

Some weeks of rustication in the Harz Mountains, and ascent of the mysterious Brocken, called also Blocksberg : a sketch / by Friedrich Schenk.

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*M^r Marshall
with M^r Schenck's Compl^{ts}*

SOME WEEKS OF RUSTICATION

IN THE

HARZ MOUNTAINS

AND ASCENT OF THE MYSTERIOUS BROCKEN,

CALLED ALSO BLOCKSBERG,—

A Sketch,

BY

FRIEDRICH SCHENCK.

*The price is 1s., per Post 1s. 1d., but more will be thankfully accepted,
as the profits of this Brochure are to go to the building fund of
the New German Church at Edinburgh, now in course of erection.*

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BY JOHN MOULTON

IN TWO VOLUMES

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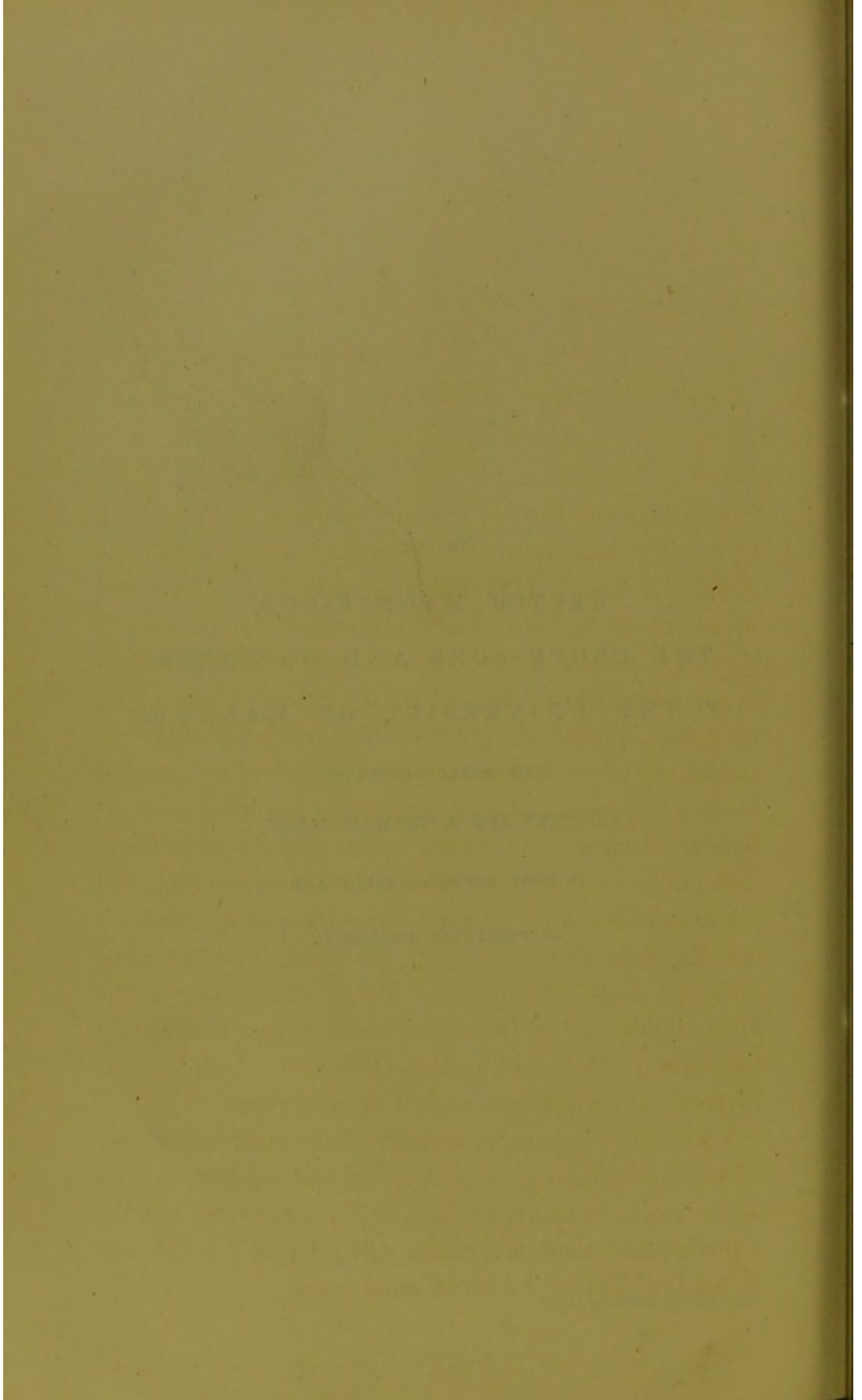
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TO THE
RECTOR MAGNIFICUS,
THE PROFESSORS AND DOCENTES
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MARBURG
THIS SMALL BROCHURE,
WRITTEN FOR A GERMAN CAUSE,
IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY AND
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



*A stay of some weeks in the Harz Mountains,
and ascent of the memorable Brocken or
Blocksberg,—a Sketch.*

PART I.

EVERY German has two specially German desires which he is ambitious to gratify, namely, to pay a visit to *Father Rhine*, and to have converse with *Faust* and *Mephisto* on the *Brocken*, the *German Parnassus*. I happen to be one of the fortunate ones who have bathed in the Rhine, luxuriated on the succulent grapes of its vineyards, quaffed its golden-coloured wine, revelled in the beauty of its scenery, and felt the spell of its splendid sagas and legends and most interesting historical reminiscences. I have drunk in the beauties of the picturesque and romantic rocky and wooded Harz mountains, and sat in conclave with the mysterious but poetic spirits of the Brocken, discussing with its ruler, who is called "the old man" or "man of Jericho," the merits of the lovely mythology of Helas, and of the sterner but equally fascinating folk-lore of heathen Germania, which has also its Gods and Goddesses, and its Hero Mythos.

I will now give a short account of the Harz mountains, of which the history, sagas, legends, and religion, as well as the scenic beauties, are of a highly interesting nature; I predict that these mountains will yet play a great part in political history, of which more anon.

The *Harz Mountains*, commonly called the *Harz*, are the most advanced range into the vast plain of northern Germany, and stand like a sentry watching over the safety of the Fatherland. They lie between the Elbe and Weser, south of Brunswick, their length being about sixty English miles, and their breadth from twenty to twenty-five. They were known to the Greeks and Romans under the names of *harticus mons*, *harcica sylva*, and *harcynia sylva*, which probably meant the whole ridges of mountains of middle Germany. Before Christ the rocky Harz was uninhabited, and its dense virgin-forests were the abode of wild animals—as the bear, the urus, wolf, lynx, wild cat, otter, beaver, wild boar, etc.

It is a high table-land, terraced, and belongs geologically to the transition period, especially to the gray-wacke, a kind of sandstone, composed chiefly of quartz, feldspar, silicious slate, and argillite; silver, iron, copper, lead, zinc, &c., are mined, and alabaster, marble, granite, &c., are quarried. Its offshoots were first inhabited in the early centuries of the Christian era by Thuringians, Saxons, and Hessians (the old Chatten, Katten,) (from Katze), who disputed the ground among themselves. The presence of these tribes is yet indicated by numerous names of places, waters, caves, hills, etc., as Sachsa, Sachsenberg, Sachsenstein, Sachsenhausen, Sachsenwald, etc.; Cattenaease, Chattenburg, Hessenkopf, Hessenberg, Katzenstein, Katzenthal, etc.; Thuringianfurt, etc. The diversity of the dialects is even yet most observable.

