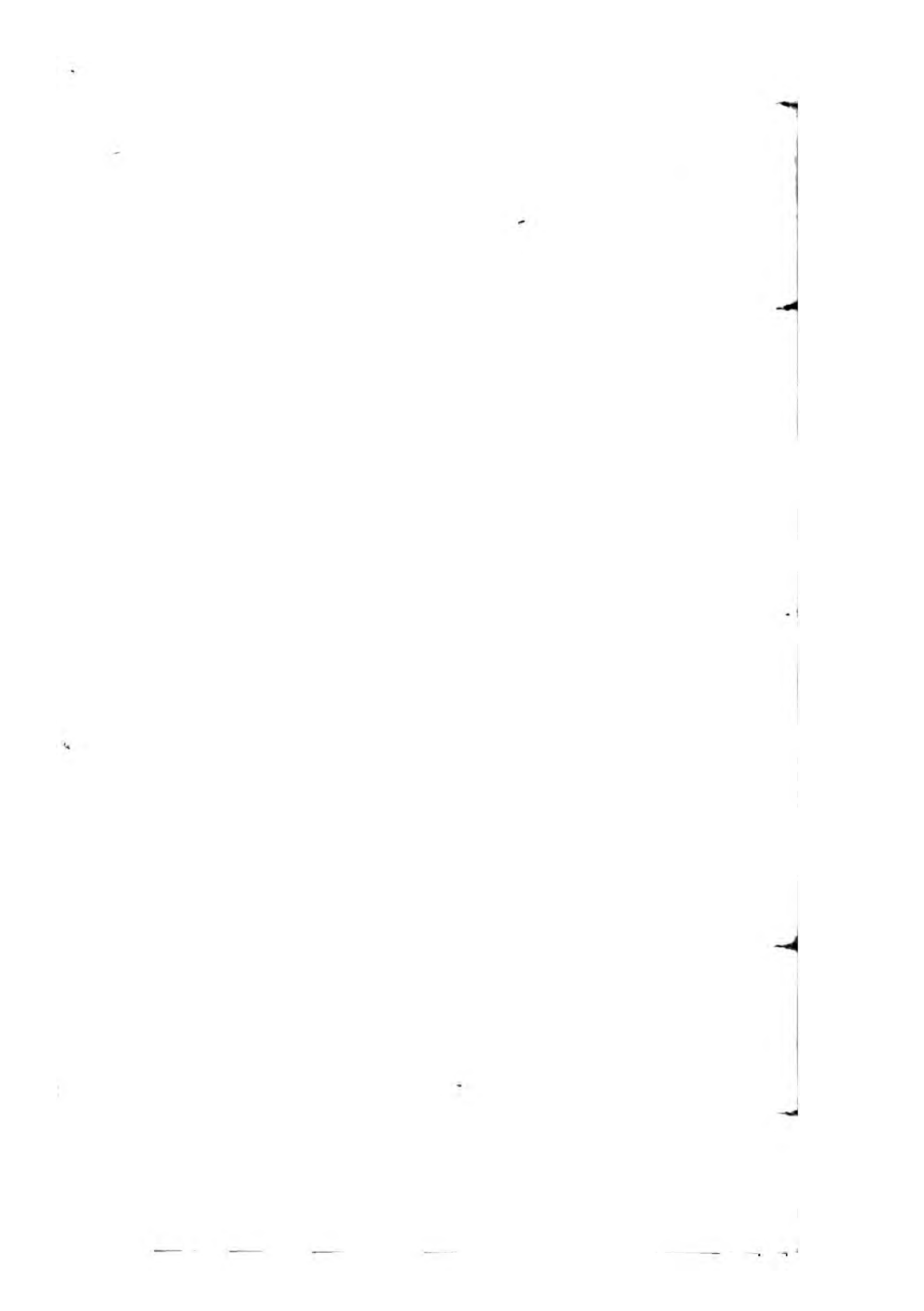




From the sea

C. C. & E. T. A. N. C. N.
CONSTANTINOPLE

From the sea



and many other kinds of the finny tribe are also taken in great plenty and perfection.

PLACES OF NOTE ON THE BANKS OF THE LAKE :

Coustance,	Lindau,
Kreuzlingen,	Wasserburg,
Hörnle,	Lanenargen,
Scherzingen,	Friederichshafen,
Münsterlingen,	Kirchberg,
Uttwyl,	Meersburg,
Romanshorn,	Neu-Birnau,
Luxburg,	Ueberlingen,
Arbon,	Sipplingen,
Steinach,	Ludwigshafen,
Horn,	Bodmann or Bodmin,
Rorschach,	St. Nicholas,
Staad,	Dingelsdorf,
Fussach,	Island of Meinau,
Bregentz,	Heiligenberg.

The city of Constance owes its origin to the Romans, who, under the emperor *Constantius Clorus*, built a castle there in the year 304, to keep in check the *Allemanni*. Since that epoch it has often changed masters, and been the scene of many severe conflicts. In 1805 it was ceded to Baden, under whose fostering government it now enjoys repose, and affords a pleasant and safe retreat to visitors. It contains some massive buildings of an immense size, and in the 14th and 15th centuries its population was very considerable; at present, however, reduced to 930 houses and about 5,500 inhabitants. Situated on the left bank of the Rhine, at the western extremity of the Upper Lake, it commands a wide

and magnificent prospect. The most remarkable of its buildings are the cathedral, now the parish-church, a gothic edifice of great antiquity and richness of workmanship, and the ancient *kaufhaus*, or custom-house. The former is a venerable monument of early architecture, which, although much damaged by the ever-grinding tooth of time and the no less ruthless efforts of modern architectural cobblers, still merits particular attention. It was begun by bishop Rumbold, in 1052. Under the choir (which is extremely beautiful) is a crypt, supported by four pillars, with rich capitals, of different orders. Over the great western door are three towers, the middle one, formerly of uncommon height, was burnt, with all its contents, in 1511. The much celebrated great bell, 353 hundred weight, was melted by the intensity of the fire, and the molten metal, running down into the street, was afterwards recast into the statue of the Virgin, which, placed on a marble column, now stands near the church. In the interior of the building are shown many curious objects, consisting of old paintings, illuminated manuscripts, tombs of several bishops and other celebrated persons; amongst the rest that of the famous duke Ernest of Swabia. The *holy* inquisition was once in force here; and the vaults in which were transacted its abominations are still to be seen. A century afterwards, the city became one of the principal rendez-vous of the reformers. In the fauxbourg of the *Bruel* is shown the spot where the martyr, *Huss*, was burnt alive. The *Eagle* hôtel and the *Lamb* inn have good accommodations; and houses for families may be hired on very moderate terms.

A cell, in which John Huss and Jerome de Prague were confined, before and after their trial and condemnation, is pointed out in the ci-devant Franciscan monastery. The hall, in which they were arraigned, remains in the same state as it was during the sittings of the famous council, even to the arrangement of the benches, whereon the members sat. The seats of the pope and the emperor were but little elevated above the rest, without particular ornament—a remarkable affectation of modesty. The importance of this council may be conceived by the fact that more than 100,000 strangers attended its proceedings, who were not able to find accommodation, and slept in the open fields. Kings, princes, dukes, archbishops, bishops and abbots, from all parts of Europe, were attracted hither, to witness the vile acts of persecution enforced against the reformation. Since its decadence, Constance has afforded an asylum to a colony of Genevese emigrants, who fled from persecution in 1784, and since that time the French refugees, driven from Switzerland, by various political circumstances, were hospitably received here. The bridge over the Rhine connects the most ancient part of the city, called the Neiderberg, with the right bank. The mills erected on it are worthy of observation from their curious construction. The best view of the *Bodensee*, or upper Lake, with its shores, the mountains of the Tyrol, &c., in the back ground, is from the top of the council-house. About four miles from the city is an eminence (whereon is erected a belvidere) whence a most extensive prospect of both lakes and the surrounding countries are seen very distinctly, as on a map. Con-

stance has produced many learned men, and amongst the rest the juriconsult *Zusius* and the historian *Berthaud Constantiensis*, a monk of St. Blaise, who were born here. The celebrated Greek writer, Manuel Chrysoloras, who died whilst attending the sittings of the great council, was buried in the church of the Dominican convent. Constance has scarcely any manufactures; but trade, since the establishment of the steam-packets, has begun to look up.

Not far from this city, on the high road to St. Gall, and on the right as we ascend the stream, is perceived the village and abbey of Kreuzlingen, situated amidst rich vineyards, orchards, and meadows. This place is much frequented on Sundays and festivals by the Constanceans, to enjoy themselves in the public gardens and houses of entertainment, which are conducted in a superior style. The abbey was first founded in 1125, by Conrad, bishop of Constance, and stood where now is the *Schäpfle* inn. That ancient building was twice burnt; the first time in 1449, in the war with Swabia, and again in 1633, during the siege of Constance by the Swedes, who first plundered it. The present building arose at various periods, and was finished by the prelate Augustin. Its church contains several objects worthy of notice, in painting and sculpture; amongst the latter is a representation of Christ's passion, carved in wood by a Tyrolese, who was employed in it above eighteen years. It has upwards of a thousand figures, with faces so expressive as to astonish even connoisseurs. The building itself is massive and spacious, containing a great number of apartments, an excellent library, &c.

From the diminution of its revenues, by the new order of things, after the reformation, this monastery has had many difficulties to contend with; but, by exemplary economy and the practice of virtues seldom cherished in wealthy religious establishments, it has acquired a reputation to which the present worthy abbot, father Augustin Fuchs, has not a little contributed, in many respects.

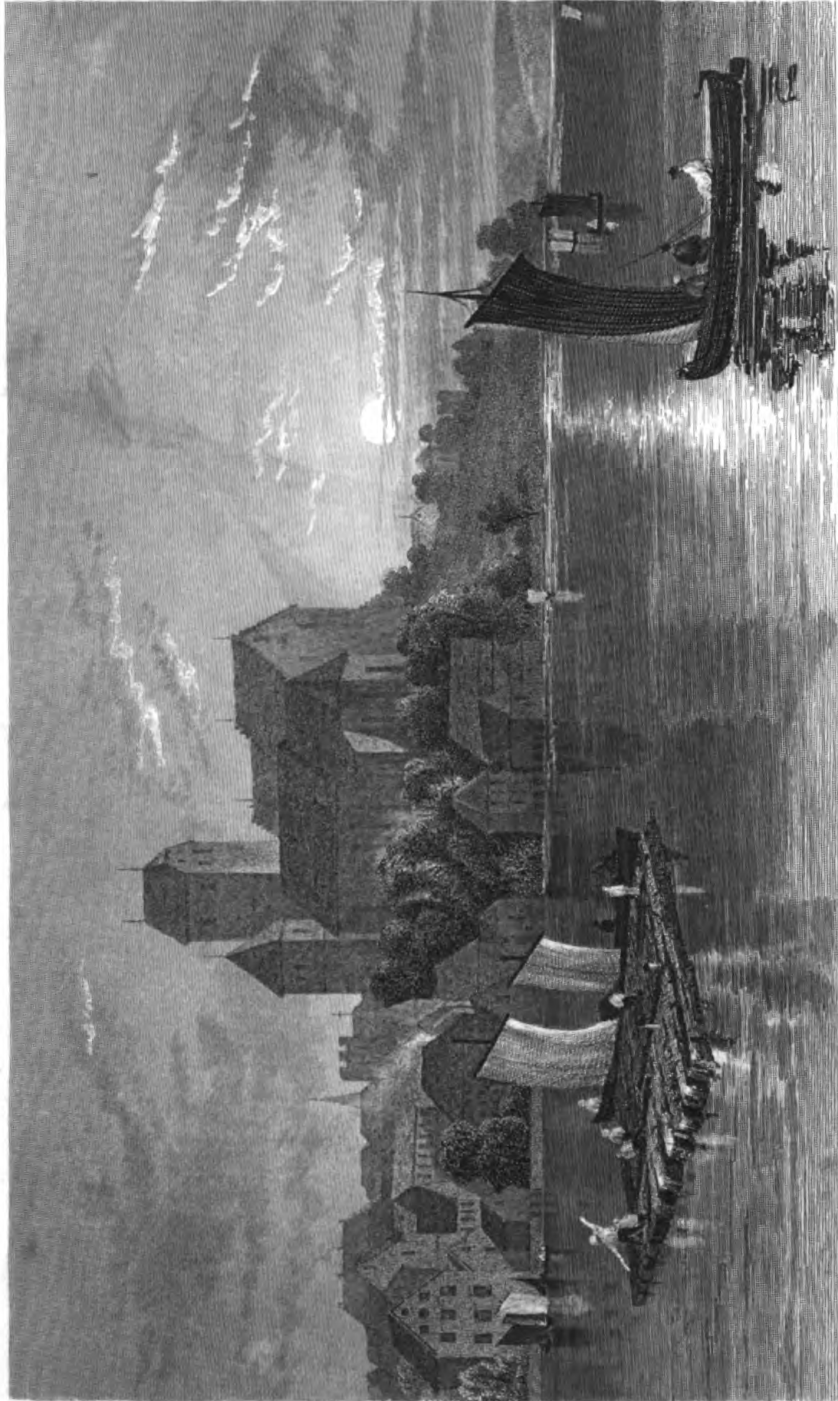
About three miles above Kreuzlingen, somewhat inland, is perceived the small parish-church of the peaceful village of *Scherzingen*, surrounded with vineyards and fruit-trees, in the neighbourhood of which is the nunnery of *Münsterlingen*, situated about four hundred paces from the shore of the lake. It was richly endowed by Agnes, queen of Hungary, daughter of the emperor Albert I. At the reformation, most of the nuns forsook the convent; and it is now entirely closed. A little higher up is the fruitful village of Altenau, and beyond it are perceived the villages of Güttingen and Kessweil. We next discover the delightfully situated small village of *Uttwyl*, eight miles distant from Constance, which has a convenient landing place for goods and passengers. The steam-packet Leopold, in its way to and from Rorschach and Lindau, always calls there. We now perceive *Romanshorn*, situated about a quarter of a mile from the shore. As the word *horn* frequently occurs in the names of places in this country, it may be relevant to observe that it means a *point*;—a point of land projecting into the water—the point of a mountain, as the *Moschel-horn*, *Schreck-horn*, *Rheinwald-horn*, &c. The old Roman road from Bendish, through Pfylen, to Arbon,

passed over this *horn*, and hence the name Romershorn (*Cornu Romanum*). A brisk shipping trade is carried on here with Buchhorn, now called *Friederichshafen*, and many families are supported by fishing. Between this place and Arbon is seen the little castle of *Luxburg*, the neighbourhood of which is celebrated for the size and delicious flavour of many kinds of fruit.

The ancient town of *Arbon*, the *Arbon-Felix* of the Romans, is a neat little town, prettily situated on a gentle rising, on the highest point of which is an old castle, apparently built in the time of the Romans. Near it is the parish-church, whose white walls are seen from a great distance. Two miles above this place is *Steinach*, a handsome little village, containing 660 inhabitants, and belonging to the canton of St. Gall, in the circle of Rorschach. It has a good landing-place for merchandize, and carries on a considerable fishing trade. As far back as the year 896 it was the property of the monastery of St. Gall, and there are still perceived the walls of the baronial castle of the lords of Steinach, built in the middle ages. About two miles higher up is the village of *Horn*, in the canton of Thurgau, where a custom or toll house is established.

We next come to *Rorschach*, seated in a bay at the southern extremity of the lake : it was a place of some note as long ago as the 8th century. From the excellence of its harbour and the abundance of corn and fruits which the country around it produces, a great trade is established, by means of steam-packets, with the ports of Baden and Wurtemberg. Near the town are immense stone-quarries, which employ a great number of hands,





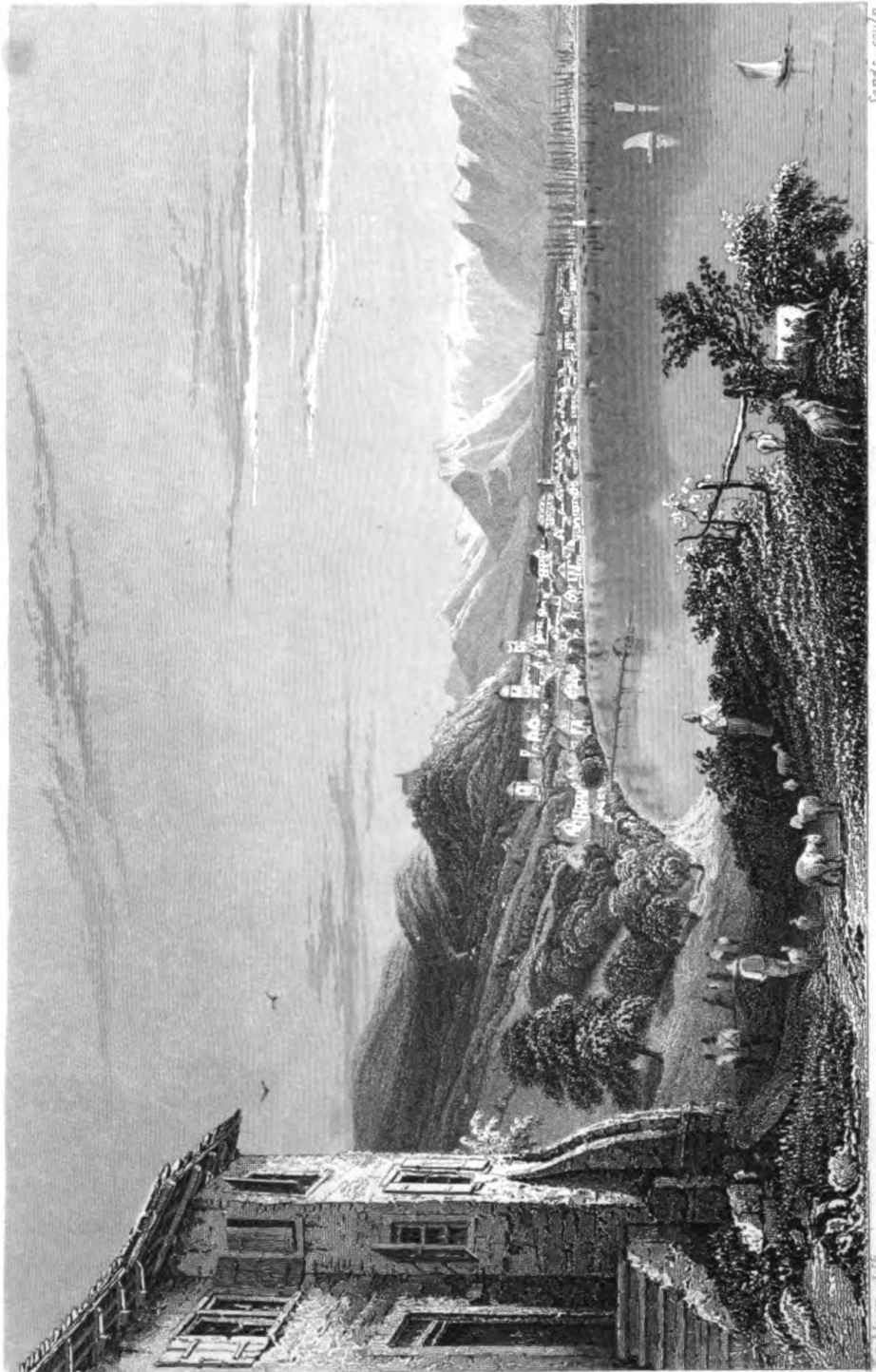
Emb. from 1841

A. PRINCE OF WALES
LAYS FOUNDATION

London: Embroidered by C. & J. P. & Co. for Rev.

Emb. from 1841



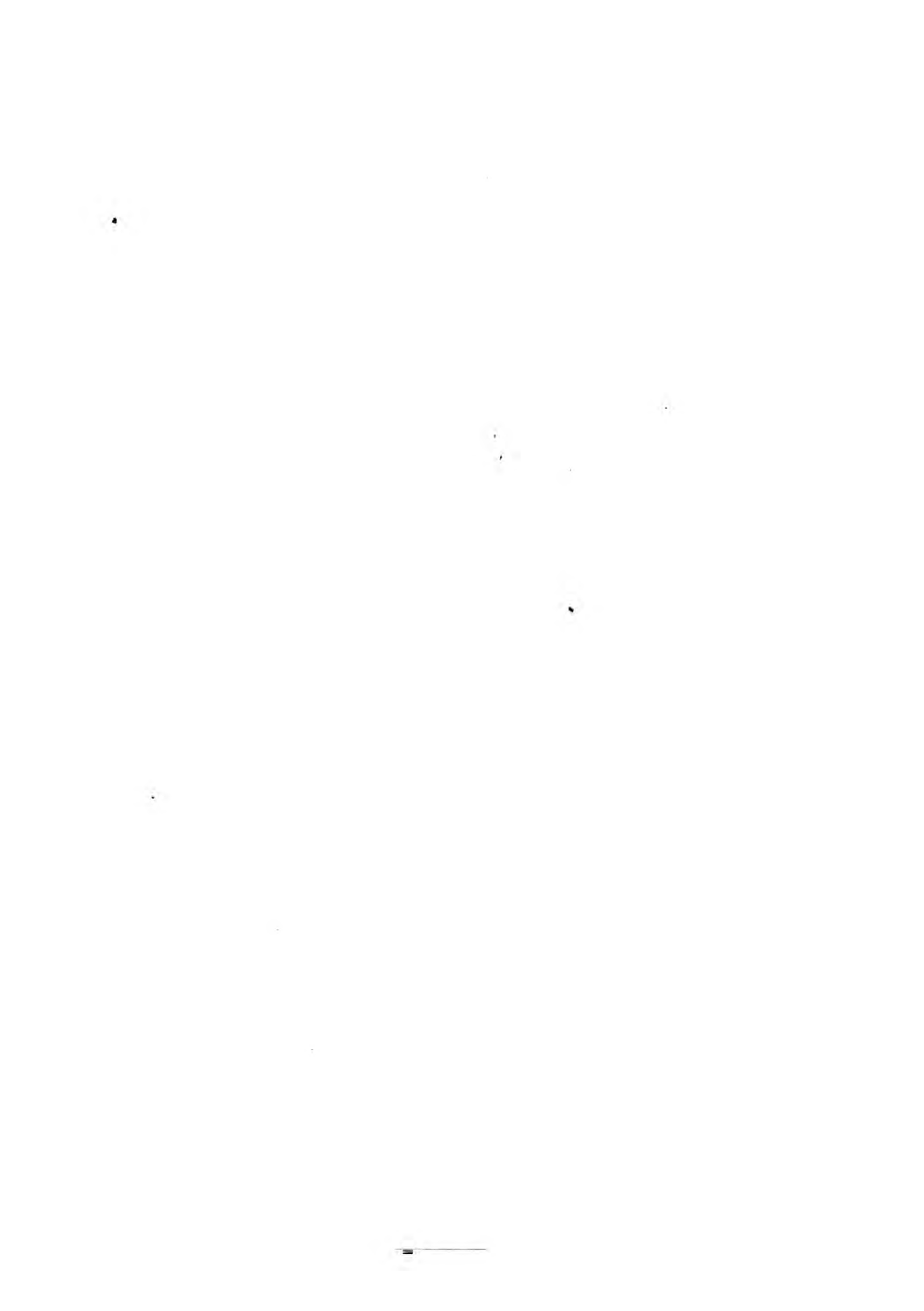


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LANNÉ CONSTANCE

Engraved by Johnson & Co. N. Y. Published by

Small, rough.

Small, rough.



and add much to its prosperity. On the whole, Roschach is a lively agreeable residence. Among the buildings are distinguished the parish-church and the vast salt and corn warehouse. The streets are spacious and clean, the inns good, and the greatest order and affability seem to prevade the whole community. At a short distance from the latter place is *Stadt*, the last village on the lake, on the left bank of the Rhine. The inhabitants are catholics ; but they have no church. The chief business of the place is in the shipment of stone from the quarries in the neighbourhood, which employ almost as many hands as those of Rorshach. Near the village, on a hill surrounded by rich vineyards, on the right of the road to Rheineck, is the beautiful château of Greifenstein, from which there is a superb view of the lake, the surrounding country, and the distant mountains of the Tyrol.

As we approach the point where the streams of the Rhine first commix with those of the Bodensee, the views southward of the Weinburg and the romantic country around, with the lower mountains of the Grisons in the back-ground, are of the first order of beauty. Before we turn our attention minutely on that side, however, we must terminate our description of remarkable places in other parts of the lake.

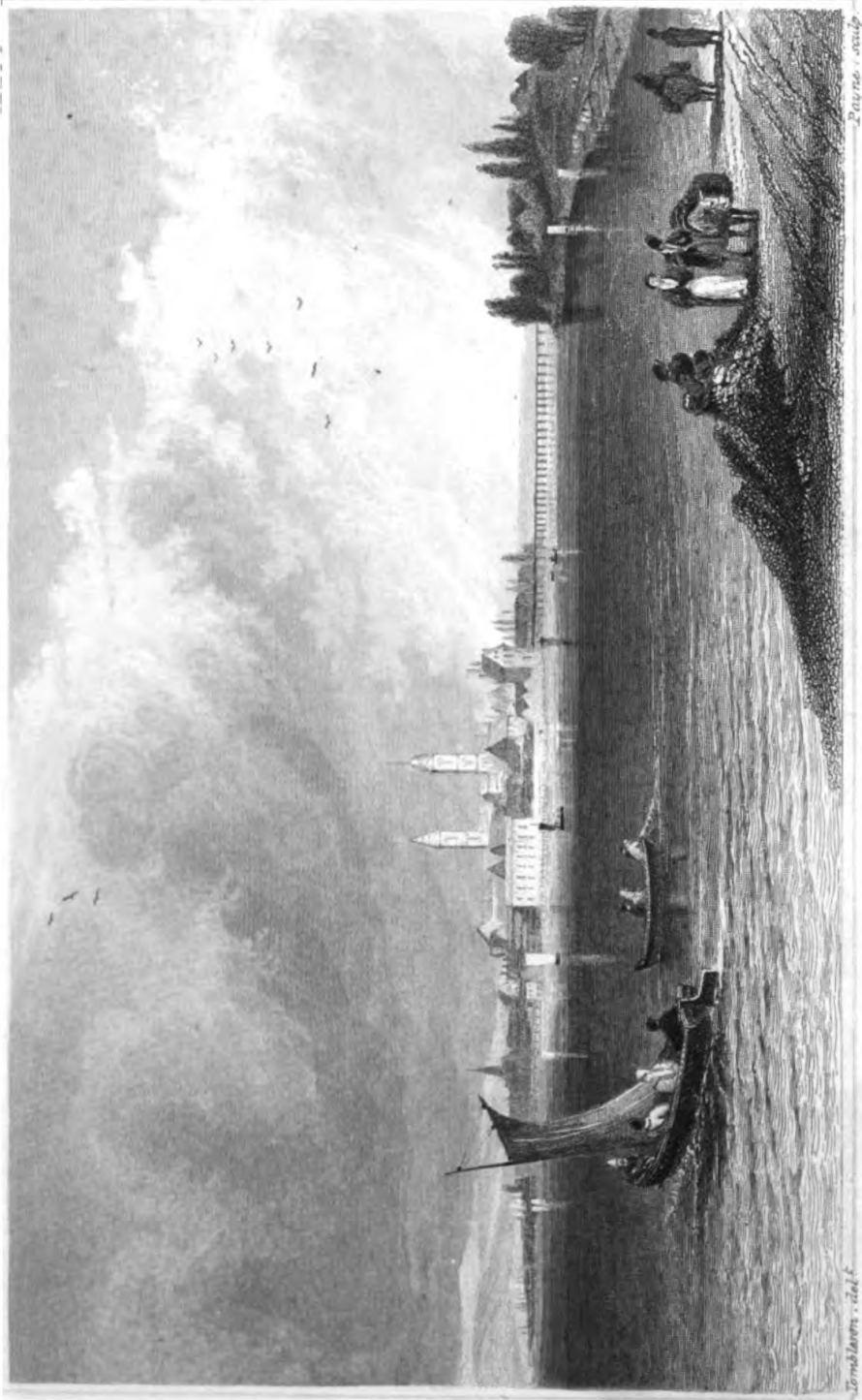
At the extreme south-western extremity of these shores is the ancient town of *Bregentz*, the renowned *Brigantium*, and the capital of a province since called the *Vorarlberg*. It is now divided into two parts ; one termed the upper and the other the lower town : the former, whose grey walls are tottering under the weight

of many centuries, inspiring melancholy reflections on human instability, whilst the latter, spreading its gay streets and promenades along the shore beneath, seems to smile on the delightful scenery with which it is surrounded. The Vorarlberg, from its mountainous position, produces but little corn, wine, or other chief necessaries of life. These are procured from the Swabian and Swiss shores, in exchange for cheese, butter, fruit, flax, thread, embroidered muslins, &c. Cattle and various kinds of wooden-ware are also exported; in the whole producing a brisk trade. The neighbouring monastery of *Mehrerau* and the picturesque chapel of St. Gebhart are worthy of a visit.

We now come to *Lindau*, a fortified town, built on three islands, of moderate and unequal size, communicating with the main land by a bridge, and containing about 700 houses and 2700 inhabitants. On one of these islands, denominated the *burg*, are seen the ruins of an old fortification, destroyed many centuries ago. It is supposed to be the work of the Romans, from the place having been known in their time as the *Insula Tiberii*. Some assert, however, that the fort was erected by *Constantius Clorus*. A great uncertainty exists respecting some ruins observed near the great gate of the fortress, called the *Heidenmauer*, or Wall of the Heathen, the massive structure of which is eight feet and a half thick: many suppose it to have been built by the Romans, and others attribute it to the Huns of the middle ages. Ancient traditions respecting this part of the country agree with the latter opinion. In the time of the emperor Rudolph it was one of the imperial cities.