When Charlemagne, towards the end of the eighth century, overcame the yet heathen Saxons under their

valiant Duke Wittekindt, and christianized them by the sword, a number of the faithful sons of Teut retired to the impenetrable heights and forests of the Harz, making it the rampart and last refuge of the followers of Wodan and Holda. Wodan, who rode a swift horse with eight legs, accompanied by the two wolves and the two prophesying ravens, led his people to battle and victory. Here they could erect their altars, light their fires, sacrifice their enemies, and defy the surrounding Christians, with whom they lived in constant strife. The Druids were the priests and bards of the stout-hearted, flaxen-haired, and blue-eyed Teutons. They reigned supreme from Charlemagne for nearly a century, and woe to the Christian who penetrated through labyrinths to the sacred groves and woods where the Druids performed their mystic rites! He forfeited his life, and was unmercifully sacrificed in honour of Wodan. At last the Saxons (Sassens or Saxoni) and Thuringians, the Hessians and Westphalians, drove them back, and entered with monk and crosier, with craftsmen and miners, and built wooden chapels, monasteries, and schools, which were gradually exchanged for stone buildings. The whole district, after nearly one thousand years, abounds with reminiscences of that barbarous but interesting idolatry, which is interwoven with the Harz romance of ancient times and the Middle Ages.*

A glorious time for the Harz was that, commencing

* The names of heathen deities, given to mountains, peaks, valleys, rivers, caves, and rocks, have been retained to these days, and the rich traditional myths, legends, and fables give to the Harz such a magical charm,—all belonging to the heathen period,—more than to any other mountain in Germany.

with Henry I., called the "Fowler" and the "Great," the founder of towns with self-government, to whom he granted lands and privileges. As Duke of Saxony, he was greeted, A.D. 919, by a deputation of princes as King of Germany and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. He received the deputation in a hut near Pöhlde, by Herzberg, where he was engaged in snaring birds. Other historians maintain that this took place near Merseburg, on the other side of the Harz. He built the town of Goslar in the north part of these mountains, training his soldiers there. He insisted that other princes of the empire should do the same, being resolved not to pay any longer the humiliating annual tribute exacted by the Huns from the Germans. When he felt assured in his position, he presented a mangy dog to the Hun officials deputed to receive the annual sum. The Huns were enraged at this insult, made immense war preparations, and overran Germany; but they were totally defeated by Henry at Merseburg, anno 933. They attempted to subdue Germany again in 955, but were finally defeated on the Lechfeld in Bavaria, and Germany was happily freed from these scourges, who had watered their horses in the Elbe and the Rhine.

This emperor-period lasted from the middle of the tenth to the end of the twelfth century, during which time the emperors resided mostly in different parts of the Harz; and Goslar, their chief residence, was raised to be the capital of the empire. They built many palaces, castles, and hunting lodges, being mighty hunters before the Lord. Roads were made and others improved; monasteries, churches, and schools were

erected and endowed ; various handicraftsmen, especially Franconian miners, were brought into this district, and soon the mines of the Harz were counted among the celebrities of Europe. At a later period the Emperor, Henry IV., of the house of Saxony, was put under ban by Pope Hildebrand, called Gregory VII., and in order to have the ban removed, he had the weakness to submit to the proud prelate's authority, and travel by appointment, anno 1077, to Ravenna to obtain forgiveness and kiss his Holiness' great toe. But Gregory, still more to humiliate the penitent Emperor, went on the day fixed to visit the beautiful Countess Mathilde in her castle of Canossa, whither Henry had to follow him, and in the courtyard of which he was compelled to stand in the snow day and night, bare-headed and barefooted, before the imperious Pope would pardon him. Germany was indignant and full of reproaches, until Henry, stung to the quick, marched an army to Italy, drove his Holiness to flight, and took Rome, after a three years' siege, anno 1084. In the conflict between the Vatican and Germany, Prince Bismarck, the great Chancellor, and the enlightened Dr Falk, pronounced in the German Parliament these memorable words, "We do not mean to go to Canossa!" Henry had lost the respect of the nation, never recovered it, and died of a broken heart, his sons even making war on him.

The Emperors' period, the days of glory for the Harz, ended with Frederick II. and Lothar, as the Emperors from that time ceased to reside in the Harz. Under the Hohenstaufen Emperors, poetry and literature flourished

in Germany, especially from 1138-1254. It was the time of the Crusades and of exalted chivalry, inspiring poets to sing of what is grand, noble, and courageous in men and nations; of the nobility of woman's soul and the holiness of her nature. Delicious strains floated through the air, inspiring virtue, ennobling mankind, and denouncing all that was low and false. Near to the Harz Thuringia is situated, where, in his residence of the *Wartburg*, near Eisenach, *Herman I.*, *Landgrave of Thuringia* and *Lord of Hesse*, was the great protector of literature and chivalry; it was the first golden era of German literature, the time of the *Minnesängers*, composed of princes, nobles, and citizens; the second era commencing in the second half of the eighteenth century with Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, etc. During his reign the famed poets' war took place at the *Wartburg*, which led to the espousal of his son Ludwig with the Hungarian Princess Elizabeth—well known under the name of *St. Elizabeth*—who died, anno 1233, at Marburg in Hesse, called the German Jerusalem from its lovely situation, and over whose remains a splendid church was built, in the *pure German Gothic style*, to which immense numbers of pilgrims resorted during the Middle Ages, until the time of the Reformation, when the Landgrave Philippus, called the Magnanimous, of Hesse, the champion of the Reformation and founder of the University of Marburg, anno 1527, called after him Philippina, removed her bones, saying: "Come here cousin Elsbet," and secretly buried them in some other part of the church, in order to put an end to the gross superstition. Several churches and monasteries of the continent dis-

pute among themselves as to which possesses the real skull, or right arm and left leg, &c. The saint is the ancestress of nearly every crowned head of Europe, her grandson Henry being the first Landgrave of the princely house of Hesse, Henry's mother having married the reigning Duke of Brabant;—this is a most interesting historical fact.

Before we take leave of the Emperor's time in the Harz, it may be mentioned that the German peasantry would never believe in the death of the great Hohenstaufen, the Emperor Barbarossa, who was drowned during the Crusades in crossing the river Calycadmus anno 1190. They were sure that the glorious prince slept in a trance, in a cave among the ruins of Kyffhausen, in the S.W. Harz—his beard having grown one with and through the stone table on which he rests; and that in case of need he would awaken to reunite the Fatherland in one strong empire as of yore. They now assert that *Kaiser Wilhelm* is the resuscitated Red Beard. In my annual journeys to Germany, I have questioned peasants in various parts of the empire regarding this exquisite legend, and received from every one the earnest and beautiful answer, given in a query, "*You do not doubt that, Sir?*"

Barbarossa having granted lands and castles to his bosom friend and companion in arms, Henry the Lion, Duke of Brunswick, the bold Guelph and valiant Crusader, the ancestor of your beloved Queen,—the history of the Harz became interwoven with that of the house of Brunswick. Of this date, there yet exist specimens and remnants of architecture, unique and of

great general interest, as for example at Goslar, "*ditissima Saxoniae urbs*," and "*clarissimum regni domicilium*," the town hall, built by Lothar and Barbarossa, in the Byzantine style, from 1136-1184; the restored dome-chapel retains remnants of its vestibule, built by Henry III., anno 1039; the rest of the imperial palace called Kaiserhaus, now restored, commenced 1050 under Henry III., as well as the double Ulrich's Chapel, connected with the palace, are artistically and archæologically of special merit. Heinrich Heine, the great poet and scoffer, compares the large wood-statues of emperors in niches at the Kaisersworth—now a hotel—to fried university janitors. Some of the paintings and sculptures in churches and public buildings of the Harz, form important elements of early German art.