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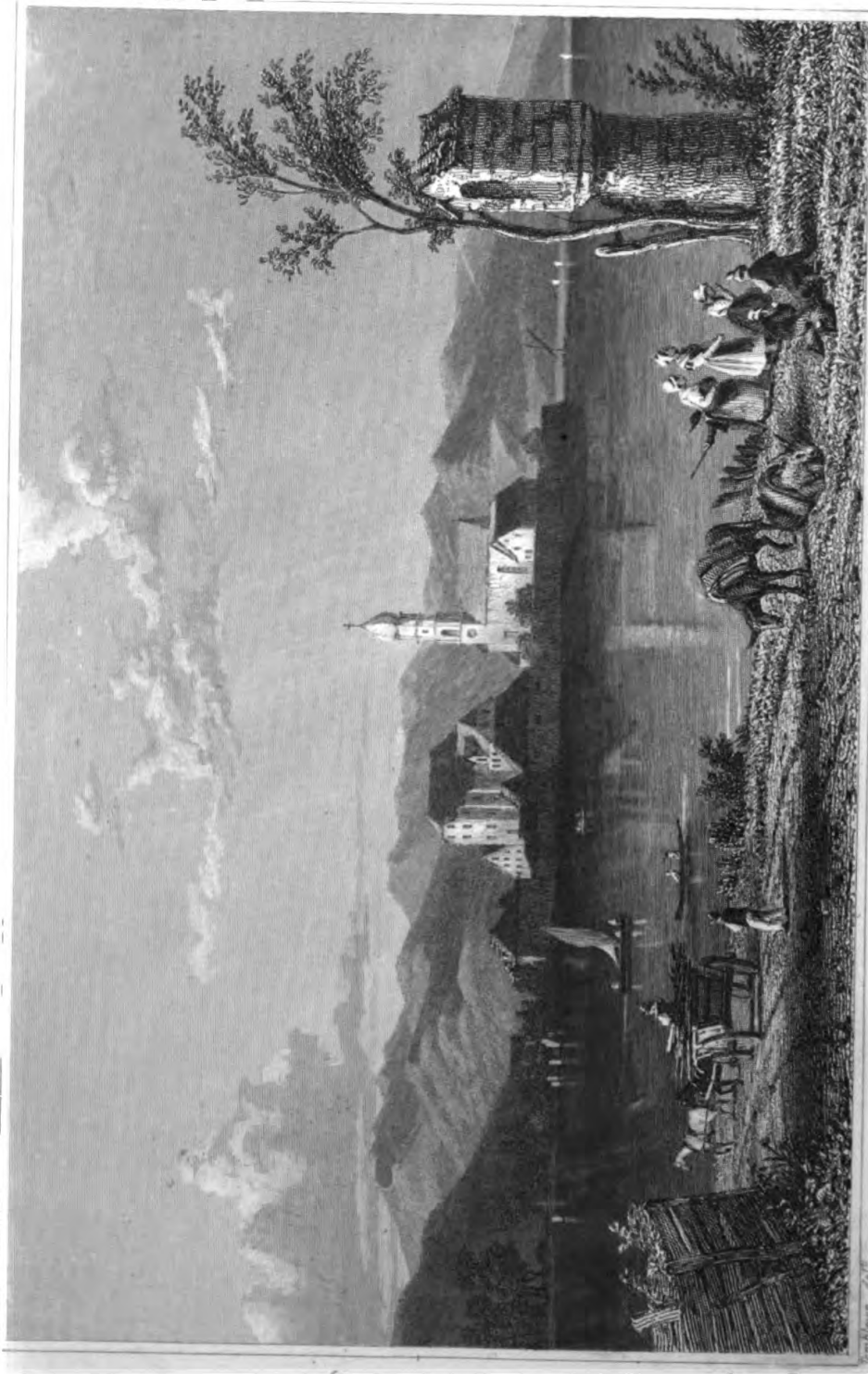
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L I N D A U .
LAKE CONSTANCE







F. Favall sculp.

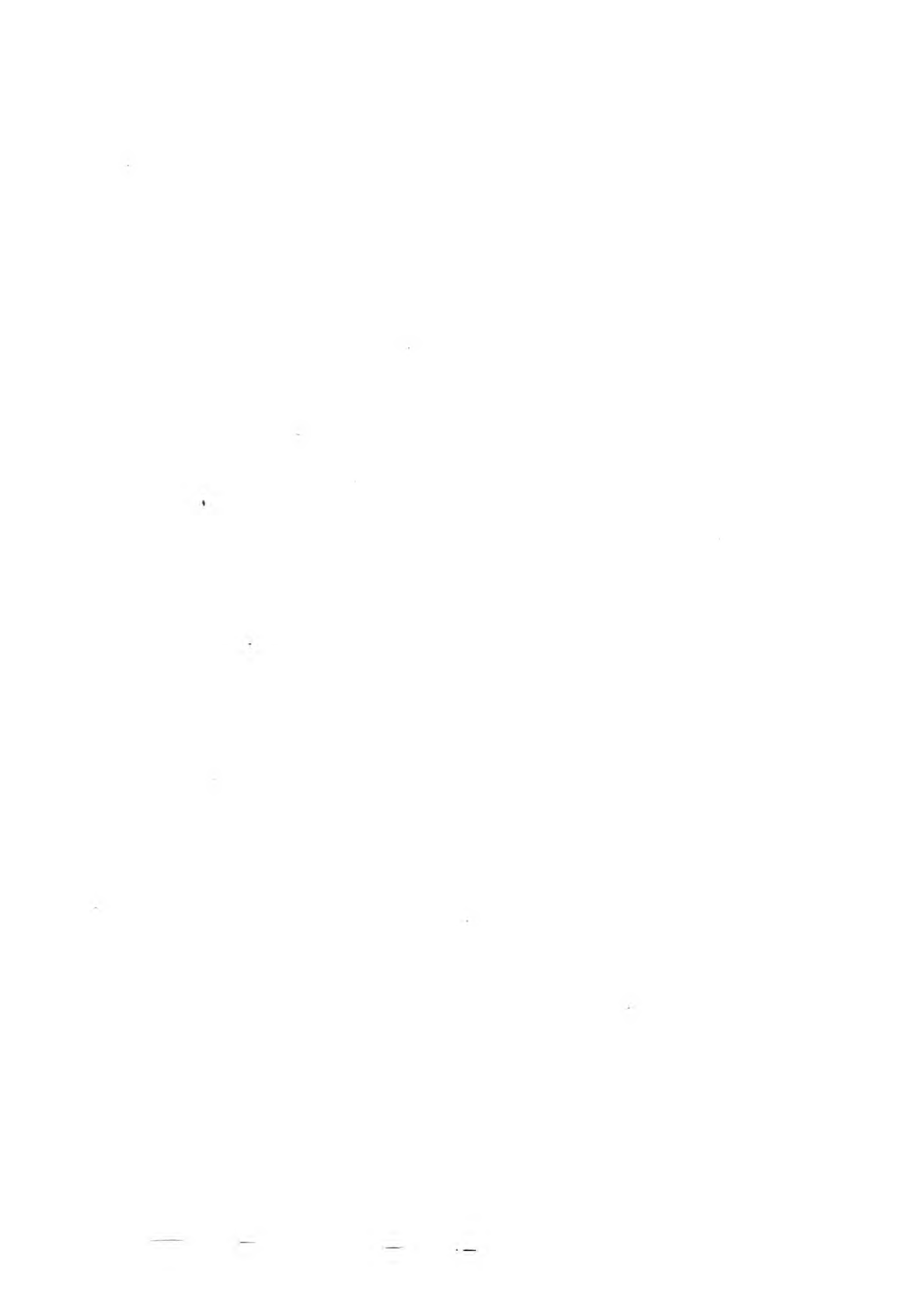
LAKE CONSTANCK.

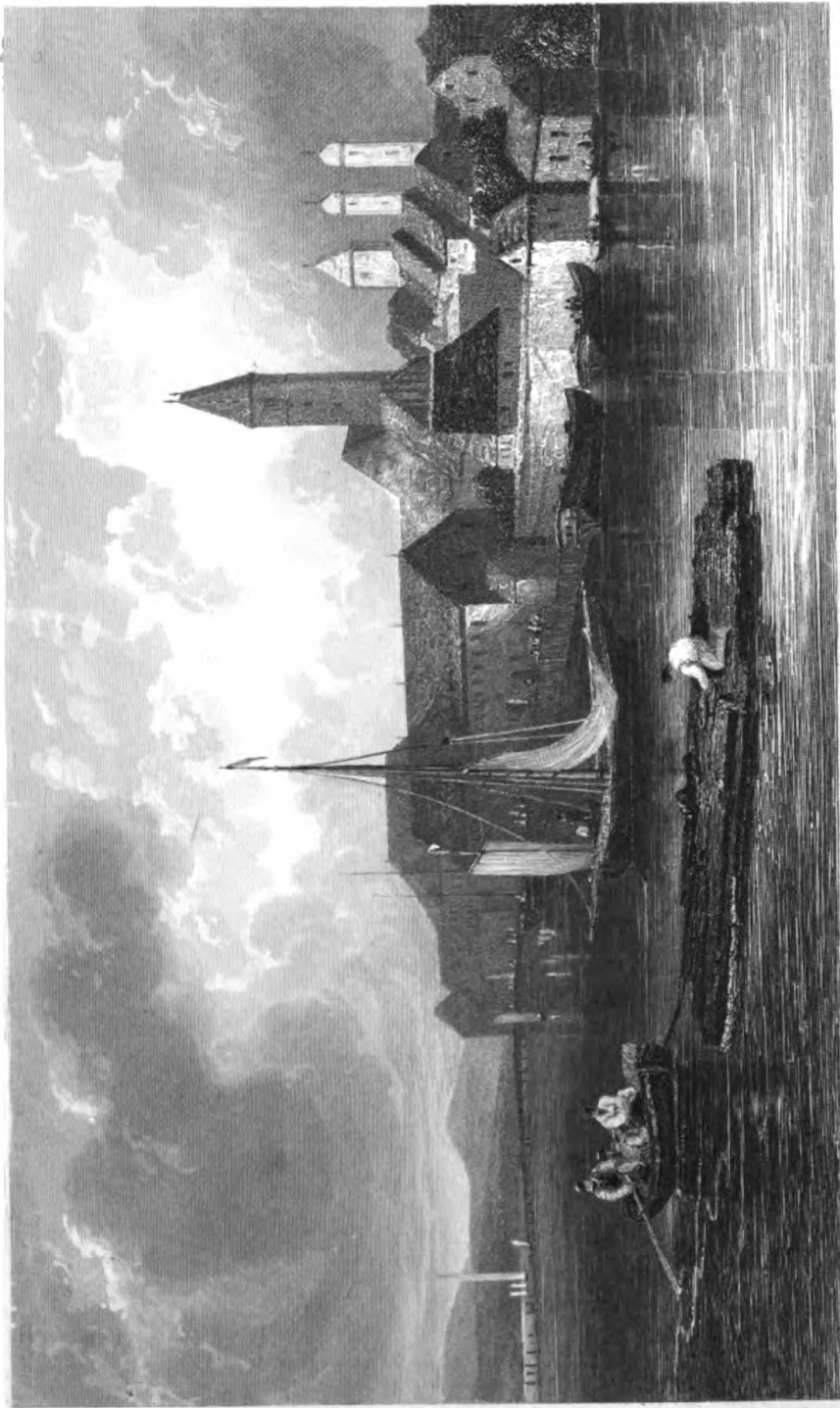
Am. Bl. 1841



During the Swedish war the place held out three months successfully against the attacks of general Wrangel. The peace of Presburg placed it, in 1806, under the sway of Baden. From its advantageous situation, the convenience of its harbour, and the intelligence and respectability of its merchants, it has become a very flourishing town; particularly since the introduction of steam-packets. The buildings worthy of observation in this place are, the ancient monastery, with its new church; the old one having been burnt; three other churches, and the public library. Lindau is not inferior in picturesque beauty to any place on the lake. Its vicinity is thickly studded with elegant country seats and gardens, and its orchards and vineyards are extremely productive. The inhabitants, generally, are distinguished for good conduct.

Wasserburg is situated on the lake, nearly three miles from Lindau, towards Friedrichshafen, and nearly opposite Rheineck. The principal buildings, consisting of the parish-church, the ancient castle and the parsonage house, are almost surrounded with water. The whole population of this place is about 2000, many of whom gain a livelihood by fishing and the shipping business. The vicinity is rich in vineyards and orchards, and supply a great quantity of wine and fruits for exportation. Even as early as the 8th century Wasserburg had risen into notice, and had a legal jurisdiction. In later times, about the 15th century, it fell into the hands of a variety of possessors, and finally, at the peace of Presburg, was ceded to Baden.





W. E. Sandby sculp.

Pl. 2

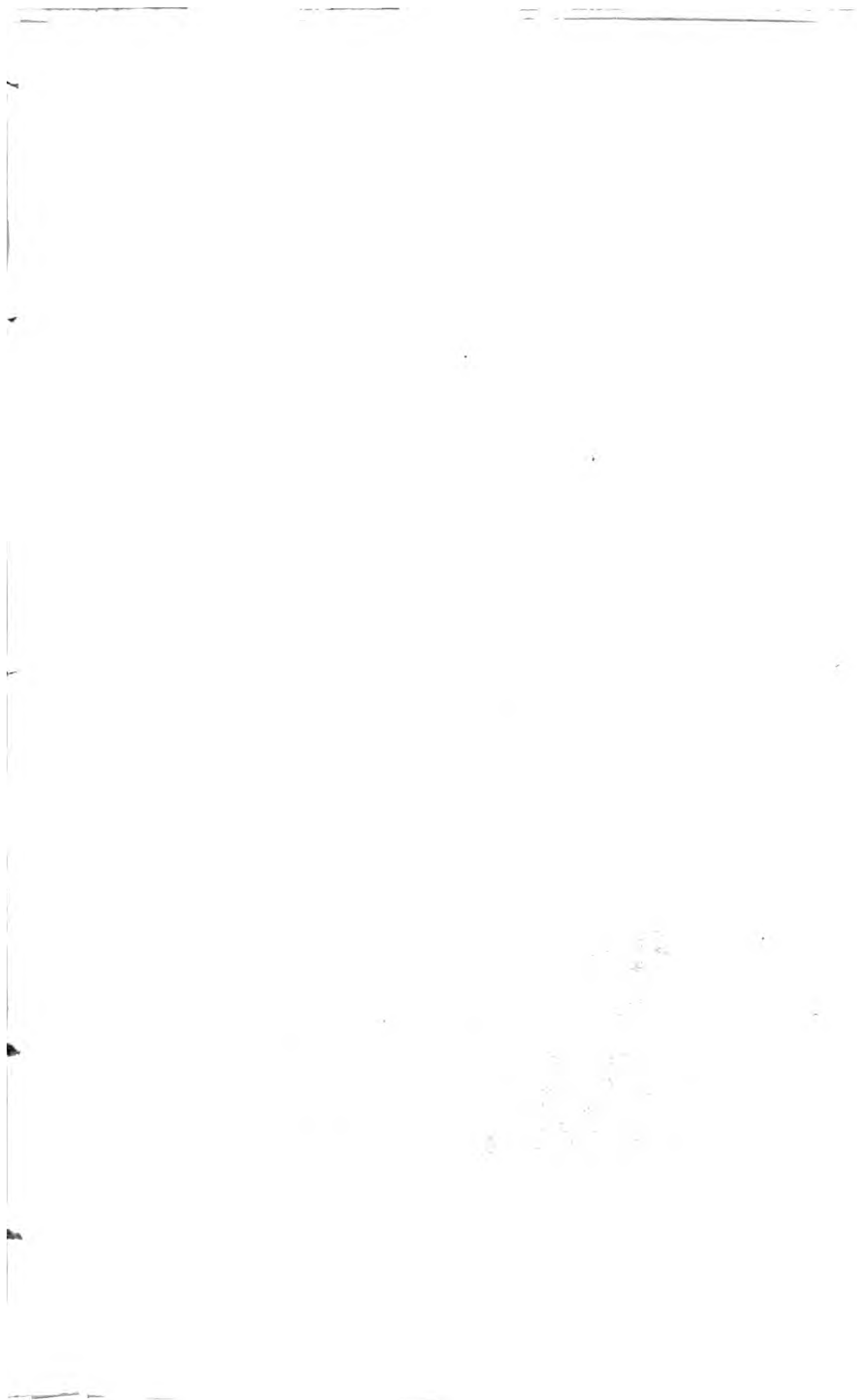
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London, Torrington & Co. 11, Paternoster Row.

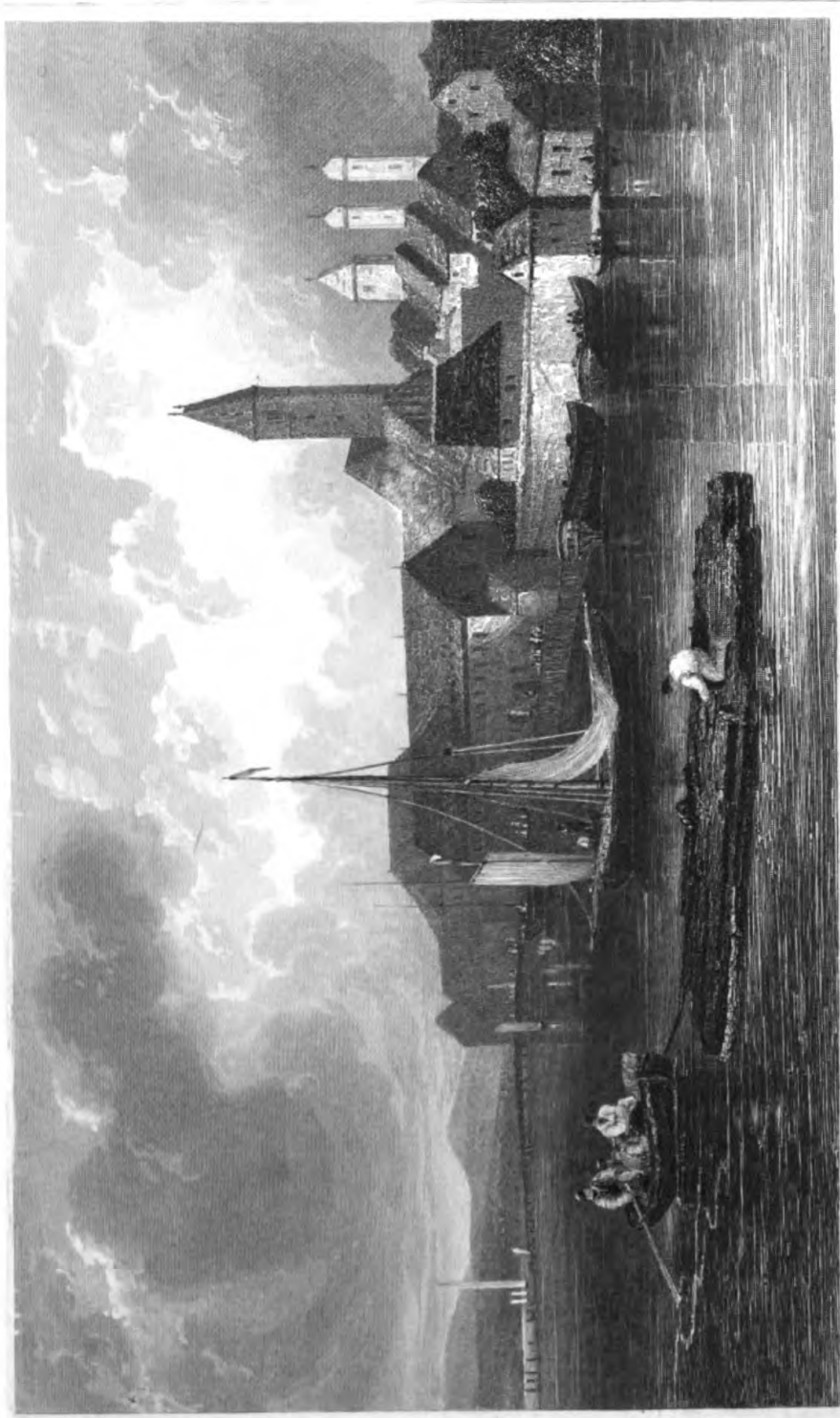
The next place is *Langenargen*, known only as a village in the year 773, by the name of *Argona*. In process of time it grew into a considerable town, under the auspices of the family of Montfort; and near it are seen the ruins of the old castle of that race.

Friederichshafen, formerly *Buchhorn*, owes its present prosperity to king Frederic of Wurtemberg. *Buchhorn* was formerly a free city of the empire, and afterwards experienced many reverses. In the year 1292 it was plundered by the abbot of St. Gall, and, in 1365, was burnt to the ground, but soon arose with fresh vigour. During the thirty year's war, it was for a time in the possession of the Swedes, and suffered much. In 1796, the French, under general Turreau, took possession of it and of course contributed not much to its prosperity. The king of Wurtemberg, to whom it was afterwards ceded, built a street in a line with the old town, and repaired and beautified the ancient castle for a residence, wherein he passes a month in every year. Scarcely a more delightful part of the world could be fixed on as a summer retreat. The harbour is now made extremely convenient for the craft of the lake, and trade is daily increasing. The view from the balcony of the palace is uncommonly grand.

Meersberg is situated nearly opposite Allmansdorf, at the entrance of the Ueberlingen lake. Misfortune seems to have attended this town in ancient as well as in modern times; its advantageous position for passing and repassing the lake having rendered it continually an object of contention between the *belligerents*, at various periods. The precise date of its foundation is







W. F. Sturbing, sculp.

Pl. 2

1833 J. W. T. & C. 27 S. W. A. 1. 1. 2. 2.

London: Published by J. W. T. & C. 27 S. W. A. 1. 1. 2. 2.

London, 1833.



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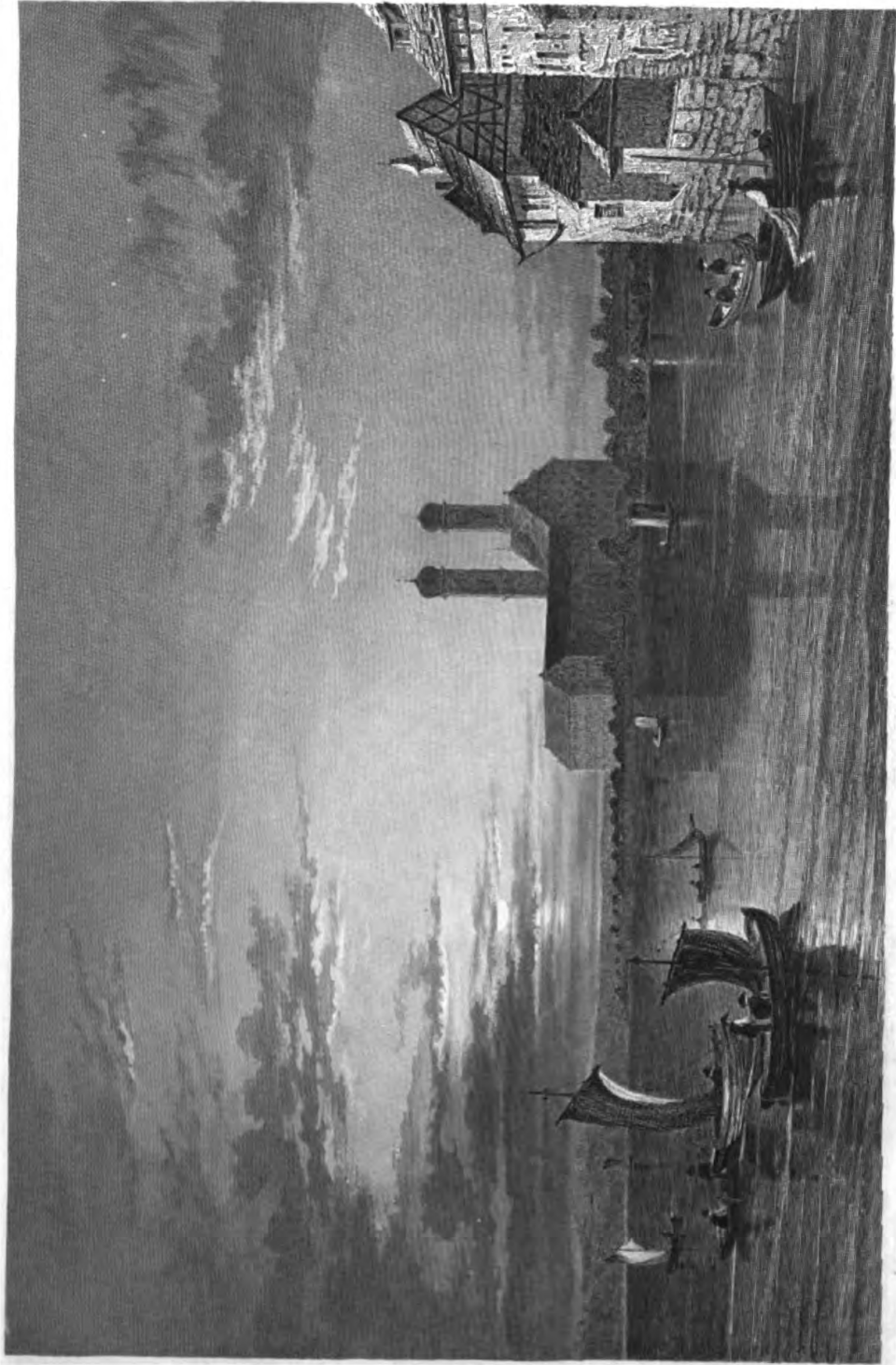
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von Schupp

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CHATEAU DE FRÉDÉRICSHAFEN
Dessé. in Qu. v. D. M. S. 1861. v. 1.
L. A. N. V. O. S. C. A. R. C. E. S. C. H. A. F. E. N.
SCHLOSS FRÉDÉRICSHAFEN



not ascertained; but it appears from sundry documents, that a certain nobleman, named Walter de Wattis, was proprietor of the district, and occupied the castle in the year 1211. The town afterwards fell into the hands of the bishops of Constance, and received some privileges from the emperor Albert. It was several times burnt. The new château was built at the expense of bishop Anthony of Sickingen-Hohenburg, in 1750, by the architect Dinar, and is much admired. The seminary-house and gardens are also interesting. Nature has been lavish of her beauties in the environs, which man, in his savage contests for dominion, has often disfigured. The depth of water, outside the harbour, is 965 feet, and continues the same to near Lindau, with little variation. Although this is one of the most fertile districts in Germany, all articles of provision are rendered dear by great exports, now much facilitated by steam-boats. There is an agreeable foot-way along the well-wooded banks of the lake to Ludwigshafen and Bodmin, in the course of which the island of Meinau is seen, in different points of view, to great advantage.

Passing by *Neu-Birnau*, we come next to *Ueberlingen*, the ancient *Iburinga*. This place, according to old chronicles, was, as early as the 7th century, the abode of a certain duke *Gunzo*, whose only daughter having been cured of a dangerous disorder by a holy recluse, named *Gallus*, he was, in gratitude, placed at the head of a religious community in Switzerland, which by degrees obtained great power, and was the origin of the city of *St. Gall*. *Ueberlingen* was the first place in this country that embraced the doctrines of Christianity, and rose into dis-

tion, with several other establishments on the banks of the lake, during the wise and powerful reign of the emperor Frederick, surnamed *Rothbart*, *Barbarossa*, or *Redbeard*, from whom it received its municipal charter. In 1397 it was constituted one of the free cities of the empire. During the plundering thirty years war, in 1634, it was severely handled by the Swedes, under Gustavus Horn, and, in common with the neighbouring towns, drank deep of the cup of misfortune. It was not till lately that better days began to open upon it. Since the establishment of the free ports and the protecting care of the government of Baden, to whom it now belongs, its trade in corn, wine, and other produce, has infused new life into the inhabitants, of whom there are now very nearly 3,000. It has one great advantage over other places, in the possession of a fine mineral spring, which, for 400 years, has been used for drinking and bathing, with wonderful effects, in many disorders. The most remarkable buildings are, the cathedral, a fine spacious gothic edifice, with a tower 200 feet high, the town-house, and the new corn-exchange. Schools, of different kinds, have lately been established, under the superintendence of the enlightened ecclesiastic, deacon *Wocheler*. In summer the steam-packets bring great numbers of strangers from Switzerland and other parts, to benefit by the waters, and to contemplate the wonderful productions of nature in the environs. The *Heidenlöcher* (Pagan caves) and St. Catharine's *Felskapelle* (chapel of rocks) excite great attention

About four miles from this place is the village of *Sipplingen*, seated on a hill, commanding a beautiful view



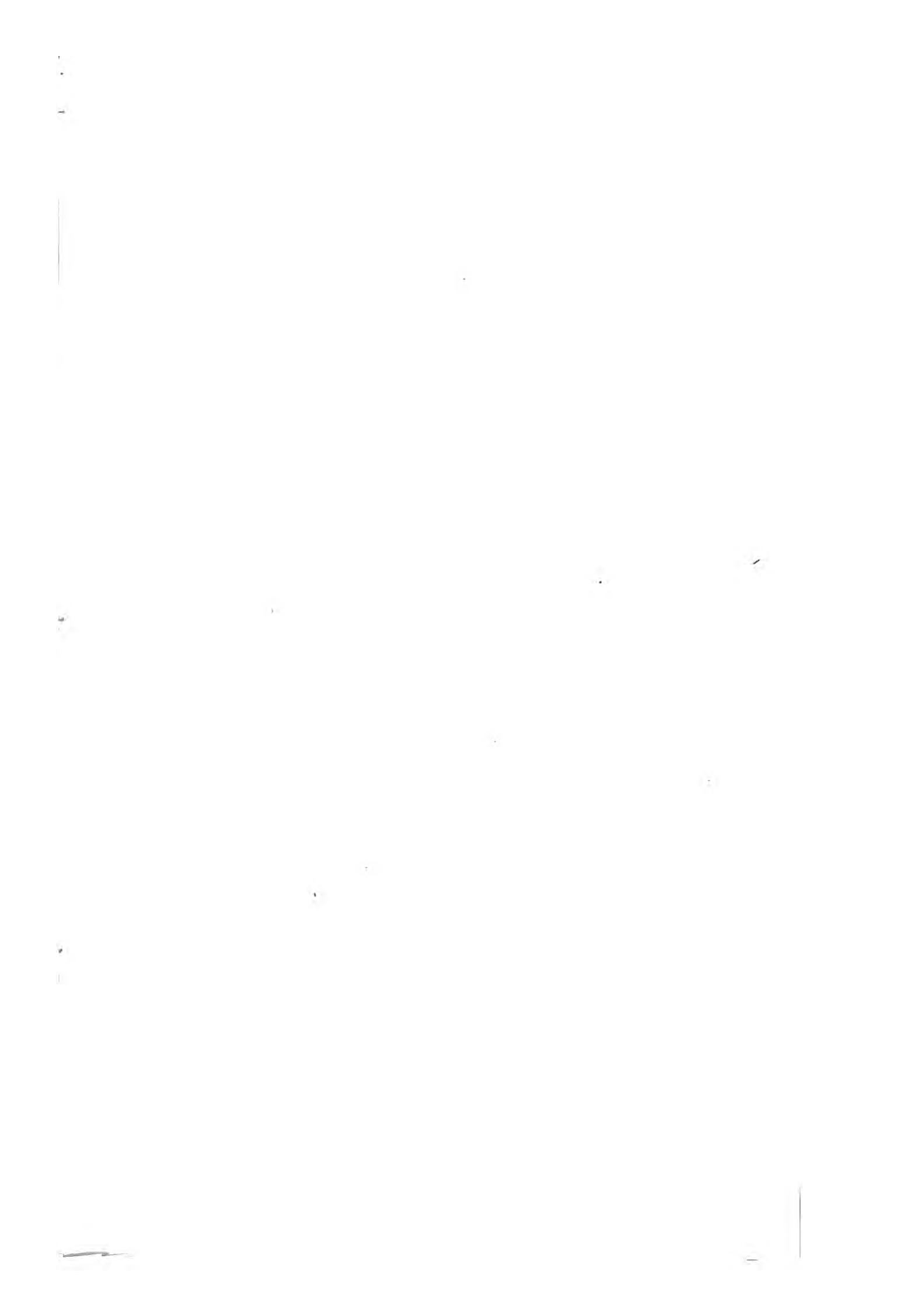


Empfehlen soll.

J. P. Varnell sculp.

VERLAG VON F. A. BROTHMANN, BUCHHÄNDLER, SOHN VON C. F. W. BROTHMANN, IN BREITENBURG.
H. H. VON BUNDE, DRUCKER, SOHN VON C. F. W. BROTHMANN, IN BREITENBURG.

oder: Paulusstr. 10, bei der 8. u. 9. Postkammer Row.



of the surrounding country. A peculiar kind of wine is grown here, which has a strong taste of lemons, and is therefore highly esteemed by lovers of punch.

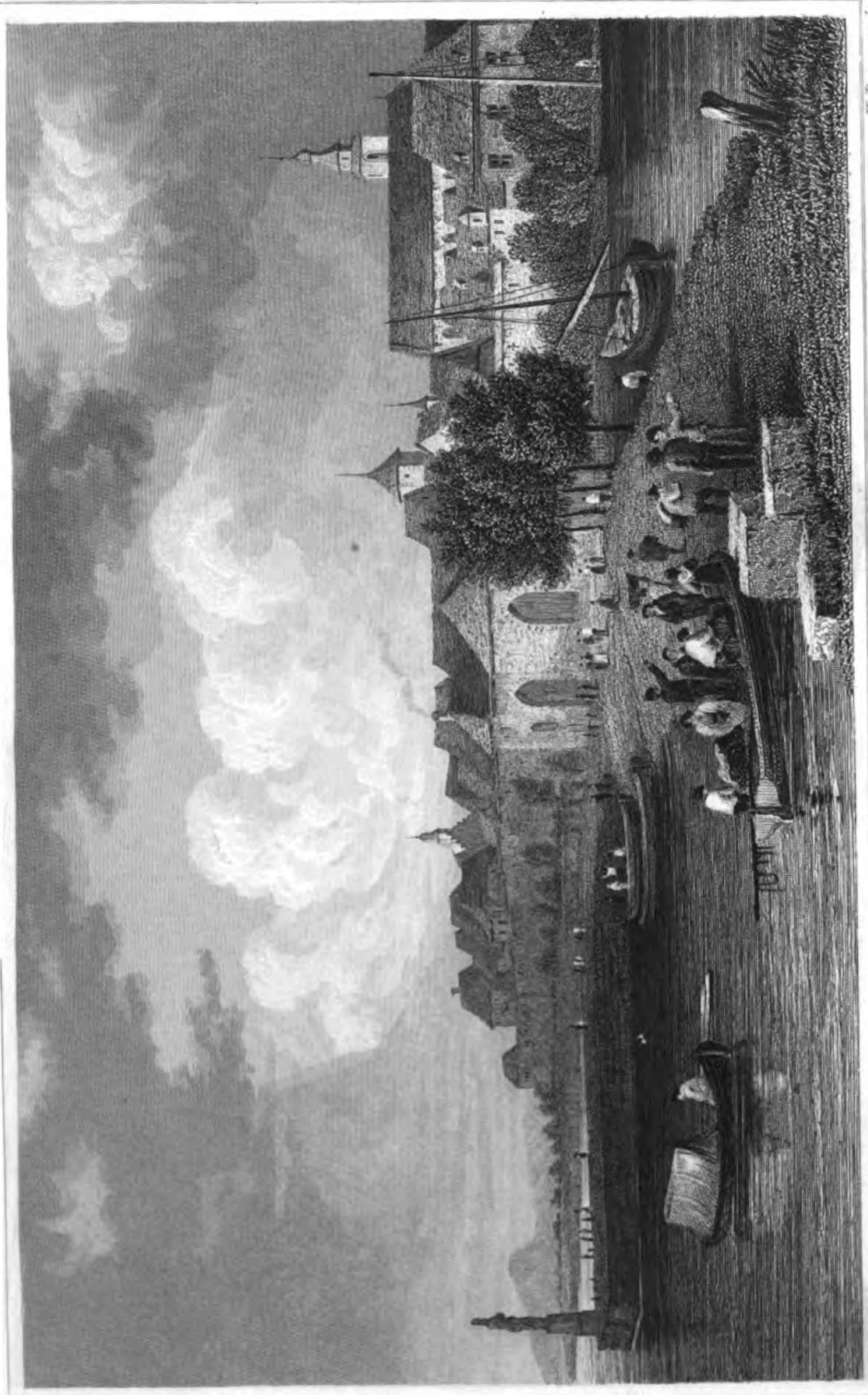
Somewhat more than a mile from Sipplingen is *Ludwigshafen*, or Port-Lewis, (formerly called Sernatingen) situated at the north-western extremity of the Ueberlingen lake. The late revered grand-duke of Baden conferred his name on it, at the time of its regeneration under his care, some years since. The steam-packet visits this port three times a week, and adds much to its population and prosperity. From the windows of a well-conducted inn, the *Eagle*, the view of Bodmin and its interesting ruins, together with the Frauenberg, the island of Meinau, and other interesting places, is truly superb.

The domain of *Bodmann*, or *Bodmin*, it appears, belonged to a noble family of that name, as early as the year 1146; and there are found some traces of their line down to 1595. In 1307 the lightning fell on the castle, and burnt it, with the whole of the family, except an infant child, *Johann von Bodmann*, who was saved by the presence of mind of his nurse: she placed him in a copper kettle, which was at hand, and, carrying him through the flames, deposited him in a place of safety. The descendants of this Johann distinguished themselves in after times for their bravery. The copper kettle, in which he was preserved, is still to be seen in the new castle of Bodmann, and likewise two altar-pieces, painted in oil-colours, which had miraculously escaped the fury of the fire. The possessions of the Bodmanns, in ancient times, were very considerable, extending from Nellen-

burg, to near Constance, including the island of Meinau and great part of the peninsula.

Immediately opposite the ruins of the old castle is the picturesque *Frauenberg*, where there was formerly a church, much frequented by pilgrims. The new castle of Bodmin was built near it, upon the foundation-walls of the ancient *Palatium Botanicum*, a residence of the kings of the Franks, and particularly of Charles-le-Gros, between the years 879 and 905, who caused a vineyard to be planted near by, which still exists, and is denominated the royal vineyard. Its much-esteemed produce is distinguished by the appellation of *Königswein* (king's wine). In the immense vaults, under the present château, is shown a cell, over the entrance of which appears this inscription: *Vestigium Carceris S. Othmari*. This saint, according to history, was persecuted, in 750, by two powerful Allemanic lords, Warin and Ruodhard, who, after confining him here for several years, exiled him (happy change!) to a small wine-island, near Stein, where, it is said, he died in peace. The church contains a curious painting of the old castle in flames; the nurse and child in the foreground. The village of Bodmin is small and poor, but exceedingly romantic. There is a road from this place to *Radolphzell*, situated at the north-western extremity of the *Untersee*, a town, containing about 900 inhabitants, which, after many political changes, was, in 1810, ceded to the grand-duke of Baden, under whose auspices it was beginning to flourish, when, in 1816, half the place was destroyed by fire. The only building worthy of notice is the minster, with its ancient towers.





H. Rowe . sculp.

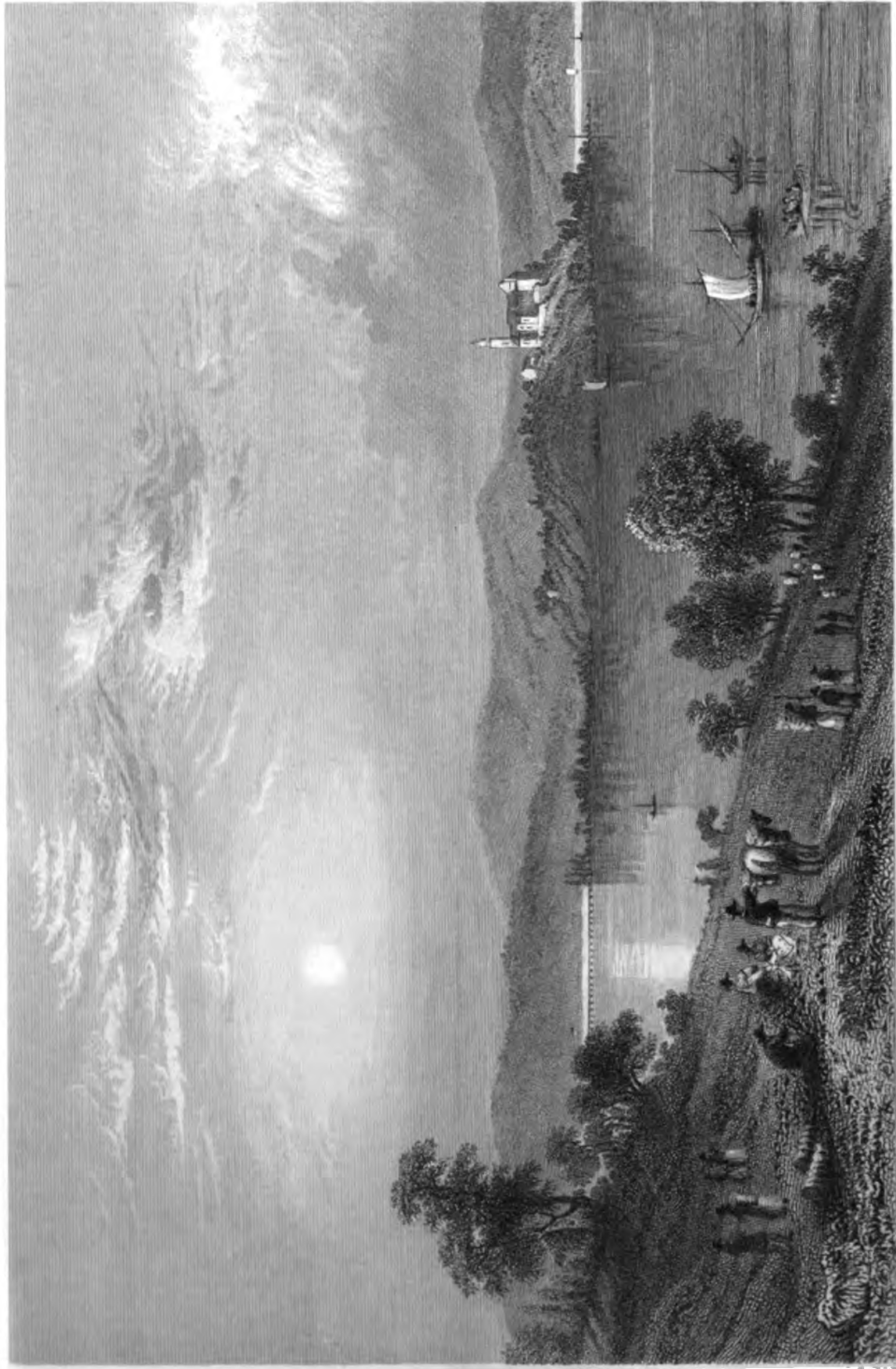
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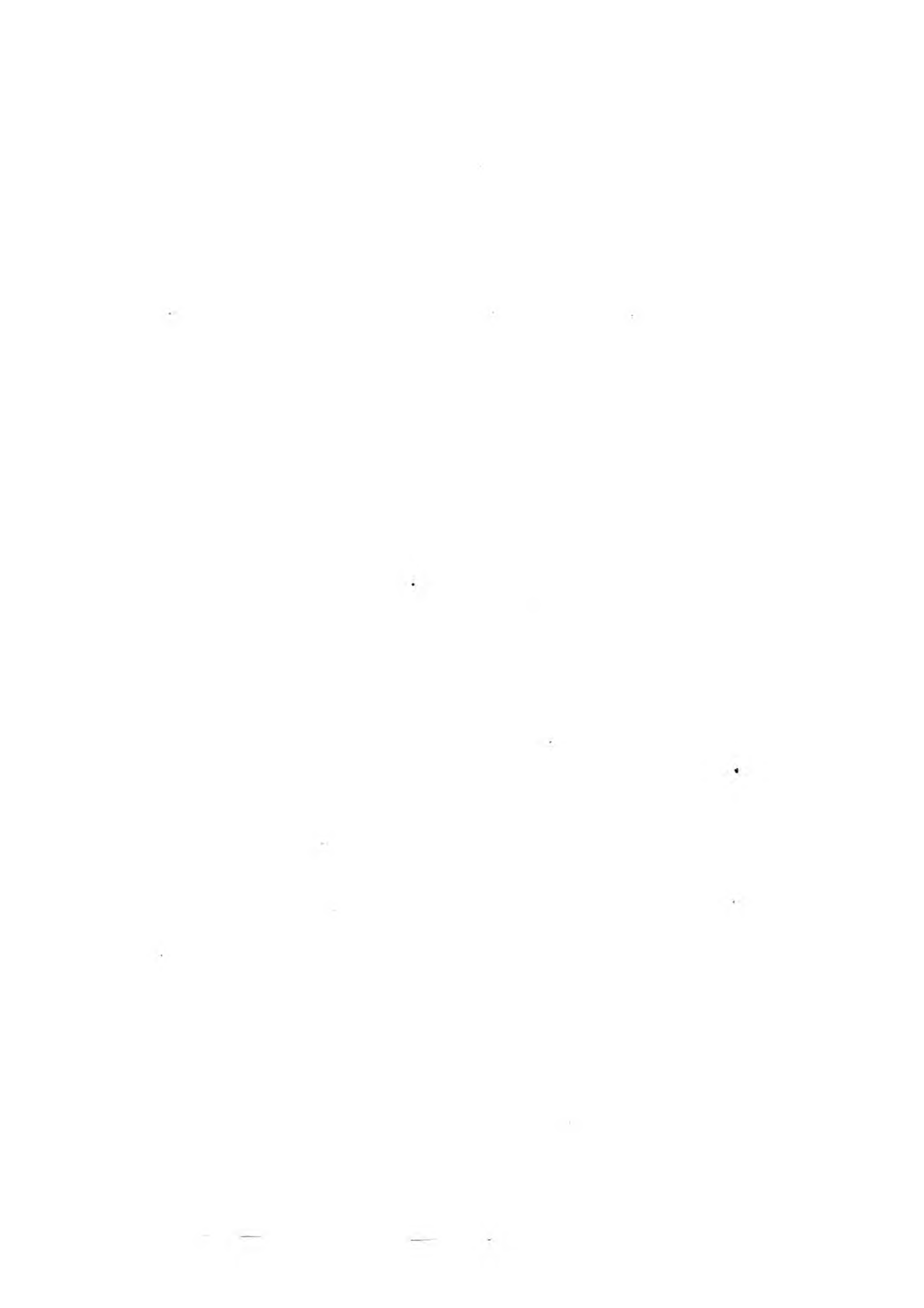
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ISLE OF MURRAY,
LAKE CHARLES

1847

JANES MANN

London. 42.



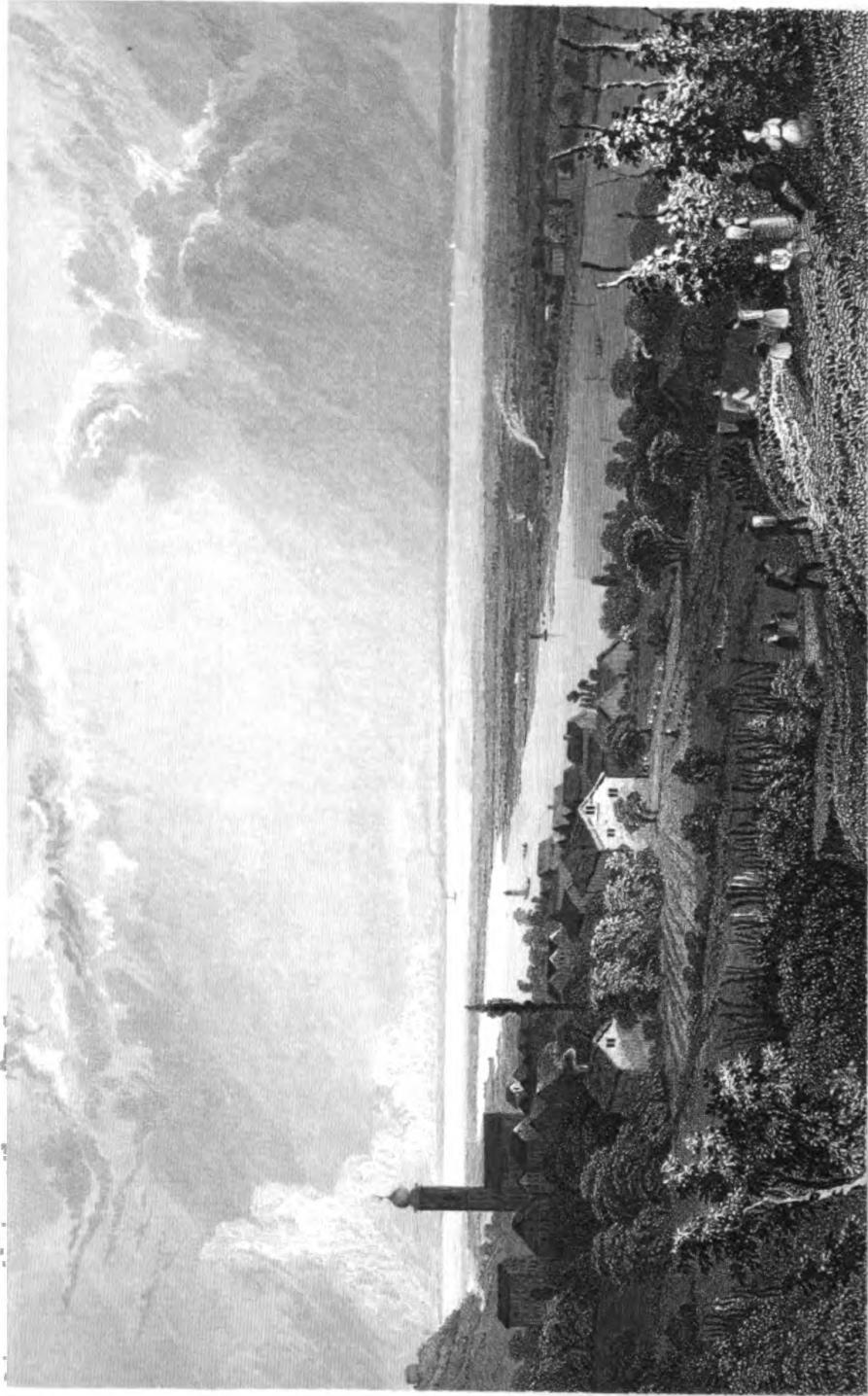
Returning from Bodmin, towards Constance, on the south-western side of the Ueberlingen lake, we pass the village of *Dingelsdorf*, where there are numerous ferry-boats to places on the opposite shores. From Dingelsdorf there is a pleasant foot-path, through the woods, to the bridge of Meinau, passing by the ancient nunnery of St. Catherine, now converted into an inn. The little island of *Meinau* is a perfect *bijou*,—the pride of the lake. It is distant from the main land about 300 paces, and rises in a graceful conical shape to a moderate height. On the summit stands the château, surrounded with tasteful gardens and plantations, and commanding a prospect of astonishing grandeur and variety. The island is not more than a mile and a half in circumference, embracing about 120 acres; twelve of which, on the south side, are covered with vineyards; the plantations, gardens and pleasure-grounds occupy twenty acres. The rest is laid out in cornfields, pastures and orchards; the latter producing the most exquisite fruits. The island belonged to the German knights of Malta until the peace of 1805, when it was given to Baden. Until within a few years the castle remained uninhabited and neglected, and the lands were farmed out and impoverished; “but now,” says a German writer, “this beautiful fairy spot, having been purchased by prince Esterhazy, is rising again, like a phoenix, in renewed splendor.” His highness could not, in the whole world, have found a more peaceful retreat from the clatter of Vienna or London, and he probably considers it equal to the *Perentinum* recommended by the Roman poet:

“ Si te grata quies, et primam somnus in hōram
 “ Delectat; si te pulvis, strepitusque rotarum,
 “ Si lædit caupona; Ferentinum ire jubebo.”

For the accommodation of strangers who visit the island, the head gardener, Mr. Schnets, has been permitted to open an inn at the entrance of the château; and every attention is paid to well-behaved persons of all ranks, who desire to inspect the buildings, gardens, and grounds. It is necessary to observe, as a caution, that the bridge, or rather platform, is not calculated for carriages. From this fine island to the bridge of Constance there is an agreeable foot-path, by pursuing which we pass, about half way, the picturesque chapel and parsonage-house of St. Loretto, whence the view of the north-eastern shores is enchanting.

Having terminated our notice of all the places on the banks of the interesting, although diminutive, *Sea* of Constance, we now hasten to pursue our destined course to the Alpine regions, where, leaving our readers to the choice of accompanying us to other lands, or to the enjoyment of a protracted survey of the sublime works of Nature which surround them, we trust that they will not have to complain of prolixity or neglect of our duties, as *ciceroni* of the present tour. Avoiding those tedious attempts to prove the origin of names of places, in which some writers greatly delight, to the exclusion of subjects of paramount interest, and judging it totally unnecessary to notice every little winding of the stream, and every trifling change in the rapidity of its course, (the latter naturally always subject, from various causes, to different degrees of celerity—in sum-

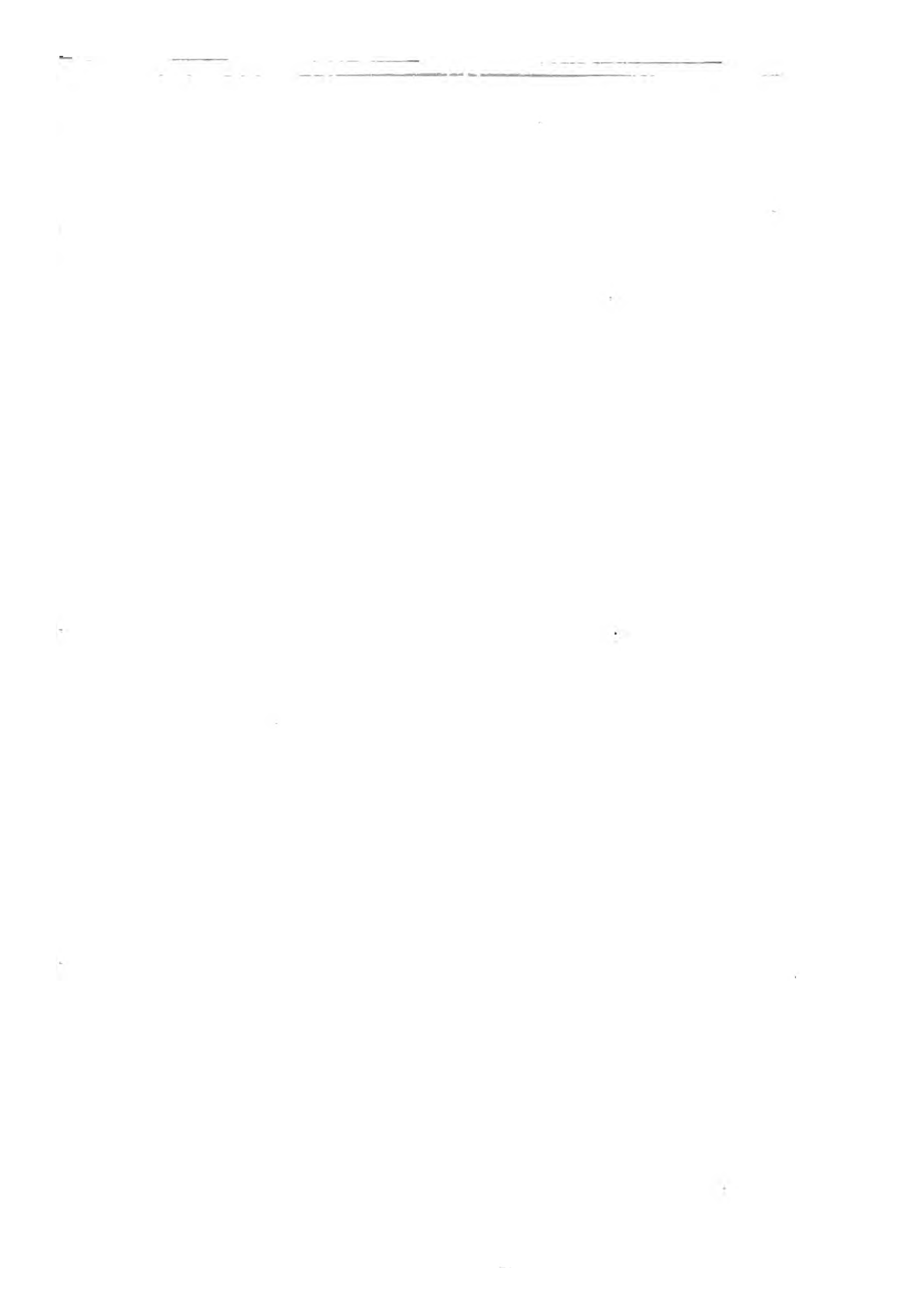




Brinkman del.

H. J. van der Meer sculp.

De haven van Rotterdam.
C. 1840.



mer, perhaps, *flowing majestically* by, and sometimes *seeming reluctantly to leave*, the very spot where, at other seasons, it may *rush on, rejoicing in its strength, obtruding its saucy waves on the astonished potato-garden of the peasant*, or now *expanding its current*, and now *hastening its pace*)—we shall continue, as hitherto, to direct attention to objects which, whilst they elucidate the masterly labours of our artist, may make our readers better acquainted with the most interesting features of the countries through which our steps are directed.

The Rhine empties its waters into the lake about four miles from Rorschach, sometimes with such force as to carry a very perceptible current almost to the opposite shore, where it meets the streams of the Argen and Schussen rivers, whose sources are in Germany. The strong ripple, often occasioned by this meeting of the waters, was noticed by Ammianus Marcellinus, a writer of the Augustan age, whose description of the *Lacus Brigantinus* (as the Bodensee was then denominated), contains many curious particulars, and is worth referring to.

The first place in our now upward course is *Rheineck*, situated on the left bank of the river, at the distance of two miles and a half from the lake, and opposite to a point formed by an abrupt and remarkable winding of the stream. This town is in the canton of St. Gall, and has about 900 protestant inhabitants, chiefly agriculturists. Of late many hands are employed in the manufacture of linen and cotton goods, which, with the advantages derived from its markets, fairs and car-

rying trade to and from Italy, contribute much to its prosperity. Several good schools, an orphan asylum and an hospital also lend their aid to the comforts of the inhabitants, which are much promoted by the good offices of Mr. Steinmuller, the worthy pastor of the town, whose works on rural and alpestrine economy are held in great estimation. The wines grown here are deservedly in much repute. From the Bouchberg, a mountain in the environs, is obtained the most delightful view that can be imagined. Some miles higher up, on the right bank, are the miserable districts of *Kobelwies* and *Embs*, where there are excellent mineral waters ; but the baths are kept in very bad condition. Near Embs, at some distance from the Rhine, appear *Old* and *New Hohenembs*, and, beyond them, *Montfort* or *Starkenburg*, the abode of a very ancient family of that name. On the opposite or left bank of the river is the *Rheinthal*, or Rhine-valley, extending from the lake of Constance to the ancient barony of Sax. Its length is twenty miles, its breadth about seven, containing above 22,000 inhabitants, of which nearly a third are protestants. This country is more indebted for its fertility to the industry of the people than to nature. As early as the year 918 the vine was planted here, and succeeded so well, that the hills were soon covered with vineyards ; every village and hamlet is surrounded by fruit-trees ; the plains afford fine crops of corn, and the mountain slopes produce a rich pasturage for cattle. Here are also extensive stone-quarries, abundance of turf for fuel, and many kinds of mineral waters. Agricultural pursuits, with the raising of cattle, form the

principal occupation of the inhabitants; but they have besides established some considerable manufactories of printed cottons, and are expert in the embroidery of muslins.

Nearly opposite Embs is seen *Altstetten*, one of the prettiest little towns of the Rhine-valley, containing nearly 2000 inhabitants, catholic and protestant, who agree so well as to have rebuilt a church, in which their respective services are performed alternately. The situation of this place, on the slope of a hill, in the charming Appenzell range, is superb. Like most other places in these districts of the Rhine, it is at some distance from the banks of the stream, on account of the frequent and dangerous floods, occurring in certain seasons, against which no embankments have been raised. About ten miles higher up, on the right bank, is perceived the small town of Feldkirch, situated on the river Ill, near its confluence with the Rhine, whose streams pass immediately by the ruins of *Hohensax* and the villages of *Salez* and *Sennwald*, the ancient possessions of the lords of Hohensax, which, on the extinction of that family, fell under the dominion of Zurich. In the church of Sennwald is seen the corpse of the baron John Philip of Hohensax, which remains in an uncorrupted state. He was murdered on the 2nd of May, 1596, by George de Hohensax, his nephew, at the inn of Salez. The interesting castle of Forsteg, situated at a short distance from Salez, was, previous to the new divisions of territory, which placed these districts within the jurisdiction of St. Gall, the residence of the superior district judge, or seneschal. A few miles

above this place is the miserable town of **Werdenberg**, which has 250 inhabitants and no church. A little beyond the town is seen the castle wherein dwelt, in olden times, the illustrious family of the counts of **Werdenberg**; one of whom, the hero **Adolphus**, immortalized himself by aiding the **Appenzellers** in their victorious struggles for liberty, at the beginning of the 15th century. This truly noble race becoming extinct, the lordship passed into other hands, and suffered for many years under the galling yoke of the canton of **Glarus**.

The next place worthy of mention, above **Werdenberg**, is *Sargans*, containing 600 inhabitants. It is situated at the foot of the **Schollberg**, between the **Rhine** and the **Seetz**, where the roads of the **Grisons**, the **Rhine-valley** and **Wallenstadt** meet. In 1811 the town was nearly destroyed by fire. The **Schollberg** mountain forms the last branch of the ridge that extends northward from the lake of **Wallenstadt** to the **Rhine** on the east. It is remarkable for the excellent road made latterly to supercede the old one, which was steep, narrow, and difficult to pass, independently of the danger arising from the falling of pieces of rock. The new road has also the advantage of being level, and nearer, by 4200 feet, from the mountain foot to the **Rhine** than the former one. It is raised nineteen feet above the mean level of the **Rhine**, upon a walled foundation, 3300 feet in length. Instead of cutting tunnels through the rocks, they have been separated by blasts of gunpowder, to the length of 2376 feet, by twenty one to fifty feet wide. Three bridges, one of which is raised over the impetuous **Frübbach** contribute to the safety and convenience of the road.

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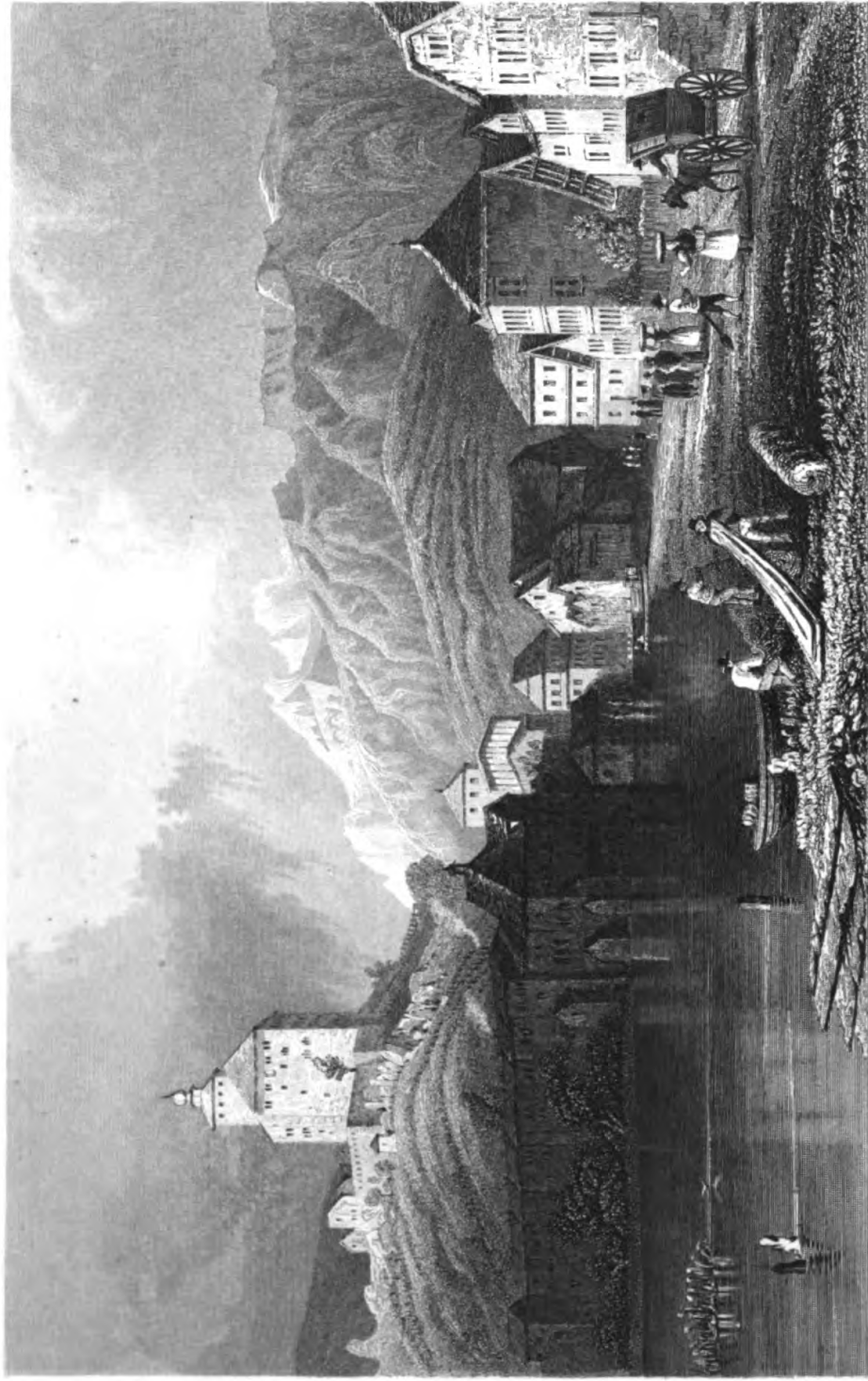
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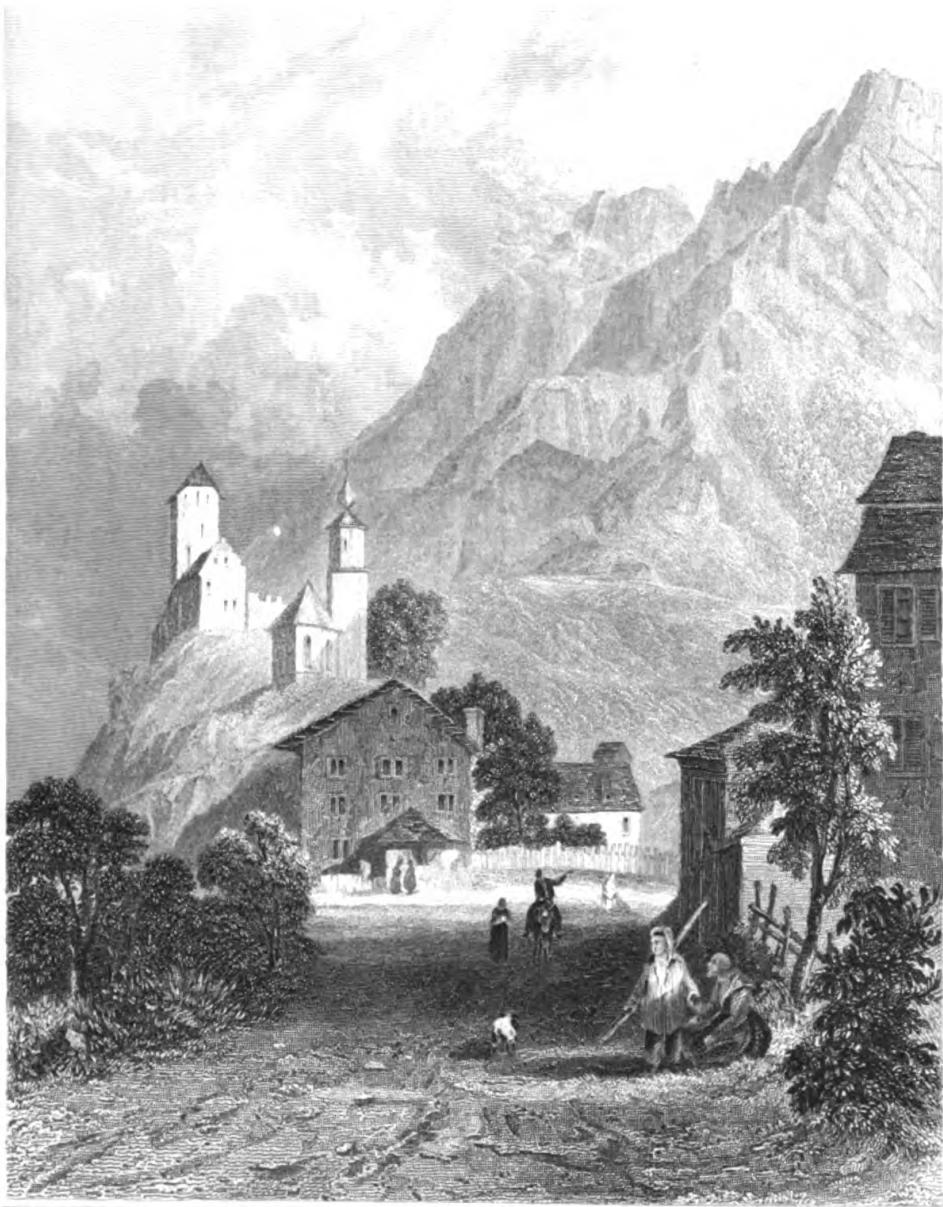


Leber's lith.