Many of the German nobility had built castles in and round the Harz. After the emperors had ceased to reside there, a considerable number of them appointed themselves, by and by, *tax-gatherers on their own account*; they levied toll on the merchants who traversed the Harz with their goods, until they became expert filibusters and robber-knights. The towns of the Harz, however, roused themselves, joined the powerful Hansa, carried on a successful war against the law-breakers, took and destroyed their fastnesses, and hung the knights, at their own gates, by the neck, as they deserved it. The many castles in ruins one sees, add greatly to the charm of the scenery. The emperors' time brought, besides the good public roads, for which the Harz is even now distinguished, good schools, which

operated most beneficially on the superstitious inhabitants, to whom still, however, the poetical sagas and interesting legends of the Harz remain sacred. The schools of this district are, in our days, of a superior kind, due attention being given to gymnastics, object- and science-lessons. Singing-clubs exist in most of the villages, and we were often charmed by the correct singing of lasses returning from the woods, where they had gathered straw and other berries, ferns and herbs, or dry wood.

The mines of the Harz, its rich metallurgy and large forests, are of very great importance, giving employment to a large number of its inhabitants, of whom there are from 70 to 80,000, mostly Lutherans,—a thrifty, hard-working, grave, yet kindly race, most of whose children, who are kept remarkably clean, have very light flaxen hair and blue eyes. Klausthal, St Andreasberg, and Harzburg are the principal mining places, but the whole district is rich in various ores, and geologically of much interest. The occupations of the people, combined with the work in the forests, the beautiful scenery of mountain and dale, and the cleanliness of the villages, have given to the Harz a characteristic impress which is very gratifying to a stranger. The breeding of canaries and other singing birds is largely carried on in various parts, especially around St Andreasberg. The more highly situated districts are not very favourable for agriculture; but the excellent meadows in the valleys serve during day to pasture numerous herds of cattle, the bells of which sound most agreeably and harmoniously when, morning and evening, they are driven out and home again.

One does not require to be the Red Prince, the glorious Frederick Charles of Prussia, or the great thinker and silent strategist, Field-Marshal von Moltke, to see in the Harz and Saxon Switzerland a most important military element, as, in case of a foreign invasion, certainly the fault which the French committed during the last war in the Vosges, would not be repeated, but the Germans would provision these two mountain ranges, and put into them a sufficient force to check the advance of any foreign armies. The Krieger-Vereine (the veterans), that of Sachsa among them, would find means of showing their devotedness to dear Fatherland if supplied with guns by Krupp of Essen, *properly armed* and their captains on horseback. They would act like the three hundred Greeks in the pass of Thermopylae under Leonidas.

Every one whose eyes have learned to see and ears to hear, will find in the Harz mountains art and beauty in all directions. One is charmed by the songs and warblings of birds, the deliciously soothing sound of the brook, or the soft rustling of leaves and branches. Ledges of rock, valleys and plains, covered with variegated verdure, the different beauty of the trees, and the wild flowers at one's feet, decked by nature with the double attractiveness of colour and perfume. The forests exercise a magic power, and incline the traveller to the adoration of nature. The luminous electric phenomena on the Brocken and other heights, the sublime dawn of day and the golden handed sun, or the dreamy mysterious dusk with its Rembrandt-like effect, the pleasant valleys and woodland, an arborescent vegetation, breathe a tone of freshness and life. "Nature shines like a work

of creation and order, glorious in its individual beauty, but always in relation and subjection to a higher spiritual power, to a vast sublimity in nature !”

“ Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment : who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain : who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters : who maketh the clouds his chariot : who walketh upon the wings of the wind : who laid the foundation of the earth, that it should not be removed for ever. He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills : they give drink to every beast of the field : the wild asses quench their thirst. By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man : that he may bring forth food out of the earth ; and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man’s heart. The trees of the Lord are full of sap ; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted ; where the birds make their nests : as for the stork, the fir-trees are her house.” With the description of the sea and heavenly bodies the picture of nature in Psalm civ. is complete.

“ The thick groves of the pine and other forests remind one of those near Ravenna, where the matin song of the birds resounds through the boughs and the light gleams through the woods.”

Even in a simple landscape, the form of the forest-trees and their foliage, the lights glowing through them, the mountains and blue distances, the colours and varied tints, the meandering of the brook, the singing of birds,

—our first instructors of music,—the humming and buzzing of insects, and as a contrast the screeching of a bird of prey or the snarling of friend reynard, or the grunting of a wild boar, leave together a deep impression and feeling of the charm and beauty in simple nature. This is, however, immensely enhanced by the contemplation of such a grand and picturesque panoramic view as we enjoyed from the top of the Ravensberg, near Sachsa, from the roof of the hotel, excellently kept by Kohlhaase, who receives guests like a knight of yore. We stand there on historic and romantic ground: one sees through the vista of bygone centuries, for example, Herzberg, the residence of the Electors until they removed to Hanover, the cradle of George I. of Great Britain; at a great distance the ruins of Kyffhausen, connected with the memories of the great and chivalrous Emperor Barbarossa; five miles away, the yet stately ruins of the once princely Cistercian Abbey of Walkenried, destroyed in the Peasant War during the Reformation. The frenzied peasants were partly driven to the outbreak through the instigation of Münzer, the so-called apostle, who had easily gained the ear of these exasperated men, who groaned under the oppression of princes, priests, and nobles, so that they could scarcely keep body and soul together, and unable to obtain redress, after many supplications, from the Imperial Diet. If Luther had been a statesman, which unfortunately he was not, he might have prevented this unfortunate and terrible revolt. The abbey was founded anno 1129 by the Countess Adelheid von Klettenberg, then rebuilt and finished anno 1290; it is in the Byzantine style, but

at its completion the Gothic style is also visible, and the ruins are of very great archæological importance. Turning round, the mysterious Brocken is distinctly seen in clear weather, with its hotel, though at a great distance. One is reminded of the paintings of Claude Lorraine, the painter of light and aerial distance; of Ruysdale and Salvator, by sombre and dark woods, in the view toward the Brocken; and of the Poussins and their noble trees and foregrounds; and also of great Scotch and English landscape painters, who excel by their true, life-like, effective, and at the same time artistic, delineations of nature. It would require, however, the pen of a G. Forster, the circumnavigator, or of an Alexander von Humboldt and others to do justice to a description of Art and Beauty of nature, and of its grandeur and loveliness.

À propos of Humboldt, I remember a good story of our much revered Emperor Wilhelm, when Prince Regent, which is worth relating: Before Frederick William IV. was obliged to resign the reins of Government into the hands of his brother Wilhelm, owing to a softening of the brain having commenced, the pietistic party of the Court, the fanatics, the minister Eichhorn, General Gerlach, and the Court preacher, Stahl, endeavoured to deprive Humboldt of his office and emoluments of Royal Chamberlain, which the King had bestowed on him who was an honour to every country, not only for the unbounded service which he had rendered to the science of the world, but also for having sacrificed a handsome fortune in travel and the furtherance of knowledge. Shortly after brave Wilhelm had

assumed his post of Regent, on the eightieth birthday of the great veteran, he, accompanied by his son, now the Crown Prince, paid Humboldt a state-visit of congratulation, and by this sensible, noble, and magnanimous act silenced intolerance and hypocrisy.