W. P. S. & C.

VIEW OF THE VILLAGE OF WINDEN, IN THE VALLEY OF THE RHEINE, NEAR THE CHATEAU DE WINDEN, IN THE CANTON OF BASEL, SWITZERLAND.





Embleen del.

W. H. St. John sculp.

S A R G A N S .

London: Templeton & Co. 11, Paternoster Row.



The field in which it terminates has an embankment nine feet high, to guard against the inundation of the river, by the side whereof lies the road, twenty-two feet wide ; a most important convenience for the commerce of Switzerland and Germany.

At a short distance from Sargans, on the right bank of the river, is *Mayenfeld*, a little town, with about a thousand inhabitants, situated near the frontier of Germany, and belonging to the league of the X jurisdictions, in the canton of the Grisons. It is 1633 feet above the level of the sea, and about nine miles below Coire, or *Chur*, the capital of the canton. The valley in which it stands, bathed by the Rhine, is very fertile and extensive, and in its vicinity is the celebrated *Lucienstieg*, or defile of St. Lucie, a narrow gorge, flanked with high rocks, which, in 1499, and during the late French war, was the theatre of several obstinate and sanguinary contests. The road from Mayenfeld to Feldkirch passes through this defile ; and at its northern extremity is a strong rampart, with a gate, immediately on the frontier line of the Austrian territory of the Vorarlberg.

As we have now entered the country of the Grisons, which, independently of its being particularly connected with the great object of our work, is deserving of more than common notice, from its sublime position amid the magnificence of Nature, from the peculiarity of its government, and from the unique character of its hardy people. The name of Grisons, derived, by the French, from the German appellation *Graubiinden*, (*grey confederates*) arose from the colour of the habiliments ge-

nerally worn by these mountaineers, and by which they were always distinguished, on great national occasions, from the inhabitants of the other cantons. The canton is bounded northerly by the principality of Lichtenstein, the Vor-Arlberg and the Tyrol, and southward by the Lombardo-Venitian states, and is entirely composed of lofty mountains and deep valleys. With the exception of the septentrional chain of mountains, which consists of immense argillaceous and calcareous masses, all the Alps of the Grisons are primitive, and very rich in minerals, but particularly in iron. Mines of lead, copper, silver and even gold, have been worked in them for many years. The number of inhabitants amounts to near 80,000, of whom 52,000 profess the protestant religion. Nearly the half of them speak Romanic, a seventh part Italian, and the rest German. The people are not devoid of talents, but they have few means of developing them. Their trade is chiefly in horned cattle, of which they raise annually from 80 to 90,000, besides 100,000 sheep, 60 or 70,000 goats, and swine in proportion. With Italy alone they do business in this line to the amount of 800,000 florins. It was not till after the revolution 1798 that the Grisons acceded, as a canton, to the Swiss confederation. The country is divided into three *leagues*, or small federative republics; namely, the grey or superior league; that called *God's-house*, and that of the **X** jurisdictions: the first, which is the most numerous, consists principally of catholics, whose chief magistrate receives the title of *Landrichter*, or judge provincial; the next is administered by a *President*, and the chief of the third

denominated *Landamman*. The constitution admits of no distinctive classes or privileges ; the supreme power being invested in the generality of the councils and municipalities of the communes. Next to this is a grand council of sixty-five members, at the head wherof is the president of the league. This court takes cognizance of all matters presented to it by a federal commission, composed of nine persons. The daily business is transacted by a council of three members. Appeal, in all cases of litigation, may be made to the cantonal tribunal, whose decision is final. It consists of nine judges, removable at will.

Our course from Constance to these districts having been chiefly on the Rhine-borders of the canton of St. Gall, our readers will undoubtedly expect that we shall not leave so important a part of Switzerland unnoticed, particularly as of late years its manufactures and general industry have engaged the attention of all Europe, and awakened the jealousy and fears of rival manufacturing nations. This canton is the 14th in rank, and the most extensive of all. Situated in the eastern part of Switzerland, it is bounded northward by the canton of Thurgau, on the west by Zurich, Schwytz, and Glaris, and south and east by the Grisons and the Voralberg, from which latter it is separated by the Rhine and the lake of Constance. From an official account, published a few years since, we find its population to be 136,200 ; of which 84,000 are catholic and 52,200 protestant. The language of the country is German, and the people are in general frank, ingenious and well disposed ; but the want of education is much felt. The slothful neglect of the cler-

gy, and the paralysing oppression of the *bailiffs*,* in former times, plunged them into a state of barbarous ignorance that will require all the energies of the modern schoolmaster to relieve. In the capital there is a Lyceum for catholics and a Gymnasium for protestants, tolerably well organized. Several of the smaller towns have public schools, and, for some years past, general education has been rescued from the trammels of ancient prejudices and modern bigotry, as fatal, almost, to the advance of knowledge as the mitred incubus of the olden time. The principal branches of mechanical industry in this canton are in the manufacture of cotton goods and muslins of the finest texture. The iron and glass works are in some repute, and new enterprises, of various kinds, are daily rising into notice. The government is entirely popular, consisting of a grand council of 150 members, presided by a Landamman, from amongst whom are chosen the judges, magistrates and public officers. The clergy are regulated similarly to those of the Grisons. The catholics are under the see of Coire, as also the convents, of which there are fifteen;—four for monks and eleven for nuns;—but their glorious days are past; and it is rumoured that measures are in agitation for their total suppression.

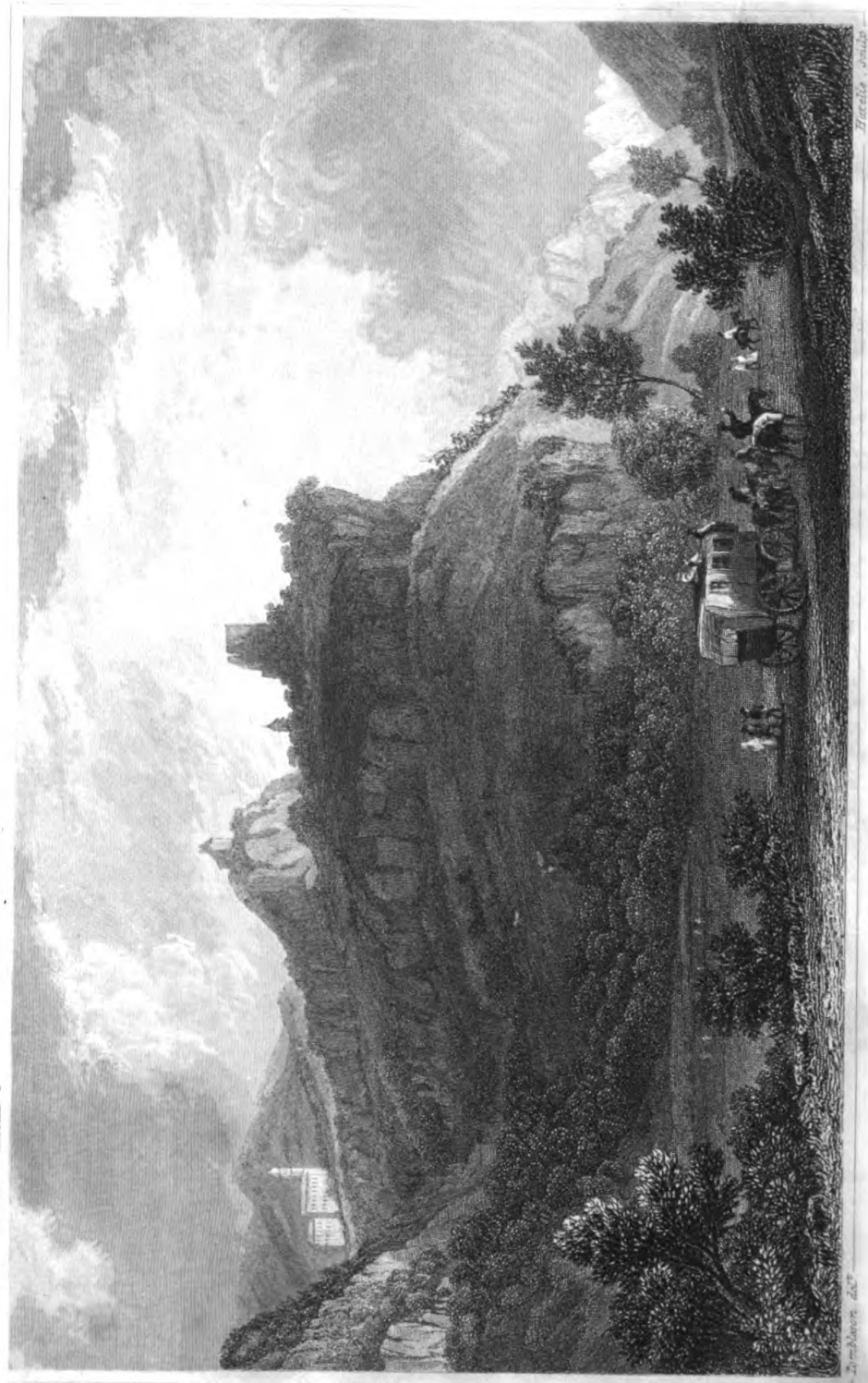
St. Gall (city) is situated in a narrow valley, on the banks of a small river, called the Steinach. It is 2086

* The office of bailiff (bailli) was much more important in feudal times than any thing we can understand by the word in English. The bailiff managed the pecuniary affairs of great princes and barons, and were vested with supreme authority, as magistrates and judges, on their respective domains.

feet above the level of the sea, and 840 feet above the lake of Constance, containing nearly 10,000 inhabitants, within and without the walls, chiefly protestants. Its streets are agreeably wide and airy, with some handsome squares and fountains. This city, as we have before stated, had its origin in the piety of Gallus, who, at his death, at the beginning of the 7th century, was canonized, and enshrined here. The great concourse of people who visited these then wild and uncultivated regions, to pay their devotions at the shrine of the saint, and the sums they liberally bestowed for absolution, indulgences, &c., soon raised the walls of the since celebrated abbey, and gathered around it numerous dwellings for the accommodation of the pilgrims. In 1454, the city joined the Swiss confederation, and at length threw off the yoke of the abbots, to whom they had been subject for many centuries, and embraced the principles of the reformation. This change gave extraordinary impetus to the industry and activity of the people, and laid the foundation of their present commercial prosperity. The revolution of subsequent times and the pride and obstinacy of Pancrass Forster, the last of the abbots, caused the secularization of the abbey, which had for so many ages enjoyed a degree of temporal power and spiritual celebrity which scarcely any other similar establishment ever arrived at. The wealth of the abbots had so much inflated them with pride and ambition, that they forgot their original destination, raised troops, and with fire and sword invaded and oppressed surrounding states. This was the more to be lamented, as in other times the encouragement given to the arts and sciences,

N^o 20, s. s. *Rhine*.

with the collection of literary treasures for which the abbey was celebrated, had cast around it an odour of respect which its walls still retain, although now shorn of wealth, splendor, and influence. The most valuable books and MSS are fortunately still preserved with care in a spacious library. Among the latter are Cicero's *De Legibus* and *De Finibus*, complete; a part of the collection of the historian Tchudi, including the *Nibelungen-Lied* and the *Chronicles* of Freund. Besides this library there is another belonging to the *bourgeoisie*, containing many valuable works and the MSS of the celebrated *Vadianus* (Joachim de Watt), burgomaster of St. Gall, at the period of the reformation, with many curious petrifications, found in these districts. The Literary Society has also a valuable library, with many paintings and engravings, by celebrated artists. There are also several private collections, worth inspection. The manufacture of printed cottons, gold and silver embroidery, and other articles, are carried on here with great success, which the English spinning-machines have wonderfully facilitated. One of the great curiosities in the neighbourhood of the city, is the magnificent bridge over the Sitter, denominated Krätzerbrücke, which was erected in 1810. It is 590 feet long, 27 wide, and in height 85 feet above the level of the river. At the same distance from the city, on the old Rorschach road, there is another bridge, built at the bottom of a narrow gorge, called Martinsbrücke, remarkable as the first work, on the suspension principle, erected in eastern Switzerland. It was thrown over the Goldach, from two vertical rocks, 110 feet apart, and 96 feet above the



CONVENT OF REFFERS.
CANTON OF GALLIEN. CANTON OF REFFERS.
By the Rev. J. G. 1867.

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bed of the river. The neighbourhood of Appenzell affords a great variety of charming excursions. Between Vögelseck and St. Gall, on the right side of the road, we observe, in the valley of philosophers, an artificial lake, wherein are gathered the waters of the Steinach, to form a reservoir sufficient for working the town mills and the machinery of several manufactures, during summer.

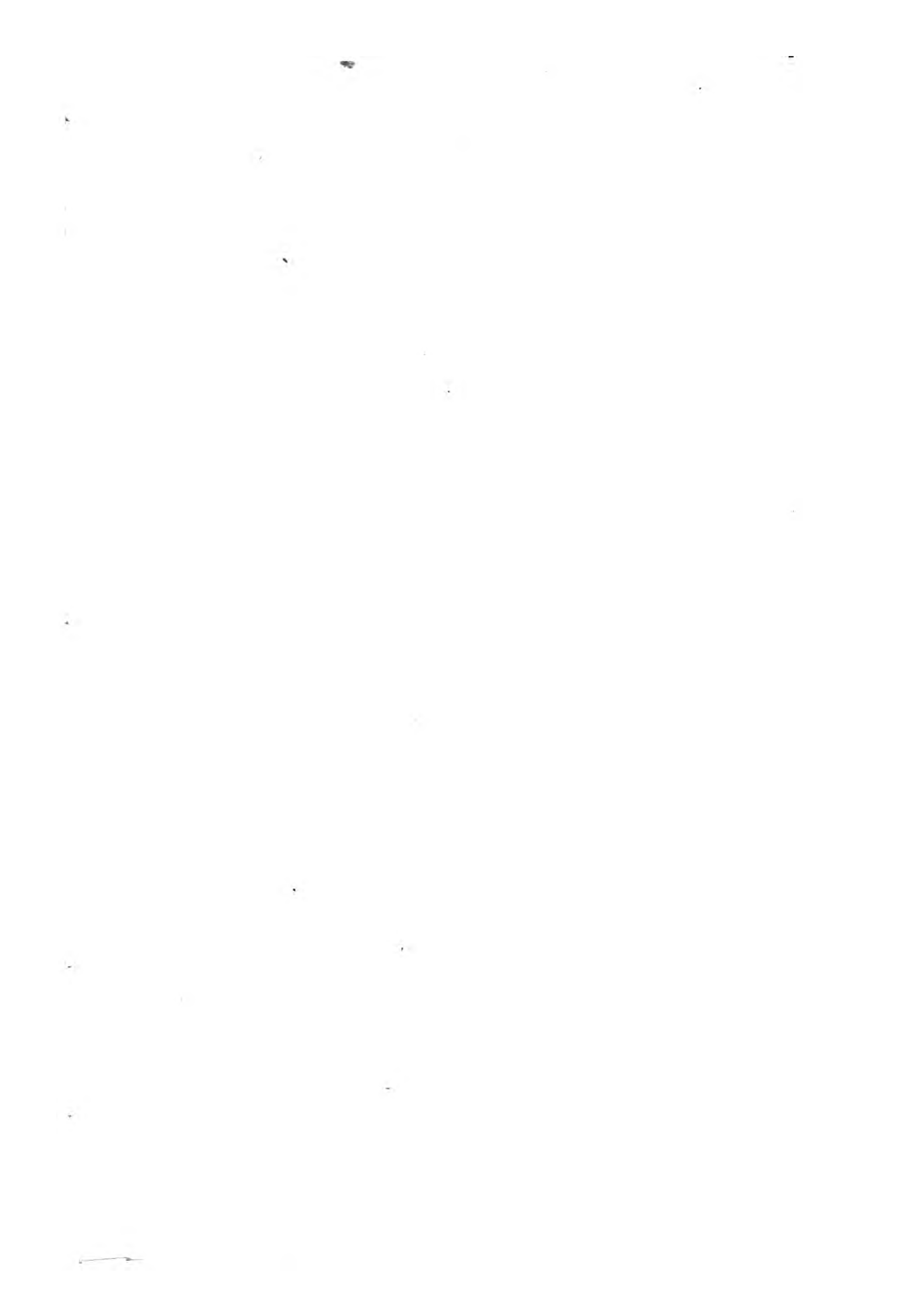
One of the most interesting places in the canton of St. Gall is the abbey of *Pfeffers*, together with the mineral baths near it. It is romantically situated in a high valley, two miles and a half from Ragatz, on the Rhine, in face of a fine cascade. The monks are of the Bernardine order, and were established in 713. They had a jurisdiction of their own; the abbot bearing the title of prince. The revolution deprived the abbey of its sovereignty and most of its revenues; but it still enjoys the right of patronage in several of the communes. The buildings of this monastery are very extensive, and were reconstructed in 1665, partly of marble, after suffering greatly by fire. The library is valuable, and contains important archives for the history of the country. The celebrated *baths* of Pfeffers, situated somewhat above a mile from the abbey, are the property of the monks. They were first discovered by a gamekeeper belonging to the abbot, in 1038, and, as early as the year 1240, were much in use. The bath-house, having been removed to different places in a frightful glen, is now permanently and handsomely built at its entrance. The baths are on the banks of the impetuous Tamina, 2,128 feet above the level of the sea. The waters are brought to the bath-house by a canal, 600 feet long. Some

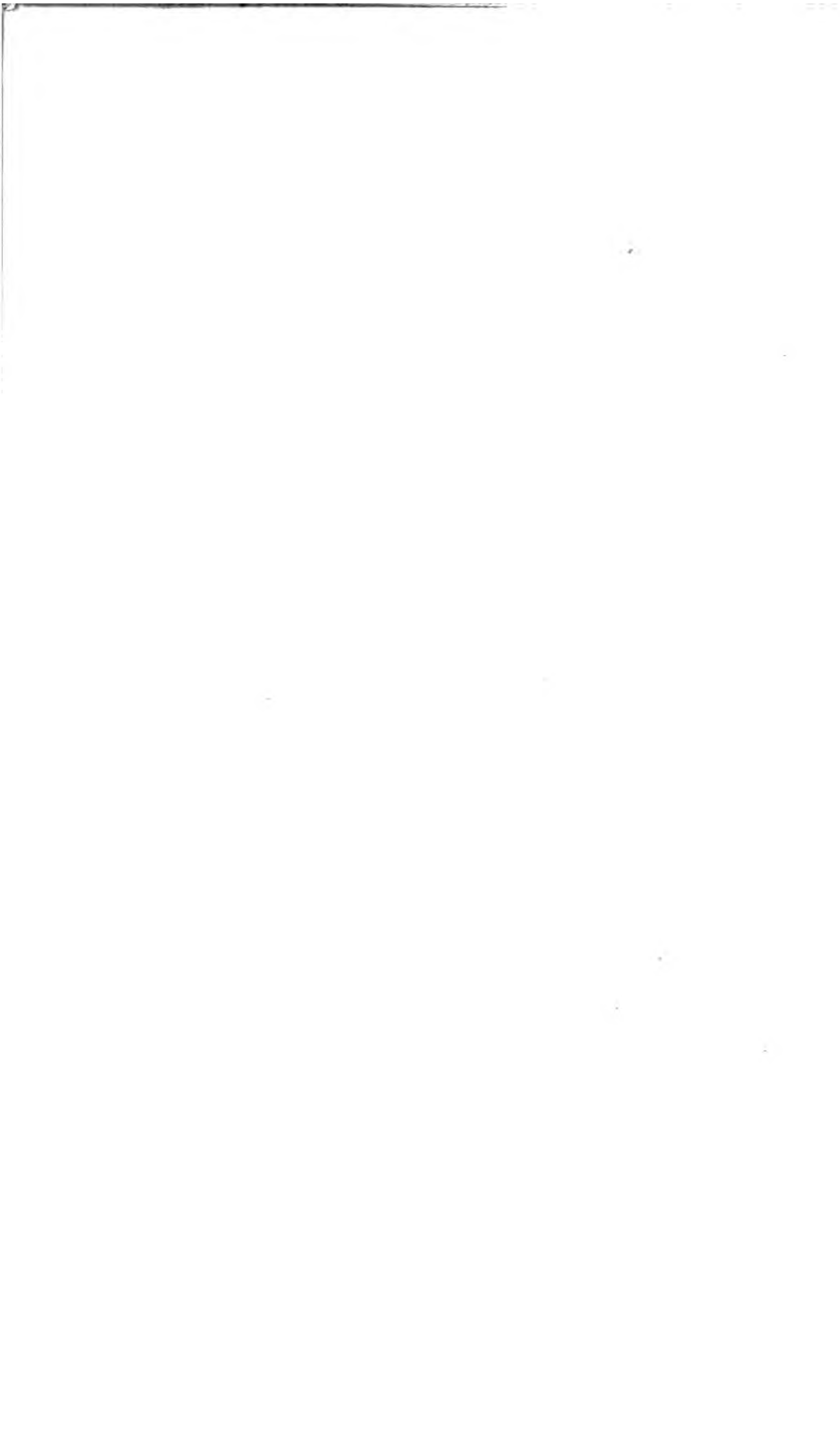
of the springs only supply their waters in summer, and their heat, according to the Reaumur thermometer, is above 20 degrees and a half; but others, to which recourse is had when the former fail, have 30 degrees of heat. They are very limpid, light, tasteless and without colour. They are used interiorly as well as for baths, and have proved extraordinarily efficacious in chronic complaints, particularly those proceeding from a viscid state of the blood and humours, in obstruction of the vessels, and in weak digestion. In the months of June, July and September, Pfeffers is always full of company. Three hundred persons may be accommodated in a building belonging to the monks, who let it expressly for the convenience of visitors, and are careful in seeing them well treated. The *table-d'hôte* is not luxurious, as the use of the baths requires a spare diet; but its price is very moderate. Those who wish to indulge in better fare may, however, be supplied with it at a very moderate rate. Good wine is tolerably cheap. The sort which agrees best with the waters, and is often drunk with it, is the white wine of Malans. The neighbourhood of the baths affords no level walks; but seats are placed in different parts of the acclivities, to serve as resting-places for those who delight to wander amid the wild but magnificent scenery which presents itself on every side. One of the most gratifying walks in the neighbourhood is the following: having crossed the curious bridge thrown over the Tamina, we mount by a tortuous path to the village of Pfeffers, situated near the abbey, and thence to the hill denominated the Tabor, whence there is a charming view of the Rhine and the adjoining moun-

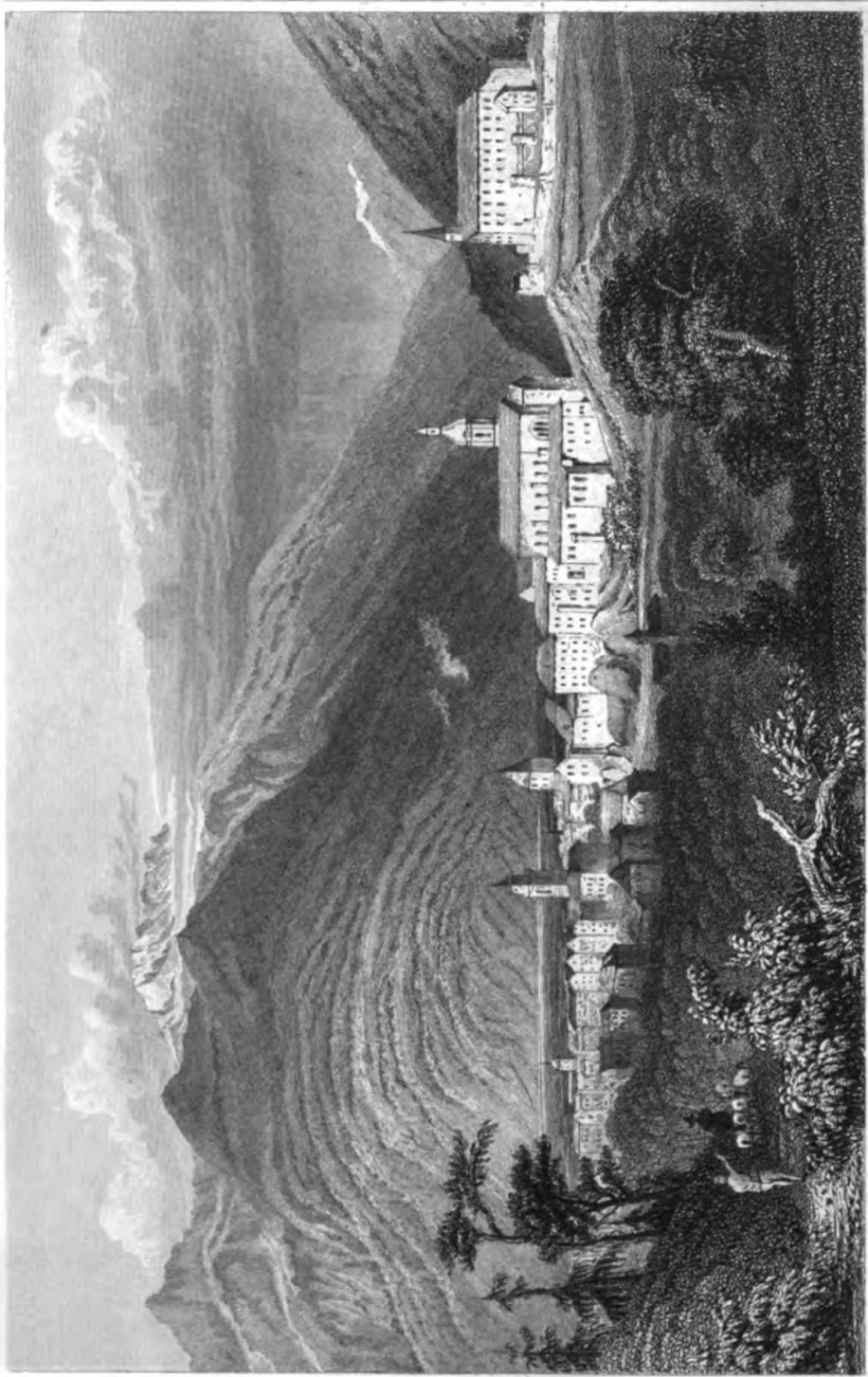
tains and valleys. But the gorge of the Tamina is the most astonishing sight of all. We pass into it by the canal, on a platform of boards (rendered by the humidity very slippery) extending to the site of the springs, which rise from a cavern, a little above the banks of the Tamina, whose torrent is heard at a great depth below. The rocks on each side are 200 feet in height, approaching each other at the top, so as to admit but a dim and uncertain light, scarcely sufficient to distinguish surrounding objects. The humidity and icy coldness of the air add not a little to the terror inspired by the place. In the part which is termed the *beschluss* the rocks quite meet at the top, and beneath them is a grotto of fine marble. About one o'clock in the day is the best time for visiting this place, when the sun's rays dart through the crevices of the rocks on different sides, and give to persons below the appearance of shadows, sometimes, according to their situation, only just perceptible, and sometimes standing confessed in all the brightness of open day. We should not recommend a visit to this place to persons of weak nerves, or to those who have not a decided taste for the most frightful of nature's features. Dr. Kaiser, of Coire, has published a full description of the baths. In the village of Pfeffers there is an excellent inn (the *Dove*), seated delightfully. The source of the Tamina is in the valley of Calfeus (*Calfeuserthal*), whence, reinforced by many torrents, it winds with great noise between mountains covered with eternal snow, for about eighteen miles, and empties itself into the Rhine at Ragatz, nearly opposite Mayenzfeld, with surprising force.

At a short distance above Mayenfeld is the agreeable burgh of *Malans*, situated immediately below the narrow gorge of the Cluse, through which rushes the impetuous Landquart, in its course towards the Rhine. This place contains 139 houses and 850 inhabitants. Its environs are charming, and produce the best wines of the canton. The white wines are distinguished by the name of *Complets*. One of the most amiable poets of Germany, Mr. J. Gaud *de Salis-Sévis*, generally resides here. The castle of Marschlins, situated at a short distance from the burgh, at the foot of mount Valzaina, is of very high antiquity. It is flanked by four towers, surrounded by a double foss, and belonging, from time immemorial, to the illustrious family of Salis. In the year 1771, Mr. Ulysses de Salis-Marschlins transferred to this castle the seminary first founded at Haldenstein by professors Planta and Nesemann; but it met with no success. Three miles above Malans is the little town of *Zizers*, situated on the right bank, with a population of nearly 800. Its environs are remarkably fertile. The celebrated Dr. Amstein instituted in this place the first Economical Society of the Grisons. The beautiful farm of Molinara and the ruins of the castle of Rauch-Aspermont are seen in the neighbourhood.

We now come to *Coire*, or *Chur* (the *Curia* of the Romans), the capital of the God's-house league and of the whole canton of the Grisons. It is a bishop's see, and contains nearly 4000 inhabitants, of whom the greatest part are protestants. This ancient city is situated on the Plessour, a torrent, which, after traversing the valley of Schalfik, falls into the Rhine. The ca-







W. Taylor, sculp.

Embsay, del.

C. 150. 18. 2
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1845

W. H. B. S.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. MARY'S, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND.
 BY MISS MARY MASON, & MISS MARY MASON.

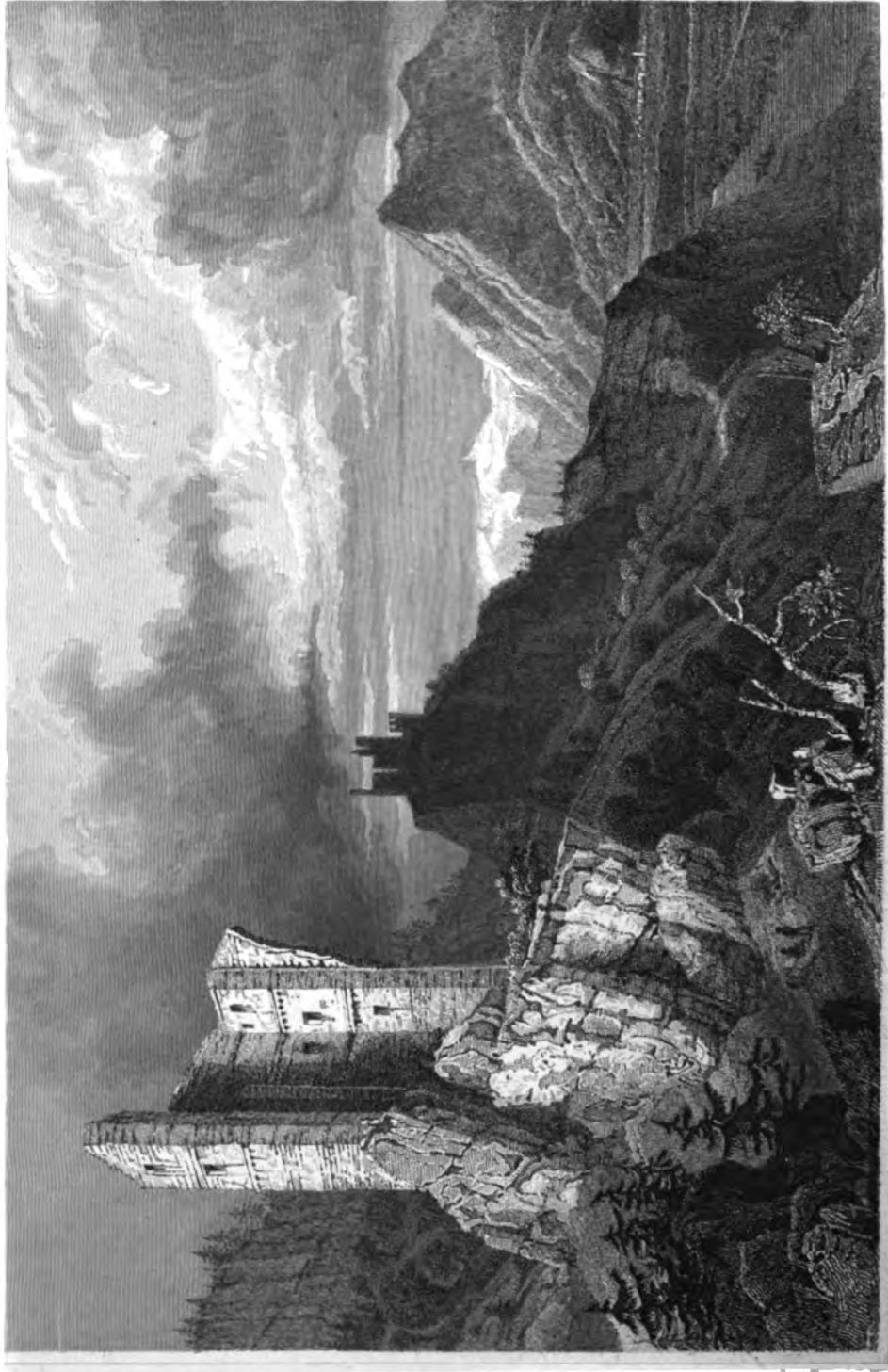
LONDON: PUBLISHED BY RICHARD CLAY AND COMPANY, PATERNOSTER ROW.



thedral is a venerable building, occupying, with the episcopal palace, the dwellings of the dean and chapter, an inclosure in the most elevated part of the city. Here were formerly seen two very ancient towers, denominated *Marsoil* and *Spinoil*. Their names are said to be derived from the Latin—*Mars in oculis* and *Spina oculorum*—and, as they were probably watch-towers, nothing could be more appropriate. It appears that, in the reign of Constantine, they were repaired and made higher. The Marsoil alone now exists, deeply indented by the tooth of time, and in great part concealed by a thick mantle of ivy. The cathedral was built by a bishop Thello, in 780, and contains a number of ancient monuments. The bishopric was founded in much more remote times. Its diocese extends, not only over the catholic inhabitants of the cantons of the Grisons and St. Gall, but also over some districts of Swabia, the Tyrol and Italy. The cantons of Uri, Schwytz and Unterwalden have lately placed themselves under its ecclesiastical authority. At a short distance from the cathedral is the newly-erected catholic college. The cantonal protestant school, with its library and elementary school, is in the lower town. Professors of eminence have been lately engaged in these schools, whose influence on the civilization of the people is already apparent. The town-house is worthy of observation. Coire has no manufactures; but agriculture, the raising of cattle, and the carrying trade, furnish abundant employment to the industrious inhabitants. A shot-tower has lately been erected on the English principle, and a zinc-furnace which are likely to be prosperous,

as abundant metal for their use is found in the neighbourhood. From the episcopal palace the view of the country is very fine and extensive ; but the *Calanda*, a neighbouring mountain, north-west of the city, exhibits, from its summit, the most magnificent landscape that ever met the eye of man. The majestic Rætian Alps on one side,—valleys, glens, torrents, castles, towns, villages, and the wrecks of insatiable time on the other—the Rhine, rolling its eternal flood, now glittering in the sun's glorious beams, and anon, dark and gloomy, sympathising with the mountain storm—and, in the extreme distance, the blue and fanciful peaks of the Tyrol—all unite to impress the contemplative mind anew with the immense variety and sublimity of God's creation. The absolute height of the Calanda is 8253 feet. Perpendicular on the northern side, it slopes gracefully off towards the south, and feeds, "in pastures rich and green," the flocks and herds that constitute the riches of the mountaineers. Here, if any where, may be caught a glimpse of the simple manners of the patriarchal ages ; and here the ancient Teutonic character is more unmixed with the *astuzia* of southern climes than in any other part of this once unsophisticated country. A rich field is also here presented to the botanist and mineralogist, exempt from the risks and inconveniences to which the hardy explorer of nature is often exposed in his laudable researches. The direct road to the mountain is through Haldenstein, a protestant village, with 400 inhabitants, situated close upon the Rhine, a little below the city, at the point where our prince of rivers ceases to be





A. M. Robinson del.

RUINS OF BAINBRIDGE CASTLE ON MOUNT BAINBRIDGE, VERMONT.
DRAWN BY A. M. ROBINSON, DEL.

1848



navigable for vessels of burden. The romantic ruins of *Haldenstein* castle are seen at a short distance from the village, seeming to hang on the spur of an immense ridge of rocks. Farther in advance are perceived the ruins of *Lichtenstein*, a castle which gave birth to the princes of that name.

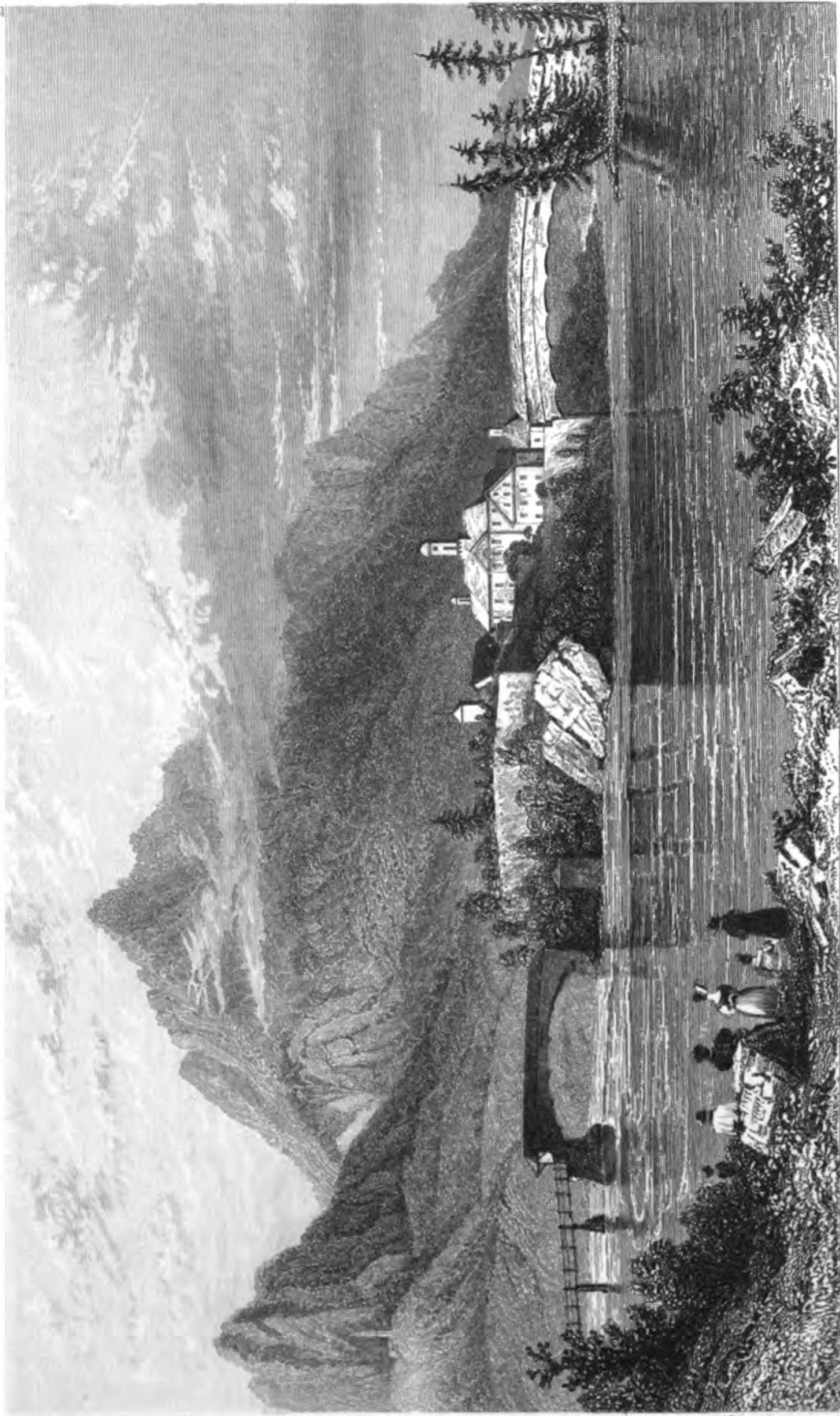
The importance of Coire, as a station, is great to the tourist; as nearly all the roads of the canton meet there, and conveniences for proceeding in any direction are readily obtained. The boldest and the most extraordinary road in the world, connecting the lake of Constance with the lake of Como and the *Lago Maggiore*, runs through this capital of the Grisons, forming a more intimate connexion between Germany and Italy, and enlivening the regions of the Alps with caravans which, if not so numerous and splendid as those of Arabia, are of equal importance to commerce.

We now continue our course upwards by the great road, and, three miles from Coire, arrive at the catholic village of *Ems*, with 600 inhabitants, whose language is Romanic. A trait of patriotism and courage was exhibited here, during the French war, by a young female, which is worthy of record. The Grison patriotic troops, being obliged to retreat through the village, had scarcely time to leave it before the flying artillery of the enemy entered the streets. Without a moment's hesitation the heroine, named Henne-Maria Büber, twenty-one years of age, seized the reins of the horses of the first piece of cannon, and with a blow of a club brought the driver senseless to the ground; then, falling in like manner on the second, with the

same result, she harangued her astonished townsmen, stimulated them to resistance, took possession of the cannon before the main body of the French could arrive, rallied the fugitives, and drove the enemy back. During two or three days, before and after this affair, the brave Grisons fought with such fury, that, although undisciplined, and badly armed, they slew 1200 of the French, with a loss to themselves of 600 men. On making inquiry into the general character of this heroic maiden, we learned that she had ever been remarked for gentleness and good conduct, but with a tint of patriotic enthusiasm, not uncommon in these districts, where the most affecting memorials of the devotion of former generations to the cause of independence are constantly in view.

A mile above Ems is *Reichenau*, where the two principal streams of the Rhine unite. The only objects worth notice here, independently of the castle, are two curiously-constructed bridges and a good inn; the latter we advise the tourist to enjoy; for he will find few such in the regions we are about to explore. The bridges, like that noticed by us at Schaffhausen, have shingle roofs. One of them has been built recently, to replace that constructed by the celebrated Grubemann, which was burnt in the year 1799, during the severe contests that took place between the Grisons and the French. The castle, rebuilt of late years, now belongs to colonel Planta of Samade. From its gardens the view of the surrounding country is extraordinarily fine, and the confluence of the two arms of the Rhine adds not a little to the effect. The fore Rhine presents





H. Winkler sculp.

SCHLOSS REICHENAU. CHATEAU DE REICHENAU.

From the collection of the Hon. and Right Hon. the Earl of Derby.



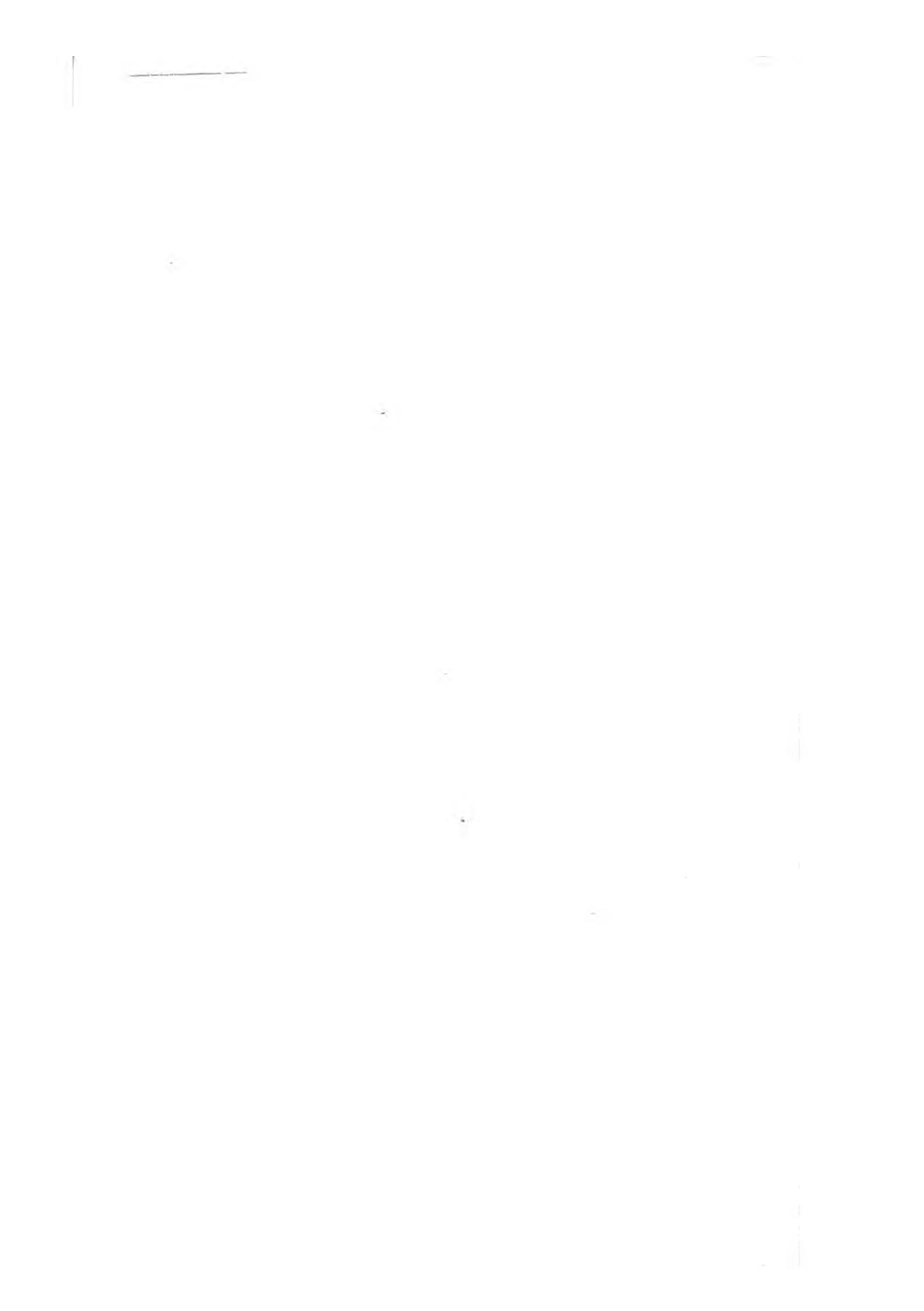
the greatest sheet of water, and its colour is of a beautiful light green, perfectly limpid ; whilst the back Rhine, on the contrary, rolls along in a dark stream, nearly the colour of ink. In the latter part of the last century, the burgomaster de Tscharner, senior, established in the castle a seminary for the education of young men, which was not of long duration. His majesty Louis Philippe, now king of France, but then duke of Orleans, taught the French language there during his exile, under a feigned name ; and we have seen, in the apartments of the *palais-royal* at Paris, a fine full-length likeness of the then humble preceptor, in the midst of his pupils, which was executed under the direction of the duke, on his return to the possessions of his ancestors, as a memorial of the days of his adversity. In Reichenau the mining company have established their offices and warehouses. A little above this place, the back Rhine becomes navigable for small rafts.

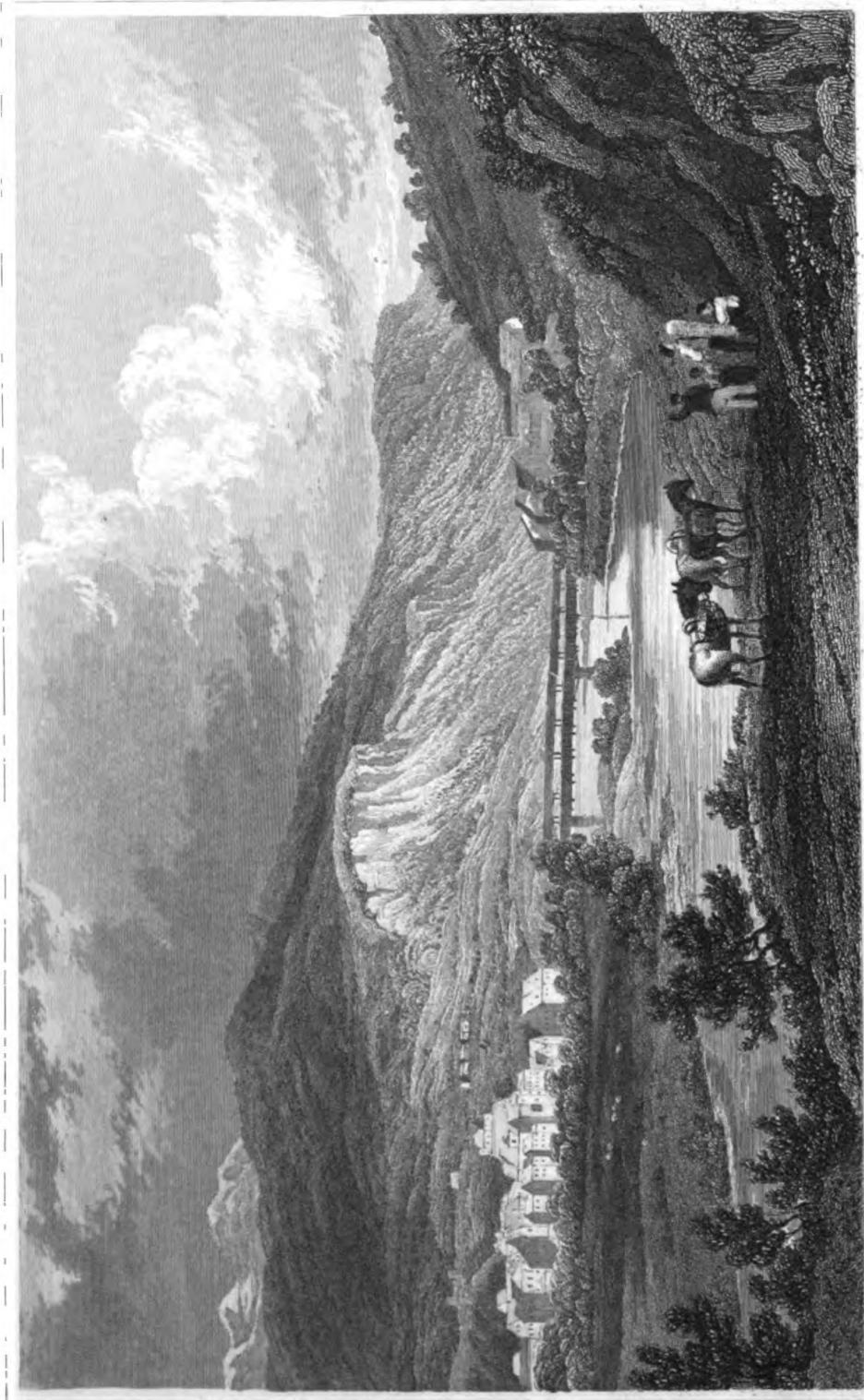
Continuing our course towards the source of the fore Rhine, we proceed on the right side of the stream, which is not only more gratifying to the lovers of the picturesque, but more convenient, from the attention which has lately been paid to the roads. Deviating somewhat from the immediate banks of the river, we arrive at *Bonaduz*, or *Panaduz*, signifying, in the dialect of the country, *bread for all*, on account of the abundance of corn raised there. Traversing thence a wild and romantic tract of hill and dale, we cross the masterly bridge thrown over the Versammer-Tobel, a fearful gulf, not less than 400 feet deep, through which hurries, *con molto strepito*, the torrent Rabiosa, in its way

from the Savien valley to the Rhine. Passing by Valendas, we soon arrive at *Ilanz*, a miserable little town, surrounded by antique walls, and containing 450 protestant inhabitants (speaking Romanic). It is situated in the *Oberland*, or highlands, of the Grisons, about 15 miles from Reichenau, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Glenner, over each of which there is a bridge. The neighbourhood, notwithstanding its great elevation, is fertile. Here are held the sittings of the high court of justice for the district of Grub, which formerly belonged to the counts of Misox and Sax, by whom it was ceded, in 1483, to the bishop of Coire, but was afterwards redeemed by the inhabitants, on the payment of a considerable sum of money. Salmon are often caught in the Rhine, near this place, weighing from twenty to twenty-four pounds each.

Four miles above Ilanz, there is another bridge over the Rhine, near which, on a bold mountain, are the ruins of Waltersburg, with a watch-tower *à la Grecque*. Higher up, crossing the river to the left bank, near Tavanesa, by a roofed bridge, we soon arrive at Trons, where there are extensive iron-works and a tolerably good inn, kept by the landamman Casanova.

Trons, or *Truns*, is a considerable village and parish, containing 800 catholic inhabitants, who speak the Romanic language and form a part of the *grey league*. In the most retired part of a thick forest, which formerly existed near this place, the first secret meetings of the inhabitants of the fore Rhine were held, to devise the means of casting off the yoke of feudal tyranny. A formidable union being effected, deputies were sent,





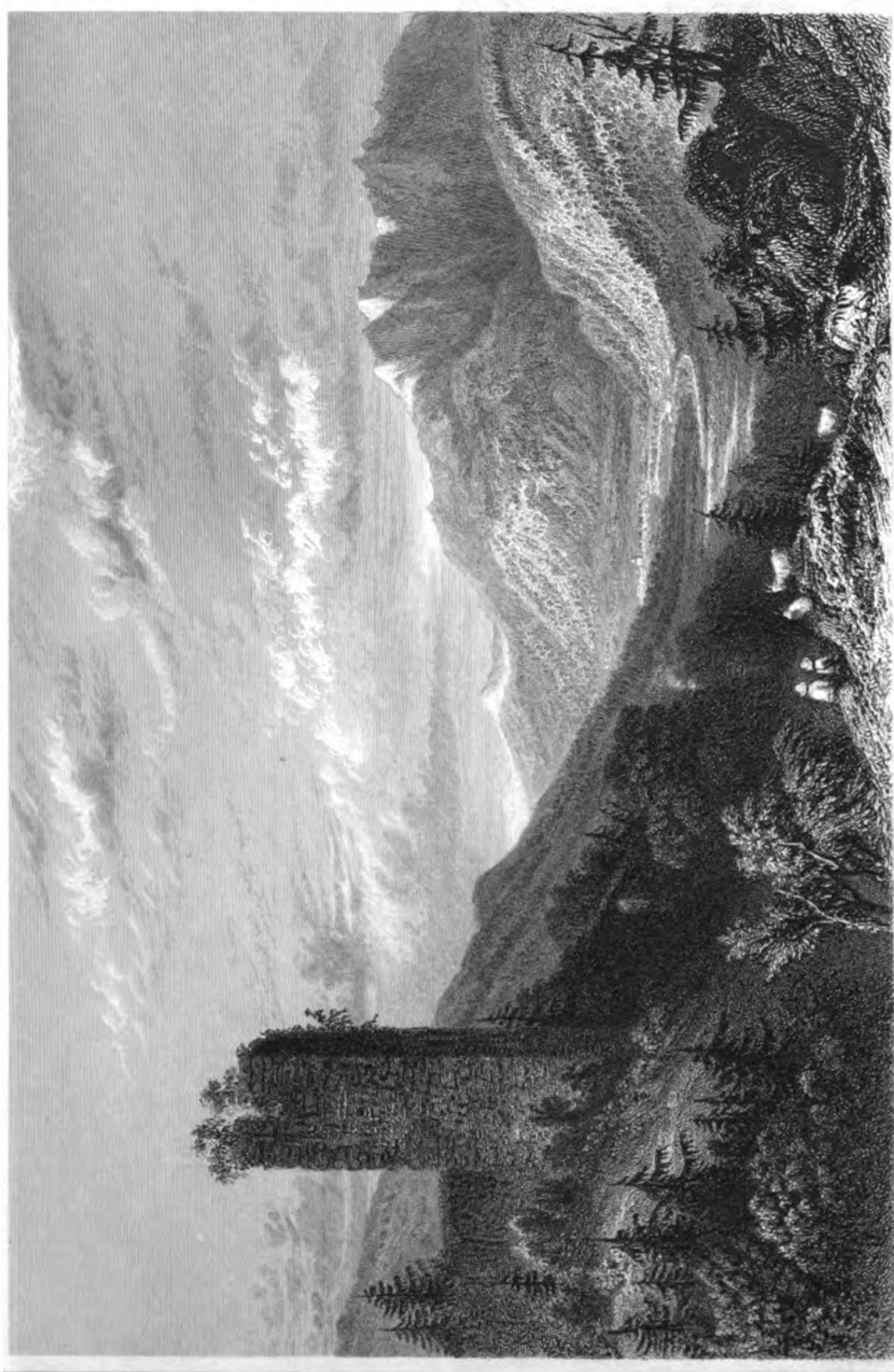
J. Smith sculp.

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London: Printed by R. Taylor, 1783.

London: Printed by R. Taylor, 1783.



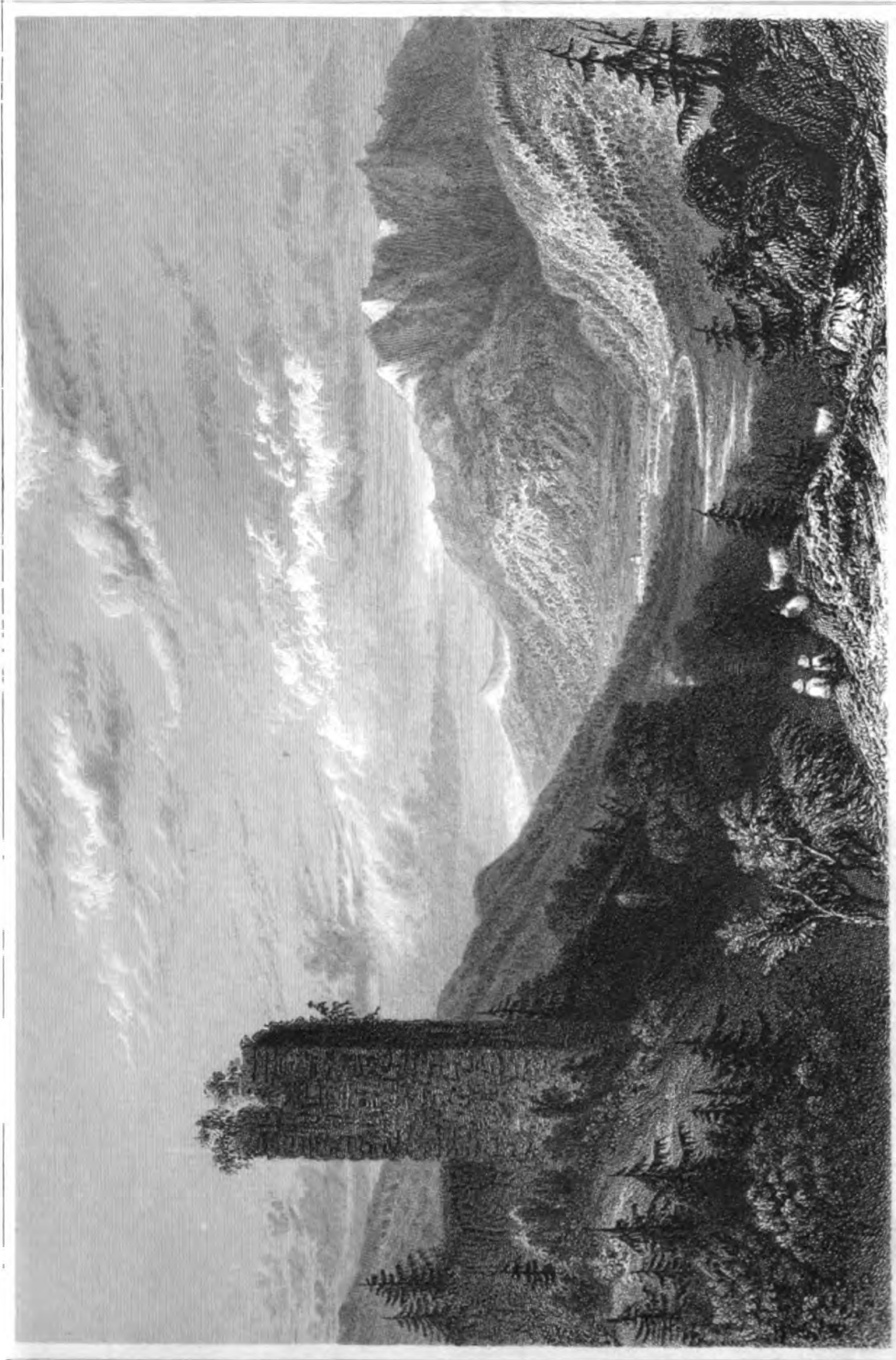


J. Zangl sculp.

RUINES OF WALTERSPURZ
RUINES DE WALTERSPURZ

Engraving by J. Zangl, 1845

J. Zangl sculp.



J. Lacey, sculp.

Timbleton, del.

RUINS OF WALTERSPURGE. RINEN AT WALTERSPURGE.

Engraved by J. Lacey, sculp.



consisting of the most aged and respectable confederates, with a manifesto, couched in such terms, as plainly told that they were not to be trifled with, and that they would no longer be governed but by well-defined constitutional laws. The desired result was obtained; and the haughty lords consented by compulsion to that which the pleas of justice and humanity had never been able for many ages to effect. In the month of May, 1424, therefore, Peter of Pontaningin, abbot of Disentis, the three brothers Jack, Henry and Ulric Brune of Rhäzüns, count Jack of Sax and Misox, count Hugh of Werdenberg, with all the chiefs of the fore Rhine, the Lungnäzer and Savien valleys, part of the Domlescher, Schamser and Rheinwald valleys, took an oath to abide by the laws established by the league, which became the foundation of the commonwealth of the Grisons. Count Henry of Werdenberg-Sargans alone protested against the measure. This event was celebrated at the end of every sixth year, until 1778, in the valley of Tavanasa, about two miles from Trons, near the chapel of St. Anne, which had been erected in commemoration of the triumph of the people. On the 30th of May 1824, the anniversary of 400 years, the festival was renewed with much solemnity and pomp, near the trunk of a maple tree, under whose shade, four centuries ago, the new constitution was signed. There were formerly five baronial castles visible from this valley; namely, Bardeg'lun, Grotta, Tyrraun, Zynau and Krastacu, of which only the three last are now in existence. In the vicinity the torrent of Ferræra is seen rushing from the wild valley of Pontaglass.





H. Beckler del.

Embiere del.

MONASTÈRE DE DISENLIS. CLOÏTRE DE DISENLIS.

London Published by Tomblason & Co. 11. Paternoster Row.

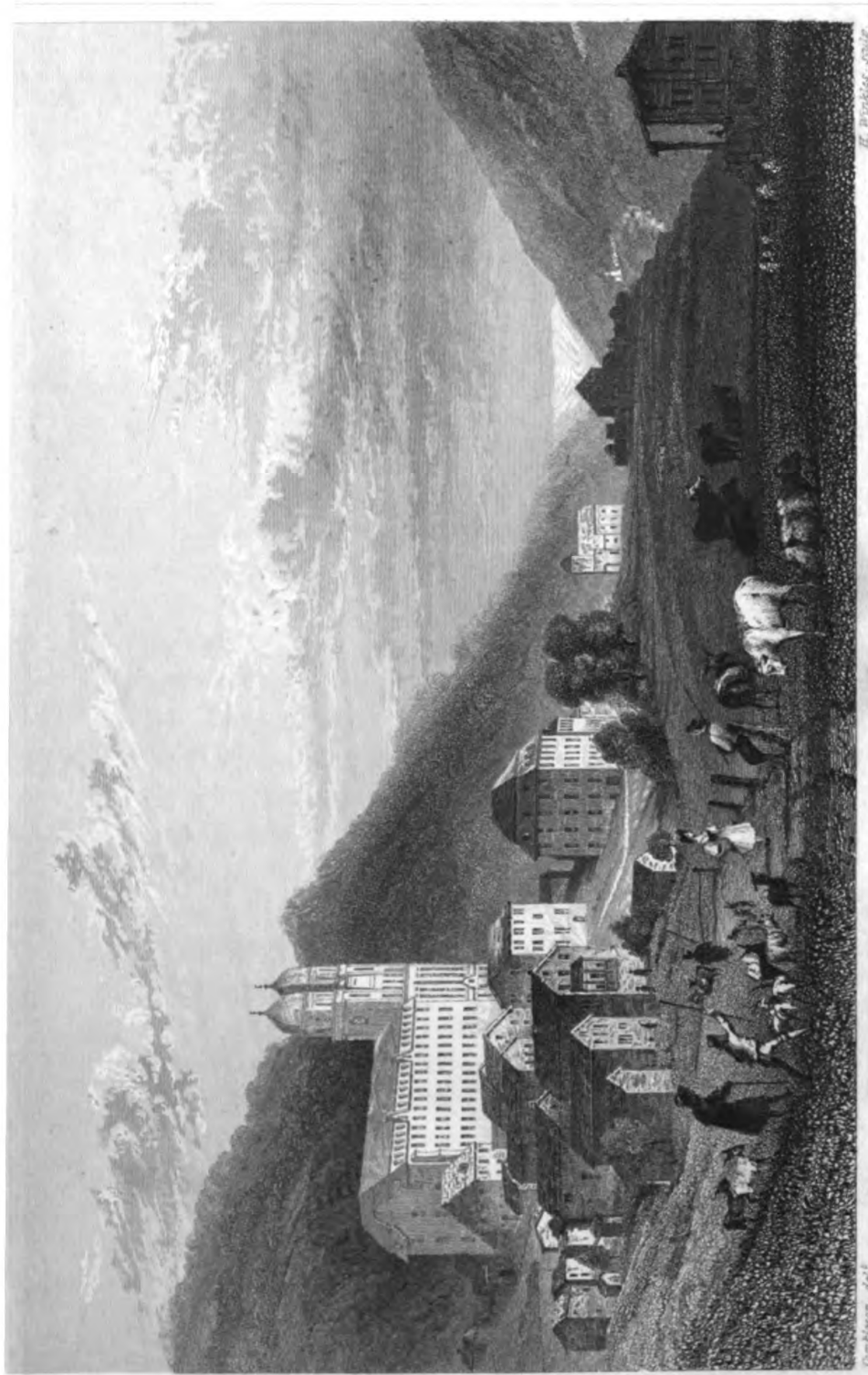
It must here be noticed that this reform was entirely independent of the general revolution operated in Switzerland ; the Grisons not having been admitted into the confederated cantons until the year 1798, although they had formed treaties of alliance with them against their old foreign oppressors, from the time of the first expulsion of the Austrians. A league, called the *black* league, probably from its being principally set on foot by the clergy, arose in opposition to the *grey* league, at the head of which appeared count Henry of Werdenberg-Sargans, who had refused to adhere to the new government. A struggle therefore ensued between the two leagues : the refractory nobles and priests raised troops, and, having appointed a general (Rechberg), invaded with fire and sword the possessions of the reformers. They had succeeded in gaining over the baron Henry Brune of Rhäzüns, who, breaking his oath to the *grey* union, had joined its opponents. He was, however, taken and condemned to death ; but, on shewing signs of repentance, was pardoned, at the intercession of the people. The castle of Rhäzüns, the family property of this count, is one of the most ancient in the country, and is very romantically situated near the village of that name, on the border of the back Rhine, about two miles south of Reichenau. The lordship, in later times, although surrounded by the Grisons, became a dependence of the house of Austria. At the peace of Schönbrunn, however, it was ceded by the emperor to France ; but congress of Vienna restored it to the Grisons.