Even a few days ago, when the Jews of Berlin gave a concert for the distress in Silesia, influence was used to prevent the Court patronising this benevolent undertaking, because: "Pooh! it had been arranged by Jews." Good sense, however, and honourable feeling prevailed, and the whole Court, the Emperor and Empress, conspicuously the Crown-Prince and Prince Frederick Charles,—who by their attendance wanted to protest against this mean and disloyal spirit—as well as the other Princes and Princesses, honoured the performance with their presence, to the delight of all good and true men, and to the disgust, and, I hope, to the shame of the miserable, uncharitable, and un-Christian small fry of poltroons.

Our party from Scotland witnessed, in August 1878, a grand thunderstorm from the Ravensberg. On a sultry afternoon, the sun shining out over-poweringly hot, clouds began to gather; by and by complete darkness set in, and it became evident that a severe storm was about to break loose. The thunder, accompanied by forked lightning of an intensity we had scarcely ever witnessed before, commenced a cannonade which I cannot otherwise describe than as absolutely terrific, while yet surpassingly sublime. The spectacle was, indeed, grand in the extreme. Pale and lurid flashes chased each other incessantly through the unnatural gloom, lighting up

the scenery, and giving glimpses of new and beautiful effects that momentarily changed their character; these glimpses showed us, for example, the town of Nordhausen, at a distance of about twenty miles, under sunshine, when we were yet in comparative darkness. Awful were the crashings and reverberations of the thunder, as it rolled from mountain to mountain in the direction of the Brocken; indeed, so violent was it at times, that the very ground trembled under our feet, as though an earthquake were in progress. Then, at last, the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, the clouds dispersed by and by, the sun shone forth brilliantly once more, the view became free, and a grand spectacle presented itself, which was enhanced by the fact that the whole landscape looked refreshed and beautified with millions of sparkling diamonds, as the sunbeams touched the fallen rain-drops, lending an inexpressible charm to the whole, which however lasted only a few minutes, the sun licking up the rain-drops.

Taste and talent cannot be taught, as they are inborn, but the correct appreciation of art and of beauty in nature, as well as the talent and taste existing, often dormant in man, could be roused and should be cultivated, so as to become useful. Love and a knowledge of what is beautiful in the visible art of nature, and in the art productions of man, ought to be taught to all classes, and certainly be instilled and fostered even in the very young. On the Continent, at most of the universities, at many high-class schools for the two sexes, and even in artizans' evening classes, instruction is given in the principles

and the history of the Fine Arts. Mr Gladstone, in a speech delivered by him last September, I believe at Chester, stated that the inferiority of taste in the otherwise excellent British workman, was due to this want of instruction ; and the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart., no mean judge in matters relating to art, expressed himself to me, years ago, in a similar strain. The Reports of the Scotch Artisans on the last Paris Exhibition are singularly unanimous in observing the wants of the British Workman in his art and technical education, originating in the absence of the absolute necessary instruction in these branches.

All the talents and other gifts which we possess, and all we have and enjoy, are due to the grace of Almighty, but they must be cultivated, cherished, and respected. I remember that, at the time of the coronation of our present admirable and beloved Emperor Wilhelm as King of Prussia, at Königsberg, a gentleman ridiculed the expression which the king used in placing the crown on his head :—“ I declare and crown myself King of Prussia by the *grace of Almighty!*” I retorted, however, that he and I, as well as every scamp, were also in this world by the *grace of God.*

The very trees, plants, and bushes of the Harz seem to bend their heads and say to you, “ Welcome, stranger, to the land of the Druids !” The birds sing to you in delicious strains, and the silvery mountain streamlets and brooks lovingly whisper to you, while the woods murmur mysteriously the splendid sagas and romances of bygone times, among them of the wild Bohemian King *Bodo*, who pursued the beautiful Princess *Brun-*

hildis, who had refused his advances, and to escape him had taken Bodo's swift gigantic horse, and in her terror leapt her horse from the witches' dancing place to the opposite rock over the Bode river, where the impress of the tremendous horse-foot is yet seen at the Rosstrappe, which most likely Wodan used as a place for performing his sacrifices,—one of the loveliest spots of the Harz.* Or the woods whisper to you the legend of the enchanting Princess *Ilse*, who may be seen occasionally to this very day in the woods near Ilsenburg, or in the sanctum of the seven Emperor's stones; or of the wonders of the Baumann's and the Biel's caves; or of his Majesty, the old man on the Brocken, who used to play ball with neighbouring giants, using huge pieces of rock for this purpose, which one may see strewn over the Brocken when ascending it; or breathe to you of devils, giants, and hobgoblins; of elves and nymphs, gnomes, cobolds, witches, and monsters; of Faust, Mephisto, and the black dog, etc., etc.

Eight different railways lead to the Harz, and so the stranger rustivating there can easily visit the many interesting towns which surround it, and which may be seen mostly from the Brocken. I think it will not be without interest to the reader to have laid before him at a glance these towns, with some of their remarkable features. There is the palace of *Herzberg*, a small town on the outskirts of the Harz, the residence of the Electors

* Bodo attempted to leap the stream, but failed, fell into it, and perished. He was for his misdeeds transformed into a black dog, and condemned to watch to eternity the golden crown which Brunhildis had lost in her leap, and which fell into a pool of the river, the name of which is taken from Bodo.

of Hanover before they removed the court to Hanover. *Eisleben*, with the Lutherhouse, where the great Reformer was born and died, 1483-1546. The former university town of *Wittenberg*, where Luther is buried, and where he fixed his famous 95 theses at the door of the palace church, 17th October 1517. *Magdeburg*, a strong fortress, the taking, burning, and sacking of which, by Tilly in the Thirty Years' War, is so graphically described by Schiller, is one of the oldest and most prosperous towns of Germany. Edith of England, who died 947, and her consort, the Emperor Otto I., have marble slab monuments in the chapel of the Cathedral. Carnot is also buried in the cemetery there. *Quedlinburg* is very old and interesting; it is the birthplace of Klopstock, of the great geographer Ritter, and GutsMuth the father of gymnastics, and the esteemed educationist of Schnepfenthal. *Halberstadt*, a very old town with curious wooden houses. Tetzels, the seller of indulgences, preached there; it was the residence of the poet Gleim. *Halle on the Saale*, a celebrated university, and birthplace of the great composer Handel; it has great saltworks. At *Möckern*, on the road to it, was fought, anno 1813, a bloody battle. *Brunswick*, with its Henry the Lion's monument in bronze, a mediæval town; the dome, erected by Henry anno 1173, contains his recumbent figure on a sarcophagus, and that of his consort, Mathilda of England. *Wolfenbüttel*, at which place Lessing was librarian, 1770-81. *Hildesheim*, called the north German Nürnberg, is rich in old remarkable wooden buildings and churches. *Lutter am Barenberg*, near which Tilly gained a victory over Christian IV. of Denmark,