We now proceed to *Disentis*, a celebrated abbey with a village, containing nearly 1,000 inhabitants, who are



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ALOSTER DISFNIIS.
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London Published by Tombeson & Co 11 Paternoster Row.

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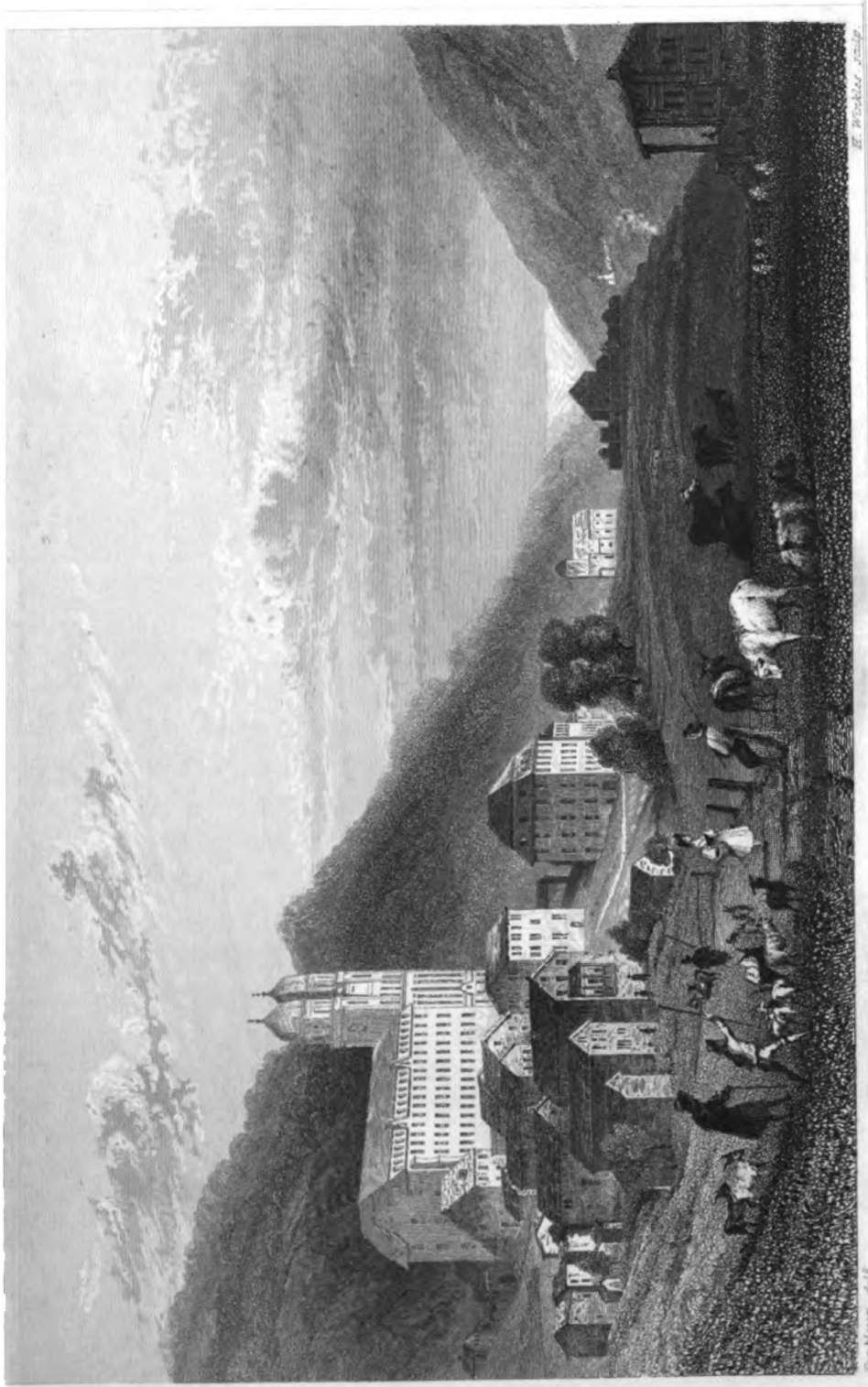
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KLÖSTER DISENTHAL.
CONVENT OF DISENTHAL.
CLOÎTRE DE DISENTHAL.

London Published by Tomblason & Co. 11. Paternoster Row.

of the catholic religion, and use the Romanic dialect. According to the calculations of Keller, the monastery is 3,918 feet above the level of the sea. The place was nearly destroyed by the French, in 1799, who, incensed by the obstinate resistance of the Grisons, massacred the monks and villagers who could not escape, burnt their dwellings, and made several attempts to blow up the convent walls, the massive structure of which, however, defeated their intention. Not even the numerous books and manuscripts in the library, forming one of the most valuable literary collections in Switzerland, were respected or spared by these modern Vandals. The loss of the scientific writings of the monk Placidus-à-Speccha, whose indefatigable researches among the mountains, during a long life, were about to be given to the world, was alone sufficient to commemorate the infamous act of the savage incendiaries. We had the pleasure, a short time ago, of conversing with the good and learned Placidus, who now resides in a village not far from the abbey, and, although bent under a heavy burden of years and infirmity, still exhibits some gleams of that mental fire by which he was once animated.

The name of Disentis is probably derived from the Rhætian word *Desiert*, a desert. It owes its origin to a Scottish Benedictine monk, named Siegbert, of the Irish monastery of Renchor, who was a disciple of Columbanus and an associate of Gallus. Separated from them by Pagan persecution, when their establishment at Tuggen, on the lake of Zurich, was broken up, he retired, in the year 614, to the wilderness, near where the convent now stands, and instructed the Rhætii in

the principles of Christianity. Placidus Troparia, o Trons, soon afterwards supplied him with the means of founding a Benedictine convent, taking the cowl himself. The Allemanni, in process of time, endowed it with the fief of the manor of Disentis and the Urseren valley, furnished a splendid regalia, and conferred upon the abbots the title of prince. Peter of Pontaningen, already spoken of, was elected one of the three chiefs of the grey league, was president of the diet at Trons, and, with the other two chiefs, had the right of naming the grand judge of the country. This privilege was retained by the succeeding abbots until the year 1729, when it altogether ceased. In a part of the abbey, which has been restored to good condition, there is now a seminary for the instruction of young ecclesiastics. The village has recovered, in great part, its former beauty and prosperity; numerous herds are seen grazing around; the songs of the milk-maids resound in the valley, and the blessings of peace seem to have obliterated the remembrance of the ravages of war; the fat cheeses of Disentis are as celebrated as ever, and the few remaining monks of the abbey are consoled for their losses by the kindness of the inhabitants, which their present modest bearing appears to merit. On the raising of cattle depends the prosperity of the villagers, whose industry and experience, with good pastures, afford them great advantages. It is impossible to conceive any thing more beautifully and sublimely diversified than the view from this place: colossal mountains and towering glaciers on one side, contrasting singularly with verdant meadows, fruitful valleys, rippling brooks, and

all that soft variety which Nature, in her kindest mood, spreads on the face of the earth; the Rhine, flowing joyously along, to accomplish its important mission; the towers of Coire just peeping above the chain of rocks which marks the course of the river towards that city; whilst, southward, the friendly mount Vakaraka, covered with pine-forests, rears its majestic form above the village, defending it from storms, and supplying timber and fuel for the conveniences of life.

A little above Disentis is the confluence of the fore and middle Rhine; the first deriving its streams from mount Badus (between the Crispalt and the Lukmanier), through the rock-bound lake *Toma*, or *Trumoli*, and the second proceeding from several small lakes, at the foot of the Lukmanier, through the valley of St. Mary, or the *Medelse*.

In order to give our readers a slight sketch of the regions which supply the streams of the most interesting of rivers, we extract some passages from "Notes" made in our last tour to the Alps; and we lament that the limits assigned to us in the present work will not admit of greater detail.

Proceeding from Basle, through the smaller cantons, to the lake of Lucerne, denominated the *Vierwaldstätter-See*, we ascended the mountains by the new St. Gotthard road, passed through the horrible defile of Schöllenen, and crossed the *pont du diable*, or devil's bridge, situated at its southern extremity. The road through this defile is cut in the sides of almost perpendicular rocks, and seems suspended over the foaming Reuss, which hurries along through the abyss below,

contending with great uproar and fury against the rocks, which in vain endeavour to arrest its course.* In winter there is considerable danger from the avalanches, which here occur frequently; and sometimes great delay is occasioned by snow-drifts, requiring much time and labor to clear away; but even these inconveniences seldom deter the inquisitive traveller, at any time of the year, from exploring this wild, but sublime, part of the country. The Devil's Bridge, † when we crossed it, was covered, as it often is, by a thick misty cloud, produced by sprays wafted from neighbouring cataracts, and which concealed from our view the frightful gulf beneath. At a short distance higher up we came to the famous *Urnerloch*, a tunnel cut through the rocks of the *Teufelsberg*, or Devil's Mountain, two hundred feet long, twelve in height, and twelve in width. It receives a small portion of light in the interior from a hole on

* "The Reuss," says M. Benzenberg, in his *LETTRES SUR LA SUISSE*, "from St. Gothard to the valley of Unsern. has a descent of 2000 feet in the distance of two leagues."

† The savage Suwarow said, in his rather 'bullish' despatch to his majesty of all the Russias, "The troops made themselves 'masters' of the Devil's Bridge, which joins two mountains, 'although the enemy had destroyed it!' The victorious troops, however, were not impeded: planks were tied together by the officers' scarfs, and by means of that frail support they threw themselves from the highest precipices into tremendous abysses, &c." They were afterwards obliged to ascend through cataracts, rolling down with dreadful impetuosity, and hurling on them immense fragments of rocks, snow and clay, by which great numbers of men and horses were plunged into gaping caverns, where many found their graves, and others escaped with the greatest difficulty.

one side. The work was executed in the year 1707, and cost 700 pounds. On quitting this gloomy, damp cavern, we were delighted with the view of the verdant plain of Ursern, which, studded with flocks and herds and human dwellings, appeared a paradise when contrasted with the dreary scenes we had witnessed in our passage through the Swiss *Inferno*, where even Dante might have gathered a few ideas for the machinery of his sublime poem.

Previous to the disastrous invasion of the French revolutionists, the vale of Ursern formed a separate republic, under the protection of the canton of Uri; having its general assembly, and a chief magistrate, who received the title of Thalamman, and administered the laws with patriarchal simplicity and strict justice. The whole of the valley contains not more than 1,300 inhabitants, who, although generally considered poor, are apparently very happy. A German writer of celebrity (A. W. Schlegel), whose name often appears in connexion with that of Madame de Staël, considers the Ursern valley to be one of the most extraordinary in the world. "If we were transported thither (says he) without having been able to form an idea of its situation, either from the long and difficult ascent of the road towards it, or from traversing the gorges of the Alpine countries with which it communicates, we might look upon it as an ordinary lowland plain, carpeted with meadows, and surrounded by hills of moderate height." The Reuss, checked in its boisterous career, for a short space, by the gentle inclination of the almost level vale, bathes with its now placid and crystalline

stream the turfy banks, by which it is bounded, until, having united its three sources, it rushes, like a giant refreshed, over the frightful precipices of the *Teufelsberg*, and joins, with tremendous roar, the Schechenbach and numerous other torrents, to breast the horrors of the Schöllenen defile. With the exception of a few disconsolate willows, which are seen here and there by the river side, and a grove of firs, on an elevation, near An-der-Matt, not a single tree relieves the monotony of the long-extended greensward. This, however, will not be deemed surprising, when we consider that all the surrounding mountains are situated in the region of the clouds, where vegetation totally disappears, and where the soil, which appears to be so highly favoured by nature, is considerably more elevated than the highest mountains of many other countries. Tradition relates that this valley was in early ages covered with woods, and it is thought that most kinds of hardy trees would flourish well on the mountain slopes; but the inhabitants find it more profitable to employ the land they would occupy in pasturage, on which their subsistence depends. The lovers of the picturesque will find here but little gratification. There is no blending of objects, to form a picture. The miserable stone huts are without shade; not a hedge or garden of any kind relieves the sight, and even "the human form divine," encased in coarse habiliments, of graceless uniformity, lends not its aid to diversify the scene. The only objects that awaken any particular interest are two or three little churches, pleasantly situated and carefully whitewashed (particularly that which is seen above

An-der-Matt), and an ancient tower, the only remains of a once formidable baronial castle. The rocks around the tower are in fine keeping with it; above all, those which meet the view on the left, as we descend from mount Gotthard, which represent admirably the battlements and crazy walls of a castle in ruins. The pægyric of Teshudi, who calls this valley, *eine lustige Wildnisse* (a cheerful desert) is not correct. It is a solitude, in which indeed there is nothing solemn, nothing mysterious, nothing that speaks to the heart, either of the past or the future. Here the asperity of nature only refuses to gratify the desires of man; it never threatens or terrifies him.

The burgh of *An-der-Matt* is pleasantly situated, at the entrance of the valley, about a quarter of a mile distant from the Urnerloch, at an elevation of 4,446 feet above the level of the sea. It contains 80 houses and about 600 inhabitants, whose trade in cattle and cheese, together with the profits derived from travellers, enables them to live in a comparative degree of comfort. This place, in common with all the neighbouring country, was twice pillaged and devastated by the French, in 1799; and the inhuman treatment which the inhabitants experienced has left an impression against Frenchmen, which it will be difficult to efface. Having rested and refreshed ourselves here, at the *Three Kings*, a tolerably good hôtel, we took a guide, and proceeded on our way towards the sources of the fore Rhine. After a tiresome, but gratifying, walk amid Alpine wilds, we arrived at the lake, called *Ober-Alp-See*, which forms one of the sources of the Reuss.

This lake is five miles from An-der-Matt, and is remarkable for containing a great quantity of fish of different kinds. The right of fishing here belongs exclusively to the commune of Unsern, in which it is situated, near the frontier line of the cantons of Uri and the Grisons.

We now descended gradually, by rocky ways, in zig-zag, towards the interesting valley of Tavetsch, which, reaching from the north-eastern side of the St. Gotthard to Coire, is bathed and vivified, throughout its whole extent by the playful and crystalline streams of the infant Rhine. As we were expatiating on the vastness and sublimity of the prospects which, at various points of the road, alternately presented themselves, our guide pointed out a little brook, in a marshy ground, whose waters form one of the sources of the river, which, soon increased by innumerable rills, foaming cataracts, and auxiliary floods, sweeps along the shores of many nations, and distributes around the blessings of commerce and fertilization. After visiting the diminutive lake of *Toma*, into which fall three rivulets from the snow-fields of the Badus, and form a reservoir in its rocky bed, 400 paces long, 200 wide, and 20 feet deep, we proceeded to the little village of *Ciamut*, the first place, at the entrance of the valley, where any kind of grain can be raised. The industry and perseverance of the inhabitants here are often rendered profitless by the long duration and severity of the winters and the frequent visitations of avalanches, destructive alike to property and human existence. In a former part of this work will be found details of some of these terrible







Tomblinson del.

Prout sculp.

THE SOURCE OF THE FORE RHEINE AT MOUNT BAUDUS.

DIE QUELLE DES VORDER RHEINS IM RADDENBERG. SOURCE DU RHIN ANTERIEUR SORTANT DU MONT BAUDUS.

London, Tomblinson & Co. 11, Piccadilly Row.

scourges. It was at Ciamut that the insurrection against the French broke out, in 1799, which spread the spirit of resistance throughout the neighbouring cantons, and ultimately expelled the marauding invaders. There is no inn at this place, but strangers are sometimes accommodated, in cases of necessity, at the parsonage-house of *Selva*, a neighbouring hamlet, so called from the forest, which, in former times, flourished in the vicinity, and of which a few scattered remains are still visible. In the course of our journey we observed in the mountain pastures innumerable flocks of large Italian sheep, conducted hither from the plains of Lombardy, to graze during the summer months. The shepherds were extended, face downwards, on the ground, after the manner of the south, with dogs at their sides, exposed to the rays of a burning vertical sun, from which no shelter can be obtained.

“ Moves there a cloud o'er midday's flaming eye,
“ Upwards they look, and call it luxury.”

These inconveniences are most felt in the Gâmen valley, whence arises the second main spring of the fore Rhine. Here there is not a single tree, nor even a tiny shrub; a mass of rough stones forming the miserable low huts, erected by rude hands, which barely suffice to shield their tenants occasionally from the fierce mountain storm. Although it was now midsummer, there still remained in the deep glens, or tobels, immense drifts of snow, forming in many places bridges over the stream, strong enough for the passage of cattle.

The stream proceeding from the Toma lake having united itself to that formed by the waters flowing from

the Gâmen valley, passes, in a deep channel, under Ciamut, and joins the third stream of the fore Rhine at some distance lower down (as seen in the engraving), after forming, in its precipitous course, a constant succession of the most beautiful cascades that can be imagined. The third source rises in the valley of Cornära, and will be perceived on the left ; the other to the right, with a view of Ciamut in the distance, surmounted by scaffolds, on which the inhabitants place earth, and raise grain and vegetables.

We next arrived at *Selva*, which contains thirty houses and 180 inhabitants, where the only refreshments we could obtain consisted of rye bread, nearly black, cheese as tough as leather, and some sour Vetlin wine. Even these were rendered more unpleasant by the disgusting filthiness of the people. Descending farther into the valley, we passed through a primitive pine-forest ; on leaving which, and taking a retrospective glance at the country around, we were delighted by its bold features. Advancing next to *Rueras*, the marks of devastation occasioned there by the avalanches, still too visible, convinced us fully of the melancholy fate, at several periods, of that devoted village. The overwhelming masses of snow proceeded from the Crispalt, more than five miles distant. Of late years a strong wall has been erected, to prevent, if possible, future accidents ; and so great is the faith in it, that many of the inhabitants have been encouraged to rebuild their dwellings in a more costly and elegant style.

Proceeding now to Dissentis, and regaling ourselves at the hospitable inn of our *guter freund* the landam-



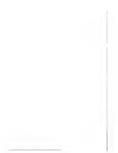


Pagno - sculp.

Emblème - del.

UNION OF THE THREE SOURCES OF THE FORÉ BIENNE. JONCTION DES TROIS SOURCES DU RHIN-ANTÉRIEUR
ZUSAMMENFLUSS DER DREI QUELLEN DES VORBERGHEINS.

London, Published by Trenchard & Co. E. Waterman Bow



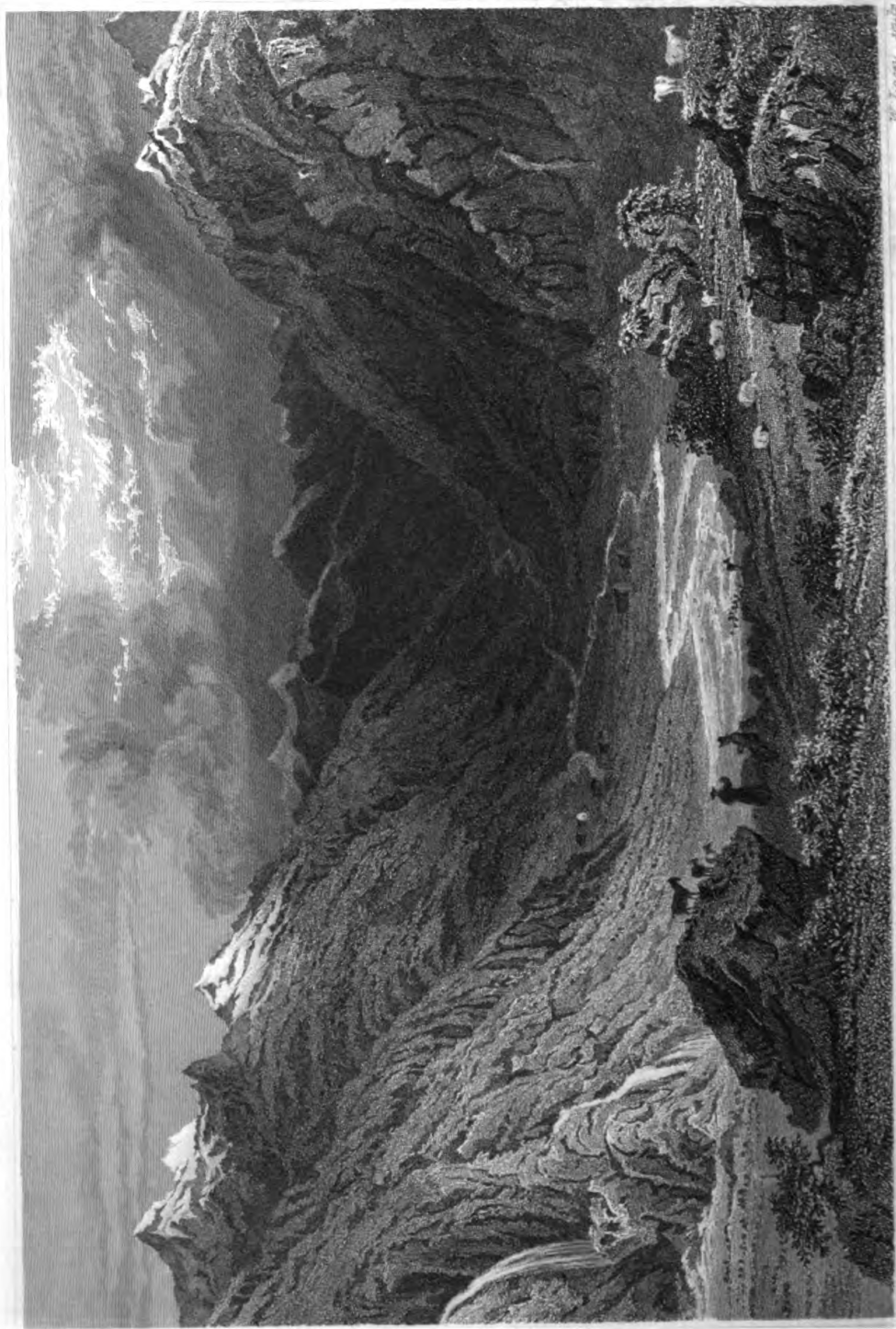


Pays, sculp-

Imblich, del.

UNION DE TROIS TERRELES SOURCES OF THE FOULE MERSE.
ZUSAMMENFLUSS DER DREI QUELLEN DES VORFRHEINS JUNCTION DES TROIS SOURCES DU RHIN-ANTERIEUR.

London, Published by Trenchard & Co. 11, Paternoster Row



W. Looney, sculp.

Embleton, del.

DIE BERGGEWÄSSER DER GEBIRGE DER ALPEN IN DER GEGEND VON CHAMONIX
DIE BERGGEWÄSSER DER GEBIRGE DER ALPEN IN DER GEGEND VON CHAMONIX



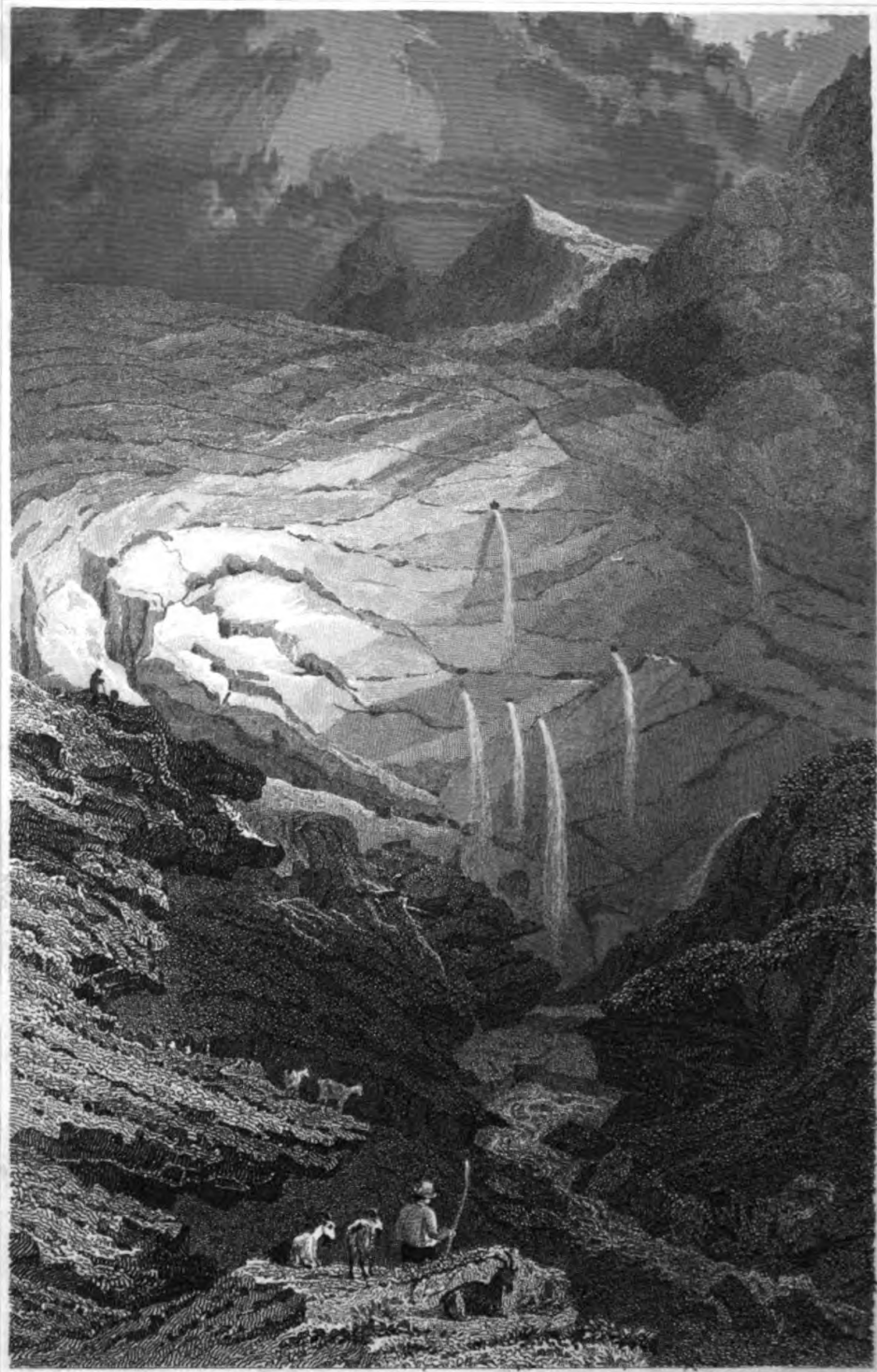
man Conradi, to recover from the fatigue of our walk and the ill effects of our fare at Selva, we proceeded to the *Médelserthal*, or valley of Médels, at the head of which are the sources of the middle Rhine. This interesting valley is in the superior league of the Grisons, lying in a south-western direction, from the valley of Tavetsch to mount Lukmanier, being seventeen miles in length. The inhabitants (who amount to about 600) are industrious, and expert in the manufacture of wooden ware. Notwithstanding the great elevation of this wild and narrow glen, it admits the growth of wheat, barley, and fruit-trees, and affords excellent pasturage. The streams which form the middle Rhine issue from the little lakes Dim, Scur and Insla, in the sterile valley of Kadelin, or *Curlim*, lying between the Piz-Curlim, Piz-Scur, Piz-Teneda, Piz-Pentenära, and Piz-Blar, near the confines of the canton of Tessin. Escaping from the snowy deserts by a magnificent fall, the incipient river rushes through the Alpine pastures of the Lukmanier defile, at the foot of the Scopli glacier, joins the rivulet Cristalina, and, near Stincsh, under the appellation of *Médelser-Rhein*, proceeds gaily in its course, throws its bright waters sportively over craggy precipices, and forms, at times, cascades of extraordinary beauty. The valley contains one small town and four villages. At its upper extremity is the monastery of Santa Maria, where, in humble imitation of the justly-renowned monks of St. Bernard, the good recluse

“ His simple food and wholesome lore bestows,

“ And paints the perils of impending snows.”

In order to fall into the great road of the Bernardino, on our way to the Rheinwald, we proceeded to *Olivone*, a village, with 800 inhabitants, in the Val-Blegno, canton of Tessin. Thence we continued our route, over difficult mountain passes and through rocky defiles, to the valley of *Misocco*, where nature has beautifully contrasted the soft undulating scenery of Italy with the bold and majestic features of the Alps. Quitting with regret this peculiarly interesting district, which would require many pages to describe, we hastened to the main object of our work, and, arriving at the celebrated *col* of the Bernardino, refreshed ourselves at an inn established there, 5,990 feet above the level of the sea, and descended to *Hinter-Rhein*, the first village at the head of the Rheinwald valley. There taking a guide, we proceeded westerly, through sheepwalks and stony tortuous ways, the Moschelhorn appearing on our left, the Spitzhorn and Zaporthorn on our right, and in the back-ground, southward, the Vogelsberg, the Rheinwald-horn westward, and the Guferhorn north-westward; the latter being from 4,640 to 5,510 feet above the level of the valley. The fore-Moschel glacier, on one side, hurls often its immense ice-masses into a fathomless abyss, denominated *Hell*, and on the other side is the celebrated *Paradise* Alp. This *Paradise* (so called, for what reason it is impossible to divine) is nearly 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, its fields of ice and snow extending for several miles, interrupted only by peaks of dark unsightly rocks, whereon no sprig of vegetation ever appeared. In some seasons of the year several channels of melted



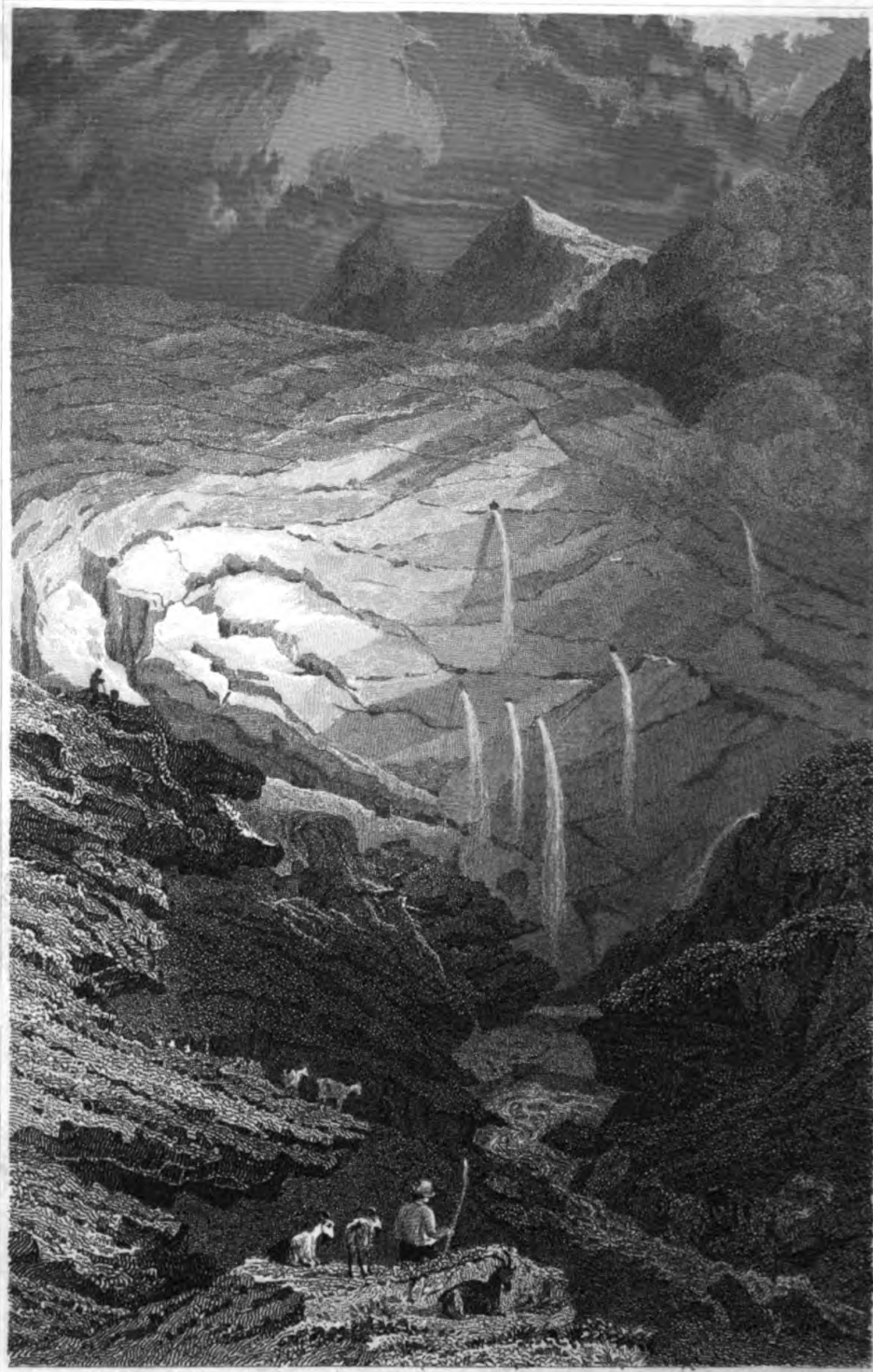


Tombleson del^d

W. Page sculp^t

NO DIRECT OR OTHER FRANK RECORDS, FROM WHICH
 SOURCE DU RHEIN POSTERIEUR RHEINWALD GLACIER QUELLE DES HINTER RHEIN
 SORTANT DU GLACIER DE RHEINWALD AUS DEM RHEINWALD GLETCHER

London: Tombleson & Co. 11, Paternoster Row.

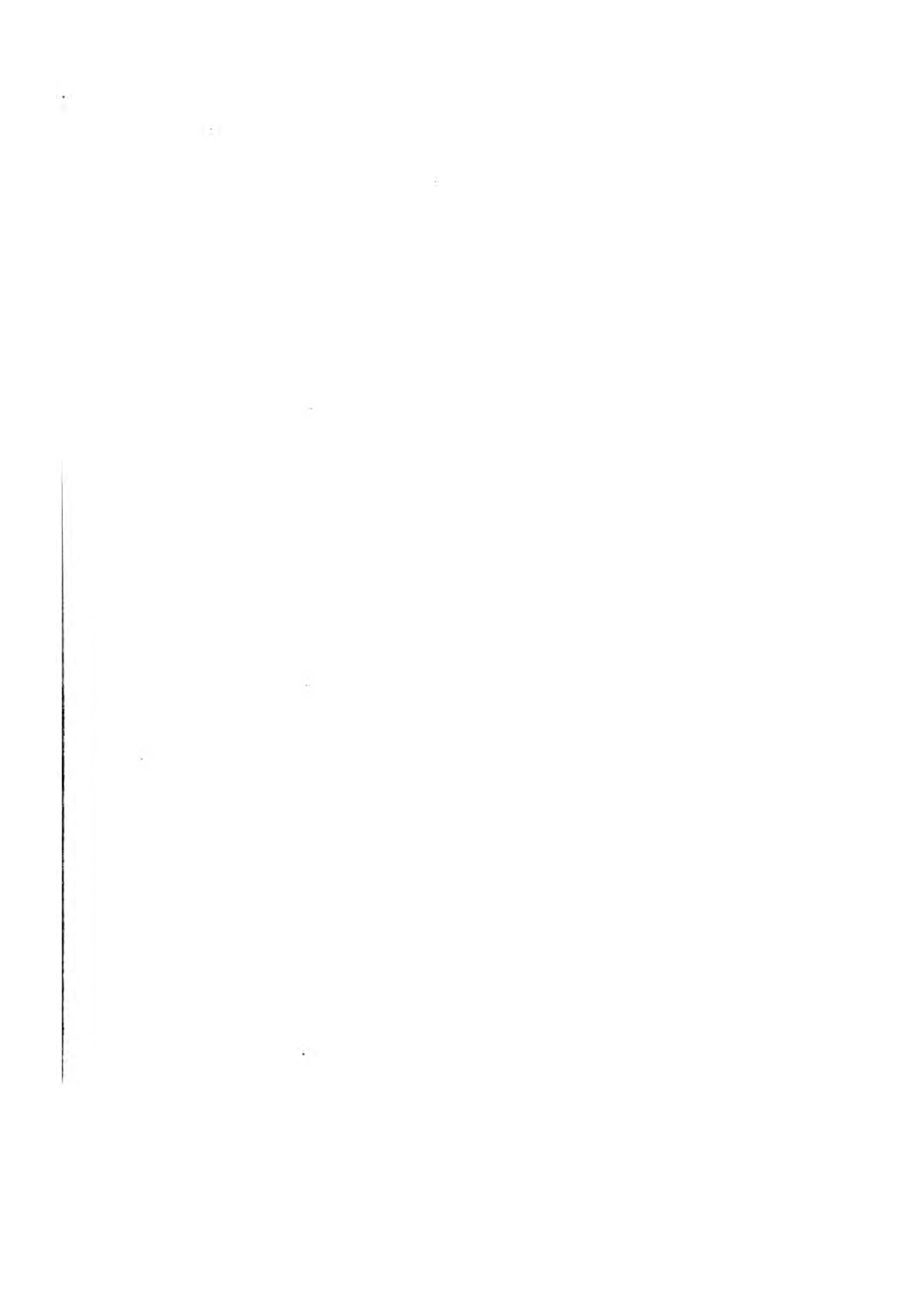


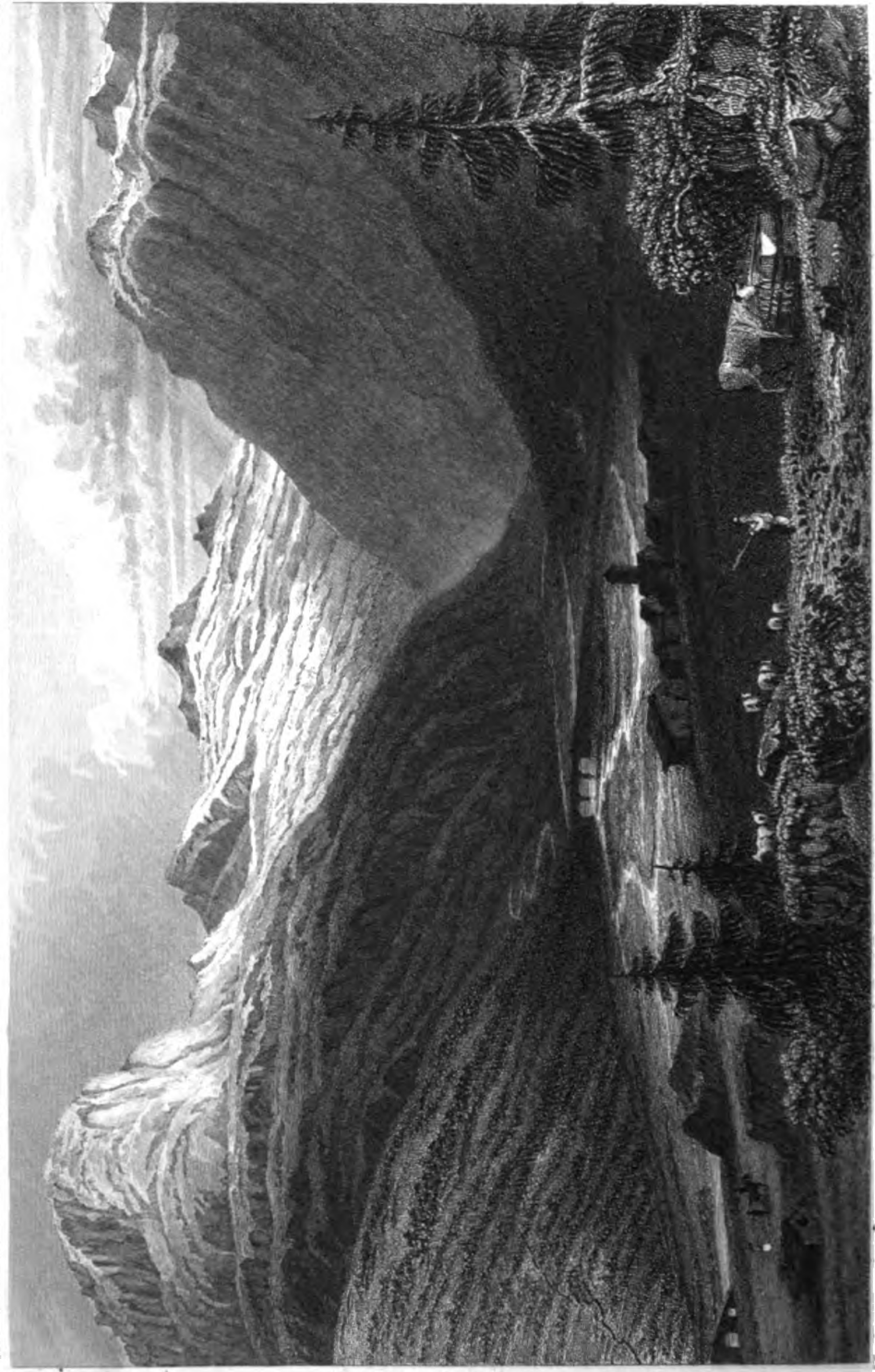
Tombleson del^o

W. F. G. 1842

THE SOURCE OF THE GREAT RHEIN RIVER, FROM THE
 SOURCE DU RHEIN POSTERIEUR RHEINWALD GLACIER QUELLE DES HAUTS RHEIN.
 SORTANT DU GLACIER DE RHEINWALD AUS DEM RHEINWALD GLETCHER

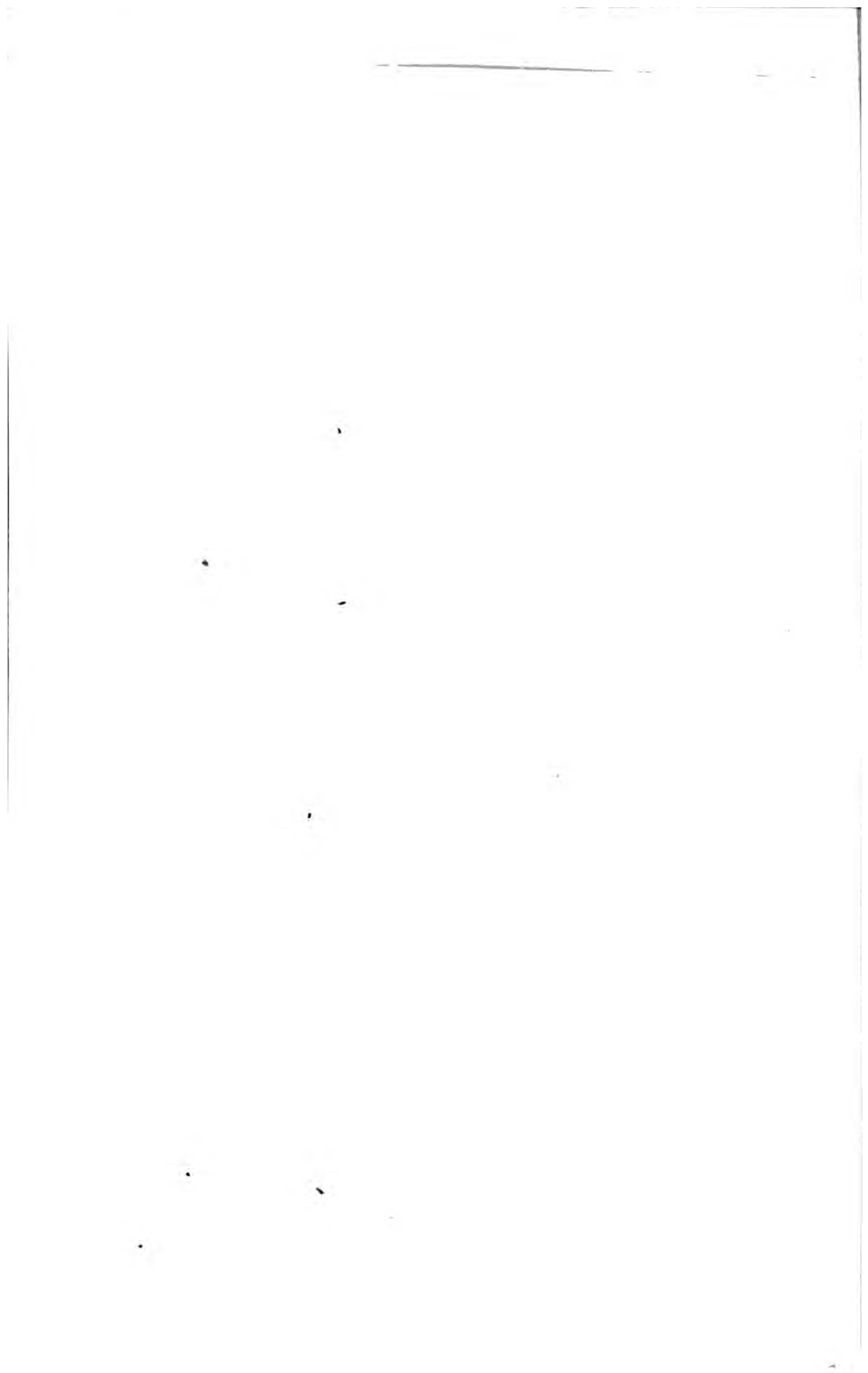
London, Tombleson & Co. 41, Paternoster Row





1847

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snow are formed in this dreary wilderness, which, together with the streams issuing from the Rheinwald glacier, form the head of the *hinter* or *back* Rhine. The view of the lower glacier, spurting its waters, is faithfully represented in the engraving; but it would be in vain to attempt an accurate description of these sublime regions; the powers of the pencil and the pen are alike inadequate to embrace all the varieties of their character, which, like the camelion, takes different hues in different lights, and, according to the operations of the stupendous laboratory of nature, assumes a variety of forms, which are not always recognizable by a former observer.

In the course of our walk back we entered the huts of the shepherds, who bring their flocks from Italy, in the summer months, to browse on the mountain pastures. They are also employed in making cheese from the milk of goats, of which we observed a great number on the hills; and they gave us a taste of their *polenta* and a preparation of butter-milk, not very delicious, but most acceptable after an Alpine excursion, in which a basket of provisions should never be neglected, nor brandy forgotten.

Returning to *Hinter-Rhein*, we found a comfortable inn at the post-house, where several tourists, of various nations, had arrived before us. The inhabitants of this place are protestants, and speak the German language. Their number is small, not exceeding 180, occupying twenty-one houses. The passage of the Bernardino, at the foot of which it is situated, 4,810 feet above the level of the sea, affords them the principal means of

subsistence. The construction of the road is very remarkable. Each turn of it is so regulated as to make the ascent less difficult; there being only the difference of from five to seven feet in the distance of 100 feet. Besides this advantage, it embraces also that of greater security from the danger of avalanches. The first stone bridge over this part of the Rhine is seen in the valley, near the village. It is composed of three arches.

Five miles lower down is the village of *Splügen*, containing nearly 300 inhabitants, of the German race, professing the reformed religion. It is situated at the foot of the southern side of the mountain of the same name, which, with mount Bévers, produces several kinds of marble, some of which are equal in beauty to those of Carrara. For many years past these valuable quarries have been worked, and furnish many sculptors of eminence with ample materials for the exercise of their art. The village is situated, like the former, on the left bank of the river; and, from being at the junction of the two great roads from Coire to Italy, has an animated appearance, and is very prosperous. At the excellent inn, called the *Bodenhaus*, are seen specimens of minerals and plants, peculiar to the surrounding mountains. The foot of mount Splügen terminates on the opposite bank, where the south-eastern road to Italy branches off.

Continuing our route downwards, towards Andeer, we pass the *Rofflen*, or *Via-Mala Interiora*, a frightful mass of rocks, lying between the Rheinwald and the Schamser valleys, through which a passage has been cut, with much difficulty and expense. Under a bridge erected



Tombleson, del.

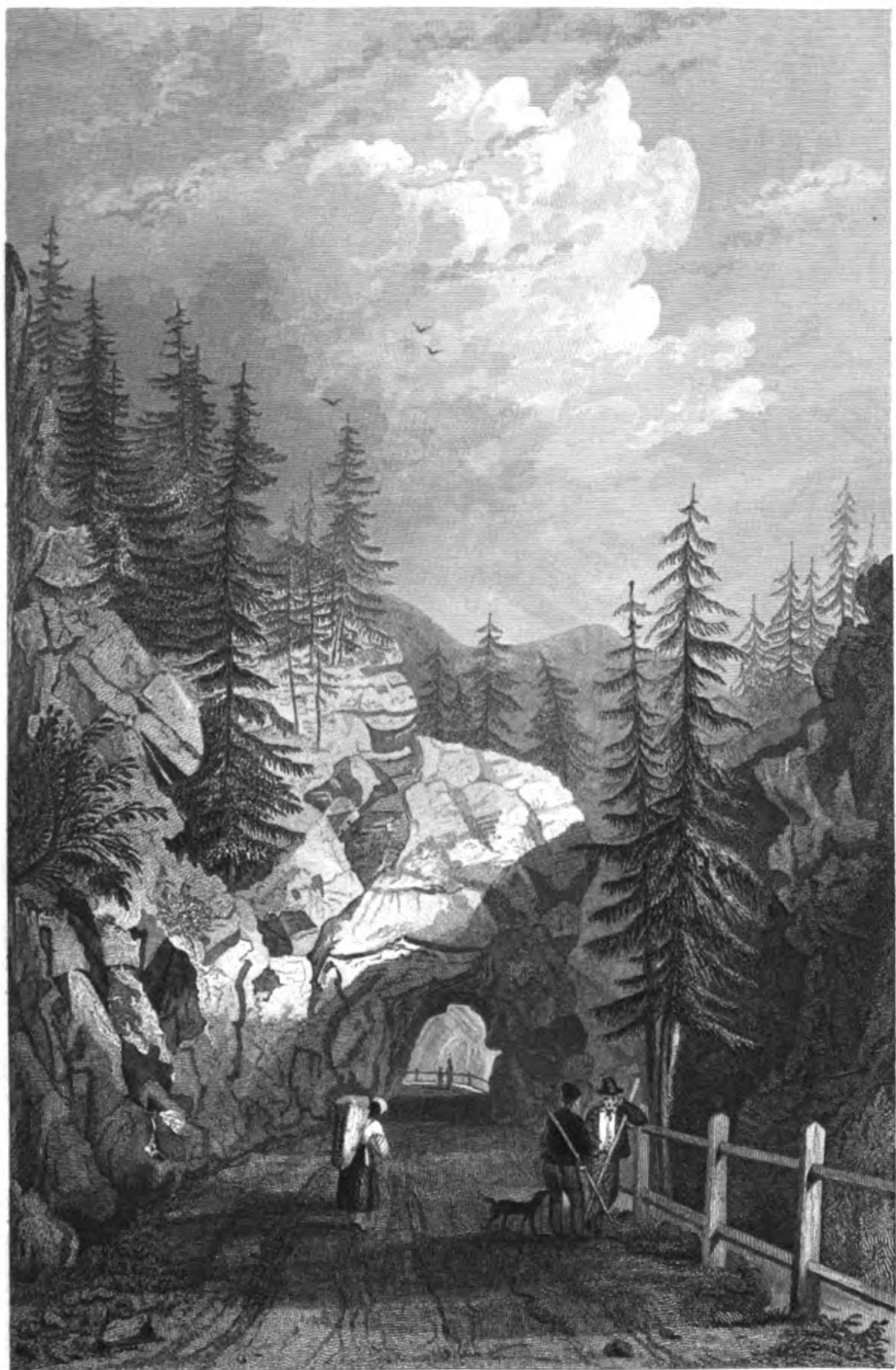
J. Bishop, sculp.

VILLAGE OF SPLETZEN,
IN THE RHEINWALD VALLEY.

DORF SPIUGEN IM RHEINWALD THALE
VILLAGE DE SPIUGEN DANS LA VALLEE DU RHEINWALD

London, Published by Tombleson & Co. H. Paternoster Row





Lambson del.

A. G. S. sculp.

VIEW OF THE TUNNEL OF THE MOUNTAIN.

ANSICHT DER FELSAN GALLERIE DURCH
DIE ROFFLEN

VUE DE LA GALERIE TRAVERSER DANS
LES ROFFLEN

London Published by Lambson & Co. 11. Paternoster Row





Tomblason. del.

Winkler. sculp.

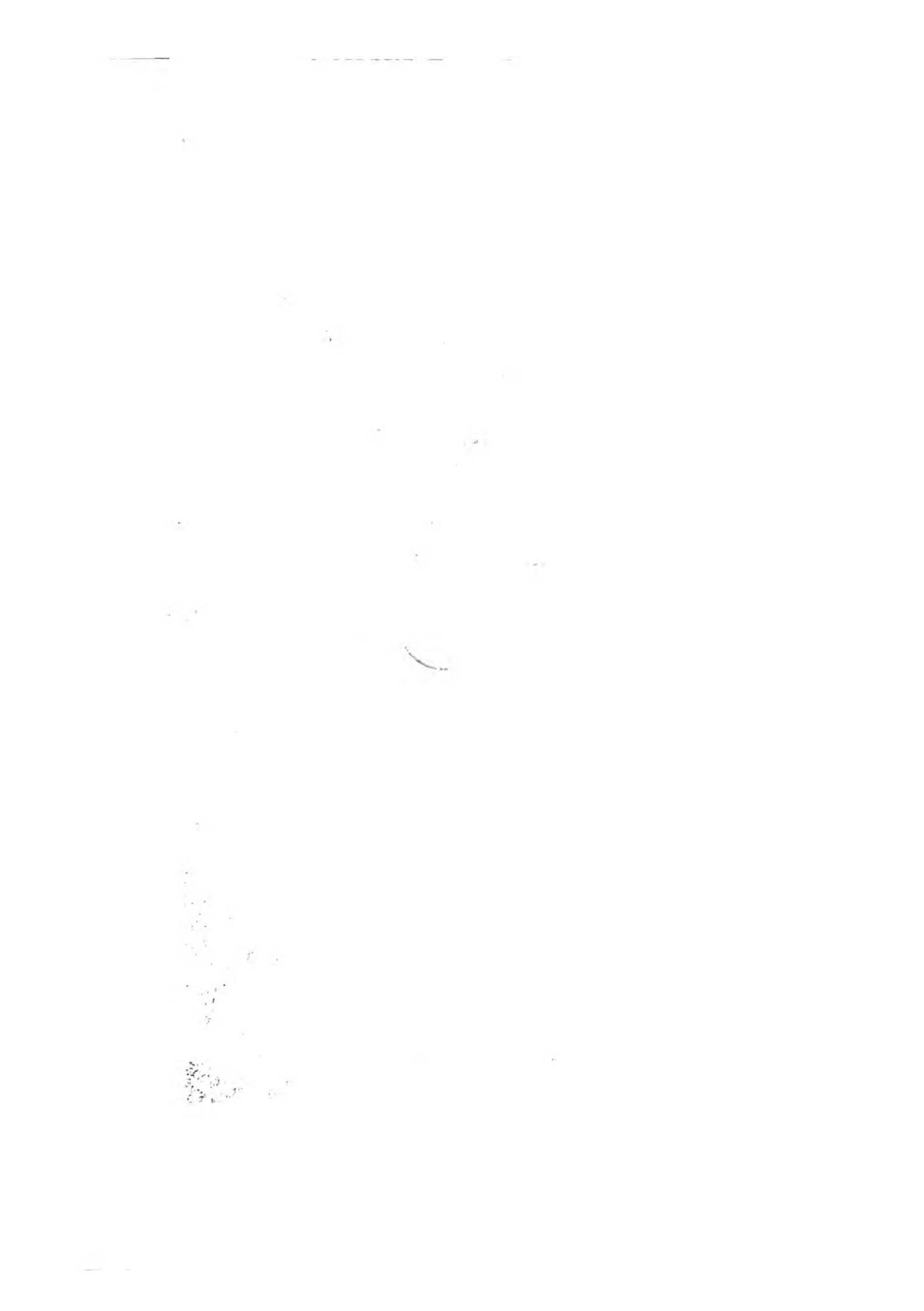
WATERFALLS IN THE ROFFLEN.

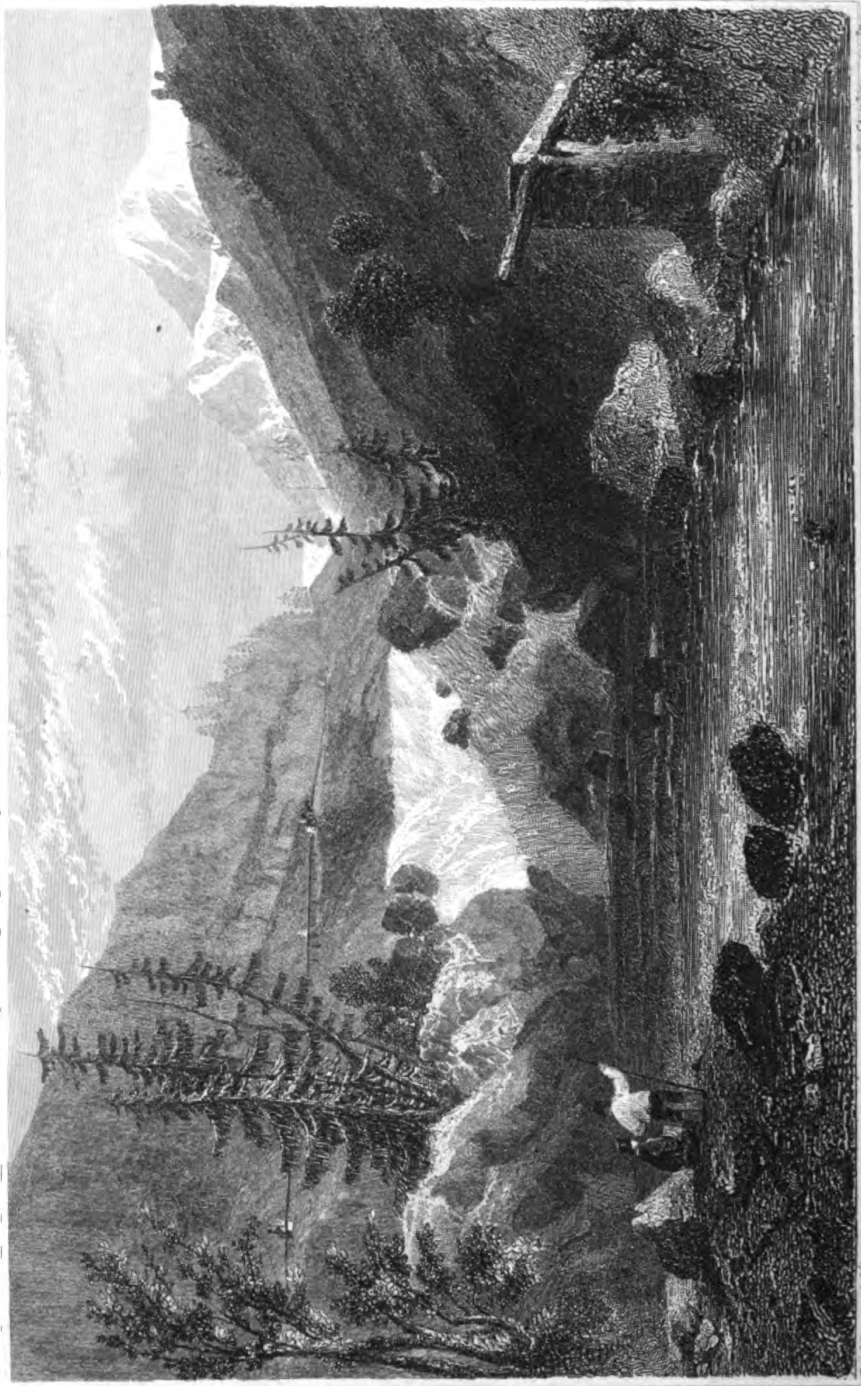
CASCADES DES ROFFLEN

WASSERFALLE IN DEN ROFFLEN

London Tomblason & Co. 11, Paternoster Row.





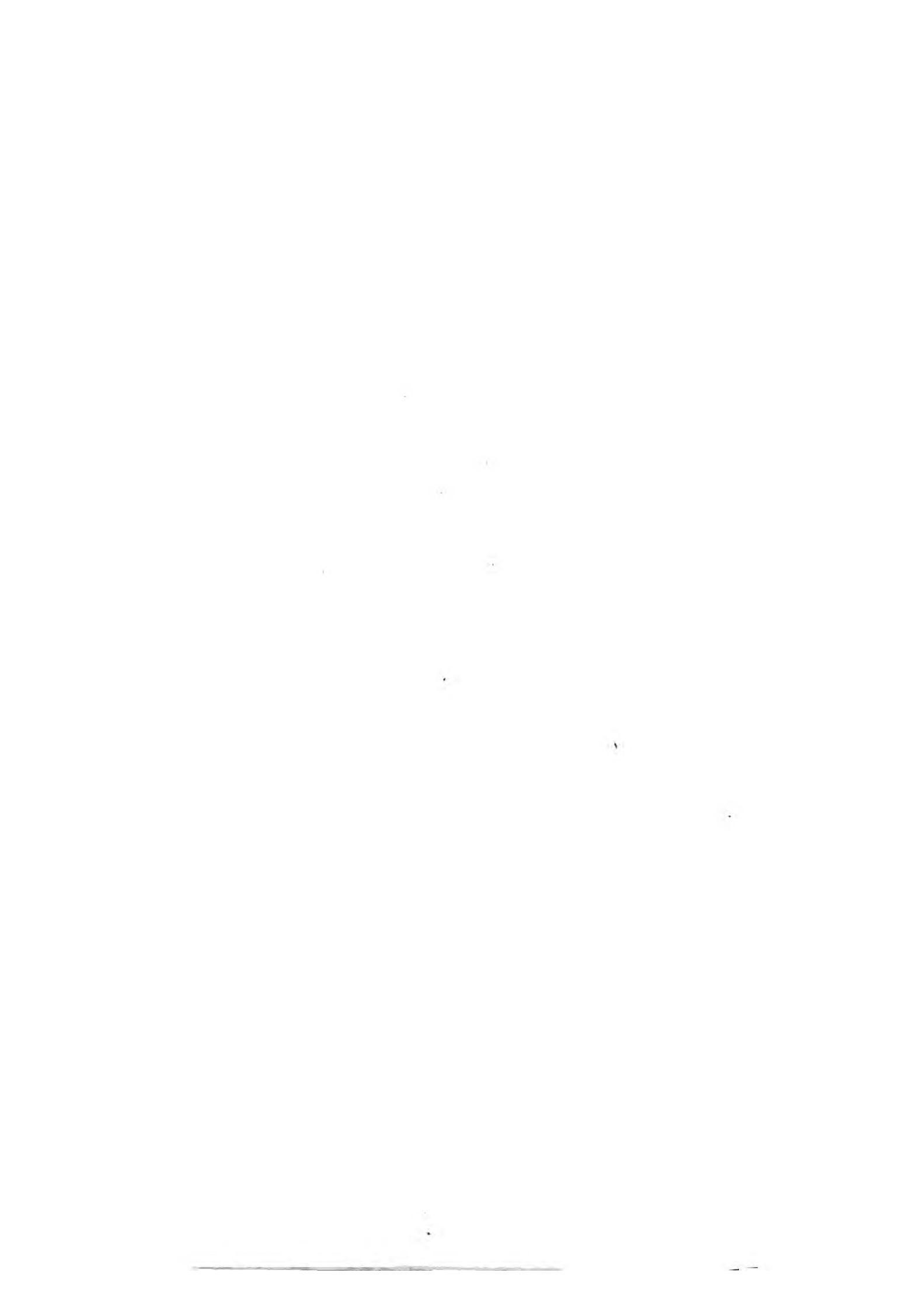


J. Starbuck sculp.

FALL DES HINTER-RHEINS IN DEN ROFFEN CIRCUS DURCH DEN BERG DER RÖSSELN

Verlag von J. Neumann, Neudamm.





at its extremity, the Rhine forms a beautiful cascade. *Andeer* is a village, situated in the valley of Schams, in a romantic country, at an elevation of 3,168 feet above the sea, between the two gorges of the Via-Mala and the Rofflen. Schams is a corruption of *Vallis Sexamniensis*, and by that appellation was known to the ancients, on account of the *six rivulets*, which run through it, to unite with the Rhine. The inhabitants profess the reformed religion, and use the Romanic dialect, of which the curate of the place, Mathias Conrad, has published a grammar, and established its identity with the poesy of romance, by a collection of songs derived from the troubadours of the olden time. Every six years the reformed clergy of the Grisons hold a synod here. The village is handsomely built, and possesses a good inn at the sign of the *White Cross*. Some ruins of the old castle of Bärenburg are seen in the vicinity, frowning on the summit of a steep rock which towers above the Rhine, the ancient lords whereof, having been surprised in their strong hold by the confederated Grisons, in their struggle for freedom, are said to have mounted their horses, and leaped over the precipice into the river.

We now come to *Zillis*, a village situated also in the valley of Schams, and containing 70 houses, with a population of nearly 400 protestants, whose language is the Romanic. Near this place are two bridges over the Rhine, and a picturesque fall, formed by the river, before it enters the redoubtable *Via-Mala*, whose pinnacled rocks are curiously interspersed with human habitations, reminding us of the lines of the moraliz-

ing *Wordsworth*, applied to the vicinity of the famed lake of Uri :

“ Here, with his infants, man undaunted creeps,
“ And hangs his small wood hut upon the steeps.
“ Where'er, below, amid the savage scene,
“ Peeps out a little speck of smiling green,
“ A garden-plot the mountain air perfumes,
“ And 'mid the pines a little orchard blooms.”