the ally of the Protestants. *Hanover*, the former residence of the Electors, is a very interesting town; it has a first-rate opera, Hans von Bülow directing the orchestra. It is the birthplace of *Leibnitz*, the great philosopher and mathematician. It has very good schools and a first-rate polytechnic college with day classes. *Göttingen*, the famous university, founded anno 1737 by George II. of Great Britain. Beautiful *Hesse-Kassel*, as Professor Blackie calls it, the former residence of the Electors of Hesse; near it is *Wilhelmshöhe*, called the German Versailles, where Napoleon III. was kept prisoner of war—surpassing Versailles, however, in picturesqueness. *Eisenach* with the *Wartburg*, the residence of St Elizabeth, and the hiding-place of Luther as Junker George; here he translated part of the Bible. *Erfurt*, a fortress, in the former Augustine Monastery of which Luther became a monk 1505; his cell is yet shown, and this place is celebrated for its garden produce. *Weimar*, with the reminiscences of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and the Duke Karl August, etc., is a most curious place, and has a Fine Art Academy. *Nordhausen*, with large distilleries; birthplace of Gottlob Schroeter, the inventor of the pianoforte; of Gesenius, the poet Albert Traeger, etc. *Naumburg* has a beautiful dome; near it is the celebrated school of *Schulphorta*, where Klopstock, Fichte, and other celebrities received their early education, etc., etc.

Last year a party of nine of us—six Scotch, one English, and two German—stayed in a small town of the outer S.-W. Harz, named *Sachsa*, where we were quite delighted with the fine woodland scenery near at

hand, and with the various excursions which we undertook. We found the inhabitants extremely kind and friendly, whilst the prices were yet very moderate, about 3s. to 4s. per diem for lodging and very good board. In the north and east of the Harz prices run rather high. Sachsa has also a small bathhouse, where cold and all kinds of medicated baths can be had. I was formerly very averse to warm baths, not however like the Esquimaux, who eschew any washing, but, simple innocent people as they are, content themselves with moistening their hands with their tongues and rubbing their beautiful faces. “*De gustibus non est disputandum!*” My wife, however, persuaded me to try warm baths, mixed with an extract of boiled fir-needles and cones. Admonished, too, by a touch of rheumatism in my right hand, which pained me when writing, at last, like a hero, I took a warm fir-needle bath; and the effect, since I had taken a few, was certainly marvellous. I felt renewed in body and mind—as if I were ten years younger—could fight any giant—and kick like a young horse. I could mount and descend mountains like a deer, and sing songs in dale and wood at the top of my voice, *à l’étudiant*, to the astonishment of the winged and antlered tribes, which regularly answered my whoops of delight, *Huh, Huh!* when, from any spot, I enjoyed glorious and delightful views. You will think, perhaps, that the mountain dew, the giants, witches and hobgoblins, the elves and fairies, had done this? But nothing of the sort; my restored vigour was (and is) a fact, and could not be contradicted. *So silentium!* This retreat at Sachsa would benefit every one, especially

those whose brains are overworked, who need rest and quietness, invigorating baths and mountain air, as well as the inhaling of ozone in the fir-woods. There is no etiquette as to dress among these simple people, an limited number of strangers, frequenting the place. Our good friend, Herr Karl Degenhardt, the leech or surgeon of the place, will advise very gladly any one as to lodgings.

PART II.

I come now, in the second part, to the very climax of our enjoyments—namely, to our *journey to, and ascent of the Brocken*, situated in the N.-E. of the Harz. The mount is 3512 French feet high; its lower regions are clothed with fir-wood, but, as the peak is approached, the trees become more and more dwarfed until they change into crippled and dwarfy underwood. The top is quite void of bushes, but is covered by a chaos of granite blocks and numerous fragments of such; here and there, when approaching the peak, pigmy fir-bushes force themselves in an extraordinary manner through the boulders and fragments, which gives to the scenery a sombre, wild, and mysterious appearance. The whole Harz is to the botanist and geologist well worthy of study. Many of the granite blocks are covered by the *chroolepus hercynicus*, or violet moss, which lichen gives to the rock a violet smell. Two years ago we brought with us a piece of the stone, which still retains this perfume.

The name *Brocken*, vulgo *Blocksberg*, is by some derived from *Mons Bructerorum*, and *Mons Proculus*, and by others from *Prockelsberg*, *Bruckersberg*, and

Blockesbarch; consequently, *Brocken* or *Blocksberg*. The Greeks called it *Melibocus*. In connection with the Brocken and Harz in general, one is constantly reminded by names of the former residence of Old Nick, as Devil's-bridge, wall, chapel, pulpit, banquetting-hall, and Devil's-mill, mountain, baths, valley, hole, cave, and Devil's-flower, berry, dust, roast, brood, oak, fish, etc., and also of the hexen or witches. This arose during the time when the refugee heathen defended their religion of Wodan against the Christians.

One fine morning in August of last year our party set out, having received an invitation from *Faust*, who had heard of the arrival of a nine-pounder from Edinburgh, to great festivities on the Brocken, to be given on account of civilisation and humanity. Our ladder-waggon, drawn by three splendid cows, called Nanny, Lizzy, and Hetty, made tolerable progress. We saw in pleasing colours the changing stages of sylvan, of picturesque, and of sublime scenery, which was increased by the charm of the poetic and romantic associations of olden times. We reached in the evening the town of *Wernigerode*, near which is the castle of the reigning *Count of Stolberg-Wernigerode*, the Vice-Chancellor of the German Empire, who, I predict, will yet play a great rôle in German politics. The princely castle, beautifully situated on a hill, is now being restored in pure Gothic, and along with the large park, peopled by numerous deer, some of which are white, offer many attractions. The reigning *Count Otto* and his amiable consort, *Princess Anna Elizabeth* (a Princess of Reuss-Köstritz), are much beloved and esteemed for their qualities of head and heart, and the admirable adminis-

tration of their vast estates, not only by the inhabitants of the extensive county, but in the whole of Germany. The town of Wernigerode, with a remarkable Gothic town-hall, the Gerlitz house with pictures carved in wood ; the St Sylvester Church, which contains the grave monuments of the counts, and other interesting churches, etc., is an agreeable stay for the exploration of the North-Eastern Harz and the Brocken, which belong to the Count. I may mention that the roads in this district and up to the Brocken are excellent, as also in those parts which belong to Brunswick.

Friend Morpheus restored us during night with strength for our next day's glorious journey. We set out at six o'clock A.M., and, after a pleasant drive of some hours, left at the straggling village of Schierke our cow-equipage and were received by the youngest son of Beëlzebub and Mephistopheles, sent for this purpose. After having rubbed, in a most delightful manner, noses one with another, Studiosus James G., of Edinburgh and Marburg Universities, in Highland dress, royal plaid on shoulder, with dirk and claymore, and pistols in girdle, mounted a stately wild black he-goat ; Alex. R., a penal of Merchiston Castle School, was like mad after a large sow, caught and mounted her, sitting backward and using the tail as a bridle. The ladies were helped on Rozinantes *à la* Don Quixote—namely, on broomsticks and pitchforks ; and I mounted the Lindwurm (Dragon) : and headed by Mephisto and young Beëlzebub, we commenced our memorable demonic ascent. It was so startling to us that the wildest scenes of "Macbeth," "Faust," and "Freischütz," cannot afford even an ap-

proximate idea of the unearthly journey; but that the ladies might not swoon away on the road, we had taken for our protection St George. Listen and be not afraid, though :

“ We thought the hill to-day was mad with magic.”

“ See lizards in the green twigs tender,
With heavy paunch and long legs slender.”

Or :

“ Tu-who! Tu-who! the owl's in view ;
Nearer, clearer, comes his hooting—
Through the dusk air see him shooting ;
The long-horned owl, with pinions grey,
The blind bat borne in circles dizzy,
The crow, the lapwing, and the jay,
Are wakeful all—all out and busy :
Everywhere strange sights we see—
Are they what they seem to be ?”

And again :

“ Round us everything seems wheeling,
Trees are whirling, rocks are reeling—
All in rapid circles spinning,
With motion dizzying and dinning,
Everything that's round us races,
Makes grotesque and fiendish faces ;
Swelling, puffing, multiplying,
On all sides wild fire-lights flying.”

On we went with shouts and screams appalling, and—

“ Headlong steep, and gorges deep,
Gulf and glen, and rock in wonder,
Echo back the ceaseless thunder !”

The witches joined us now, and we sung with them in chorus—

“On to the Brocken, the witches are flocking—
 Merry meet—merry part—how they gallop and drive ;
 Yellow stubble and stalk are rocking,
 And young green corn is merry alive.
 With shapes and shadows swimming by,
 To the highest heights they fly,
 Where Herr *Urian* sits on high.”

“Throughout and about,
 With clamour and shout,
 Drives the maddening rout,
 Over stock, over stone ;
 Shriek, laughter, and moan.”

Then again :

“The pitchforks scratch zithers,
 And the broomsticks scrape like fiddlers”

“Onward, onward, hurry, skurry,
 The hell-driven rout of wizzard’s hurry.”

“Brooms fly fast when warlocks ride ’em,
 Rams, with those who know to guide ’em ;
 Broken branches gallop lightly ;
 Pitchforks, too, make coursers sprightly.”

Vampyres, salamanders, and scorpions—giants, gnomes, and hobgoblins—elves, fairies and nymphs—owls, bats, vultures, and griffins—whizzed round us, and we hastened together, helter-skelter, up to the revelries on the Brocken. Arrived there we were received by Dr Faustus, accompanied by the black dog, his myrmidons, and a guard of honour, furnished by the veterans (Krieger-Verein) of our Sachsa. This greatly pleased us. We were invited to take luncheon with his Majesty, the Sovereign of the height, and were delighted with our meal, consisting of fried and stewed fricassées of caterpillars, legs of the frog, snails, and toads, washed down with dragon blood (a

wine grown beneath the Drachenfels, near Bonn). We then sang, "*Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles,*" etc., and gave *hurras* to *Scotland*, three times three.

After having enjoyed the vast circular panorama from the tower, and spied many hundreds of villages, hamlets, and towns—a view, however, more grand than beautiful and picturesque, and not to be compared with the splendid and artistic view from the Ravensberg, near Sachsa—we were ushered, after some time of friendly conversation, in a new descending balloon, millions of feet into the very heart of the mountain, to a series of arched monster caves, brilliantly illuminated by electric lights, reaching the bottom in 17 minutes 9½ seconds. The effect was truly dazzling, and reminded us of the wonders of the Arabian Nights.

"To-day—why this is Goblin Hall,
Spirits and spectres all in all,
Goblins and ghosts, and ghost inventors!"

"The air is heavy and oppressive,
And the whirling din excessive ;
Rattling with the ceaseless babble,
Of the tumultuous hell-driven rabble ;
Sultry, vaporous, and sickening,
To a denser substance thickening,
Burning noisomely, and glittering
With fiery sparks for ever frittering,
Poisoning everything it reaches,
Atmosphere for fiends and witches."

In the stalactites which hung from the roofs, we were startled to see what we imagined to be English bishops in full canonicals and surplices, Presbyterian moderators

in Court costume and Geneva gowns, a view of the gallows and the hangman, policemen riding on bicycles, and many more similarly delusive sights, as men with tails or vulture heads, etc., until brought back to our senses by big drops of water falling on our noses.

In bewilderment we asked what all that meant, and if the spectacle was got up in our honour? but were told, by no means: "You are invited to witness here the advance of the sciences, and the manner by which a new and improved human race is being prepared and manufactured."

In immense copper cauldrons and Papinian pots, all the rascals and scamps—who generally are very gifted,—and those kept in the *free hotels*, of the two sexes, of all nations and religions, were to be boiled down, then the mass cleansed and purified. Beings with Darwinian tails, some with griffin, others with vulture and such like heads, whom we took for chemist-and-druggist-assistants, superintended the operations, and the men of erudition and science were then busily engaged in performing their most important tasks, namely—adding to the mass such ingredients as would produce the improvements needed and wished for in the new race, and then to frame the bodies, to blow vigorous souls into them, sense, understanding and life.

His Majesty, Herr Urian, in return for the use of his caves,—capable of accommodating all the representatives of *really* learned and scientific men—poets, artists, and musical composers of the world,—his laboratories, infernal appliances, and improving drugs, insisted as *a conditio sine qua non*, of being permitted to put some essence of

devilry into the mass, opposition being as absolutely needed in the improved race as it is in politics and in science, as it would never do having this new mankind manufactured after *one model*, and every one then saying : Ditto, ditto, ditto to any new idea or theory started.

The result is to be : *Theologia* is to simplify religion and mode of living ; ministers to be the faithful shepherds of their flocks, manifesting in their own life the precept : "Love God and thy neighbour as thyself," expunging from the clerical dictionary pride, haughtiness, arrogance, hatred, selfishness, and envy ; toleration of opinion and free criticism to be permanent fixtures.

Justitia is to burn all law-books, the law of good sense and brotherly love to be substituted ; jurists no longer to be permitted to make black appear white and *vice versa* ; in all cases appeals *without expense* to be allowed to a court of sense and real equity ; all evil-doers to be pulled by their noses in the public markets, and their portraits, at their expense, be photographed and published gratis ; a law to be passed that all railway companies, proprietors of ships and mines, must insure the lives of their *employés*, as they are earning the bread and wealth of the companies and employers. And at last the gallantry of men will do justice to the rights of women, and will have established them by law, removing a gross injustice.

Philosophia is to dissolve all the different systems of philosophy from Plato and Aristotle downward to Zeller and Cohen, to clean the precipitate from all its faulty reasonings ; the philosopher's stone will be the result from it, and stand there as a monument of the superior human intellect and good sense ; many heartburnings

and muddled brains will be buried for ever, and religion, the soul, and future life left unmolested, of which there has been just and much complaint ; at last, justice will be done to Bias and his *confrères*, the seven wise men of Greece.

Artes, Medicina, Philologia, and Scientiæ will have most important work to perform. The mantles of Apelles and Phidias will descend on mankind again. Archimedes, Æsculapius, and Galen will be resuscitated, and the godlike spirits of Demosthenes and Cicero, Homer, Herodotus, and Plutarch, Horace, Ovid, and Pliny, Livy, Tacitus, and Thucydides, Terence, Virgil, Vitruvius, and Xenophon will become rejuvenescent. The *Teaching Profession* will be saved in future much irksome work ; the mere mechanical drill in teaching will be avoided, as in future an ingenious filler will impart this necessary training at once to the brain, enabling teachers to commence their labours with already somewhat advanced pupils, whereby their position will be raised to that of a profession. What a blessing ! *Chemistry and Science* will produce happiness and prolong life by the invention of such infernal engines and explosive compounds of destruction, so as to frighten men and nations from fighting any more. It will make them all good boys, presenting the possibility of *turning swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks*. The savings thus effected are to be devoted to the extinction of the national debts and reduction of taxes and of poverty, so that every man can enjoy on Sunday a fowl on his table—the wish of Henri Quatre—to improved education, art- and technical-instruction.