From this place to Rongella the Rhine forces its way through a gorge, or defile, of fearful aspect, which separates the Béverin mountain from the Mutterhorn, and is generally supposed to have been produced by an earthquake. Along this ravine a path was cut in the shelving rocks by the corporation of Tüsis, in the year 1472, to facilitate the communication between the two valleys of Schams and Domleschg, and to form part of the high-way between Coire and Italy, which, although in bad condition and extremely dangerous, was in use for 350 years, and justly received its name of *Via-Mala*. With great labor and expense this road has been wonderfully improved within the last century. If we enter the gorge from Sils or Tüsis, upwards, we pass the new Nolla-bridge, 170 feet long, from which the road leads into the cleft, and shortly afterwards passes through the gallery, cut in the rock, about 216 feet in length, from 10 to 14 in height, and from 15 to 18 in width. A dark abyss, yawning at its side, is from 230 to 300 feet deep, and is so frightful, that the Germans have given it the appellation of *das verlorne Loch*, “ the bottomless pit.” The first bridge on the *Via-Mala* is two miles from this. In the years 1738-9 two other stone bridges were erected on the old road, for



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Comblason del.

Havell sculp.

THE BRIDGE OF COMBLASON, IN THE VALLEY OF THE SAONA, FRANCE. THE BRIDGE WAS BUILT BY THE MILITARY ENGINEERS OF THE ARMY OF THE RHINE, IN 1815. IT IS ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND MOST INTERESTING BRIDGES IN FRANCE.

London: Published by Comblason, No. 10, Pall Mall East.

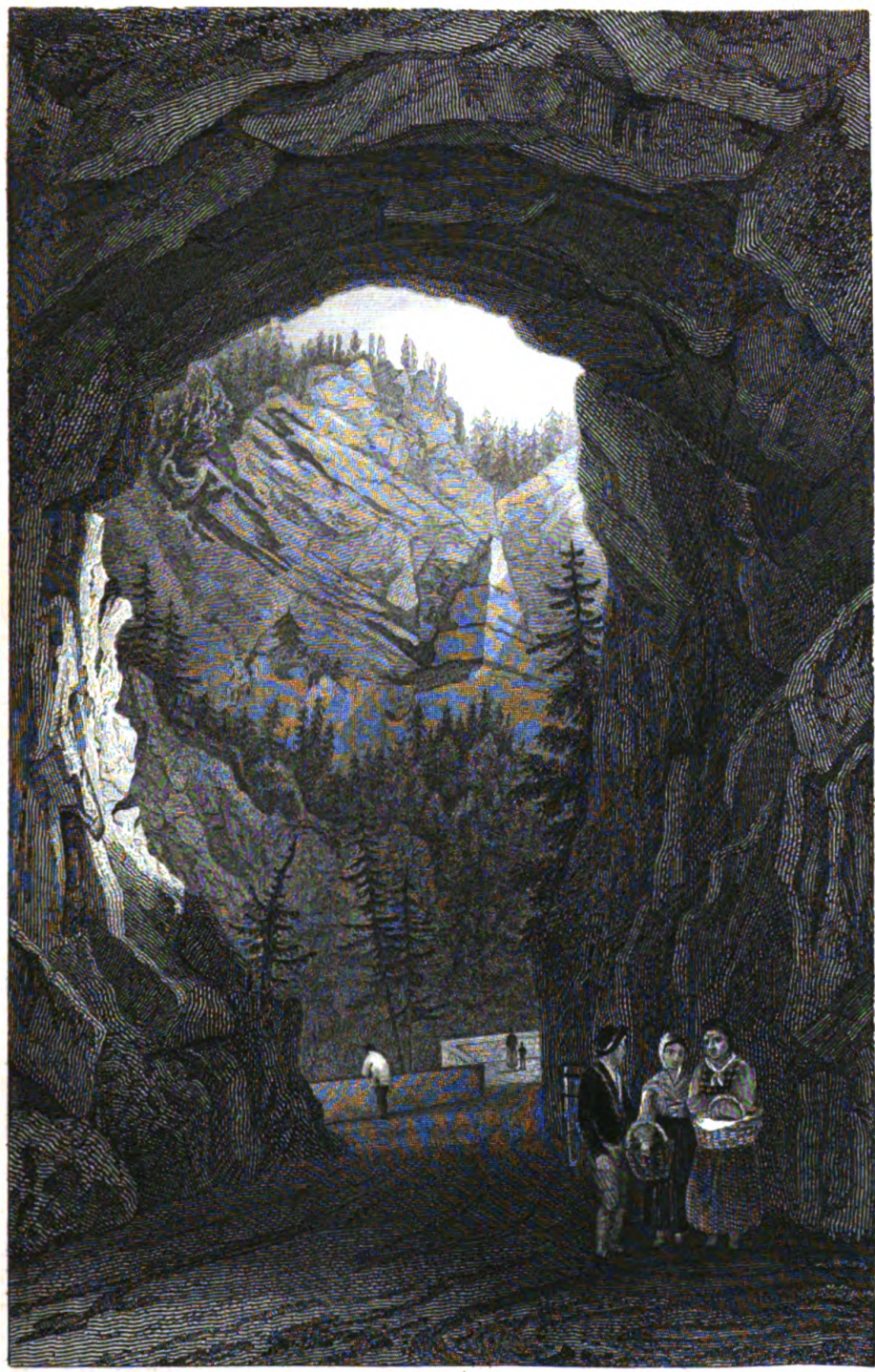


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Tombeson del.

H. Fisher sculp.

GALLERY ON THE HIND RHEINE.

GALLERIE AM HINTER RHEIN

GALLERIE PRÈS DU RHIN-POSTERIEUR

London Tombeson & Co. 4. Paternoster Row



the safety of passengers. The first bridge conducts from the left side of the cleft to the right ; farther on, some hundred paces, a short passage leads, through a hole in the rock, over the second bridge, from the right to the left, and, at some distance, over the third, to the right. The depth of the cleft, under the first bridge, is 129 feet ; under the second 399 ; and under the third 160 feet. The middle bridge is the best for contemplating this unique region, the enormous rifted and angular rocks whereof project all around, in a threatening attitude, parts of which being often detached and precipitated into the deep gulf below, in some places scarcely a foot wide. In order to give a better idea of the horror which this place may inspire, and at the same time to offer a specimen of the Anglo-Germanic style of composition, we here make an extract from a paper handed to us on the subject by a *professor of languages*. We might have fumbled over our dictionary for a week, without being able to find words so closely corresponding with those of the document of which it is a translation.—“ The observer is placed at such an elevation above the deepness of the abyss, that the *whizzing* and *gushing*, the rapid *darting* and *shaking boiterousness*, the *roaring and groaning* of the *raging* Rhine scarcely reach the ear. Wherever you turn the look, heaven-ward, or down into the bowels of the earth, forward, backward or to the sides, every where a narrow enclosure without issue, a world of mountains boldly towered upon one another above your head ; infernal darkness under your feet ; all around you the horror of *petrifying savageness, confounding the existence of the human being, crushing and annihilating his*

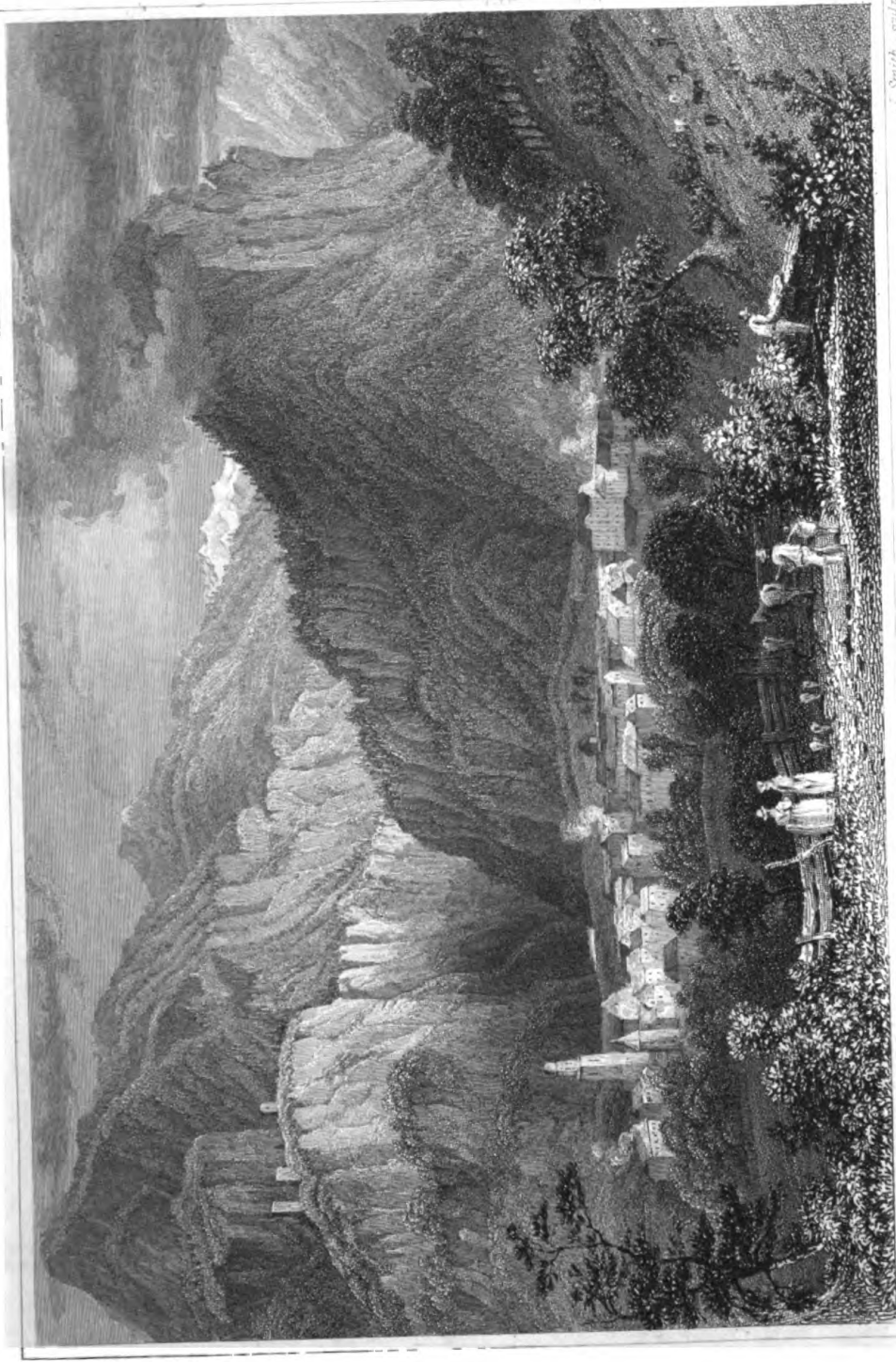
substance; pale images of death passing before your eye; the terror of the grave *blowing cold* upon you from the *Chaos of an impenetrable night!*" For our part, we must confess that we experienced but few of the sensations here described, as our eye wandered over the impressive scene. We thought with the poet:

" Bello in sì bella vista anco è l'orrore ;
" E di mezzo la tema esce il diletto."

There is no object more interesting, throughout the whole chain of the Alps, than the Via-Mala, where nature seems to have delighted in putting to the test the enterprise and ingenuity of man. The distance between Zillis and Rongella, the two extremities of the ravine, is about four miles.

Advancing now towards Tuis, we perceive on the right the handsome village of *Sils*, or *Salgias*, situated in a delightful country, on a tongue of land, at the confluence of the back Rhine and the Albula, in the valley of Domleschg. The ruins of the ancient castle of Rhealta (*Rhætia Alta*) in this district, built long before the Christian era, together with those of Ehrenfels, Baldestein et Campell, deservedly excite much notice and admiration.

Tuis, to which we now come, is the most considerable place in the Domleschg valley. It is situated at the foot of the Heinzenberg, which the duke of Rohan declared to be the most interesting mountain of the Grisons and, perhaps, of the world. The inhabitants, amounting to upwards of 600, occupying 112 houses, are of the evangelical religion, and speak, generally, Romanic. Several fairs are held here, in the course of



W. Smith sculp.

London Del.

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View of the w. side of the Harrogate

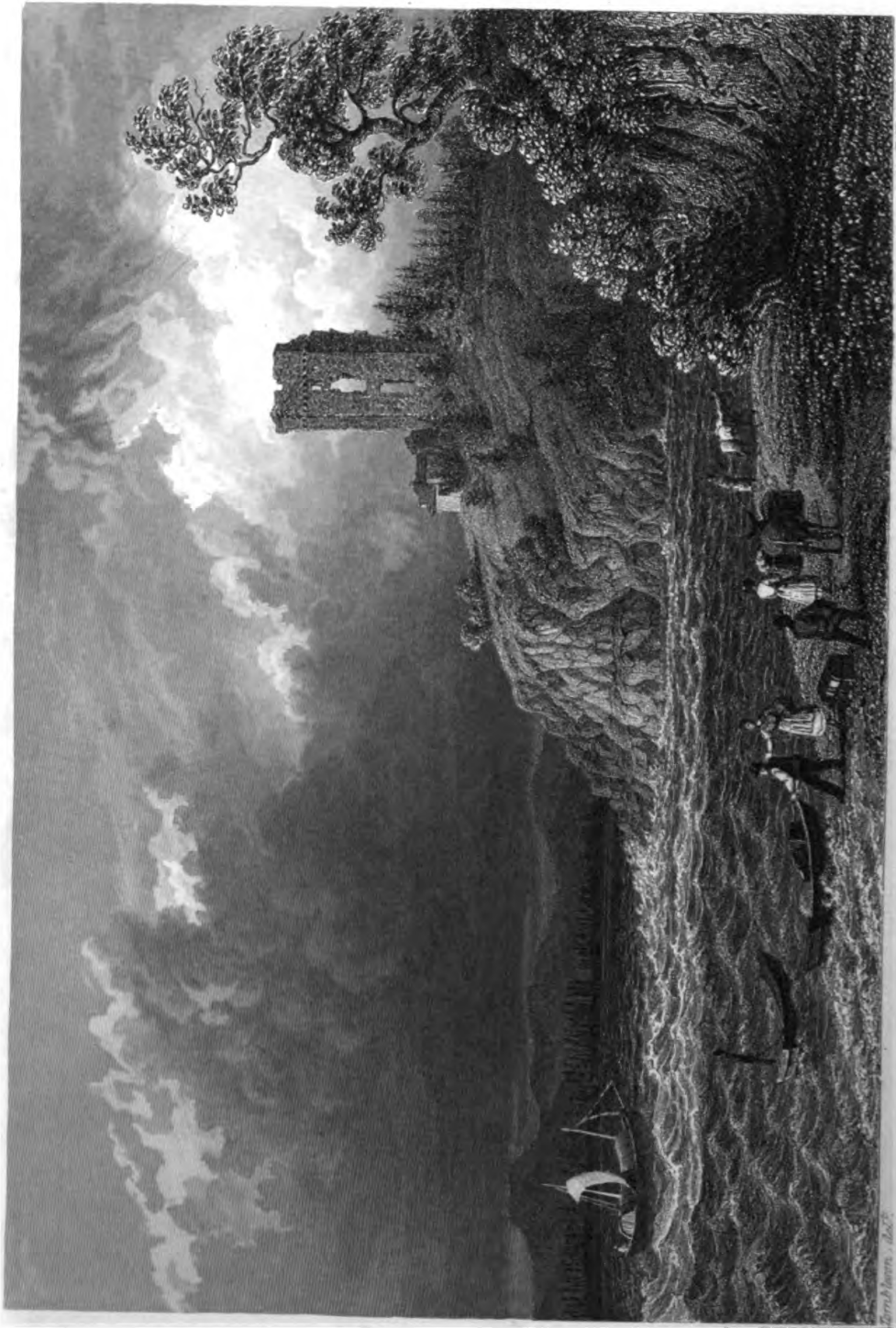
the course of the year, and the tanning business is carried on to great advantage. In the vicinity is seen the first vine that was ever planted in these elevated parts of the Rhine borders. The burgh is also renowned for the excellence of its water, with which it is supplied from a spring, issuing from the foot of a rock, denominated Crapsteig, situated beyond the Nolla, a torrent, whose waters, sometimes perfectly black, gush from a long subterraneous passage connected with the *Lüschersee*, a small lake, imbedded on mount Tschappina, and in its course is mixed with a muddy decomposition of slate, of which the mountain is composed. This mud is often poured in such immense masses into the Rhine as to cause a reflux of its stream and make great ravages in the environs. We have in former pages mentioned that, at Reichenau, and a great distance farther on, the united waters of the river are totally blackened by this stream.—Continuing now our journey downwards, we pass the romantic castle of Rhäzüns, whereof we have given some details in another part of this work, as well as of Bonaduz, the last place of any note in the Domleschg valley, of which we cannot take leave without particular notice. The name of Domleschg is of doubtful origin. The valley extends from five to six miles in length, and about three miles in breadth, terminating at Reichenau, where the two great branches of the Rhine meet. It is considered to be one of the most interesting parts of Switzerland. It contains twenty-two villages; some on the banks of the river, some reposing on the sides of superb mountains, and others spread, amid rich pastures, in the

the vale, the beauty of which is much heightened by the picturesque ruins of numerous castles, whose possessors figured conspicuously, at various and remote periods, in the eventful history of the country. The inhabitants of the valley amount to 3,000, and are about equally divided in language and religious profession ; some speaking Romanic and others German. Their resources, like those of their neighbours, are principally derived from agriculture, the raising of cattle, and the carrying trade. Content with their lot, their wishes never seem to stray beyond the limits of their native soil ; and as we shared, at times, their unaffected hospitality, and enjoyed the picture of their simple manners and steady patriotism, we were led to conclude that the most perfect remains of the primeval character of the Swiss are to be found in the peaceful valley of Domleschg.

Our tour is now drawn to a close ; and we trust that those who have taken an interest in our progress will be satisfied that we have endeavoured to embody in very confined limits whatever might conduce to interest the lovers of travel, and elucidate the *Views* of our artist. If we have sometimes partaken of the fallibility attached to mortals, we will venture to say that it has not been on essential points ; and if, perchance, our sentiments on certain subjects should not meet the entire approbation of every one of our readers, we must advert to the well-known and oft-repeated apothegm :
“ *Frustra laborat qui omnibus placere studet.*”

F I N I S.





J. H. Schmidt, sculp.

RUINS OF SPONECK.

RUNES DE SPONECK RUIENEN ZU SPONFCK

Carl Schmitt & Co. Lith. Berlin 1857

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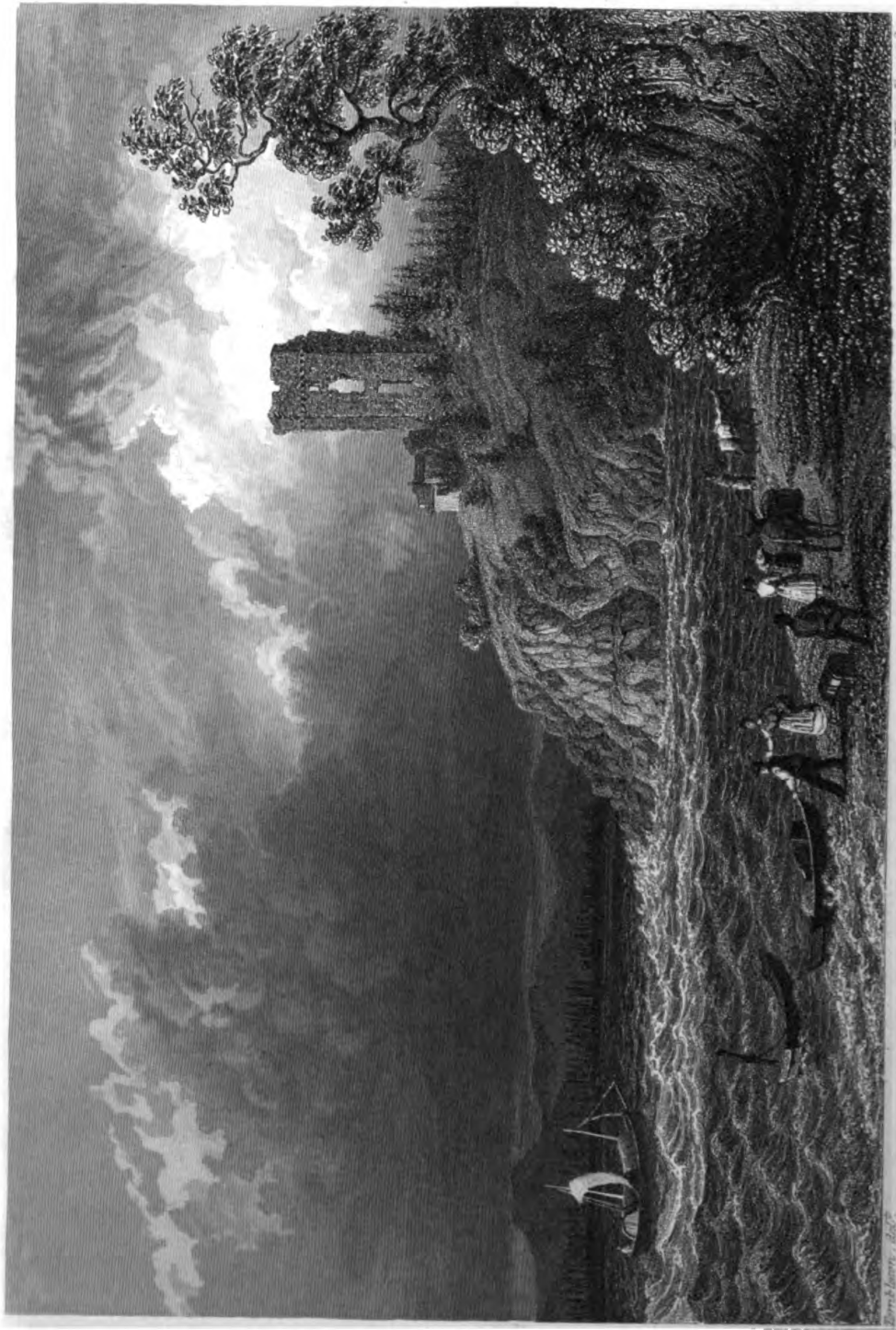
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J. Parnall sculp.

Engraved by J. Parnall

RUINS OF SPONECK.
RUNES LE SPONECK RUNEN ZU SPONECK

From a drawing by J. Parnall. Engraved by J. Parnall.





A P P E N D I X .

The following places not having been described in the former part of our work, we think it proper to mention them here, as the engravings will be found highly interesting.

A short distance below Alt-Breysach, is the little town of *Burkheim*, where are still seen several vestiges of dismantled fortifications. The only object however, worthy of remark, is the old castle, situated on an eminence close to the river, but now in decay; it seems to have served formerly, as a place of meeting for huntsmen, for even in the present time the isles of the Rhine are crowded with hares and partridges : a wooden bridge leads from the shore to the nearest of these islands. A fine view of the opposite Alsace, backed towards the south-west by a range of beautifully wooded hills, is obtained from the old castle.

Leaving Burkheim and crossing the village of Sasbach, we proceed to the Kaiserstuhl, in order to visit the old castle of *Sponeck*, the ruins of which are seen frowning from the top of a mountain, situated near the edge of the water. This castle appears to have been built for the purpose of frightening, and even plundering the inoffen-

sive merchants who travelled on the Rhine. But long since the noble family of Sponeck became extinct and their formerly proud castle is fallen in ruins. The view from this place is rich and extensive, embracing part of the opposite shore, with the Vosges in the back-ground. The sides of the mountain are covered with vineyards, producing excellent wines.

In a romantic valley, near Istein, is placed on the lower part of a mountain the *Felsenmühle* (mill of rocks), so named from the surrounding rocks, through which the little rivulet supplying the mill, runs with great noise and forms several pleasing cascades. The surrounding country is very picturesque; the building can scarcely be seen amongst the rich foliage and the numerous trees by which the stony mountain is overspread. This spot is so inviting and still, that we insensibly feel the wish of retiring there and enjoying the remainder of our life in peace and tranquility, far from the bustle of the world.

Leaving Basil and proceeding to the Rheinthal, we pass through *Oberried*, a little village situated close to the Rhine, about seven miles from Sennwald and five from Altstetten. We cross the river by a ford, and as the waters are often agitated and dangerous to little boats, there is a rope fastened on both banks. The waterman lays hold on it with both hands, and pushing the boat forward with his feet, continues in the same way till the embarcation safely arrives at the opposite shore. Two boatmen are required for the passage of coaches. On the river we enjoy a fine view of *Oberried* and the distant *Vorarlberg*.



H. Winkler sculp.

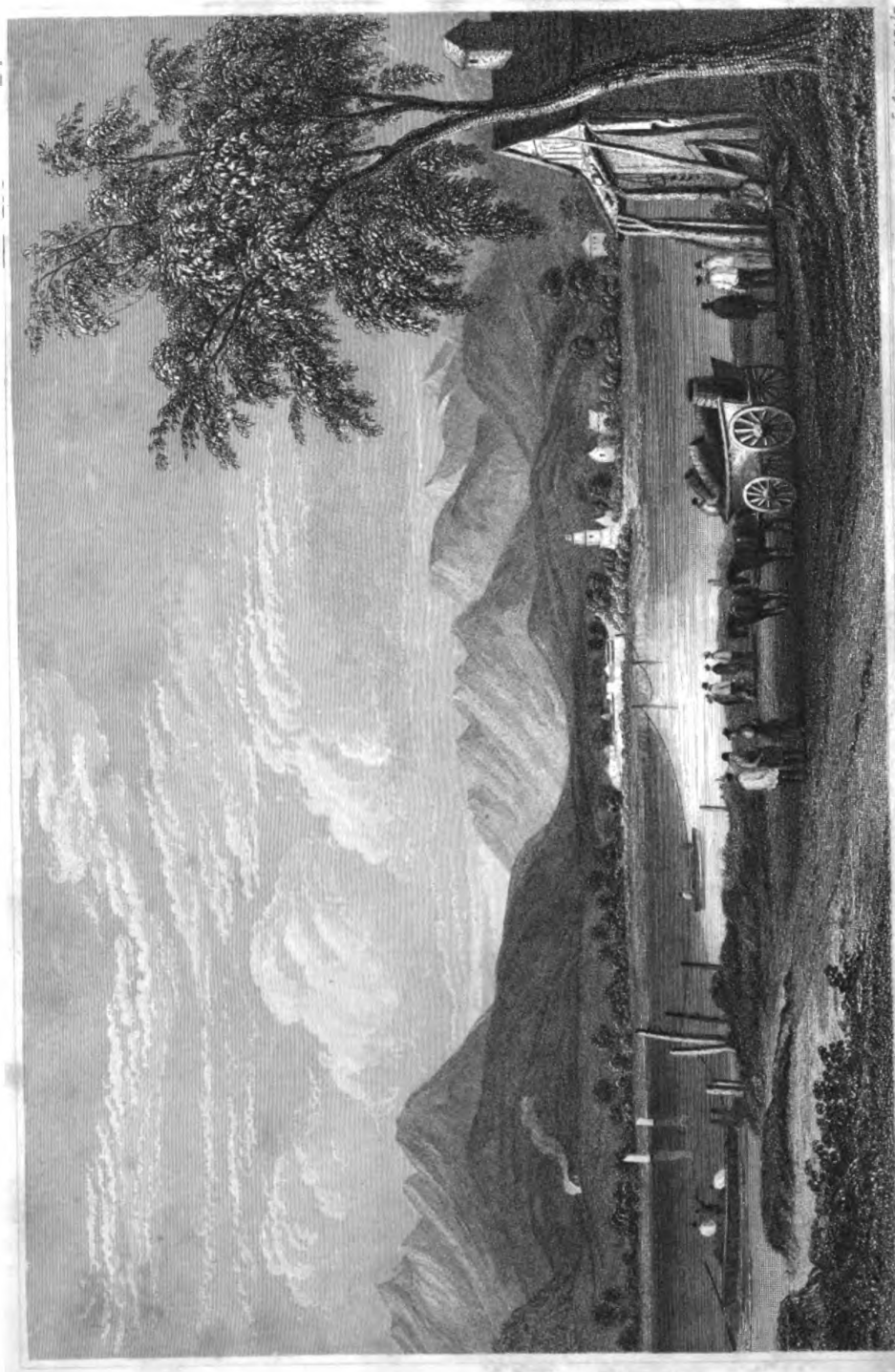
Emblen 257

MOUNT HOTTISIA
MILLS OF THE ROCKS,
MOUNTAIN ASIA.

NEW YORK: G. W. & J. B. PUTNAM, 1857.







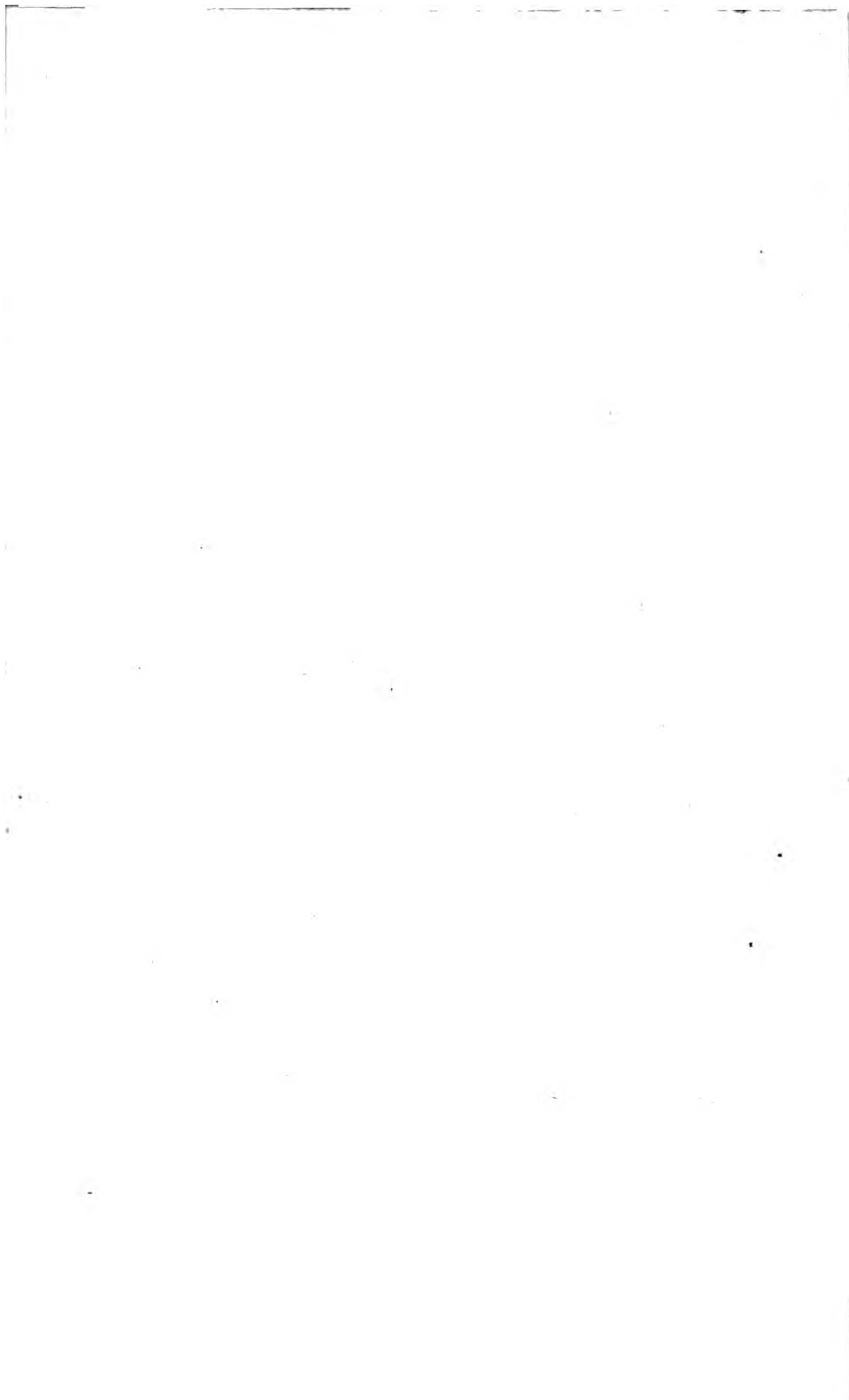
J. Auer, sculp.

Emblaser, del.

FERRY NEAR OBERMUND
DIE FAHRE BEI OBERMUND
CROSS GALEN. BATEAU DE TRAVERSE PRES OBERMUND.

London Tomblason & Co. 11, Paternoster Row







Lambson del.

Page 100.

THE FIRST STONE BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER ALLEN,
 ON THE GREAT BRIDGE AT THE VORDER RHEIN
 ET PREMIER PONT DE PIERRE SUR LE RHIN ANTERIEUR

London Published by Colverton & Co. 11, Strand, 1854.



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About a mile from Disentis, on the way to Montpamedels, we perceive the first *stone bridge over the fore Rhine*, some paces above its confluence with the middle Rhine. It is composed of one high arch, and resembles a double roof. The road is practicable for carriages from Disentis to the bridge ; but wine, the only article wanted in this country, must be transported on horses, down the mountains. Near this place, the road makes several deviations, on account of its being obstructed by many fragments of rocks, rolled down from the neighbouring mountains, the slopes of which are covered with pine forests. A little in advance the eye is pleasantly surprised by a little rivulet, which forcing its way through the fissure of a rock, forms in its fall a magnificent cascade.

END OF THE APPENDIX

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