Men, being freed from military drill and military studies, can devote then all their energies and talents to nobler pursuits, and will find, for example, means how to communicate with the sun and moon, how to traverse the sea under water, and to navigate balloons or boats, impelled by sails and wings, *safely* through the air. Then, again, to save the expense for lighting streets, Edison's improved electric stars will shoot up high into the air, and, being made fixtures, will illuminate towns; and men will carry lights in their own heads, in consequence of which gas will be disused in houses and manufactories. By this new invention the exhaustion of the coalfields will be delayed, and when this time arrives, science will have found out other heating and warming materials from air and water.

The merits of *Dionysius Papin*—though his invention was improved by Newcomen—will be recognised as having been the first who had used *steam as a moving power*, which has revolutionized and benefited the industries of the world, having enriched many countries, especially Great Britain and America. It is therefore a duty of mankind to honour the memory of Papin by erecting his statue at Marburg, the town where he made his invention, an honour already too long delayed.

Darwin and Haeckel's *tail-theories* will be sifted and cleared up, and men freed from the awful thought of being descended from orang-outangs, or something worse, and of being transformed after death into rhinoceroses, snakes, or toads.

The merits of Phrenology, Magnetism, and Clairvoyance—Atmospheric Galvanism, Mesmerism, and Spirit-

rapping—Electro-Biology, Odic-force, Trance, and Vision, Slade's Mediumism, Spiritism, and Spiritualism—will be examined and their usefulness determined. As a matter of course Allopathy and Homœopathy will be fused together, and the doses of medicine will be in future from the tenth part of a drop to a cupfull.

Further, the problems which so long have perplexed the world, namely, the possibility of finding out the "*quadrature of the circle*" and the reality of the "*perpetuum mobile*," will be shown and no doubt will do much good, as well as the spectacles by which one can look round a corner. The improved telescopes for the practical study of the sun, the moon, and the stars, and the spying and finding in the earth of pure water, coal, oil, and the various ores, will be much valued.

It is no longer doubtful that real diamonds will be made from carbon, it being understood that the expense of making them will not be greater than the intrinsic value of the diamonds themselves. Naturally this will give a great shock to the possessors of these precious stones, to pride, vanity, and covetousness, and will produce great lamentations and abundance of tears, which, I hope, will cleanse them of their sins.

Scientia, however, will render a greater service to mankind by giving the power to medical men, and in exceptional cases to criminal judges, to make bodies of men transparent at will. The immense importance of this will be obvious, as not only will it enable the medical profession to make a correct auscultation and diagnosis, and prevent the groping in the dark; but lawyers will thus be sure to condemn all criminals justly.

Doctors can then examine the brain and throat, and the whole interior of the body with facility; the surgeon can stick his knife at once into the right place, being able to see every nerve, sinew, and joint; *vivisection* be driven to the wall, and much cruel suffering will be spared to man and beast, and many a limb and life will be saved which otherwise would be sacrificed; however, the secret corners of the hearts of women will be considered sacred and not be examined. The medical student will not be subjected to such harassing work, as he is now obliged to undergo when he prepares for his degree, but be able to devote all his energies to those branches of his profession really needed. Last, though not least, the world will be delighted to learn that there is a probability of men being enabled, by the force of their will, to communicate instanter with friends at a distance and this *without* expense; also that departed souls will be permitted, possibly, to commune with mother-earth, and to inform us of their safety and the gloriousness and exalted grandeur of our future life.

The delight of Lord Lytton, author of the "Coming Race," and of Dr Richardson, the writer of "Salutland," will be great, no doubt, in finding their prognostications being realised for the benefit and elevation of mankind.

We were full of wonder and of admiration, but the thought and wish came quite naturally:—

—'Yet would I rather be above!'—*hearest thou, Faust?*

Before being aware of it, we were whisked up through the chimneys to the upper world in fumes of brimstone, amidst an infernal din, but were truly most thankful to see daylight again.

The banquet which took place in the evening was worthy of the occasion, and would have done honour to a Soyer ; it was in every respect superb and unique, Ambrosia and Nectar together. It took place in a huge cellar-like hall, gorgeously decorated, embellished by art, and brilliantly illuminated.

“ Well, is not Mammon’s princely hall

Lit gaily for our festival ? ”

As delicious scents diffused fragrant odours ; so seraph-and sphere-music, and the æolian harp, all joyous music, enlivened the entertainment. Faust, distinguished savants, and erudite men from all parts of the world acted as chairmen and croupiers at the numerous tables, and Mephistopheles as toast-master ; they were dressed in coloured student-caps, ribbons, and sashes, with broad-swords at their sides—like at a general *students’ commerce* (students’ convivial bout), to the delight or gaudium of the numerous embryos of learning and science—the Herren Studiosi. We were glad to see Edinburgh and Marburg largely represented. The delicacies and viands were varied and novel, as for example:—Scorpion, alligator, and turtle soups, Lucullian pâtés of the brain and tongue of nightingale, lark, and quail ; and steaks of the shark, the great sea-serpent, and electric eel ; roasts, stews, entrées and fricassées of the mammoth, grizzly-bear, elk, and the elephant—frozen for 5000 years—of crocodile, rattle snake, bat, and vampire, boa-constrictor, &c., &c., with spider, cockroach, snail, frog, toad, and elixir sauces. Great hilarity and good companionship prevailed, especially as every guest was presented with a

gimlet, which he needed only to bore into the table; and, at will, could then draw any drink of his choice, from dragonblood to hock and champagne, and even to gingerbeer down to pure spring water, all of first class quality. Wine flowed pretty freely, I must confess, and when the heads got somewhat illuminated, the souls of the guests opened charmingly, everlasting friendships were sworn to, many a "*Salamander*" was ordered, obeyed, and drunk with alacrity, numerous "*Smollis*" took effect, and hats were pierced by the sword in the German students' fashion. When fun waxed furious and loud, the chair proposed to sing in *chorus*, the company standing, as follows:—

FIRST SONG.

"Gaudeamus igitur
 Juvenes dum sumus;
 Post jucundam juventutem
 Post molestam senectutem
 Nos habebit humus." etc.

SECOND SONG.

"Rule Britannia," etc.

Then the

THIRD SONG.

"Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" And lastly,

LUTHER'S TRUE SONG.

"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
 Remains a fool his whole life long," etc.
 "Crimbam, bam, bambuli," etc.

Between the singing of those four songs, guests known for their vocal powers, gave, by request, several songs and ditties. Professors, doctors, lecturers, and divines, lawyers, educationists, artists, composers, and teachers.

The Herren Professoren and Doctoren E. T., M., S., D., H., L., and R., etc., were called on to give their idyllic eastern song, and commenced :

“The holy German Empire now,
How does it hold together?”

“Trallirum larum, hear me!”

Interruption—“no politics here, amici! none, none!”
Pray, Herren Professoren und Pastoren Bl., Br., C., D., F., H., J., L., M., Z., &c., your charmingly serene song :

“Once in a cellar lived a rat,
Whose paunch each day grew smoother,
Diddel dumdei, Diddel dumdei!” &c.

“Ha, ha! on you, you are no longer jolly studiosi but grave ministers and professors!”

The Herren S., Sw., and Ph., will kindly gladden the company with their love-trio to education and good manners, viz. :—

“Once on a time there was a king,
A lovely queen had he—
But dearer far than queen or son,
He loved a big black flea,
Juvivallera, Juvivallera,
Juvivallerallerallera!”

“Bravo, bravo! Sublime! Encore!!!”

Notwithstanding the encores, the chair called on the Herren Professoren and Doctoren M'L., Cr., J., M., and Herren B., and Sl. N. for their Shakespearean ditty, they sung :

“Fünfmal hundert tausend Teufel,
Trarah, trarah, trarah,
Die Teufel, die sind da!
Dirum, dirum, dirum!” &c.

“Huhu, that will not do, observe decency! that is not orthodox!” The Herren Professoren and Doctoren B., Br., D., F., and H., Og., Pr., S., and A. W., as well as the Herren B., K., and M. P., Pr., R., S., and St., &c., will rather favour us with their touching, classical chorus (all sing together):

“That we will, that we will,
Happy as the cannibals:
Like five hundred swine we swill.
Juchhei-rassassa, Juchhei-rassassa,” &c.

“Hurrah, hurrah! Glorious!”

These specimens may suffice to show how Sir Urian had got a hold of the company on this occasion, but Scotia had to beat a hasty retreat, when at last mad mermaids, smiling fairies and witches rushed on the scene, danced wildly round us, and sought to bewitch with ogling eyes those hailing from Caledonia. We took leave, pulled gratefully the noses of our entertainers, and vanished, not only into air however, but to witness the phantasmagoric phenomena, peculiar to the Brocken—namely, the nebulous milky-way, showing only here and there the peak of a mountain, the picture of an island in the sea; and the apparition of the so-called “*Brocken Ghost*,” consisting of a misty wall, opposite to the sun, on which the Brocken Hotel and persons moving about, can be discerned, showing everything larger and smaller, as the misty wall advances or retreats; occasionally also the hotel and people may be seen standing on their heads. It is well known that the rise and descent of the sun are magnificent, but rarely enjoyed by the visitors to the Brocken.

On our return, the ladies yet somewhat dazzled and scared, we paid a visit to the faithful Princess *Ilse* on the *Ilsenstein*, a most charming spot; we found her yet disconsolate at the loss of her beloved and manly knight, *Rolf*, who was destroyed with her father, King *Ilsung*, and castle of *Ilsung* and all its indwellers, through the raging jealousy of *Trute*, the horrid and one-eyed daughter of a powerful sorceress of the name of *Haga*. *Trute* had fallen into an unquenchable love with the handsome knight, and being rejected, her mother, assisted by Satan, committed the monstrous deed in the *Walpurgisnight*, anno? *Ilse* alone escaped, and is wandering still in the lovely woods close by, waiting to be released by the gift of a bouquet of some special flowers during any *Walpurgis* night at twelve o'clock.

On the spot of the destroyed castle, of which now every vestige has disappeared, on a granite rock, the late Count Anton of *Stolberg-Wernigerode* has erected a large and handsome iron cross to the memory of his comrades in arms who fell fighting under his command in the wars of liberation, from 1813-1815.

On this granite rock, like on other granite heights of the *Harz*, the *magnetic needle* wheels suddenly to east and west, and then as quickly to south, which curious fact still requires to be explained. There exist still many more most charming popular legends, sagas, and stories connected with various parts of *Harz*, as for example that of the *Hübigenstein*, near *Grund*; the moss-wives, and the ore-hammer boy, both near *Wilde^{mann}mann*, and the dwarf, the hen and her chickens, the wild huntsman, the

Tidian Cave, the maiden-leap, Count Isang, the Scheide Brunnen, &c., &c.

The next day, after having passed the night in the comfortable hotel, "To the Ten Pounds" at Thale, we paid our devoirs to the courageous Princess *Brunhildis*, on the Rosstrappe, in the Bode Valley, and found her still in great distress on account of the loss of her golden crown, which fell when she leaped over the Bode rivulet into a pool, and which is still being watched by King Bodo in the form of an ugly, shaggy, black dog. Notwithstanding that Count von der Lauenburg offered at the time the hand of his handsome daughter to the knight who would recover the crown, and many came forward, yet every one perished in the attempt. We explored this charming rocky and wooded valley, which is considered the pearl of the Harz, dined like privileged people under the verandah of the hotel of the Waldkater (wild ~~wood~~^{cat}-tom), and returned next day by rail to Sachsa, well satisfied with our remarkable journey. *Amicae et Amici, valete!*

When our neat little church, close to St Mary's Church, Bellevue Crescent, is completed, pray gladden our hearts by a visit.

NOTICE.—*The profit from the Sale of this Brochure is for the Building Fund of a German Protestant Church at Edinburgh, the first built in Scotland, and now in course of erection close to St Mary's Church, Bellevue Crescent. It is earnestly hoped that all friendly to the German cause will take an interest in this little book.*

Contributions in money and gifts for the Bazaar, to be held about the month of April, or later, will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Pastor of the Church,

The Rev. JOHN BLUMENREICH, 29 Gayfield Square; and

FRIEDRICH SCHENCK, F.E.I.S., and F.R.S.S.A., Professor of the German Language and Literature, 30 Castle Street,—both at Edinburgh.

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A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE RHINE, THE SCHOOLS, &c., OF GERMANY, AND A JOURNEY UP THE RHINE.

Read before the Royal Scottish Society of Arts.

BY F. SCHENCK, PROFESSOR OF GERMAN, EDINBURGH.

Price 6d., per Post 6½d.

Edinburgh: MACLACHLAN & STEWART. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.

Mr Schenck has received (in German) the following from that famous soldier, Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia:—"I have read with much interest your 'Historical Sketch of the Rhine,' and beg to offer you my very best thanks for kindly transmitting to me this very instructive Lecture.—FREDERICK CHARLES."

"HUNTING CASTLE OF GLINICKE, 30th July 1876."

From the "SCOTSMAN."

"Taking the Rhine for his text, Mr Schenck, in a *brochure* which appears to be an expanded lecture, discourses in an interesting and useful manner of various aspects of the history and present condition of the Fatherland. Much, of course, of what he says is not new, but the point of view is a fresh one, and the selection and combination of materials, in the hands of one evidently at home in the subject he deals with, are well fitted to make his essay serviceable to those who wish to have the main facts brought compendiously and graphically before them, without the labour of searching through laborious treatises. One interesting historical remark, however, we notice, which we believe is new, and is an indication of the careful reading of the author—in connection with his notice of Marburg—that St. Elizabeth, who is buried in the beautiful St Elizabeth Church of that quaint and picturesque old town, is the ancestress of nearly every crowned head in Europe. It is not every saint who has proved so useful, or, to put it otherwise, who has so much to answer for. Mr Schenck's notice of the German educational system is clear and compact, and along with some sensible criticism of his own upon the scheme, and certain exaggerations in the practical working of it out, will be found very instructive to those whose general conception of that subject may amount in the main to little more than a vague admiration. A good description of a tour through some of the more interesting parts of Rhenish and Northern Germany, completes a very readable little work, written, it may be added, in a style which, though mixed with inevitable Teutonisms, is still, as a whole, excellent idiomatic English."



